

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that these plays are subject to royalty. They are fully protected by Original Works Publishing, and the copyright laws of the United States. All rights, including professional, amateur, motion pictures, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved.

Performance rights are controlled by Original Works Publishing and royalty arrangements and licenses must be secured well in advance of presentation. PLEASE NOTE that amateur royalty fees are set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. When applying for a royalty quotation and license please give us the number of performances intended, dates of production, your seating capacity and admission fee. Royalties are payable with negotiation from Original Works Publishing.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid whether the play is presented for charity or gain and whether or not admission is charged. Particular emphasis is laid on the question of amateur or professional readings, permission and terms for which must be secured from Original Works Publishing through direct contact.

Copying from this book in whole or in part is strictly forbidden by law, and the right of performance is not transferable.

Whenever the plays are produced the following notice must appear on all programs, printing, and advertising for the play:

**“Produced by special arrangement with
Original Works Publishing.”**

www.originalworksonline.com

Due authorship credit must be given on all programs, printing and advertising for the play.

Swimming With Sins
First Printing, 2008
Printed in U.S.A.
ISBN 978-1-934962-26-8

SWIMMING WITH
SINS

six short comedies by
LINDSAY PRICE

Fire Ball

CHARACTERS

Jennine. Gerry's girlfriend (20's)

Gerry. Jennine's boyfriend (20's)

SETTING

A living room. All you need is a couch.

(JENNINE sits on a couch reading. Offstage there is the sound of a door slam.)

JENNINE: Hi honey! Did you find something? Your mother called about ten minutes ago. *(There is no answer.)* Did you hear me? *(There is no answer. JENNINE looks up)* Gerry? Is that you? *(she coughs)* What's that smell? *(JENNINE looks off)*

GERRY: *(still offstage)* Don't get upset.

JENNINE: What happened?

GERRY: Just promise me you won't get upset.

JENNINE: Did you wreck the car? Gerry I have to go to yoga to-night, I've missed three classes already and my meditation pose is shot to hell. *(she coughs again)* What is that smell?

GERRY: The car's fine.

(GERRY enters. His sweater has a huge hole in the centre of it. You can see his skin. The skin has scorch marks on it, as does the edges of the hole. It looks like someone held a fireball to GERRY'S chest. JENNINE lets out a scream and stops herself by putting a hand to her mouth.)

JENNINE: Oh my God.

GERRY: Don't get upset.

JENNINE: Oh my God.

GERRY: Jennine!

JENNINE: There's a hole in your chest. There's a hole. In your chest.

GERRY: Don't get upset.

JENNINE: You're burned! You're smoldering! You're – that's burning flesh. That's the smell. That's what burning flesh smells like. Burning flesh Gerry!

GERRY: I know. It's my flesh.

JENNINE: Oh my – are you in pain? Sit down.

GERRY: I'm fine.

JENNINE: *(pacing)* You need to sit down. You're in shock. You think you're fine when it is absolutely clear you're obviously not fine. Obviously you need a doctor. I have to call a doctor. Who's our doctor? Gerry, I can't think. The smell, I can't think, what's the name of our doctor!!

GERRY: Hazleton.

JENNINE: Hazleton. Hazleton. Of course it is. Hazleton, Hazleton, Hazleton. Where's the phone. Where's the phone? What the hell happened to the phone!

GERRY: Jennine! I don't need a doctor.

JENNINE: What are you talking about! Your skin looks like it's been on a barbecue! I don't know why you're not screaming in pain right now. I'd be screaming. I'd be freaking right out of my mind - Is that the sweater my mother gave you for Christmas?

GERRY: Jennine! I need you to be calm right now. See how I am?
(he breathes) Breathe in.

(JENNINE breathes in. She coughs.)

GERRY: It doesn't smell that bad.

Mother Goose and the Coma

CHARACTERS

Polly (early to mid twenties)

SETTING

A bare stage.

(POLLY enters and addresses the audience as if they were old friends. She smiles but there is wildness behind her eyes as if she is barely keeping it under control.)

POLLY: Hello. I'm glad you could come. I'd like to call this meeting to order. As secretary allow me to call the roll: Jack? O? Lemony? Captain Morgan? All present and accounted for. I know this is not exact protocol but before we address the agenda, I have an announcement to make. This will be our last meeting, unfortunately. Hopefully. I'm going to need all of my... what are they called? I'm going to need all my...damn. Have you ever reached for a word and it's not there? Like some sneaky bee took the chalkboard eraser and went to town on your brain. Wits! That's it! I'm going to need my wits! Wits! Ah ha!

(She jumps up and down at her discovery. Realizing she's overreacted, she clears her throat.)

POLLY: I'm sorry. I'm a little distracted. Damian's in a coma.

(She laughs and claps a hand over her mouth.)

POLLY: Did you know that Mother Goose is bad for children? Maybe there are sanitized versions out there now. Everything is so sanitized cause we wouldn't want to upset the little ones would we? I found an old copy of Mother Goose at a flea market and I bought it

for my niece-to-be. Aunt Polly must buy her niece more presents! They've all latched on to this Aunt Polly thing like a leech on a bloody steak. He hasn't even asked me yet. What would I say? *(she shakes her head)* Where was I? Mother Goose. Thank you Captain. I know it's been a long time since I read a children's book but doesn't Mother Goose seem like a good present?

(She turns to the side and uses a different voice – it is the voice of her boyfriend's sister Andrea.)

POLLY: "Polly! Polly! You call me back the instant you get this message! The instant you get this message!" *(she returns facing front)* Andrea is not a soft woman. All the Nikolakopoulos' are hard. They've got salt in their skin. Sometimes when Damian is sleeping, I'll lick his shoulder. *(turning to the side in Andrea's voice)* "Polly! Call me! I mean it!" *(she turns back to the front)* Like I'm not at work or something. Like I'm purposefully not answering her calls. Oh I've never done that. Andrea is so pleasant to talk to. We're just like sisters, we get along so well. She loves me. I love her. I'm swell. I love that she calls me every day with advice and make up tips – apparently blue eye shadow has not died. And don't forget the tips on how to please your man. Cause I don't do that. Apparently. *(turning to the side in Andrea's voice)* "Polly! Call!" *(turning back to the front)* Ok, ok.

You know this part of the story. It's in the minutes. I call a meeting on the kitchen counter. Jack, O, Lemony, Captain. I never know what I'm going to need. Sometimes a shot of Jack does the trick. It's amazing what ouzo can mellow out. Sometimes I need you all. It's about survival. *(she's on the phone)* "Hi Andrea. I got your messages. What's up?" She says nothing. The phone crashes down and I can hear her calling Mia – *(turning to the side as Andrea)* "Mia! Mia! Come here and talk to your Aunt Polly. Share with your Aunt Polly some of wonderful the rhymes you've been reading." *(she turns to the front)* I sense this is going to be bad. This is going to be a four bottle conversation. *(she turns to the side as Andrea)* "I don't care if you don't

How Does Your Garden Grow?

CHARACTERS

No Garden. She has no garden. Pretty and put together.

Garden. She has a beautiful garden. The consummate gardener.

SETTING

The backyard.

(NO GARDEN enters. She carries a small lounge chair and a small basket. She is very pretty and put together. She breathes in the beauty of the day and moves down stage right. She sets up her chair and settles in. She pulls out a magazine.)

(GARDEN enters. She carries a large basket with gardening paraphernalia. She looks like the consummate gardener. She breathes in the beauty of the day and moves downstage left.)

(Note that for the most part the two characters stay on their respective sides of the stage. GARDEN's garden is out in the audience.)

GARDEN: Hello neighbor!

NO GARDEN: Why hello neighbor!

GARDEN: Lovely day isn't it?

NO GARDEN: It is indeed.

(They both breathe in and sigh.)

NO GARDEN: All set for another day in the garden?

GARDEN: Oh ho! I've been up since dawn, neighbor.

NO GARDEN: Why, of course you have.

GARDEN: 'Give me odorous at sunrise a garden of beautiful flowers where I can walk undisturbed.'

NO GARDEN: Uh huh?

GARDEN: Walt Whitman.

NO GARDEN: *(with great enthusiasm)* Oh!

GARDEN: There is nothing like the smell of a morning garden. It lifts the spirits and invigorates the soul. Every morning my soul is lifted to incredible heights. Makes me dizzy just thinking about it.

NO GARDEN: That is so beautiful.

(They both breathe in and sigh).

GARDEN: Which reminds me. *(putting down her basket)* Do you have something to tell me?

NO GARDEN: I beg your pardon?

GARDEN: Do you have something to tell me?

NO GARDEN: No.

GARDEN: I know you do.

NO GARDEN: *(hand to her chest in mock surprise)* How did you know?

GARDEN: I know.

NO GARDEN: *(teasing, not upset)* Did you spy on me?

GARDEN: "A thorn defends the rose, harming only those who would steal the blossom."

NO GARDEN: *(not getting it)* Well ok! *(turning to her basket)* I was going to surprise you but -

GARDEN: Surprise?

NO GARDEN: *(looking up)* Your present. I have a present for you, which you know.

Down

CHARACTERS

Geoffrey Rose
Tanis Wren
Dogsbody

SETTING

Present Day. A bare office with three folding chairs and a desk.

Glutton: one who digs his grave with his teeth. French Proverb

(The scene is a sparse office. There is one door, which has numbers like an elevator above it. There is a bare desk and chair in the centre. TANIS and GEOFFREY wait. TANIS calmly drinks from a bottle of water and sits in an uncomfortable looking folding chair. GEOFFREY is not calm. He's not a good waiter. He paces. He makes groaning noises. He takes a sip from his coffee.)

GEOFFREY: Blech!

TANIS: What's the matter?

GEOFFREY: There's fat in my foam.

TANIS: How can you tell?

GEOFFREY: Are you kidding? Hello? How long have you been my assistant?

TANIS: My entire life.

GEOFFREY: And you can't tell the difference between fatty foam and non-fatty foam? Look at it!

TANIS: Forgive me father for I have sinned. I gave him fatty foam.

GEOFFREY: This is not a laughing matter. My body has not seen fatty foam in years. You've thrown my entire system out of whack. How am I supposed to perform with a wacky system? I just know I'm going to have irregular bowel movements.

TANIS: Please don't go any further with that.

GEOFFREY: You'll have to go get me another coffee.

TANIS: Can't. What if the guy comes?

GEOFFREY: "The Guy" has kept me waiting forever!

TANIS: Or five minutes.

GEOFFREY: I'm a busy man. My day is extremely busy.

TANIS: I know. Busy Bee. Bzz. Bzz. Bzz.

GEOFFREY: What's with you?

TANIS: Hmm?

GEOFFREY: You're different.

TANIS: It's a different day.

GEOFFREY: What the hell does that mean?

TANIS: Funny you should ask –

GEOFFREY: *(not interested in listening)* And why is it so hot in here. I am boiling to death!

TANIS: Stop being such a baby. It's not that hot.

GEOFFREY: Hello? Modern world? Air-conditioning? If "The Guy" wants me to design anything the first thing he better do is recreate the arctic in here. I want ice cubes. I want to see my breath. I want penguins. I hate being hot.

TANIS: So stop flapping your gums and sit down. Sit and be still.

Swimming With Sins

CHARACTERS

Vices: Envy, Sloth, Greed

Virtues: Kindness, Generosity, Zeal

SETTING

A beach.

(The scene is a beach. ENVY stands shivering in a green bathing outfit (think early twentieth century). GREED sits on the ground completely surrounded by towels: only the upper torso and head can be seen. He continually counts the towels and folds them. SLOTH is curled up in a beach chair.)

GREED: *(folding as he counts)* 38. 39. 40....

ENVY: How come they get the sunny part of the beach?

GREED: 41. 42. 43....

ENVY: They always get the sunny part.

GREED: 43?

ENVY: We always shiver in the shade.

GREED: That looks less than 43. Must have lost count. *(scatters the pile)*

ENVY: Happens every year.

GREED: 1. 2. 3... *(continues underneath)*

ENVY: They could give us the sunny part of the beach. Just once.

SLOTH: *(with a huge yawn)* Like it would make a difference.

ENVY: How do you know? How many years have we been coming to camp? We've never had the sunny part of the beach. It could make a difference. In fact, I'm sure. I'm positive. We're getting the short

end of the stick. My muscles are cramping as we speak. How am I supposed to swim properly if I have cramped muscles? I can't. They have lovely sunny muscles. We don't.

SLOTH: Like it would make a difference.

ENVY: Like anyone cares what you think.

SLOTH: We'd still lose. We always lose.

ENVY: *(to GREED)* Gimme a towel.

GREED: No.

ENVY: You've got them all. You won't miss one.

GREED: I need them.

ENVY: For what?

GREED: That's my business. Don't you take that towel! Don't you dare!

ENVY: But I'm freezing.

GREED: So put some clothes on.

ENVY: I can't. We're going to start.

GREED: I don't care.

ENVY: Fine. Fine. I'll hike all the way up the slope. All the way back to the cabin just to get my clothes. I'll probably miss the start of the race. Where will you be then?

GREED: 1. 2. 3. 4. 5....

ENVY: Argh!

SLOTH: Don't look at me. I don't have a towel. *(with a big yawn)* I could use a pillow if you're going back to the cabin.

ENVY: Argh!

(KINDNESS, GENEROSITY and ZEAL enter squealing. They are all wearing matching t-shirts that say CAMP VIRTUE in big letters.)

ENVY: Oh swell.

KINDNESS: Hello girls!

GENEROSITY: We just wanted to come over and say hi.

KINDNESS, GENEROSITY & ZEAL: Hi!

(ENVY grunts, SLOTH yawns and GREED continues counting, ignoring them.)

ZEAL: Isn't this a great day for a meet? I'm so excited.

KINDNESS: I love the swim meet!

GENEROSITY: It's so much fun getting together. We never get together.

ZEAL: We should do it more often.

KINDNESS: Definitely.

GENEROSITY: It's so silly to do it just once a summer.

ENVY: Nice outfits.

(KINDNESS, GENEROSITY, and ZEAL squeal.)

KINDNESS: Aren't they great. Gen made new shirts for everyone!

GENEROSITY: It was nothing. I loved doing it.

ENVY: We don't have outfits.

GENEROSITY: Oh I made shirts for you guys too!

ENVY: You did?

GENEROSITY: Sure I did. Here you go.