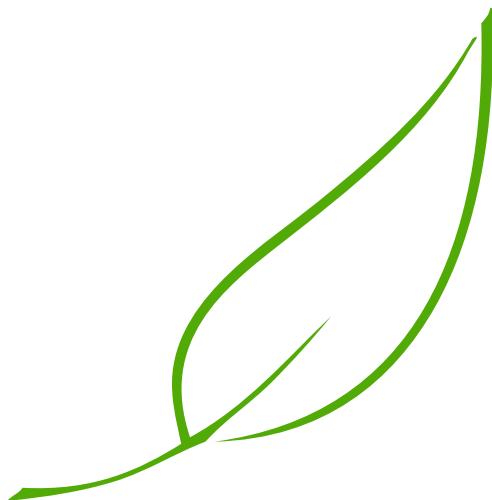


PAIRING UP

by Ken Bradbury



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(Note from the author: This piece is a series of short segments written for 2 males and 2 females. With the exception of the beginning and ending, any segment may be omitted in order for the script to conform to a time limit. This could also be done as a duet with some re-writing.)

(David and Becky sit in two chairs, angled toward each other. Keith stands behind David and Nancy stands behind Becky. The men are in similar poses as are the women. Anytime characters speak in unison, their inflections are identical.)

[where two characters are listed, they speak simultaneously]

NANCY & BECKY: (*speaking simultaneously, to the men*) Is that all you have to say?

DAVID & KEITH: (*simultaneously*) What do you mean by that?

NANCY & BECKY: Is that all you have to say?

DAVID & KEITH: Look, why do we always have to discuss things? Why can't some things just go un-said?

NANCY & BECKY: Men! If you could just say what's on your mind!

DAVID & KEITH: Women! Everything has to be discussed!

NANCY & BECKY: And what's wrong with that? Women want honesty! If you feel something, then you should say so!

DAVID & KEITH: Says who?

NANCY & BECKY: History!

Scene One

(immediately Keith and Nancy turn their backs to the audience, thus dropping out of the scene. David and Becky stand and begin the scene)

BECKY: (*twinkling on*) Ken?

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DAVID: (*entering, equally happy/sweet/cheerful/sickening*)
Yes, Barbie?

BECKY: Ken, I want to be perfectly frank.

DAVID: Everything's perfect about you, Barbie. Your hair is perfect; you have perfect eyes, perfect feet, perfect figure.

BECKY: Yes. Yes I know, Ken. I am perfect. And the perfect girl needs ... well ... you know.

DAVID: The perfect guy! That's me!

BECKY: Not exactly. I want to tell you about Blaine.

DAVID: The guy who talks like a crocodile hunter and rides surfboards?

BECKY: He's Australian, Ken. They do that down there.

DAVID: But ... I mean ... We're Barbie and Ken! That's like Adam and Eve and Sonny and Cher ... uh ... Peanut Butter and Jelly! Barbie! We're the perfect match!

BECKY: In your dreams, doll boy. Blaine talks to me.

DAVID: I talk to you!

BECKY: About what? Cars? Boats? The price of Mattel stock? Blaine shares his innermost feelings with me.

DAVID: He's foreign. Foreigners do that. It's a trick, Barbie. Don't fall for it. Please! Please give me another chance!

BECKY: Okay ... What are your fears, Ken? What are you innermost hopes and dreams? What do you want to be when you grow up?

DAVID: Could you start with an easier question?

BECKY: See? See what I'm talking about?

DAVID: I need time to think.

BECKY: No, you don't! You're a man! You've got to think of a way to answer my question without telling me anything.

DAVID: But Barbie ...!

BECKY: (*as she storms off*) Where's my surfboard? (*David also goes off.*)(*They turn their backs to audience.*)

Scene Two

(*Nancy assumes an Egyptian stance, looking sideways. Keith enters.*)

KEITH: Your highness?

NANCY: Not now. I'm posing.

KEITH: Posing?

NANCY: Marc Antony, you sail into my kingdom from Rome, you wreck and maim and plunder and now you want to make time with the great Cleopatra?

KEITH: Well ... yeh ... sorta.

NANCY: So what's on your mind, Marc?

KEITH: I don't really know how to put it, your highness.

NANCY: So what else is new? You Romans. Conquer the world but don't ask us how we feel about it. You kill Huns and Visigoths by the thousand but you're afraid of a little thing like human conversation.

KEITH: Well ... gee. Can we talk about something else?

NANCY: (*still posing*) Wanna pose?

KEITH: Do what?

NANCY: Pose. Egyptian royalty do lots of posing. It's good for the muscle tone and it just scares the paddiddle right out of your loyal subjects.

KEITH: (*he hits a pose similar to hers*) Like this?

NANCY: No, don't pose like me, you goofball! This is a Queen pose! What will people think?

KEITH: (*hits an overly masculine pose*) This better?

NANCY: Wonderful. Wonderful. Now how do you feel?

KEITH: Feel?

NANCY: What's your heart saying to you right now?

KEITH: I feel stupid.

NANCY: That's not a feeling! That's the way you look! Talk about it, Marc! Please, let's discuss it!

KEITH: I hate it when you say that.

(*Keith and Nancy turn their backs so as to be "offstage"*)

Scene Three

(*Becky and David turn front to take the stage*)

BECKY: (*shouting as she turns*) Hans? Oh Hans?

DAVID: Yes, Princess Lea?

BECKY: Hans, I just heard the vicious rumor that Darth Vader is your father!



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