

LEMONADE

(Scene for two people.)

(JAMIE and DYLAN have competing lemonade stands, just a few feet apart. The lemonade stands can just be two tables or, if necessary, the stands – and their pitchers and glasses – can all be imaginary. JAMIE and DYLAN each stand behind their own table and call out to people passing by – but, at first, they don't speak directly to each other.)

JAMIE: Lemonade!

DYLAN: Lemonade!

JAMIE: Get your lemonade!

DYLAN: Ice cold lemonade!

JAMIE: *(Throwing a look at Dylan.)* Coldest lemonade on the block!

DYLAN: *(Throwing a look at Jamie.)* Coldest lemonade in town!

JAMIE: Coldest lemonade in the world!

DYLAN: Made with fresh lemons!

JAMIE: Made with fresh lemons grown in my grandmother's back yard!

DYLAN: Made with fresh lemons that didn't have bugs and roaches all over them! Fresh from the grocery store!

JAMIE: Lemonade that actually tastes good!

DYLAN: Lemonade that tastes better than those other lemonade stands!

JAMIE: Lemonade made just five minutes ago!

DYLAN: Three minutes ago!

JAMIE: One minute ago!

DYLAN: Lemonade that hasn't been made yet!

JAMIE: (*Looking at and speaking directly to Dylan.*) Ha! (*Looking back at the passersby.*) Lemonade that you don't have to wait for someone to make!

DYLAN: (*Speaking directly to Jamie.*) You know, it wasn't even your idea to start a lemonade stand. You stole that from me.

JAMIE: Yeah, but I was the first one to actually do it.

DYLAN: By like two minutes.

JAMIE: So what? I still got here first. This is *my* corner. Go get your own corner.

DYLAN: This corner is right in front of my house.

JAMIE: Yeah? And it's right next door to *my* house. You don't own the sidewalk.

DYLAN: Well ha, ha – you haven't sold a single glass of lemonade all day.

JAMIE: Well neither have you.

DYLAN: Arrgh! I hate spending the whole day getting lemons and making lemonade and standing here in the sun and not selling anything.

JAMIE: Yeah? Well I hate it even more.

(*JAMIE and DYLAN glare at each other angrily for several moments.*)

DYLAN: What kind of people even set up lemonade stands and then don't sell a single glass?

JAMIE: No one I want to be.

DYLAN: Me neither.

(After a moment, JAMIE gets a thoughtful look.)

JAMIE: Tell you what. If you buy a glass of lemonade from me, I'll buy one from you and then we can both quit.

DYLAN: Works for me. *(DYLAN pours a glass of lemonade and hands it to JAMIE.)* That'll be one dollar.

(JAMIE puts the glass on his/her table, pulls out a dollar and hands it to DYLAN. JAMIE then pours out a glass of lemonade and hands it to DYLAN.)

JAMIE: That'll be two dollars. *(DYLAN gives Jamie a look.)* Just kidding.

(JAMIE holds out hand and gets the same dollar back from DYLAN. DYLAN then picks his/her glass of lemonade back up from his/her table and raises it in a toast.)

DYLAN: To lemonade.

JAMIE: Lemonade.

(BOTH drink.)

- END SCENE -