

The Reunion

Ken Levine





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THE REUNION

By Kevin Levine

CAST

SCOTT KINCAID: 60's, easy-going, philosophical.

CARL FENTON: 60's, buttoned-down.

Place

City Street

Time

Daytime

THE REUNION

(Scott Kincaid, 60's, in a business suit is walking down the street. From the other direction comes Carl Fenton, also in his 60's. Scott stops. There's something about Carl that seems vaguely familiar. As the two are about to pass each other.)

SCOTT: Excuse me. Can I ask you a question?

CARL: Uh, I guess.

SCOTT: This is going to be kind of a strange one.

CARL: *(wary)* Ohhh-kay.

SCOTT: Did you ever go to Van Alden Elementary School in Reseda, California?

CARL: Why yes. I did.

SCOTT: I knew it. *(pointing)* Carl Fenton.

CARL: Yes. How did you recognize me? That was like fifty years ago.

SCOTT: You looked old then.

CARL: Swell. And you remembered my name after all this time?

SCOTT: Hey, we were best friends. *(extending his hand)* Scott Kincaid.

(Carl obviously doesn't remember, but)

CARL: Of course. Sure. Great to see you, Steve.

SCOTT: Scott.

CARL: Scott. Right.

SCOTT: Hey, remember that time we were drawing at your house and I borrowed a crayon?

CARL: Um...to be honest, no I really — (*Scott reaches into his breast pocket and pulls out a crayon.*)

SCOTT: Here you go. Sorry I never gave it back.

CARL: What? Holy crap!

SCOTT: Can you forgive me?

(*a confused Carl takes the crayon*)

CARL: Whoa. Wait a minute. You've kept that crayon in your pocket for fifty years?

SCOTT: I knew someday I'd bump into you again. I was hoping it'd be 1962, but what the hell? Here you are.

CARL: Why didn't you Google me or find me on Facebook?

SCOTT: Oh, come on. Call someone out of the blue and say you have their crayon? You'd think I was a crazy person.

CARL: So better to just carry it around for half a century.

SCOTT: (*shrugging*) My mother said, "give it back."

CARL: As what, her dying wish?

SCOTT: Mom had a very strict moral code, which she never strayed from...other than adultery.

CARL: Well...thank you.

SCOTT: Did you ever wonder where it was?

CARL: No. Of course not. I just assumed my brother ate it.

SCOTT: So he's had to live with this all these years too.

CARL: No. It's no big deal. I don't even remember it.

SCOTT: So, did you ever become a fireman?

CARL: Huh? I was six when I said that. What did you want to be when you were that age?

SCOTT: A cowboy.

CARL: Right. That's the kind of stupid stuff little kids say. So, what did you really become?

SCOTT: A cowboy.

CARL: What?

SCOTT: "Yippe-ay-oh-kai-yay, Mother Russia."

CARL: Seriously? You're a cowboy?

SCOTT: That's right.

CARL: Oh, gimme a break.

SCOTT: You don't believe me?

CARL: You're wearing a suit.

SCOTT: I'm in the city.

CARL: Shouldn't you have spurs?

END OF FREEVIEW
You'll want to read and perform this show!