



Sample Pages from Time, What Is It?

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TEN/TWO

TEN PLAYS FOR TWO ACTORS BY
Lindsay Price



Welcome!

Welcome to *Ten/Two*! 10 two-hander scenes, all of which are inspired by the numbers 10 and 2.

The plays can be performed together for a full evening of theatre. Appendix A (p.79) contains Intro/Intermission/Extro sections to add if you are doing all ten plays in an evening. Appendix B (p.81) has a set arrangement.

You don't have to perform all ten plays. You can do eight or two or six or any of the other wonderful numbers between one and ten. You're even welcome to change the order of the plays. Each individual play, however, must be performed as written.

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The Plays / Characters

Many of the plays are gender flexible. Below is the gender breakdown for each play. If the play calls for "2 Either" feel free to change the genders to suit your group.

1. Quippage (1M 1W)
2. The Big Lie (2 Either)
3. Pretty Girl Plain Girl (2W)
4. Santa Runs a Sweat Shop (2 Either)
5. Ms. Spitspot's Spick and Span Play Place (1W 1 Either)
6. My Father Went to Switzerland and All I Got Was This Lousy T-Shirt. (1W 1 Either)
7. Time, What Is It? (2 Either)
8. The Last Dance (1W)
9. Ten Minutes, Ten Minutes, Ten Minutes, Ten Minutes (2 Either)
10. The Itsy-Bitsy Spider Or Else (2M)

Time, What Is It?

ONE is a hippy, TWO is a teenager. Both can be of either gender.

ONE is sitting cross-legged with eyes closed in a meditative state. TWO runs onstage, clearly frazzled, looking frantically through a knapsack.

TWO: (*muttering to self*) I'm late, I'm late, for a very important – (*sees ONE and runs over*) Hey! Hey!

ONE: (*slowly opening eyes*) Yes?

TWO: Do you have the time?

ONE: Hmmmm?

TWO: Time, time. (*taping wrist*) Do you have it?

ONE: Time. Do I have the time? Do I have time? Time, what is it? What is time?

TWO: The thing I need to know?

ONE: Sedentary thought. Time is nothing but a shackle. A handcuff. A ball and chain. What do you need to know the time for?

TWO: To catch a bus, to get to work, to open the pool, so kids can go swimming, to get rid of their energy, and not freak out on my head.

ONE: Sedentary thought indeed.

TWO: Look, bud, do you have the time or not?

ONE: Yes.

TWO: Great.

ONE: Indeed.

TWO: So? What time is it?

ONE: That depends.

TWO: On what?

ONE: Your state of mind.

TWO: Come again?

ONE: It depends on your state of mind. If you're feeling one way, it could be ten o'clock in the morning. If you're feeling another way, it could be two o'clock in the afternoon.

TWO: Are you for real?

ONE: And of course the opposite is true. It could be ten o'clock at night or two in the morning. The choice is yours. (*looking at TWO*) You look more of a two in the morning type of person. Yes, two in the morning. For you, it is two in the morning.

TWO: If you don't have the time, just say so!

TWO dumps the contents of the backpack on the ground.

ONE: Sh, sh, sh. Not so frantic, my friend.

TWO: My watch has to be in here somewhere.

ONE: You have to expand your mind.

TWO: (*searching through stuff*) Those kids turn into big bouncing balls of hyper if I don't open the pool on time.

ONE: Expand your horizons.

TWO: Big bouncing hyper balls. Boing! Boing! Boing!

ONE: My friend, you are terribly tied to time. It's scary.

TWO: (*looking up*) I'm scary? I'm scary.

ONE: Very.

TWO: Great. (*throws stuff back into the bag*) Never mind. I'll find someone else.

ONE: All those rushing thoughts, it can't be good for your soul.

TWO: Whatever. Thanks for nothing.

TWO turns to leave.

ONE: Wait! I have the time.

TWO: For real?

ONE: (*holds up wrist which has a watch on it*) See?

TWO: And?

ONE: It's ten to two.

TWO: (*with big relief*) Thank you.

ONE: In Hong Kong.

TWO: WHAT???

ONE: It's ten to two in Hong Kong. You see?

TWO: No.

ONE: Oh. That's too bad.

ONE goes back to meditative state. TWO stares at ONE.

TWO: (*to self*) I have to ask. (*turns away*) I don't have to ask. I can leave and live a happy life without asking. (*turns back*) I have to ask. I'll never be able to sleep if I don't ask. (*to ONE*) Not that I really want to know, but, why do you have your watch set to Hong Kong time?

ONE: Do you really want to know?

TWO: Yes.

ONE: Are you sure?

TWO: Yes.

ONE: (*with a smile*) Because I can.

TWO groans in frustration.

ONE: I also wear my pants backwards, I eat breakfast for dinner and sometimes I say exactly what's on my mind – that child is fat, that girl's hair is too blond, that man is going bald and he is in complete denial. Go free! Go bald! Let that scalp run wild! (*to TWO*) You see?

TWO: Yes.

ONE: Good!

TWO: You're crazy.

ONE: No.

TWO: Yes!

ONE: No.

TWO: I'm pretty sure you are.

ONE: Just because I live my life the way I want? Because I have a little fun? I say things that are not socially acceptable and defy society's rules?

TWO: Rules are good!

ONE: Not all rules.

TWO: You are whacko!

ONE: It is you, dear child, who are the whack-of-o.

TWO: That's complete whacko talk!

ONE: Look at you. Running in circles, flapping about inconsolably, completely delirious simply because you don't know the time. Frantically trying to get somewhere to open a pool so the bouncing children don't combust.

TWO: You don't know what it's like when kids combust!

ONE: What kind of life is that?

TWO: I'm sixteen, what do you want me to be, an astronaut?

ONE: Sixteen or sixty, you will never go against the grain. You will always follow time to the millisecond and never swim upstream when the world says sit down.

TWO: Now you're patronizing me. (*staring to freak out a little*) I'm being patronized by a crazy person. (*grabbing ONE by the collar*) Listen, you –

ONE: OK friend, take it easy. Easy.

TWO: (*freaking out*) I live a full life!

ONE: (*trying to ease away*) Of course you do.

TWO: (*letting go of ONE*) I am not boring!

ONE: Of course you're not.

TWO: I have fun! I frolic!

ONE: *(now very freaked out over TWO)* No need to go into the shrieky voice.

TWO: I have a good job at the pool and there's nothing wrong with it!

ONE: The shrieky place is not a happy place.

TWO grabs ONE by both shoulders.

ONE: Ack!

TWO: I'm giving you one last chance. WHAT TIME IS IT?

There's a pause.

ONE: *(quietly)* One o'clock.

TWO: Where? Where is it one o'clock?

ONE: Here, here! In our time.

TWO: I don't believe you!

ONE: It's true.

TWO: One o'clock.

ONE: Yes.

TWO: Not ten to two?

ONE: No.

TWO: One o'clock.

ONE: I swear on my mother's life. It's one o'clock. *(rolling into a small ball)* Please don't hurt me!

TWO: OK then. Good. *(Takes a big breath in and out. Lets ONE go and completely changes tone – instantly happy.)* Well. My bus doesn't come for another twenty minutes. I had nothing to worry about!

ONE: Imagine that.

TWO: I was delirious over nothing.

ONE: Looks like.

TWO: What did you say?

ONE: *(cowering)* Nothing.



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