

THE INTRUDER

One act comedy script

By Jean Blasiar

*Copyright © July 2016 Jean Blasiar and Off The Wall Play
Publishers*

<http://offthewallplays.com>

*This script is provided for reading purposes only.
Professionals and amateurs are hereby advised that it is
subject to royalty. It is fully protected under the laws of
the United States of America, the British Empire, including
the Dominion of Canada, South Africa and all other countries
of the Copyright Union. All rights, including but not limited
to professional, amateur, film, radio, and all other media
(including use on the worldwide web) and the rights of
translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved; and
any unauthorized use of the material may subject the user
to any and all applicable civil and criminal penalties. For any
information about royalties or to apply for a performance
license please click the following link:*

<http://offthewallplays.com/royalties-and-licensing-of-plays-sold-by-off-the-wall-plays/>

THE INTRUDER

AT RISE:

Two homeless people:

MARIE (ageless) and

JOHN (ageless) are sleeping in sleeping bags.

Among their possessions in a grocery cart nearby is the discarded mirror.

WOMAN (20'S) ENTERS, stage right, carrying a blanket.

WOMAN

There you are. I knew there were some homeless around here.

I have coffee and breakfast bars. Rise and shine.

MARIE

(trying to open her eyes against the sun)

Go away.

WOMAN

(laughs)

Smell the coffee?

(spreads the blanket; exits stage right)

Marie closes her eyes; tries to go back to sleep.

Woman re-enters with coffee pot, box of breakfast bars, napkins, carafe of o.j.,
bottled water.

WOMAN

Here we are. Fresh squeezed orange juice.

I squeezed it myself.

MARIE

(eyes still closed)

She squeezed it herself.

JOHN

Tell her to leave it.

WOMAN

I can't do that. I have to interview you. It won't take long. C'mon. You have a fabulous nutritious breakfast waiting for you.

Marie sits up, yawns, stretches, scratches.

MARIE

We have a fabulous nutritious breakfast.

JOHN

Fabulous.

MARIE

What time is it?

WOMAN

Six thirty.

JOHN

What time did she say?

MARIE

Six thirty.

JOHN

In the morning?

WOMAN

It's almost morning.

(pours two cups of coffee)

Non fat milk or sweetener?

MARIE

Half and half and lots of sugar.

WOMAN

Naughty, naughty. Think of your cholesterol.

JOHN

Has she got any jelly donuts?

WOMAN

Tsk, tsk. Jelly donuts.

(to John)

What is your name?

(silence from John; to Marie)

What is his name?

MARIE

Caesar.

WOMAN

And yours?

MARIE

Cleo.

WOMAN

I'm Natalie.

Natalie hands Marie a cup of coffee; nudges John and hands him a cup.

Natalie settles down on the ground; takes a notepad and pen out of her briefcase.

NATALIE

I just have a few questions.

John sits up to drink his coffee.

NATALIE

Now... what level of education do you have?

High school?

High school graduate.

College?

College graduate.

Graduate school.

CAESAR

You ain't said it yet.

CLEO

Put down... some high school.

NATALIE

Some high school. And for you, Caesar?

CLEO

For both of us.

NATALIE

Are you married?

CLEO

We're...

(looks at Caesar)

To each other?

CAESAR

Why does she wanna know all this?

NATALIE

It's part of my graduate studies. I'm a social worker.

I have a grant to study the habits of the homeless.

CAESAR

Who's she calling homeless?

NATALIE

(taken back)

Oh. I didn't mean to offend you. Do you have a home?

CAESAR

Well, of course, we have a home.

NATALIE

Where is it?

CAESAR

Right here.

NATALIE

This? You call this...

CAESAR

The living room.

NATALIE

This park is your living room?

CAESAR

Over there is our living room. This is our bedroom and you're sitting in it. You always walk into people's bedrooms unannounced?

NATALIE

Oh, I'm sorry. I should have... Wait a minute.

This is a city park.

CAESAR

And I am a city citizen. This is my park. And Marie's.

What's in the box?

NATALIE

Breakfast bars. Soy, wheat germ, flax, sunflower seeds,

canola oil, lecithin. Gluten-free or protein?

CAESAR

(looks at Marie)

No thanks, sis. You wouldn't have any Bailey's for the coffee, would ya?

NATALIE

Tsk, tsk. Caesar. It's six thirty in the morning.

CAESAR

(rolls over)

Tsk, tsk. Come back at happy hour, will you Sis, with some Bailey's.

Good night.

NATALIE

I have questions.

CAESAR

Cleo.

CLEO

How many more questions?

NATALIE

Just a few.

(takes out a thick questionnaire on legal paper)

Now... what do you eat?

CLEO

When?

NATALIE

When you get up? Breakfast. What do you eat?

CLEO

Whatever they're serving.

NATALIE

Whatever who's serving?

CLEO

The soup kitchen.

NATALIE

That's good, Marie. You get a hot breakfast.

What about lunch?

CLEO

Depends.

NATALIE

Upon what?

CLEO

How much money we got.

NATALIE

How much money do you have?

CAESAR

(facing away from the ladies)

That's personal.

NATALIE

Oh, sorry. How do you... earn money?

CAESAR

You from ICE?

NATALIE

Oh no. Of course not.

CAESAR

The IRS?

NATALIE

(laughs)

No.

CAESAR

Then we're in the import/export business.

NATALIE

Oh. Well.

(writes that down)

What do you import?

CAESAR

Junk.

NATALIE

And what do you export?

CAESAR

Antiques.