

WHOSE PANTS ARE THESE?

A 10 Minute Comedy

by

Deb Meyer

Copyright 2021

1618 Esker Trail
Columbus, WI 53925
djmeyster8350@gmail.com

Cast of Characters

LOU: Male, 40's-50's.

SANDY: Female. Lou's wife.
40's-50's.

RYAN: Male. Teen-early 20's.

IZZY: Female. Teenager

BOB: Male. Lou's brother.
40's-60's

SETTING: A kitchen, with a dining table and five chairs. A small bowl and a salad bowl filled with lettuce. Assorted dinnerware and glasses, a pitcher of water.

TIME: Evening.

AT RISE: SANDY is mixing salad dressing in a small bowl. LOU enters wearing a football jersey and way-too-tight pants.

LOU

Whose pants are these?

SANDY

Excuse me?

LOU

These pants. Whose are they?

SANDY

Hand me the salt.

LOU

They're a bit snug.

SANDY

Pepper.

LOU

Maybe I can stretch them out.

LOU does stretching exercises behind a chair to loosen his pants. RYAN and IZZY enter arguing.

IZZY

I told you. I didn't take it.

RYAN

Then where is it?

IZZY

How should I know.

RYAN

Give me your backpack.

IZZY

No.

RYAN grabs IZZY'S backpack and they tussle with it. LOU is still standing behind a chair so the kids can't see him.

Mom!

RYAN

What?

SANDY

She took my phone.

RYAN

I did not.

IZZY

Then where is it?

RYAN

How would I know. Jeez. Dweeb.

IZZY

I can't find my phone either.

LOU

I'm sure they'll turn up.

SANDY

They better. The lottery opens at 7.

LOU

Last year tickets were gone in half an hour.

RYAN

Between the two of us, we should be able to get great seats. If we can find our phones. Geez, these suckers are tight.

LOU

SANDY holds up a spoon for LOU to taste.

SANDY

Here, taste this.

LOU steps out from behind the chair.

LOU

Needs salt.

IZZY

Dad!

What? LOU

I'm gonna hurl. RYAN

They were the only clean pants in my closet. Ryan, are these yours? LOU

No! RYAN

Dad. Go change. Please! IZZY

They just need a little stretching out. LOU

LOU does more stretching.

I can't look. IZZY

Geez, Dad, they're tighter than a Kardashian's- RYAN

Ryan! SANDY

Shoes. The Kardashians shoes always look so tight. RYAN

Dad stop. Something's gonna pop out. IZZY

All right kids, knock it off. Lou, kids, sit. SANDY

LOU struggles to sit. SANDY picks up a bottle of massage oil and puts a few drops of lotion on the back of his neck and begins to massage it in. RYAN and IZZY sit at the table.

Lavender oil? You think that's gonna relax these pants? LOU

Shht! SANDY

I can't watch. Izzy, where's my phone? RYAN

SANDY

Shht!

IZZY

Don't know. Don't care.

SANDY

Shht. Shht. Shht!

LOU

Okay, okay. Enough with the oil. Let me just pop them open.

LOU pops the top button on his pants open.

Ahh, much better. Now, can we eat?

RYAN

I can't eat.

IZZY

Me neither. Not with that going on.

SANDY holds up the bottle of massage oil.

SANDY

Anyone else?

RYAN

Nope. I'm good. Mom. My phone. What about my phone? The lottery?

IZZY

(mocking) What about my phone? The lottery?

SANDY

I have lots of oils.

RYAN

Maybe it's in my room.

RYAN gets up to look for his phone.

IZZY

I'll help you look.

RYAN and IZZY exit talking.

RYAN

Last week she got me with myrrh. No matter how many times I showered, I still I reeked of rotting wood.

IZZY

I know. I could smell you through the walls.

SANDY adds some salt to the bowl and continues mixing. She gives LOU another taste.

SANDY

Here, better?

LOU

Much better.

SANDY

Maybe it needs garlic.

LOU

Nope. It's good.

LOU gets up and moves about around looking for his phone.

Now, if I could just find my phone.

SANDY

Phones. Phones. Phones. Can we just sit down and enjoy dinner together as a family, without everyone being demon possessed over their phones?

SANDY sets the bowl down and looks over a bowl of lettuce.

LOU

Sorry. Lottery tickets go fast, and I don't want nosebleed seats again. You sure you haven't seen it?

SANDY

I'll help you find it after dinner.

LOU

I hope we're having more than salad.

SANDY

Oh, I forgot to tell you, I invited Bob for dinner.

LOU

Bob? Why?

LOU does a few more stretches.

SANDY

Cuz, he's your brother and lives alone, and I thought he might enjoy having dinner with us.

SFX of doorbell. SANDY goes to answer the door. BOB enters, carrying a pizza box, and small bouquet of flowers.

BOB

Large double pepperoni, and flowers. Hello gorgeous.

BOB kisses SANDY on the cheek.

LOU

Watch it.

SANDY

Thanks Bob. Glad you could make it.

SANDY sets the pizza box on the table and puts the flowers in a small vase.

BOB

Whoa, Lou, what's with the way-too-tight, nasty pants?

LOU

Recognize them?

BOB

No.

RYAN and IZZY enter.

IZZY

Uncle Bob!

IZZY gives him a hug.

BOB

Izzy Bean. How's my girl?

IZZY

I'm good.

RYAN

I smell pizza! Pepperoni?

BOB

You got it, kid. So, how's it going? Still following the blue and gold?

RYAN

I could follow them better, if I had my phone.

SANDY pours the dressing over the salad and tosses it. LOU pours water into the glasses.

SANDY

Alright, everything's ready. Let's eat.

As they sit down, BOB's phone rings. BOB hops up.

SANDY

Seriously?

BOB

Sorry. I've got to take this. You guys go ahead.

BOB takes a few steps away from the group. They begin passing things around.

SANDY

(annoyed) There's always one.

LOU

Excuse me?

SANDY

Never mind.

BOB

Hello. Yeah. Yeah. She wants what? By Friday? That's insane.

LOU, SANDY and RYAN freeze and listen.

BOB

She said what? Yeah. I called her Baby-cakes. It was a joke. I do respect her. Okay, okay. Well, see if you can talk her down to a more reasonable number.

BOB ends the call and begins pacing about.

LOU

Problems at work?

BOB

What? No. Just a misunderstanding with a co-worker.

SANDY

You called a woman, Baby-cakes?

RYAN

Wow! Even I know, that's suicide.

BOB

People are so touchy these days. All I said was, you look great today Baby-cakes. She totally flipped out.

SANDY

Uh yeah.

LOU

You know you can't talk to women like that.

BOB

I do now.

RYAN

Hey, Uncle Bob, can I see your phone for a minute? I just need to check-

SANDY grabs the phone.

SANDY

I'll take that.

RYAN

Mom!

SANDY

Whatever it is, it can wait until after dinner.

SANDY hands the phone back to Bob.

RYAN

You know, those pants do look familiar. Uncle Bob didn't you have some like that?

BOB

(choking) No.

SANDY

Ryan! Don't be ridiculous.

LOU

Maybe I dropped it getting out of the car.

SANDY

I told you, we'll find *it* later.

BOB's phone rings again.

BOB

Sorry, gotta take this.

He gets up and walks away to answer it.

What? What? That's outrageous. Who does she think she is?

SANDY

Alright. I may as well tell you. I uh, have a confession to make.

LOU

You banged up the car again, didn't you? That's why Bob's here. He's our claims adjuster.

SANDY

No. The car is fine. But thanks for jumping to *that* conclusion.

SANDY walks over to a basket and pulls out two phones. She walks around the table passing them out.

SANDY

Ryan, I believe this is yours, and Lou here is your phone.

LOU

You had them all along?

SANDY

Yes. I foolishly wanted to have a relaxing family dinner, with actual eye contact and meaningful conversations.

LOU

I guess we blew that.

IZZY

It is a good dinner, Mom.

RYAN

Yeah. And, the only interruptions were a couple short calls from Uncle Bob's office.

IZZY

Work calls. You can't blame him for that.

BOB

Actually, it wasn't work. I was messing with you. Those were confirmations on some tickets I bought.

RYAN

What kind of tickets?

LOU

What kind of confirmations?

SANDY

Bob?

BOB stands up and pulls an envelope out of his sport coat pocket. He hands it to RYAN.

BOB

Here 'ya go kid. A little something for you and your old man.

RYAN carefully opens the envelope and takes out two tickets. He jumps up in excitement.

RYAN

What?! Are you riding me?!

SANDY

I believe that's two, yes, two championship tickets for you and your Dad to next Sunday night's game. I hope that's okay.

RYAN

Mom, you did this?

SANDY

With a little help from your Uncle Bob.

RYAN

Dad, look!

LOU gets up and looks at the tickets with Ryan.

LOU

Bob, how'd you get these?

BOB

Let's just say Baby-cakes owed me a favor.

RYAN and Lou do a chest bump and happy dance.

RYAN

Wow! Thanks Mom! Thanks Uncle Bob!

BOB holds up his water glass.

BOB

To Baby-cakes!

They all hold up their glasses.

EVERYONE

To Baby-cakes!

IZZY

Okay. Okay, now I get why you hid their phones, but Mom, what's the deal with Dad, and the nasty pants?

No deal.

SANDY

SANDY leans over and gives LOU a
kiss on the cheek.
I just like seeing your dad in a tight fit.

RYAN AND IZZY

Ewww!

LIGHTS FADE

THE END

Do Not Copy