

THE GARAGE SALE

TEN MINUTE PLAY

By Mike Willis

Copyright © MMVIII by Mike Willis

All Rights Reserved

Heuer Publishing LLC, Cedar Rapids, Iowa

The writing of plays is a means of livelihood. Unlawful use of a playwright's work deprives the creator of his or her rightful income. The playwright is compensated on the full purchase price and the right of performance can only be secured through purchase of at least three (3) copies of this work. PERFORMANCES ARE LIMITED TO ONE VENUE FOR ONE YEAR FROM DATE OF PURCHASE.

The possession of this script without direct purchase from the publisher confers no right or license to produce this work publicly or in private, for gain or charity. On all programs and advertising this notice must appear: "Produced by special arrangement with Heuer Publishing LLC of Cedar Rapids, Iowa."

This dramatic work is fully protected by copyright. No part of this work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without permission of the publisher. Copying (by any means) or performing a copyrighted work without permission constitutes an infringement of copyright.

The right of performance is not transferable and is strictly forbidden in cases where scripts are borrowed or purchased second hand from a third party. All rights including, but not limited to the professional, motion picture, radio, television, videotape, broadcast, recitation, lecturing, tabloid, publication, and reading are reserved.

COPYING OR REPRODUCING ALL OR ANY PART OF THIS BOOK IN ANY MANNER IS STRICTLY FORBIDDEN BY LAW.

PUBLISHED BY

HEUER PUBLISHING LLC

P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406

TOLL FREE (800) 950-7529 • FAX (319) 368-8011

THE GARAGE SALE

By Mike Willis

SYNOPSIS: Mrs. Williams and her seventeen-year-old daughter, Samantha, are moving to a smaller home and agree to have a garage sale to sell items that they haven't used or worn in a long time. However, Samantha has had second thoughts about parting with any of her things. While her mother runs to get change, Sam manages to discourage all potential buyers from purchasing any of her things by concocting outlandish stories associated with each item. Cursed rollerblades and smelly sweaters top the list and will have you thinking twice about your next garage sale purchase.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 MAN, 2 WOMEN, 2 EITHER)

SAMANTHA "SAM" WILLIAMS (f)..... A seventeen-year-old girl. Samantha prefers to be called Sam and is a bit of a tomboy. She is dressed in jeans, a baggy football jersey and running shoes.

MRS. WILLIAMS (f)..... Samantha's mother. Mrs. Williams is around forty. She is dressed casually in jeans, sweatshirt and running shoes. She looks like an older version of her tomboy daughter.

GEORGE "GEORGIE" SCHWINGL (m).... An obnoxious thirteen year old boy.

EMMA (f)..... A classmate of Samantha's.

MRS. SCHWINGLE (m/f)..... Georgie's mother, about forty years old. She is a snob.

AUTHOR NOTES

The Garage Sale has flexible casting and is easily staged on a bare stage with props. The roles of Emma and Mrs. Schwingl can be played by male actors with minor changes. The play was originally conceived to compete in high school one-act play festivals and forensics competitions.

PLAY HISTORY

The Garage Sale was first performed as a staged reading at Platteville High School, Platteville, WI in November of 2009 with the following cast:

SAMANTHA WILLIAMS	Rachel Andrew
MRS. WILLIAMS	Tiffany Lange
GEORGIE SCHWINGL	Jaron Frederick
EMMA	Phoebe Moore
MRS. SCHWINGL	Erin Gleason

SETTING

The setting is the driveway of the Williams house. A long table or series of tables spans the center-stage area. The tables are filed with an assortment of clothes, stuffed animals, sports equipment and knick-knacks. There is a card table and chair down-right. On the card table there is a cash box. A sign down-left reads, *Garage Sale Today*. Boxes of miscellaneous sale items litter the ground under the tables.

AT RISE:

MRS. WILLIAMS enters from stage left. SHE rearranges a few items on the table and then exits stage right. SAMANTHA enters from stage left and crosses to the table. SHE glances off-stage nervously and then grabs a box from under the table and quickly empties its contents on the floor. SHE then begins filling the box with sale items from the table. Once the box is full, SAM exits back off stage-left. MRS. WILLIAMS re-enters from stage right and crosses to the table where SHE notices the items scattered on the floor. MRS. WILLIAMS then examines the sale items on the table before crossing stage left.

MRS. WILLIAMS: *(Shouting.)* Sam...Samantha!

SAM: *(From off-stage.)* What?

MRS. WILLIAMS: Would you come out here for a minute?

SAM: Do I have to? I'm kinda busy...

MRS. WILLIAMS: Samantha Williams, come out here this minute!
(SAM enters from stage left.)

SAM: What, Mom?

MRS. WILLIAMS: What, Mom?! You know what.

SAM: I'm not sure I follow you.

MRS. WILLIAMS: Well then... why don't you just *follow* me to the table? *(MRS. WILLIAMS crosses upstage of the table and SAM follows.)* What do you see?

SAM: A bunch of stuff.

MRS. WILLIAMS: Yes, a bunch of stuff. But the "bunch" seems to have gotten smaller. Yes, this is definitely a smaller *bunch*.

SAM: Really?

MRS. WILLIAMS: Really.

SAM: Huh.

MRS. WILLIAMS: Now, what do you make of that?

SAM: Thieves?

MRS. WILLIAMS: No, I'm thinking singular as opposed to the plural. Yes, I'd say whoever took our stuff acted alone.

SAM: What makes you think so?

MRS. WILLIAMS: Call it instinct.

SAM: Wow, just like on CSI. Maybe you should go to work for the police department?

MRS. WILLIAMS: (*Smiling.*) Well, if I was working for the police department, I'd put out an all-points bulletin for a young girl who lives in the neighborhood and was last seen wearing jeans and running shoes.

SAM: Mom... how can you be so sure it was me?

MRS. WILLIAMS: Easy, the only *stuff* missing from the *bunch* is yours. My stuff is still part of the bunch.

SAM: (*Whining.*) But we're selling a lot of my good stuff!

MRS. WILLIAMS: Sam, we talked about this. Our new place doesn't have near the space that we have here; we have to downsize, get rid of some things.

SAM: But...

MRS. WILLIAMS: We talked about this...and agreed, remember?
(*SAM remains silent.*) Remember, Samantha?

SAM: Yes, I remember.

MRS. WILLIAMS: Good. Now tell me how you remember our agreement.

SAM: We would both get rid of a few things so we have enough room in our new apartment.

MRS. WILLIAMS: Because...

SAM: Because the new place is beautiful and in a great neighborhood. But...

MRS. WILLIAMS: But what?

SAM: It's small.

MRS. WILLIAMS: Sacrifices, Sam. Sometimes in life you need to make sacrifices.

SAM: I know, but couldn't you sacrifice more of your stuff so I can keep mine?

MRS. WILLIAMS: Sam...

SAM: I know... I'm being selfish. I'll put it all back.

MRS. WILLIAMS: (*Hugging SAM.*) You'll see, it won't be so bad. The clothes we're selling we haven't worn in years and some of the other things we still have two or three of. We'll never miss these things.

SAM: I guess.

MRS. WILLIAMS: Now, go get your things and put them back on the table. I want you to watch the store while I run to the bank and get more change for the cash box. *(SAM exits stage left as MRS. WILLIAMS crosses to the card table and opens the cash box. SAM reenters carrying the box and begins to replace the things that she had removed from the table.)*

MRS. WILLIAMS: Sam, I'm going to run to the bank now. I won't be long.

SAM: What if someone comes and wants to buy something?

MRS. WILLIAMS: Then sell it to them. There should be enough change in the cash box until I get back.

SAM: How do I now how much to charge for things... and what if they have questions about something we have for sale?

MRS. WILLIAMS: Almost everything has a price tag on it, but if something doesn't you'll just have to negotiate a price. As far as any questions, just tell them what you know about the item they're interested in.

SAM: *(Skeptical.)* Negotiate?

MRS. WILLIAMS: You can do it. It will be fun, you'll see. I'll be right back. *(MRS. WILLIAMS exits stage right. SAM looks in the cash box and then crosses to the table. SHE picks up a baseball glove and is fielding invisible ground balls as GEORGIE enters from stage right.)*

GEORGIE: Hey, Sam, you havin' a garbage sale?

SAM: Garage sale.

GEORGIE: Looks like garbage to me.

SAM: Very cute. Well, you know what they say, "One man's trash is another man's treasure."

GEORGIE: Who says that?

SAM: Everyone.

GEORGIE: Well, I don't say it. What I say is, "One man's trash is just one man's trash." Or maybe, "Samantha's trash is still Samantha's trash." Hey, that was a good one, don't ya think? *(GEORGIE laughs, quite pleased with himself.)*

SAM: No, I don't think. All right, Georgie, did you stop by just to be cute, or do you wanna buy something?

GEORGIE: *(Pointing at the ball glove on SAM'S hand.)* Maybe... how much is that ball glove you got there?

SAM: You don't want this glove. As a matter of fact, I can't sell you this glove.

GEORGIE: Why not? I've got money.

SAM: Because, Georgie... uh, this is a girl's glove.

GEORGIE: How can you tell?

SAM: The name on it. See, right here. *(SAM shows GEORGIE the name of the glove maker.)*

GEORGIE: Wilson?

SAM: That's right, Wilson... That stands for *Mary* Wilson. She was a singer with some old girl group. This glove has her name on it, so it's a girl's glove and that's why I can't sell it to you. It wouldn't be right, me selling you a girl's glove. What you need is an Ed Rawlings, a Mickey McGregor or a Nick Nike.

GEORGIE: Do you have one of those?

SAM: One of what?

GEORGIE: A baseball glove by Rawlings or Nick Nike.

SAM: Nope. All I've got is this *Mary* Wilson.

GEORGIE: That's a bummer. *(SAM takes the ball glove and crosses to the cash box. GEORGIE continues looking and finds some rollerblades.)*

GEORGIE: Hey, you got some rollerblades here. They look like they might fit, too.

SAM: Ohhh, boy.

GEORGIE: What?

SAM: Nothing.

GEORGIE: You said, oh boy. Are you going to tell me these are girl's rollerblades? It doesn't say Wilson on them.

SAM: No, they're...well, they're...no, I'd better not say. You want to buy them?

GEORGIE: I don't know, is there something wrong with them?

SAM: Does it look like there is something wrong with them?

GEORGIE: No, they look all right.

SAM: Well, then they must be all right.

GEORGIE: But you said, "ohhh, boy."

SAM: I did, didn't I?

GEORGIE: Yes, you did. Why did you say that? What's wrong with the rollerblades?

SAM: It's not my place to say, I—

GEORGIE: (*Demanding.*) Sam, tell me what's wrong with these rollerblades!

SAM: They're cursed.

GEORGIE: Cursed?

SAM: Yep.

GEORGIE: I don't believe you.

SAM: Believe what ya want, but it's the truth. You want to buy them?

GEORGIE: Well, I don't know... How did they get to be cursed?
(*SAM crosses to GEORGIE and starts speaking as if telling a ghost story.*)

SAM: It happened awhile back. Those roller blades belonged to my... uh, *my brother* and...

GEORGIE: You don't have a brother.

SAM: Not anymore, (*SAM looks to heaven.*) bless his sweet brotherly heart.

GEORGIE: Is he dead?

SAM: We'll get to that. Anyway, the day he got those blades, he went downtown and was skating all over the place. He got so he was pretty good, so he went over to Hoadley Hill and—

GEORGIE: That big hill down by the railroad tracks?

SAM: That's the one. Now, be quiet while I tell you about the curse. So he heads down Hoadley Hill, and he gets going real fast, and just when he gets near the bottom an old woman steps out from behind a garbage dumpster. She was dumpster-diving for food, and he hits her and knocks her down and—

GEORGIE: Did he kill her?

SAM: No, he didn't kill her! He just toppled her over. Now, shut up and let me finish. Anyway, when he finally gets stopped and goes back to see if the old woman is all right, she starts yelling at him. She wasn't mad because she'd been hurt, no, she wasn't mad because of that. She was mad because when she fell, she dropped all the food she had just gotten from the dumpster, and—

GEORGIE: That food was probably dirty already if it came from the dumpster.

SAM: You're interrupting again.

GEORGIE: Sorry.

SAM: To make matters worse, when she fell, she landed on a bag she had been carrying and broke a small mirror that was in the bag. And you know what a broken mirror means?

GEORGIE: Seven years bad luck?

SAM: Exactly. So, she was mad, real mad. She told my brother she was a voodoo woman and that she was going to put a curse on him and his rollerblades for causing her to drop her food and break her mirror. So, she danced around and started chanting (*SAM dances around GEORGIE while SHE chants.*) "Rollerblade Boy, your fate is made, Rollerblade Boy, there are debts to be paid, Rollerblade Boy, you cannot win, Rollerblade Boy, a curse on you and all your kin." Then her eyes rolled back in her head, and poof, she was gone.

GEORGIE: Where did she go?

SAM: Don't know, but those rollerblades have brought nothing but bad luck ever since.

GEORGIE: You're pulling my leg?

SAM: I wish I was.

GEORGIE: What kind of bad luck?

SAM: Well, at first it was just a fall here and there, but then, well, one day, my brother was rollerblading, and wham, from out of nowhere he gets hit by a taxi.

GEORGIE: A taxi!? There ain't no taxis around here.

SAM: I know, but there was that day. Weird, isn't it?

GEORGIE: Did he get killed?

SAM: No, not yet. But he did lose a leg.

GEORGIE: What!?

SAM: Yep, right below the knee. Part of his leg and his foot was still laced up in the rollerblade when the police dropped it off at the house. The doctors fitted him with a wooden leg, but he never rollerbladed after that.

GEORGIE: Which one?

SAM: What?

GEORGIE: Which rollerblade still had your brother's leg and foot in it?

SAM: Uh, let's see... *(Pointing at one of the rollerblades.)* that one.
(GEORGIE drops the rollerblades.) So, you think you might want to buy those rollerblades?

GEORGIE: No, I don't think so.

SAM: I don't blame you. I'd be afraid of the curse too, if I was you.

GEORGIE: I'm not afraid of no curse.

SAM: No, of course you're not, but I wouldn't have been able to sleep at night if I'd sold you those rollerblades without telling you about it. I hate to lose a customer, Georgie, but I just don't think I have anything around here you'd be interested in.

GEORGIE: I'll just look around some more, if that's all right.

SAM: Suit yourself. *(SAM crosses to the card table with the cash box and GEORGIE starts looking through a pile of stuffed animals. HE stops and holds up a small stuffed bear.)*

GEORGIE: How much is this bear?

SAM: *(Gasping.)* Oh, my!

GEORGIE: What?

SAM: That bear belonged to my brother.

GEORGIE: The one with the wooden leg?

SAM: That's the one.

GEORGIE: Why is he selling it?

SAM: Well... Uh, let's see... Why is he selling... Well, he died.

GEORGIE: He died? Was it because of the curse?

SAM: What!? No, uh, well, uh, maybe... He died of the fever, typhus, the black death, rats spread it, it's highly contagious. I can still remember him clutching that bear tightly to his chest when he gasped his last breath. We had to pry it from his cold dead fingers.

GEORGIE: This bear?

SAM: Yep. *(GEORGIE drops the bear back onto the pile.)* So do you want to buy the bear?

GEORGIE: Naw, I don't think so. I think I'd better be going.

SAM: You sure I can't sell you something? I've got a lot of other good stuff here.

GEORGIE: Naw...everything else is just junk.

SAM: One man's trash is another man's treasure, Georgie.

GEORGIE: Yeah, right. *(GEORGIE starts to exit stage right.)*

SAM: Oh, and Georgie? I'd wash my hands real good when I got home if I were you. *(GEORGIE stops.)*

GEORGIE: Huh? Why's that?

SAM: That bear had the typhus fever germs all over it.

GEORGIE: Why didn't you tell me that before?

SAM: Because I wanted to sell it. No one will buy that bear if they know it has the typhus germs on it. You're not going to tell anyone are you? *(EMMA enters from stage right.)*

EMMA: Hi, Georgie. Hi, Sam.

GEORGIE: *(To EMMA.)* Don't touch the bear!

EMMA: The bear?

GEORGIE: It has typhus fever rat germs on it.

EMMA: Huh? *(GEORGIE exits quickly stage right.)*

SAM: Bye, Georgie. *(Mumbling.)* Ya little creep.

EMMA: What was that little pest talking about?

SAM: He's just trying to sabotage our garage sale. He thinks everything here is garbage.

EMMA: Did you tell him one man's trash is...

EMMA & SAM: Another man's treasure?

SAM: Yeah, I told him.

EMMA: So I take it he didn't buy anything.

SAM: No, but he looked at my rollerblades and my old ball glove. He thought the rollerblades were cursed and my ball glove was a girl's glove.

EMMA: Why did he think that?

SAM: Beats me.

EMMA: What an idiot. So how come you're selling all of your stuff?

SAM: We're moving into a smaller place, and my mom says we have to downsize. Supposedly we're only getting rid of things we don't use any more.

EMMA: It would kill me to give up any of my stuff.

SAM: Yeah, tell me about it. *(EMMA sees a sweater on the table and picks it up.)*

EMMA: Sam, you're not selling this sweater, are you? Wow, this sweater is way cool.

SAM: I know. *(EMMA looks at the price tag on the sweater.)*

EMMA: Two dollars! How come so cheap?

SAM: Well...

EMMA: Is there something wrong with it?

SAM: It's....

EMMA: I don't see any stains or holes in it anywhere.

SAM: No, there aren't any holes in it or anything.

EMMA: Then why so cheap? No, don't tell me, I've got two bucks, I'm gonna buy this. (*EMMA reaches in her jeans pocket for the money.*)

SAM: (*Quickly.*) It stinks.

EMMA: What?

SAM: It stinks. It's a long story. (*EMMA smells the sweater.*)

EMMA: I don't smell anything.

SAM: Oh, it doesn't stink all of the time.

EMMA: Well, when does it stink?

SAM: When does it stink? Oh, well, uh... It only stinks in damp weather.

EMMA: Damp weather?

SAM: Yeah, ya see, uh... I got real sick from the flu one time, and uh...I was wearing that sweater, and...well I threw up all down the front of it.

EMMA: You threw up on it?

SAM: Yeah, it was real bad. All over the front, down the arms, the inside... Everywhere. (*EMMA drops the sweater back on the table.*) Don't worry, it's clean, my mom washed it. It's just that any time it is the least bit damp outside, the stink comes back and the sweater smells like vomit. It smells fine in dry weather though.

EMMA: Oh.

SAM: You still want to buy it?

EMMA: No, I don't think so.

SAM: It will be fine, all you have to do is check the weather forecast before you wear it anywhere.

EMMA: No, that's okay...I really shouldn't spend the money. (*A noise is heard off stage right.*)

SAM: Oh no, my mom is back and I didn't sell a thing. You sure you don't want to buy the sweater?

EMMA: I... I can't really.

SAM: Sure, I understand. (*MRS. WILLIAMS enters from stage right.*)

MRS. WILLIAMS: Hi, Emma.

EMMA: Mrs. Williams.

MRS. WILLIAMS: *(To SAM.)* I hope you didn't run out of change. I hurried back as fast as I could.

SAM: No, it's fine.

MRS. WILLIAMS: So, what did you sell?

SAM: Sorry, I didn't sell anything, Mom.

MRS. WILLIAMS: Nothing?

SAM: I only had one customer and that was that pest, Georgie Schwingl.

MRS. WILLIAMS: Well, it's early yet. I'm sure business will pick up later.

SAM: Emma and I are going up to my room. Call me if you get busy.

MRS. WILLIAMS: Okay, dear.

SAM: Come on, Emma. *(SAM and EMMA exit stage left. MRS. WILLIAMS crosses to the card table and begins placing the change in the cash box. MRS. SCHWINGL enters from stage right. SHE crosses to the table and looks cautiously at the rollerblades and the bear.)*

MRS. WILLIAMS: Let me know if I can help you with anything. *(MRS. SCHWINGL picks up one of the rollerblades and is examining it. MRS. WILLIAMS crosses to MRS. SCHWINGL.)* Those were my—

MRS. SCHWINGL: —son's. Yes, I know. Georgie came home and told me all about it. *(Offering her hand.)* I'm Mrs. Schwingl, Georgie's mother. *(THEY shake hands.)*

MRS. WILLIAMS: Pleased to meet you. I'm Mrs. Williams.

MRS. SCHWINGL: Yes, I know who you are. I would have visited sooner, but in the past the people who have rented this place were mostly transients and seldom stayed more than a few months.

MRS. WILLIAMS: Oh.

MRS. SCHWINGL: That being the case, I didn't feel it prudent to establish any sort of attachment to them.

MRS. WILLIAMS: No, one wouldn't want to become attached.

MRS. SCHWINGL: However, after Georgie came home and told me about your son, I thought that the least I could do is to introduce myself and offer you my sincerest condolences.

MRS. WILLIAMS: My son? But, I don't have a son.

MRS. SCHWINGL: No, I know, not anymore. I'm sorry, it must have been very hard on you; first losing his leg in that rollerblading accident and then his life to typhoid fever.

MRS. WILLIAMS: Rollerblading accident?

MRS. SCHWINGL: Tell me, did they ever find the taxi driver who hit him?

MRS. WILLIAMS: Taxi driver? Mrs. Schwingl, I think—

MRS. SCHWINGL: Well, it doesn't really matter now, does it? I mean, in the end it was the curse and the fever that finally did the poor boy in.

MRS. WILLIAMS: Curse?

MRS. SCHWINGL: Yes, the voodoo curse that old woman put on his rollerblades. Your daughter told Georgie all about it.

MRS. WILLIAMS: Mrs. Schwingl, I assure you there is no voodoo curse...

MRS. SCHWINGL: Don't worry, I understand that you want to be rid of these things, to sell them and get them out of your life. I promise, I won't tell a soul about any of this. I do, however, think that you should burn that bear in the off chance that there are still some typhus germs on it. Poor Georgie, his hands are just raw from scrubbing them so hard after handling that bear.

MRS. WILLIAMS: Burn the bear?

MRS. SCHWINGL: That would be my advice. Now, I really must leave, but before I go, I want you to know that should my Georgie come down with typhoid fever from handling that bear, I will sue you. Good day. (*MRS. SCHWINGL exits stage right. MRS. WILLIAMS looks after HER and then crosses stage left.*)

MRS. WILLIAMS: (*Yelling.*) Samantha!!!

BLACKOUT.

THE END