

SWINGSET

Ten-Minute Comedy Duet

by
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CHARACTERS:

MARCY (F) 18, A girl with a little too much on her plate.

ROB (M) 19, Lonely. Needing to make a connection.

SETTING: A playground swingset. Saturday afternoon. Sounds of children playing.

AT RISE: Lights rise on MARCY, reading on a swing. Occasionally SHE'll look up and out into the playground. ROB enters, making his way over to the swingset. HE sits one swing away from MARCY. HE swings back and forth. HE notices a pair of sunglasses on the ground. HE looks around, and then makes small waving motions, trying to get MARCY's attention.

ROB: Excuse me. Hey. . . umm. . . Miss?

(MARCY looks up from her book.)

MARCY: Yes?

ROB: *(holding out glasses)* Are these yours?

MARCY: Yeah, they are. Where'd you--?

ROB: They were on the ground. I. . . y'know. . . didn't want anyone to step on them.

MARCY: They must've fallen off my head. Thanks. This is my favorite pair. I would've died if I'd lost them.

(MARCY puts the sunglasses in her bag and looks out into the playground. SHE watches for a few beats, smiles, and goes back to her reading. ROB watches her. Beat.)

ROB: What are you reading?

MARCY: Oh, I'm uh, studying.

(Beat.)

ROB: What class?

MARCY: Oh, no. For my GED.

ROB: GED. Wow. You look so young, I just figured you were still in school.

MARCY: I'm eighteen. Nineteen, next month.

ROB: See you're just a kid.

MARCY: Well, how old are you grandpa?

ROB: Nineteen. And a half.

(MARCY smiles. Beat.)

MARCY: *(holding out her hand)* My name's Marcy, by the way.

ROB: *(taking it)* I'm Rob. Hi.

(A few beats. MARCY closes her book.)

ROB: Had enough?

MARCY: *(smiling)* It's a little hard to concentrate here.

ROB: What's the matter? You don't find the sound of screaming children soothing?

MARCY: *(laughing)* Not really, no.

(Beat.)

ROB: So. . . why aren't you in school?

MARCY: I had to leave sophomore year and didn't have the chance to go back.

ROB: That sucks.

MARCY: Yeah. I really want my diploma so. . . I've been taking classes and practice tests on-line to prep for it.

ROB: Why'd you have to leave?

MARCY: **(uncomfortable)** It's kind of a long story.

ROB: Right. Sorry. I can get pretty nosy. **(beat)** Well, for what it's worth. . . I think that's really cool of you. Sticking in there, and not giving up.

MARCY: Thanks. What about you? Are you still in school?

ROB: I graduated last year.

MARCY: Yeah? Where'd you go?

ROB: Northwest.

MARCY: Get out of here. I went to Carver.

ROB: The Carver Cougars? **(smiling)** You guys were our biggest rivals.

MARCY: You played football?

ROB: Quarterback, junior and senior year.

MARCY: Wait—are you, no. You're not. . . Rob Covington?

ROB: **(surprised)** That's me.

MARCY: Get out! Wow. I thought you looked familiar. I was a cheerleader, and you were like an All-Star, in the paper every week. A local celebrity. All the girls were in love with you. At your school. . . my school. . . every school within a twenty mile radius.

ROB: You're crazy. **(beat)** Really?

MARCY: Wow. . . Rob Covington. So what, you're home from college? You guys get out early for summer break?

ROB: Actually, I'm not in college.

MARCY: No? But, weren't you like valedictorian and everything? I read that college scouts were practically fighting over you.

ROB: I was offered a few scholarships. . . no big deal.

MARCY: Then. . . why are you still here?

ROB: I had some family things to tend to.

MARCY: Sorry. Now I'm the one getting nosy.

ROB: I don't mind. I still want to go. . . and I will. When the time's right.

MARCY: Yeah. Me too.

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