

DUET SCENE – JULIET & OPHELIA

Play	<i>Anger Management/ Ten Minute Play Series: All Girls</i> by Lindsay Price
Stats	Comedy, Simple Set, 10 minutes
Casting	2W
Description	Life in the afterworld sucks for Juliet and Ophelia. And they're not afraid to tell you where to shove your decorative pot holder.
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JULIET sits in a psychiatrist's waiting room. OPHELIA enters. She moves slowly with her arms crossed. She stares at the ground. She sighs as she slumps into one of the chairs. She looks up to see JULIET look at her.

JULIET: Hey.

OPHELIA: Hello. *(she sighs again)*

JULIET: Are you ok?

OPHELIA: Sorry. *(she shakes her head)* Sorry, I'm not – I don't like this.

JULIET: This... chair?

OPHELIA: Dr. Jodi.

JULIET: Gotcha. She's very annoying.

OPHELIA: *(perking up)* You don't like her?

JULIET: Since the very beginning.

OPHELIA: *(leaning in)* I thought everybody around here liked her.

JULIET: You'd think she's cured cancer the way they talk about her in the commissary.

OPHELIA: I know. *(mocking)* She's the best. She's so helpful.

JULIET: *(mocking)* She got me to open right up. Opened right up like a flower.

OPHELIA: I hate that one. That one and – We haven't met. Have we? No.

JULIET: Not officially. I've seen you around.

OPHELIA: We're always around.

JULIET: We don't have very many places to go.

OPHELIA: I can't believe we haven't met. Officially.

JULIET: I don't really socialize.

OPHELIA: Right. Me either. Sorry – *(sticking her hand out)* I'm Ophelia.

JULIET: Juliet. Juliet Capulet.

They shake hands.

OPHELIA: Nice to meet you.

JULIET: Officially.

OPHELIA: Right. *(pause)* So. Did you...

JULIET: Oh yes.

OPHELIA: Me too.

JULIET: Really?

Continued Over...

OPHELIA: Really. That's how we we got the golden ticket to Loserville.

JULIET: I guess. How did you... *(she gestures vaguely)*

OPHELIA: Drowned myself.

JULIET: *(pointing at herself)* Knife in the stomach.

OPHELIA: Ow. Really?

JULIET: Yeah. *(she considers)* Yeah. I wasn't really thinking. I just – *(she mimes knifing herself in the stomach)* And then... It all just kind of... It seems so stupid now.

OPHELIA: Tell me about it. I went mad beforehand. One second I was in the east hall, the next I'm underwater. Surprise!

JULIET: You're not mad now.

OPHELIA: No, no. I see everything clear as a bell. *(she starts tapping her foot)* I see a lot of things clear as day. *(the tapping gets faster)* A lot of things, a lot, a lot, a... *(she takes a deep breath and starts to massage her temples)* Sorry. Dr. Jodi says I have anger issues.

JULIET: Me too. *(she holds up her right hand)* Anger management program.

OPHELIA: I think I have a lot to be angry about. Dr. Jodi three times a week?

JULIET: Being dead makes me angry.

OPHELIA: I hate being dead!

JULIET: It sucks.

OPHELIA: It really sucks being dead.

JULIET: *(mocking)* Dr. Jodi wouldn't like that kind of talk.

OPHELIA: Sometimes, I want to shove her glasses up her nose.

JULIET: Sometimes, I want to shove that bobble head up her nose. The one on her desk?

OPHELIA: She changes them, have you noticed?

JULIET: It's the mood of the day. The mood of the day bobble head.

OPHELIA: I would totally feel so much better if I shoved a bobble head up her nose.

JULIET: It would be awesome!

OPHELIA: Guess my mood Dr. Jodi!

JULIET: Up yours Dr. Jodi!

OPHELIA: Up yours!

They are now standing and quite loud. They look around to see if someone heard them or if they're going to get in trouble. They sit down and take a deep breath.

OPHELIA: *(whispering)* She keeps pushing the crafts on me. I'm supposed to find them calming.

JULIET: *(whispering)* She says I have to do yoga.

OPHELIA: Do you like it?

JULIET: Hate it. Do you like the crafts?

OPHELIA: I hate the crafts.

JULIET: They're stupid crafts! Why do we have to do make bird houses and Popsicle stick picture frames? Are there any birds?

OPHELIA: None.

JULIET: None! No birds. We're building empty birdhouses for eternity for nothing! We're making frame after empty Popsicle frames with no pictures to fill them with.

OPHELIA: I got assigned extra Dr. Jodi time because I questioned the sanity of decorative macramé pot holders. I have nowhere to decorate, no one to decorate for and as far as I'm concerned the epitome of uselessness is the decorative pot holder.

JULIET: I hate the bingo, I hate the shuffleboard -

OPHELIA: You know, I can live with shuffleboard. *(Hypnotic)* There's something about the way the puck swooshes across the floor. Drifting, drifting. It's peaceful. Mesmerizing. Swoosh. *(changing*

Continued Next...

tone) But then I remember what happened to me and I get angry all over again.

JULIET: (*pointing*) You can't let go of the past.

OPHELIA: (*pointing*) I hold the past in an iron fist.

JULIET: A death grip.

OPHELIA: A post death grip.

JULIET: Ha!

OPHELIA: Dr. Jodi give you the let go of the past speech?

JULIET: Weekly. Sometimes daily.

OPHELIA: Oh man.

JULIET: If you want to... move on... Juliet, you need to be calmer. More... peaceful.

OPHELIA: Just like the shuffleboard Ophelia. Calm and peaceful...

JULIET: You need to let go...

OPHELIA: Swoosh...

JULIET: Let go...

OPHELIA: Swoooosh...

JULIET: Let go of the past Juliet...

OPHELIA: Hmm. Maybe I hate shuffleboard.

JULIET: I don't want to let go of my past. I like getting angry when I think about my past.

OPHELIA: Being angry makes me feel good.

JULIET: It makes me alive.

OPHELIA: Were you allowed to get angry when you were alive. For real alive?

JULIET: Never.

OPHELIA: Me neither. I want to relive the past over and over again so I can get really angry about it. I love feeling angry!

JULIET: Stupid Romeo!

OPHELIA: Stupid Hamlet!

JULIET: Did you go mad over a guy?

OPHELIA: I got a two-fer. There was a guy AND I was being manipulated by my dad.

JULIET: My dad said I had to marry a guy I totally didn't want to a marry and when I said I wouldn't marry him, cause I'd already married someone else, he freaked out!

OPHELIA: My guy told me to get lost, my dad died, and next think I know... did you do it over your dad?

JULIET: A guy. A guy I knew for one day.

OPHELIA: Where's he?

JULIET: Dead.

OPHELIA: Did he...

JULIET: Oh yeah. Poison. Over me. Supposedly he loved me SO much he couldn't live without me and took poison over my dead body. That is supposedly, a big heap of love.

OPHELIA: So he's here?

JULIET: Oh no. He moved on.

OPHELIA: He left you behind?

JULIET: Oh yeah. Eons ago. How's that for true love?

OPHELIA: No wonder you're pissed. Did you love him?

JULIET: Loved him enough to knife myself in the stomach. Now, not so much. Now, I'd like to take his insides and pull them outside his body.

OPHELIA: What is it with guys? I never had one single solitary thought to myself when I was alive. Not one. Go here Ophelia. Do this Ophelia. To a nunnery Ophelia!

JULIET: Oh I thought for myself. Thought for myself right into a knife in the stomach.

OPHELIA: If I had just had a single solitary thought I wouldn't have ended up in that river. I know it.

JULIET: You were insane. You could hardly help it.

Continued Over...

OPHELIA: What's the deal with going insane for a guy. Guys suck!

JULIET: Romeo picks his nose!

OPHELIA: Hamlet farts and walks away!

JULIET: Romeo wears socks and sandals!

OPHELIA: Why would I want to move on? I'd just have to be happy about seeing all the people who jerked me around in my life. Do I really want to see them, all that much?

JULIET: Do I really want to be happy about seeing Romeo with another girl?

OPHELIA: It's really not that bad here. No one bosses you around. If I want to eat ice cream at two in the morning I can. Nobody gets in my face. I like that.

JULIET: No parents telling you to marry some dope who has hairy monkey breath.

OPHELIA: Exactly! Why would I want to move on? (*standing*) Come on!

JULIET: Where are we going?

OPHELIA: To yell at Dr. Jodi! We're going to stay angry for the rest of eternity.

JULIET: The commissary has chocolate mint ice cream.

OPHELIA: I love chocolate mint! Let's celebrate our anger!

JULIET: To anger! Huzzah!

OPHELIA: Huzzah!

They exit.