



THE WAR OF THE NOSES

By Bill Roddey

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A one act play

Bill Roddey

WAR OF THE NOSES

CHARACTERS

BUDDY NOSE- Middle aged man dressed in jeans and a t-shirt

SALLY NOSE- Middle aged woman in jeans and shirt

MR. CARLIN- Off stage, OS, elderly man next door neighborhood

SYNOPSIS-Buddy and Sally, two TV comedy writers who have lost track of time and have now also lost their jobs, are in the midst of breaking up and moving out of their apartment when they get quarantined together for the duration. They start arguing so loudly that Mr. Carlin, their next door neighbor, can hear everything they say in his apartment and gets involved when he claims that he is a certified Life Coach & Rodeo Clown. And he's there to help whether they want him to or not.

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There's a table with chairs on both ends, plus a pad and pen beside where the chairs are.

SALLY

I saw the family photo albums in the bedroom. Do you wanna go over them and see which pictures you wanna take with you, Buddy.

BUDDY

(Loudly) You mean to honor and cherish when we were a happy loving family, Sally? Which isn't true 'cause you've been cheating on me every since George W. got a hard on for Saddam Hussein....I'd rather have Jeffrey Dahlmer's recipe book for sauteing men than our lyin' lovin' fake family photo albums!

SALLY

OK, so rather than throw them into a big burn barrel, I'll take them and cut you out of every picture you're in. And just have my right arm high hugging air. (Mock fear) Damn, now you know what you're getting for Christmas! Half photos of you aging thru the years.

BUDDY

It's better than last years Christmas gift of genital herpes, compliments of, what's his name now... Orlando, the up and rising extra. A day player of extraordinary shallowness. Living near the sappiest place on earth The Magic Kingdom. .

SALLY

At least he listens.

BUDDY

Like he doesn't have a cogent thought in his head to share with anyone, let alone engage with you about Shakespeare and his sonnets... Or any iambic pentameter patter that you love so much.

SALLY

I'll have you know he loves Hamlet's "to be or not to be" speech.

BUDDY

Give me a break, Ophelia. He thought that speech was about two bees fighting over honey output.

SALLY

Look it, he's never heard it before, but he was eager to learn.

BUDDY

What after his hamlet and eggs for breakfast?

SALLY

He makes me feel special.

BUDDY

You mean like half off on a pound of baloney.

SALLY

(Serious) Yeah, deli meat deals.... Look..look Buddy, I don't want to be here all day fighting. We gotta get out of here now! Is there anything you want?

BUDDY

You mean here at 1847 Healthcliff Towers- a towering three stories. Talk about illusions of grandeur for basically a small tree house. Why not call it Mount Olympus? And to build it on Wuthering Heights Boulevard, only a dip in the road. I've seen higher heights sitting in the nose bleed seats at a Springsteen concert in a basketball arena. The contractor who named it had a great sense of irony, let me tell you.

SALLY

So now you're mocking a slum landlord's address on the wrong side of the street. Whatever, Buddy. What do YOU want?

BUDDY

Fifteen years of my life back, Sally. And not making the same mistake twice. And...and how to tap dance in high heels. It's...it's always been a dream of mine.

SALLY

Once a comedy writer, always a comedy writer.

BUDDY

Hey, you 're one too. At least before Friday Night Live gutted the writing staff and wanted someone younger. But your Barry Manilow jokes were hilarious, once you explained to the twenty-year old writers who he was.

SALLY

And your big move was declaring "If she goes...I go". And out you went.

BUDDY

Right out the door. Down the elevator and into a living hell with you.

(First Buddy's phone rings, then Sally's rings. Buddy answers first, then Sally answers her call on the other side of the stage. On opposite sides of stage now.)

BUDDY

Hi mom, how are you?

SALLY

Orlando, what's up. (Laughs) Although, I think I already know the answer to...

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What?
BUDDY

What the...
SALLY

Yesterday?
BUDDY

Oh my.
SALLY

God!
BUDDY

Are you...
SALLY

sure? I could have sworn...
BUDDY

was tomorrow.
SALLY

For the damn duration?
BUDDY

Till when?
SALLY

Noooooooooooooo!
BUDDY

Noooooooooooooo!
SALLY

(Both stare at each other with weak forced smiles)

I'd better go then, Mom.
BUDDY