

All in the Demographics

(A farce)

By Jay Rehak

LARRY

Love the tan, Jim. Do we love the tan, Louise?

LOUISE

(checking her clipboard) 83% of us love the tan, Lar.

LARRY

Love that warm, friendly, "glad to be here" style of speech you have, Jimbo.

JIM

(starting to speak as instructed) Well, I appre---....

LARRY

(indicates to JIM he should shut up. JIM dutifully shuts up mid-word) Don't we Louise?

LOUISE

(Checking clipboard) Warm, friendly, g-to-b-here style, 89% of us love it, Lar.

LARRY

Love the left hand in the pocket, determined "not quite a scowl but resolute" face and "finger jabbing in the air when a reporter asks you an insulting question" look, Jim. (Jim mimes all this as it is described to him) Don't we Louise?

LOUISE (without looking at her clipboard) Don't even need to look that 71% of us up, Lar.

JIM So I'm in good....

LARRY (Indicates again that JIM is speaking out of turn, JIM dutifully shuts up) Got a little problem in the family background, don't we, Louise?

LOUISE Ohhhh, yes! (tapping clipboard as if a teacher admonishing a student) Yes, indeed, we do!

LARRY Not good for us to be single, is it Louise. (Pause- Louise considers that statement) Numbers, Louise, Numbers!

LOUISE (doubletake, then realizing her function) 68% don't think it's good for us, no. Very, very bad.

END OF SAMPLE

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MARINATED STEAKS AND SOCKS

The family-practice office of Dr Maxine Watts. Dr Watts sits between John and Francine.

DR. WATTS: I'm glad you've both decided to come here together. While it's possible to speak with you each individually, when it comes to marriage issues, it's always best if I'm able to speak with you at the same time. That way there's no possibility of misinterpretation on my part. I'd say it's a very good start that you're both here and ready to talk. Let me say at the top then, that I hope our counseling sessions will be fruitful to both of you.

FRANCINE: Thank you, doctor.

JOHN: Yes, thank you, doctor. I have to tell you, I'm a little embarrassed to be here.

DR. WATTS: No reason to feel that way, John, though it's not an uncommon feeling - especially among men. I know that may sound a bit sexist, but in my experience, it happens to be true.

(All laugh a bit nervously)

DR. WATTS: But in any event, don't be embarrassed. Many couples come and see me. My hope is that I'll be able to help you both, and as a consequence, your marriage will be stronger for the experience.

FRANCINE: That's my hope, too.

JOHN: And mine as well.

DR. WATTS: Good, glad you're feeling fine, John, and Francine, glad you're hopeful.

(John gives a slightly puzzled look as a result of the Doctor's slight misinterpretation of what he has just said)

DR. WATTS: Let's begin, shall we? Now, John, since you're the one who made the appointment, let's start with you.

JOHN: Well, doctor, the problem is really one of communication.

FRANCINE: I would agree. One of us can communicate, and one of us can't.

DR. WATTS: Francine, please, let John talk.

JOHN: Thank you doctor. The problem is she hears what she wants to hear.

FRANCINE: That's not true!

(FRANCINE pouts as the doctor focuses on John)

END OF SAMPLE

next --->

ONCE UPON AN F'ING ISLAND

A remote tropical island, somewhere in the middle of the Pacific, many miles from nowhere. On the island are two people, a MAN and WOMAN, both 30 years old. Unhurt, they have recently become island-bound due to a plane crash.

MAN: All right then! We've been on this island for a week now. I don't see much chance of rescue. I think we're stuck here for a while, maybe a very long while. What are we going to do?

WOMAN: What do you mean, "What are we going to do?"

MAN: I mean, you know, "What are we going to do?"

WOMAN: No, I don't know. What, specifically, do you mean by "What are we going to do?"

MAN: Look, no one knows we're out here, wherever we are. The plane sank into the sea with everything we own. We're lucky to be alive, but I'd say we're stuck here together. There's no one else on the island. It's just you and me. Alone.

WOMAN: And? So? What's your point?

MAN: My point is, we're going to have to figure out how we're going to live together.

WOMAN: What do you mean, "live together"? We're not going to live together. You know I'm a married woman!

MAN: I understand that. I'm a married man.

WOMAN: Oh, so you think that makes it all right then? What? Since you're married and I'm married, we can just throw that all away and fuck each other's brains out?

MAN: What are you talking about?

WOMAN: You can forget it pal, I am not going to fuck my brains out with you.

MAN: Who said anything about "F'ing" anyone's brains out? I know I didn't.

WOMAN: Yes, you did. In so many words, you implied it.

MAN: I'm sorry if I did. I was trying to figure out living arrangements and ways of getting along.

WOMAN: Oh.

MAN: For example, how we gather food and cook it, and how we stay dry when it rains. That kind of thing. I certainly didn't mean to imply you and I would be "f'ing" our brains out. Not at all.

WOMAN: "F'ing?" Do you keep saying "F'ing?"

MAN: Yes, yes I do.

WOMAN: Why? Do you have a problem with the word "fucking?"

MAN: Yes. Yes, I do. I prefer not to use it during normal conversation. Especially in front of a woman.

END OF SAMPLE