

SHE DOESN'T SELL SEASHELLS

A Ten-Minute Dramatic Duet

by
Marla Crowe



Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

Toll-Free 888-473-8521

Fax 319-368-8011

Web www.brookpub.com

CAUTION: Professionals & amateurs are hereby warned that *She Doesn't Sell Seashells* is subject to a royalty. This play is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, Canada, the British Commonwealth and all other countries of the Copyright Union.

RIGHTS RESERVED: All rights to this play are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion pictures, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

PERFORMANCE RIGHTS & ROYALTY PAYMENTS: All amateur and stock performance rights to this play are controlled exclusively by Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. If necessary, we will contact the author or the author's agent. PLEASE NOTE that royalty fees for performing this play can be located online at Brooklyn Publishers, LLC website (<http://www.brookpub.com>). Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. You will find our contact information on the following page.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged. Only forensics competitions are exempt from this fee.

AUTHOR CREDIT: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this play must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this play. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the play. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this play is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice:

Produced by special arrangement with Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

(<http://www.brookpub.com>)

TRADE MARKS, PUBLIC FIGURES, & MUSICAL WORKS: This play may include references to brand names or public figures. All references are intended only as parody or other legal means of expression. This play may contain suggestions for the performance of a musical work (either in part or in whole). Brooklyn Publishers, LLC have not obtained performing rights of these works. The direction of such works is only a playwright's suggestion, and the play producer should obtain such permissions on their own. The website for the U.S. copyright office is <http://www.copyright.gov>.

COPYING from the book in any form (in whole or excerpt), whether photocopying, scanning recording, videotaping, storing in a retrieval system, or by any other means, is strictly forbidden without consent of Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

TO PERFORM THIS PLAY

1. Royalty fees must be paid to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC before permission is granted to use and perform the playwright's work.
2. Royalty of the required amount must be paid each time the play is performed, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.
3. When performing one-acts or full-length plays, enough playbooks must be purchased for cast and crew.
4. Copying or duplication of any part of this script is strictly forbidden.
5. Any changes to the script are not allowed without direct authorization by Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.
6. Credit to the author and publisher is required on all promotional items associated with this play's performance(s).
7. Do not break copyright laws with any of our plays. This is a very serious matter and the consequences can be quite expensive. We must protect our playwrights, who earn their living through the legal payment of script and performance royalties.
8. If you have questions concerning performance rules, contact us by the various ways listed below:

Toll-free: 888-473-8521

Fax: 319-368-8011

Email: customerservice@brookpub.com

Copying, rather than purchasing cast copies, and/or failure to pay royalties is a federal offense. Cheating us and our wonderful playwrights in this manner will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Please support theatre and follow federal copyright laws.

SHE DOESN'T SELL SEASHELLS

by
Marla Crowe

(This scene is written for 2 girls, but the names could be changed to 2 boys, Justin and Michael. The scene is acted without the audience realizing that all the action has taken place in the mind. The scene closes with MEGGI in her wheelchair where SHE has actually been the whole time. The audience realizes this as MEGGI comes back to reality.)

EMILY: Meggi, isn't this just a delightful day? I told you the beach would be a perfect escape for us. We needed an adventure. It has been precisely 3 months since we have gotten away. I couldn't have stood another minute. Not one more minute, I tell you.

MEGGI: The beach. Yes, the beach. I see miles of it stretched out in front of us. It is especially clean for this time of the year. I smell the salt. In fact I can almost feel it on my face and taste it with my tongue. Come on...I'll race you to the water.

(The girls race to the edge of the water, laughing as women do when they get off by themselves, ready for a day of fun.)

EMILY: I beat you Meggi. I always beat you. So that means I get to splash you first.

MEGGI: Oh, no, you do not! **(SHE pulls at EMILY who loses her balance and falls into the ocean, laughing)**. You may have won the race, but I have won the war.

EMILY: Speaking of war, I have something I want to talk to you about.

MEGGI: What is it now, Emily? If it's about Cale and my secret crush on your boyfriend, forget about it. I'm over it, and he never knew about it, so don't worry your legally blonde head about it.

EMILY: Oh Meggi, I knew about it and never even cared. How could any boy ever come between sisters? You are better than a best friend and you know it.

MEGGI: And it doesn't hurt that I have completed your Calculus homework for most of the semester.

EMILY: That is necessary. How else could we go to the same college? I'd never get in without you.

MEGGI: And I could never go without you. You know that. I depend on you, Emily.

EMILY: And I you!

MEGGI: So what war are you talking about, Emily?

EMILY: I have an ulterior motive for bringing you to the beach today. In fact, it is a really big secret and somewhat dangerous.

MEGGI: Are you sure you haven't been watching too many spy shows on TV?

EMILY: **(Getting up, brushing the sand and water off)** Well, if you don't want to know, I'll be back in about 15 minutes.

MEGGI: **(Getting up)** Wait Emily, I'm sorry, What is going on?

EMILY: I've made a discovery. Come with me over to the seashell stand...I never have.

EMILY: You mean you have never liked the seashell lady....don't you Meggi? You have never liked Isabelle. We have been coming to this beach since you were 7 years old. You have always stayed away from Isabelle, making me buy your shells for you.

MEGGI: I never even wanted seashells, but mom thought it would be the nice thing to do. She thought it would help Isabelle.

EMILY: And I'm sure it did help her. But knowing you were afraid of her didn't help...did it, Meggi?

MEGGI: I'm sure it didn't, Emily. What do you want from me? We haven't been to the beach in years. I doubt she is even here anymore. She seemed so old back then. I didn't want to be afraid of her; I just didn't like the way she looked, the way she looked in her...

EMILY: In her chair. Right? She was in a wheelchair and it scared you, didn't it? She had a mild form of cerebral palsy and couldn't walk. She could barely sell her seashells. But she did. I wasn't afraid of her then.....or now.

MEGGI: What do you mean, "or now?" Of course you wouldn't be afraid of her chair. Why should YOU **(stress you)** be afraid? **(Change of mood)** I don't think I like this adventure or war as you so correctly named it. I don't like this conversation and I'm not going to help you at all. **(Start to walk off)**

EMILY: You're running away again, like you always do. Don't you want to know why ...why....I brought you here? It's worth it. It really is.

MEGGI: Why fight it...You're going to tell me anyway. Why now, Em...What's that big secret?

END OF FREE PREVIEW