Sample Pages from

Juice Box

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Ten Minute Play Series – Be Challenged

Bottle Baby
Juice Box
Hall Pass
Oh Chad
You
Sunday Lunch

BY
Lindsay Price

Theatrefolk

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Ten Minute Play Series – Be Challenged

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Juice Box

By Lindsay Price

Characters

ANTOINETTE and ANASTASIA. (16) Both are dressed primly (think sweater sets and pearls) with an aura of sophistication.

Setting

The Front Porch. You just need two cubes.

The two girls sit side by side. They are prim and proper with their ankles and knees tightly together. They sit with sophistication and fan themselves.

ANTOINETTE: Hmmm.

ANASTASIA: Ah.

ANTOINETTE: My word.

ANASTASIA: Um hmm.

ANTOINETTE: Isn't this heat atrocious?

ANASTASIA: Terrible.

ANTOINETTE: Atrocious.

ANASTASIA: It is very oppressive.

ANTOINETTE: It's just so hot.

ANASTASIA: I do not know how we spend year after year in this heat.

ANTOINETTE: Year after year.

ANASTASIA: Atrocious.

ANTOINETTE: Terrible.

ANASTASIA: One would think that our parents would acknowledge the discomfort and be more generous with the air-conditioning.

ANTOINETTE: One would.

ANASTASIA: There's nothing more soothing than a cool breeze.

ANTOINETTE: A light breeze on the face.

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ANASTASIA: Yes.

ANTOINETTE: Delightful.

ANASTASIA: My parents never listen to my arguments.

ANTOINETTE: They never do.

ANASTASIA: How can they ignore the unbearable quality of the heat?

ANTOINETTE: Oppressive.

ANASTASIA: Intolerable.

ANTOINETTE: A light breeze would be a welcome addition.

ANASTASIA: I try to explain that I would rather not perspire.

ANTOINETTE: One would rather not.

ANASTASIA: It's uncomfortable.

ANTOINETTE: Undignified.

ANASTASIA: A lady never likes to perspire.

ANTOINETTE: True.

They both sigh. There is a pause.

ANTOINETTE: Would you like a glass of water?

ANASTASIA: (*unsure*) Hmmm.

ANTOINETTE: It would be very refreshing.

ANASTASIA: True. But I'm not especially fond of water. The bloat.

ANTOINETTE: Ah.

ANASTASIA: It's uncomfortable.

ANTOINETTE: I agree.

ANASTASIA: Undignified.

ANTOINETTE: However, water is good for you.

ANASTASIA: True.

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ANTOINETTE: I recently read an article, in which it was stated that an individual can live for several weeks without food, but only three days without water.

ANASTASIA: That is such an interesting fact.

ANTOINETTE: I thought so as well.

ANASTASIA: I wonder how factual it is, though. I never partake in water.

ANTOINETTE: You must absorb it elsewhere.

ANASTASIA: Oh I see. I wonder where? (*she sighs*) Unbearable. The heat.

ANTOINETTE: Oppressive.

ANASTASIA: I am entirely parched.

ANTOINETTE: Is there another beverage I can get for you?

ANASTASIA: I would love a beverage. Anything you have on hand.

ANTOINETTE: Except for water.

ANASTASIA: The bloat.

ANTOINETTE: I will return.

ANTOINETTE exits. ANASTASIA picks up a very small clutch purse and pulls out a cellphone. She makes a call.

ANASTASIA: (*calm and sophisticated*) Hello mother. Yes, I am still with Antoinette. Mother, I believe there is plenty of time available to me. There is ample time between now and the dinner hour. Mother, I have made the journey on many occasions between Antoinette's home and ours. I'm well aware of the number of minutes it requires. Yes, mother. Yes, mother. I will be there promptly at five. Adieu.

She hangs up as ANTOINETTE enters slowly. ANTOINETTE looks very confused. She holds two juice boxes.

ANASTASIA: What have you there?

ANTOINETTE: This is the beverage my mother provided.

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ANASTASIA: What is it?

ANTOINETTE: A juice box.

ANASTASIA: A what?

ANTOINETTE: A juice box. (*hands one to ANASTASIA*) Here.

ANASTASIA: A juice box?

ANTOINETTE: Yes.

ANASTASIA: I have never heard of such a thing. Juice. In a box?

ANTOINETTE: Yes.

ANASTASIA: Not in a glass?

ANTOINETTE: No.

ANASTASIA: Oh. No glass. (*examining the box*) How do you get the juice out of the box?

ANTOINETTE: I believe the straw on the side. Ah yes, you see? The straw has a pointed end, and is placed into the box with force.

ANASTASIA: I see. We're supposed to drink the juice out of a straw. From a box?

ANTOINETTE: It seems rather base, doesn't it?

ANASTASIA: There is nothing else to drink?

ANTOINETTE: I'm afraid not.

ANASTASIA: Hmm.

They stare at the box as if it is a foreign object.

ANTOINETTE: I am very fond of pomegranate apple.

ANASTASIA: I have never had this flavour. It does sound dignified though.

ANTOINETTE: I agree. Quite dignified. I'm sure the juice is quite flavourful.

ANASTASIA: Yes. I'm sure it is.

ANTOINETTE: Shall we then?

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ANASTASIA: I am unsure. But it is so unbearably hot.

ANTOINETTE: Perhaps just this once.

ANASTASIA: Yes. Perhaps.

ANTOINETTE: We must be open to new things in life.

ANASTASIA: Like juice boxes.

ANTOINETTE: Yes.

ANASTASIA: All right. I will try. Once.

ANASTASIA: Let's.

In unison the girls remove the straw, take the plastic off the straw, and stick the straw into the box. They take a small sip at the same time.

ANTOINETTE: (*enjoying the juice*) Hmmm.

ANASTASIA: Ahhh.

ANTOINETTE: That is refreshing.

ANASTASIA: It's really good!

The girls take a deeper sip, again in unison. And now every time they sip, their personality changes. They get younger and younger, more relaxed, more fun.

ANTOINETTE: I'm going to take my shoes off.

ANASTASIA: That's a great idea.

ANTOINETTE: (*taking shoes off*) It's so hot out, I bet it would feel nice.

ANASTASIA: (*taking shoes off*) Why keep your feet all cooped up when it's so hot.

ANTOINETTE: Can you believe how stinking hot it is?

ANASTASIA: Why do we live here? Why would our parents choose to live here? It's stupid.

ANTOINETTE: I keep asking my mom. She never listen to me.

ANASTASIA: My mom is totally the same.

ANTOINETTE: (*wiggling her feet*) Oh that feels really nice.

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ANASTASIA: (*wiggling her feet*) It's much cooler.

ANTOINETTE: Why didn't we do this before?

ANASTASIA: Now my feet can breathe.

ANTOINETTE: It feels so nice.

ANASTASIA & ANTOINETTE: Ahhhhhhh.

ANTOINETTE: Where's my juice?

The girls take a deep sip from their juice box. ANASTASIA starts playing with her hair.

ANTOINETTE: Oh my God! Did you see Jennifer and Jason at the mall yesterday?

ANASTASIA: They look so cute.

ANTOINETTE: They make the cutest couple. They're perfect for each other.

ANASTASIA: I can't believe he dated Tammy for so long.

ANTOINETTE: I know.

ANASTASIA: Jennifer is so much better for Jason than Tammy is.

ANTOINETTE: Tammy is a cow.

ANASTASIA: I know!

ANTOINETTE: Did you see when Tammy and Jason broke up and she went right after Tim? Right after him, like the next day!

ANASTASIA: She is such a cow!

They take a deep sip from the juice box. They now start swinging their legs under the seat. They are younger still.

ANTOINETTE: Boys are gross.

ANASTASIA: So gross.

ANTOINETTE: I am never dating.

ANASTASIA: Never, never.

ANTOINETTE: Did you see them at recess?

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ANASTASIA: They were trying to fry those ants to death!

ANTOINETTE: With the magnifying glass.

ANASTASIA: Stupid boys.

ANTOINETTE: And they were laughing.

ANASTASIA: Ugh!

ANTOINETTE: So gross!

ANASTASIA: I never want anything to do with a boy.

ANTOINETTE: Never, never! My mom says I'll change my mind when I'm older. When I'm a teenager.

ANASTASIA: No way!

ANTOINETTE: She says I'll think boys are more important than friends.

ANASTASIA: There's no way we'd do that.

ANTOINETTE: Uh uh! Never in a million years.

ANASTASIA: A million trillion years!

ANTOINETTE: A million trillion gillion years!

ANASTASIA: A squillion years!

ANTOINETTE: There's no such thing as a squillion.

ANASTASIA: I know. I just made it up. It's the biggest number in the universe!

ANTOINETTE: A squillion years!

The girls laugh with glee and take an extra long sip from the juice box.

ANASTASIA: (*leaping up*) Wanna build a fort!

ANTOINETTE: (*leaping up*) Yeah!

ANASTASIA: (*moving the chairs*) We'll have a club!

ANTOINETTE: We'll have a club and only the people we say can come in the club.

ANASTASIA: Like who?

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