DUET SCENE – JULIET & OPHELIA

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**DUET SCENE – JULIET & OPHELIA**

**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. Swoooosh. (changing
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?


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: Swoooosh...

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 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.
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.