

Crushed, by Don Zolidis

From Crushed

By Don Zolidis

(JIM enters. MANDA approaches, stalking him like a tiger.)

Hey. MANDA

Oh... um... hey. JIM
(MANDA looks him up and down.)
What are you doing?

Lookin' good. MANDA

I'm sorry? JIM

You heard me. Lookin' good. MANDA
(she growls)

Oh. I'm actually dating someone right now. JIM

Me too. That does not change the fact that you... are lookin' good. MANDA
(growls again)

Thanks I guess. JIM

What's your name, sailor? MANDA

I'm not actually a sailor. JIM

You could be. MANDA

But I'm not. JIM

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MANDA

My name's `Manda.

JIM

Manda?

MANDA

As in A-Manda. But I shortened it. To Manda. Cause it gets right to the point.

JIM

Okay.

MANDA

I was lying earlier. I don't have a boyfriend. I'm alone.

JIM

Okay.

MANDA

Sooooo alone.

JIM

You know I should really get going.

MANDA

Where you going to?

JIM

Um... away.

MANDA

You're a little mysterious, aren't you? Little mysterious man. How bout we unwrap those mysteries together?

JIM

I um... um...

(MANDA circles around him.)

MANDA

Heart beating a little fast?

(She reaches out and touches his chest.)

Oh yeah. There it is. Bum bump. Bum Bump. Bum bump bum bump! That's like the rhythm of my soul.

JIM

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I don't have any rhythm in my soul.

MANDA

I'll teach you.

JIM

Leave me alone! Help! Someone help!
(JIM runs.)

MANDA

I like the way you run, sailor boy!
(She runs after him.)

FEMALE NARRATOR

So you see –

JIM *(off-stage)*

Ah! She's got me!
(MANDA emerges with a hold of JIM's ankle, pulling him back on to the stage.)
Mommy!

MANDA

I'm your Mommy now!

JIM

Aaaaaah!

(to read the rest of this play, go to www.playscripts.com and search for Crushed.)