

The following is excerpted from

“THE REUNION”

A Two Character Comedy

By Ken Levine

Two middle-aged men who went to elementary school together, and haven't seen each other since, meet on the street.

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Contact: Jamie Kaye-Phillips

United Talent Agency, Theatre Department

New York, NY

PH: 212-991-4245

E-mail: Jamie.KayePhillips@unitedtalent.com

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THE REUNION

A 10 Minute Comedy

By Ken Levine

SYNOPSIS -- Scott and Carl haven't seen each other in 50 years. By chance they happen to meet on the street. Scott returns the crayon he borrowed from Carl half a century ago.

CHARACTERS

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

CARL FENTON -- 60's, buttoned-down

"THE REUNION"

CITY STREET -- DAY

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.