

Stranger Times

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Stranger Times

A short play about two sisters living together, the build-up of going on holiday and then feedback from one sister to the other on her return.

Cast:

2 females

1 male

Stage requirements:

1 x couch

1 x suitcase (travel bag)

Heather: I can't believe they are doing this to me. I feel betrayed.

Lily: Put your head between your legs and breath.

Heather: This is ridiculous!

Lily: Not according to the labour law and human resources.

Heather: But there's nothing wrong with me.

Lilly: Well, that's debatable.

Heather: I mean at work.

Lily: They are not victimising you, everyone must abide.

Heather: I don't see the point, my work hasn't faltered in any way?

Lily: You will burn out.

Heather: No, I won't. I am perfectly fine. I'm sure I can get out of it.

Lily: Why would you want to? I would jump at the opportunity.

Heather: To go on holiday? *(with utter disgust)* What a cheek. How dare they?

Lily: You need to be studied! Clearly there's something wrong with you. When was the last time you took leave?

Heather: It was . . .

Lily: Excluding sick leave.

Heather: *(Takes a moment to calculate)* 2 years.

Lily: Now *that's* ridiculous!

Heather: Just because I enjoy my job and I'm dedicated to my work? Doesn't seem to be a problem to me.

Lily: Alright! What else are you dedicated to?

Heather: *(Thinks about it)* What do you mean?

Lily: Well, if work is such a focal point for you and all your energy and effort is poured into an 8 to 5 – well in your case 8 to 8, they literally have to kick you out the door – then which other parts of your life are you able to also nourish and develop?

Heather: My work is my life. No work no money. If I do not put all of me into my work, then I don't have income to do things.

Lily: You don't do things, besides drive to work, sleep, eat and have the occasional bowel movement. Wash rinse repeat.

Heather: I guess it is a bit of a vicious circle.

Lily: It's weird though, work was not always your 'be all and end all'.

Heather: Don't start with me.

Lily: *(Sarcasm)* Isn't it such a coincidence that you've thrown yourself into work and nothing else since you broke up with Stephen.

Heather: *(Stubborn)* I see no connection. Completely irrelevant.

Lily: Ok, so when was the last time you went on a date?

Heather: I don't have time to sift through random men to find the right one.

Lily: There are plenty of dating websites.

Heather: Oh please, swiping left or right at men flashing you their jiggy bits.

Lily: I know, and it's all smoke screens, using the zoom button on their meat and two veg, don't they realise in real life the zoom button isn't there.

Heather: What has this world come to?

Lily: Back to the matter at hand. They're telling you that for your health and sanity, and probably the sanity of everyone else around you, take some leave and go do what you want. Explore, find and conquer. I'm surprised the work place hasn't been turned into a CSI crime scene.

Heather: *(Shocked)* I wouldn't know where to begin.

Lily: How about going somewhere for a real holiday!

Heather: I can relax at home without having to step out my front door.

Lily: Really? I know you won't, you'll just become obsessed with new door handles or do drive-by's passed the office to see the building is still in one piece. No, you need to get away, different cultures, different scenery, get some sun on that Casper flesh of yours.

Heather: I don't know . . .

Lily: That's what I am here for. I knew one day being a travel agent would come in handy for you. There are some great specials at the moment and with my employee discount, it's practically a steal.

Heather: Where would I go? Would I need shots, bring my own water, learn a new language. . .

Lily: In the words of my friend Taylor Swift, "You need to calm down", stop being such a worrying Wanda.

Heather: I get that, but if I am going away I need to sort it out asap – they want me to start my leave in the next week.

Lily: Pff, do you know who you are talking to? That's plenty of time.

Heather: Okay I'm on board. You're right, a new change of scenery, sightseeing, trying new things, this might be exactly what the doctor ordered.

Lily: Who knows, you may even find yourself some foreign yum yum.

Heather: Foreign yum yum?

Lily: A tall, tanned, muscular exotic man who knows minimal English, you know the one who can drive a fork lift but can't spell it.