

ONE MOM, ONE SPOON

A Ten – Minute Comedy Duet

by
Jerry Rabushka



Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

Toll-Free 888-473-8521

Fax 319-368-8011

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CAST: (2F) JULIE and RONNIE

SETTING: Bare stage.

TIME: Approx 10 minutes.

(This can be turned into a 4F skit by adding cast members to play Mrs. MacBeth and RONNIE's mother.)

As the scene opens, the two girls are “on stage” as the opening act at a community arts festival.

JULIE: *(the first few lines are “scripted” in that the GIRLS rehearsed saying these lines to their “audience”)*

Welcome to the Mayfield County Annual Cultural Arts Festival!

RONNIE: A celebration of dance, drama, and music!

JULIE: I'm Julie.

RONNIE: And I'm Ronnie.

BOTH: And we're here to represent our school's drama department.

RONNIE: *(here, THEY go “off book” and start doing their own thing, so their delivery should change to be more informal. Essentially this is something THEY planned to do without their teacher's permission.)* But to be honest, our drama teacher never pays attention to what we want.

JULIE: She gave us some really stupid duo to perform.

RONNIE: Where someone tells their mom:

JULIE: *(as a spoiled brat. tells RONNIE, as if RONNIE is “mom”)* What do you mean I can't have more ice cream? I never want to see you again!

RONNIE: And suddenly mom runs off with another man and leaves her ungrateful daughter behind! *(gets introspective)* Oh, wait, that's just the story of my life.

JULIE: *(to audience, but indicating RONNIE)* She wishes she could take back those hateful words, but on the upside, there's a triple-layer chocolate cake in the fridge she doesn't have to share!

RONNIE: So rather than give you a boring and under-rehearsed duet...

JULIE: I'm going to talk about MY life, MY hopes, and MY dreams. I'm going to make THIS festival MY festival!

RONNIE: And I'm just going to recite nursery rhymes.

JULIE: That's not what we agreed on. We were both going to talk about my life.

RONNIE: Don't worry, it'll still be insightful and impactful.

JULIE: *(nervous)* Here we go. Mayfield County Cultural Arts Festival, take one! My name is Julie, and I want to learn to play the violin.

RONNIE: *(pretends to play violin)* Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle.

JULIE: *(isn't sure SHE likes RONNIE's response)* And I want to be a gymnast.

RONNIE: *(makes a bad gymnastics move)* The cow jumped over the moon.

JULIE: *(offended, now very unhappy with RONNIE but trying not to show it)* I want to be able to tiptoe across the balance beam and play the violin at the same time.

RONNIE: The little dog laughed to see such a sight.

JULIE: *(shoots RONNIE a dirty look, then “goes big”)* I want to dance on a four inch wooden beam while playing the virtuoso violin solos of the great composer Fritz Kreisler. *[note: Kreisler, 1875-1962, was a world-famous composer and violinist.]*

RONNIE: *(as JULIE strikes a pose to illustrate what SHE was talking about)* Uh... Humpty Dumpty had a great fall?

JULIE: *(SHE's had enough)* What are you doing? You just called me a cat, a cow, a dog and an egg.

RONNIE: Splat! *(small giggle)* I guess I did.

JULIE: Plus you forgot the part about the dish running away with the spoon.

RONNIE: You can't do gymnastics and play the violin at the same time any more than a dish and a spoon can sprint.

JULIE: Watch me.

RONNIE: The violin, along all your hopes and dreams, will splinter on the floor. Your goals are unrealistic. You're like that inspirational dolphin movie that no one wants to watch.

JULIE: Everyone watches dolphins!

RONNIE: You should do gymnastics now, then when you're older hone in on the violin. By the time you're 20 your gymnastics career will be long over.

JULIE: *(looks into the crowd)* What's going on back there?

RONNIE: *(looks as well)* That's the drama teacher! I think she's losing it.

JULIE: *(notices something as well)* I think she's heaving. *(waves meekly and speaks out to the crowd)* Hi, Mrs. MacBeth!

RONNIE: She's coming this way.

JULIE: *(as Mrs. MacBeth)* What are you girls doing? You're making fools of yourselves! And of me! And of the Mayfield County Cultural Arts Festival.

RONNIE: *(trying to weasel out of it)* I'm a transfer student. I don't have an emotional investment in Mayfield County.

JULIE: You're wasting time!

RONNIE: Hickory dickory dock.

JULIE: *(starts to leave)* Don't make me have to come up here again!

RONNIE: The mouse ran up the clock.

JULIE: I mean it. Or your drama grade will be altered to reflect this performance.

RONNIE: You can't do that! This is extracurricular.

JULIE: "She had so many children, she didn't know what to do." Your whole family will be living in a shoe when I'm through with you. *(exit Mrs. MacBeth.)*

RONNIE: *(calling to Mrs. MacBeth)* Yeah, well my mom ran away with the spoon!

JULIE: *(as herself, just having watched that exchange)* Your mom ran away with a spoon?

RONNIE: Yep. She left us and took *(emphasis on "the")* the spoon.

JULIE: You don't have any more spoons? I mean you only get one mom, but... spoons are everywhere...

RONNIE: *(explaining, but almost out of control)* We only had one spoon.

JULIE: Then it was pretty spiteful of her to take it when she ran away.

RONNIE: I said, "Leave if you have to leave, but leave the spoon." And the guy she's with, he thinks she's quite a dish, so in a sense, the dish and the spoon took off together. We have neither the plate nor the flatware. So I have trouble finishing that poem without starting to cry. *(starts to cry)*

JULIE: I see... *(trying to cheer RONNIE up)* Well, that's really sad, and that's why we should focus on MY dreams and MY life. Because when it comes down to it, I have a much brighter future than you do.

RONNIE: *(can't believe what SHE's hearing)* Seriously?

JULIE: My mom and my silver are still in the family. This is my weekend to polish. *(looks offstage)* Oh no here comes, Mrs. MacBeth again!

RONNIE: *(now as Mrs. MacBeth)* Girls! Either you do the duo you're supposed to do or it's going to be "Boil boil toil and lots of trouble" for the both of you!

JULIE: But... *(afraid)* Mrs. MacBeth... We didn't really practice it and we don't know how it goes.

RONNIE: Then you will leave this stage at once!

JULIE: *(trying to save face)* All right, since me and Ronnie seem to be incompetent, and since Ronnie's having some family issues while I'm going straight the top, thus making it hard for us to work together because she's bitter about my success... *(kissing up to the teacher)* ...perhaps you could fill the gap until the next act is ready.

RONNIE: *(tries to be modest, but can't)* Me?

JULIE: You're a great actress, I'm sure!

RONNIE: Oh... well... you sure know how to... raise your grade. But I have nothing prepared!

JULIE: Neither do we—and we're here.

RONNIE: Well, let me see... *(pushes JULIE out of the way, then begins to perform, bowing and curtsying repeatedly as JULIE applauds.)* Ladies and Gentlemen, I now present... myself. *(gets ready to act)* "To be or not to be, that is the question."

JULIE: The little dog laughed to see such a sight.

RONNIE: "Whether 'tis nobler to..." oh, you've all heard that one before. I should do some of my original material. About growing up in Mayfield County. About certain things that happened behind closed doors that you don't think I know... *(ready to tell all!)* I'm preparing a one woman show called "Mayfield County Schools... Where Adults Don't Teach, Yet Children Learn Far Too Much."

JULIE: *(now as RONNIE's mother, comes up from behind and taps RONNIE [still as Mrs. MacBeth] on the shoulder, and RONNIE jumps in surprise)* Excuse me.

RONNIE: Who comes hither to steal my spotlight? Get off the stage during my monologue.

JULIE: I'm Ronnie's mother. I need to talk to Ronnie.

RONNIE: *(through clenched teeth, trying to hold her anger and not doing a very good job of it)* I said I'm in the middle of a monologue.

JULIE: Well, finish it. This is important!

RONNIE: You're that woman who ran off with the family spoon, aren't you? Selfish silver stealer!! *(after a tense pause)* All right. *(calls off stage)* Ronnie! Ronnie get back on stage! There's someone here to see you. *(turns around, now as RONNIE, surprised to see her mother.)* Mom?

JULIE: *(as RONNIE's MOM)* Ronnie? I'm sorry.

RONNIE: Mom? We all miss you. But worse, we miss the spoon.

JULIE: That's why I'm here. You should have it back. *(SHE hands it back, or pantomimes doing so.)* Where I'm living, there's service for eight. *(sweet, like the end of a 'family drama')* But there's only seven of us at the table.

RONNIE: *(sweet as well)* Oh mom, that's so sweet. But... who...

JULIE: Who?

RONNIE: *(a bit more to the point)* Who's at the table? Like is it a blended family that's forced to eat dinner together every night no matter what else they have to do? *(a little bit bratty)* Dad lets us do what we want. I haven't had a vegetable since you walked out the door. And no ice cream either, since you ran off with the spoon. When you took that spoon it was like you stuck a knife in our back. All of Mayfield County is angry with you.

JULIE: Oh yes, Mayfield County. A fictional place where women are only fulfilled through their children's accomplishments and their husband's careers. *(directly to audience)* That makes for really boring theater, doesn't it? But if I suddenly bolt the house, take the silver and leave my family on the brink, it's edge-of-chair award-winning conflict.

(RONNIE isn't sure what to make of this, JULIE [Mom] calms her down.)

Don't worry, Ronnie. I still want you in my life!

RONNIE: *(thrilled!)* Oh mom! That's so great!

JULIE: It's your father I'm leaving. He's lazy, shiftless, and way too permissive with his children. So once I get joint custody, you're going to get some discipline. *(as SHE continues brusquely, RONNIE gets more and more dismayed)* You'll do homework immediately upon coming home from school, eat with the family every night at 6, and *(stern!)* no boys after 8 pm. Ever! *(sweetly)* See you in court! *(exit)*

RONNIE: Uh... thanks for the spoon.

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