

DUET SCENE –

Play	<i>Wait Wait Bo Bait (Middle School Edition)</i> by Lindsay Price
Stats	Comedy, Simple Set, 20 minutes
Casting	2M+4W, Easily Expandable
Description	Waiting... Waiting... Waiting... What are you waiting for, right now? Christmas to come? The phone to ring? Class to be over? The man of your dreams? The line to move? The answer? To be yelled at for setting a toilet on fire? We all have to wait. How long will you? Could you wait all day, or is it killing you? Are you staring at the phone, the line, the door, a clock? A watched clock never boils you know...
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WOMAN THREE: Stop it.

MAN ONE: (*still pacing*) What?

WOMAN THREE: Stop it.

MAN ONE: What?

WOMAN THREE: Pacing. You're wearing a hole in the carpet.

MAN ONE: I can't. I'm all wired up. When I'm wired up, I need to keep moving. It's genetic or generational or geometrical or something. Why are you so calm? Isn't this driving you nuts? Isn't this eating you up inside? Aren't you going crazy?

WOMAN THREE: They took him in five minutes ago. It's going to be awhile.

MAN ONE: Awhile. (*continues pacing*) I hate waiting. Hate it, hate it, hate it. I'm never good at Christmas. And birthdays... don't get me started on birthdays.

WOMAN THREE: Stop it!

MAN ONE: I can't.

WOMAN THREE: Come on, you're making me dizzy.

MAN ONE: (*stopping dead*) Dizzy. Are you getting sick? (*he looks around with panic*) You're getting sick, I've heard stories of people getting sick in emergency rooms, worse than when then came in and dying and—

WOMAN THREE: Would you shut up. Would you shut up about dying? People are staring.

MAN ONE: You don't need to get snippy.

WOMAN THREE: Sorry. I'm not thinking straight. I've never—(*she grabs her head*) I don't know what to think or how to think and I don't have any room in my brain for polite conversation. (*she looks up*) Snippy?

MAN ONE: Mom word. I like it.

WOMAN THREE: You would.

MAN ONE: (*sits with a sigh*) I hate waiting rooms more than I hate waiting. There are a ton of germs here. (*he sniffs the air*) I can smell them.

WOMAN THREE: You can't smell germs.

MAN ONE: I can.

WOMAN THREE: What do you care?

Continued Over...

MAN ONE: I care. All it takes is for one germ to wipe out your whole immune system! We could be covered with germs right now. (*he shivers*)

WOMAN THREE: Is that stuff your mom says?

MAN ONE: 'Course. She talks A LOT about germs. (*looking around*) Where are your parents?

WOMAN THREE: Calling Jason's mom.

MAN ONE: Oh. (*pause*) Oh. (*pause*) Nicky?

WOMAN THREE: Would you stop talking for—

MAN ONE: I can't sit here and —

WOMAN THREE: We're not talking —

MAN ONE: Do you know anyone who's died?

WOMAN THREE: (*she looks at him before answering*) No.

MAN ONE: My grandfather died two years ago.

WOMAN THREE: I'm not talking about this.

MAN ONE: And someone put the ugliest sweater on him. I've never seen it before. It was a Christmas sweater, with snowmen.

WOMAN THREE: Pete.

MAN ONE: And snowflakes, and pom poms and there is no way Grandpa would have been caught dead in a —

WOMAN THREE: (*standing*) Pete!

MAN ONE: (*standing*) I threw the ball! I threw it, ok! I can't stop—This is my fault. It's my fault Jason's here and I can't —

WOMAN THREE: It's my fault. I told you to throw long. Because he was being so, (*she throws her arms up*) he just catches everything!

MAN ONE: I wanted to throw it long. He said I'd never make the team.

WOMAN THREE: I wanted him not to catch the ball. I wanted him to look bad. It's not your fault. It's not mine.

MAN ONE: How do you know? (*sits*) I never saw that car.

WOMAN THREE: Me neither. (*sits*) He'll be fine. He has to. Right?

MAN ONE: How long do we have to wait to find out?

WOMAN THREE: I don't know. So. How many germs are there here?

MAN ONE: You don't want to know. And don't even get me started on super germs. The super germs are the worst. Mom wouldn't lie.

WOMAN THREE: You can tell me if you want to. I won't mind. Ok?

MAN ONE: Ok.