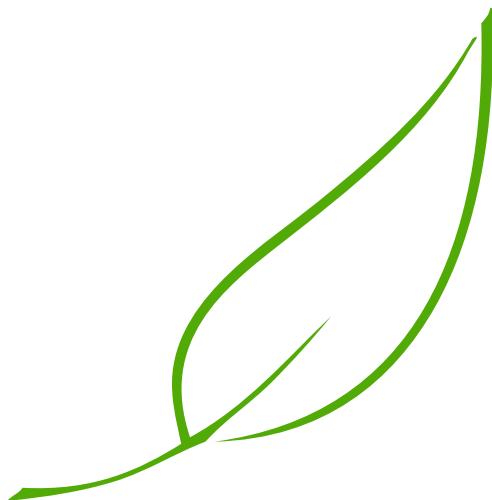


HEADS UP!

by Ken Bradbury



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[To provide the effect for this scene, the actors should be behind a table with their heads appearing over the top. For a public presentation, a black curtain may be used to hide the actors' bodies. For competition, a curtain may be considered a prop and cannot be used. For the action toward the end of the scene, the actors will have to use some flexibility to place their hands or feet on the table top.]

(Two heads, Cabeza and Capo, rest upon a table. They can be heads of either sex.)

CABEZA: *(wakes, yawns)* So. How'd you sleep?

CAPO: Good. You?

CABEZA: Okay. Rolled around a little. Think I've got a crick in my neck.

CAPO: Sorry.

CABEZA: I'll make it. You think this'll be the day?

CAPO: Maybe. No need to get our hopes up. Looks like the shop's about to open. Is it raining? I can't see from here.

CABEZA: Nope. Sunshine. Ought to bring in a few customers. Came close yesterday. The lady even had me in her shopping cart then changed her mind and went for a redhead.

CAPO: Redheads always sell fast. I can remember when you couldn't give away a redhead and now everybody wants one. My grandpa was a redhead. He sat on a shelf at the general store for three years before anybody bought him. If granddad was alive today he'd be ahead.

CABEZA: Ahead?

CAPO: Oh. Sorry.

CABEZA: Hold it! Hold it! Here comes our first customer. *(both heads watch the customer slowly walk by them, then)* Shucks. He was shopping for feet. Just our luck. Feet are big this year. Half the customers are coming in for new feet. I shoulda been a foot.

CAPO: Don't even talk that way. Nobody wants to be a foot. That's ... I don't know. Beneath us somehow.

CABEZA: Yeh, but they sell. How many heads have gone out of the store this week?

CAPO: None.

CABEZA: None. Yeh, we're the glamour items. We're the ones they put in the store window. "Oh look, Mommy! Heads! Let's go in!" ... but when it comes to the cash register, all you see is feet ... and knees. Did you know they sold seven knees yesterday? That's the big thing now. Knee replacements. And shoulders. Man, we can't even keep shoulders in stock. But heads? I feel like an Edsel.

CAPO: What's an Edsel?

CABEZA: You're a young head, aren't you?

CAPO: Yeh, but man, we can see! We can hear and smell and think! You really want to be a kneecap? You bend! That's it! I mean, your total existence is bending.

CABEZA: They get exercise.

CAPO: They get arthritis! They get rheumatism! You ever heard of rheumatism in the head?

CABEZA: They don't get headaches.

CAPO: Here comes another one! Try smiling this time! *(Both burst into huge smiles, but their eyes indicate that another customer has passed them by, then)* You smiled too big.

CABEZA: Me?

CAPO: That wasn't a smile. That was a smirk. Who wants a head with a stupid grin? You looked like a horror movie.

CABEZA: So how should I smile?

CAPO: Pleasant. That's all. Just be pleasant. Look ... watch me. Just a pleasant little smile that says, "I'm a nice head. Take me home with you." *(CAPO smiles)* This? This is "I'm gonna steal your children while they're sleeping!" *(makes a hideous smile)*

CABEZA: Maybe I just don't have what it takes.

CAPO: Oh, don't talk that way.

CABEZA: No, no I mean it. I can remember growing up. My grandpa was a head and my dad ... well, he wasn't just a head, he was a HEAD! Made the cover of People magazine

once ... a headshot. My brother sang with The Talking Heads. Everybody expected me to be a head. We'd go to family reunions and we'd see our cousins from out of state ... elbows. The Bender family ... we'd make fun of them. My dad used to put me up on his ...uh ... nose and say, "Son, you want to make something of yourself, become a head. It's all about choices. Education. Determination." It was like I didn't have a choice.

CAPO: That's pressure.

CABEZA: That's pressure.

CAPO: I got in on a scholarship.

CABEZA: No kiddin'?

CAPO: Yeh. My folks were stomachs. Just working folks. Nobody in our family had ever been a head and I didn't really have the money for school, but ... (*sees someone coming*) Hey! Here's another one! (*both look pleasant as the customer passes, but we can tell by their eyes that the lady has walked on down the aisle*) ... Oh, well. Anyway, I worked hard, and got a scholarship. Of course it was always my dream to actually be on a body. I never dreamed I'd be sitting on the shelf in a body shop.

CABEZA: Maybe we should have specialized.

CAPO: A head shop? No, I've heard about those places. Too pricey. And they're into piercing and tattoos. No, just give me a common old everyday body shop. Just be patient. Somewhere out there there's a body just waiting to get a head.

CABEZA: Oh great ... kids. They never buy, they just handle things.

CAPO: I just hope they've got clean fingers this time. I spent two days last week with a half a jellybean in my left ear. Wait a minute ... they're going to the hand section. That's it kids, mess things up real good.

CABEZA: They never put anything back where they ... (*suddenly a hand slaps onto the table between the two heads*) Hey! What's that?

CAPO: That's a hand.

CABEZA: I know it's a hand, but this is the head shelf. Hey kid! Come get your lousy ... (*just as suddenly another*



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