

# Excerpt terms and conditions

This excerpt is available to assist you in the play selection process.

---

Excerpts are not intended for performance, classroom or other academic use. In any of these cases you will need to purchase playbooks via our website or by phone, fax or mail.

---

A short excerpt is not always indicative of the entire work, and we strongly suggest you read the whole play before planning a production or ordering a cast quantity.

# **Reunited Shorts**

By

LEN CUTHBERT

**Dramatic Publishing Company**

Woodstock, Illinois • Australia • New Zealand • South Africa

\*\*\* NOTICE \*\*\*

The amateur and stock acting rights to this work are controlled exclusively by THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., without whose permission in writing no performance of it may be given. Royalty must be paid every time a play is performed whether or not it is presented for profit and whether or not admission is charged. A play is performed any time it is acted before an audience. Current royalty rates, applications and restrictions may be found at our website: [www.dramaticpublishing.com](http://www.dramaticpublishing.com), or we may be contacted by mail at: THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 311 Washington St., Woodstock, IL 60098.

COPYRIGHT LAW GIVES THE AUTHOR OR THE AUTHOR'S AGENT THE EXCLUSIVE RIGHT TO MAKE COPIES. This law provides authors with a fair return for their creative efforts. Authors earn their living from the royalties they receive from book sales and from the performance of their work. Conscientious observance of copyright law is not only ethical, it encourages authors to continue their creative work. This work is fully protected by copyright. No alterations, deletions or substitutions may be made in the work without the prior written consent of the publisher. No part of this work may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopy, recording, videotape, film, or any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher. It may not be performed either by professionals or amateurs without payment of royalty. All rights, including, but not limited to, the professional, motion picture, radio, television, videotape, foreign language, tabloid, recitation, lecturing, publication and reading, are reserved.

For performance of any songs, music and recordings mentioned in this play that are in copyright, the permission of the copyright owners must be obtained or other songs and recordings in the public domain substituted.

©MMXX by  
LEN CUTHBERT

Printed in the United States of America  
*All Rights Reserved*  
(REUNITED SHORTS)

ISBN: 978-1-61959-242-1

## IMPORTANT BILLING AND CREDIT REQUIREMENTS

All producers of the play *must* give credit to the author of the play in all programs distributed in connection with performances of the play and in all instances in which the title of the play appears for purposes of advertising, publicizing or otherwise exploiting the play and/or a production. The name of the author *must* also appear on a separate line, on which no other name appears, immediately following the title, and *must* appear in size of type not less than fifty percent (50%) the size of the title type. Biographical information on the author, if included in the playbook, may be used in all programs. *In all programs this notice must appear:*

“Produced by special arrangement with  
THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., of Woodstock, Illinois.”

*Reunited Shorts* was first produced at the London Fringe Festival (London, Ontario) on May 31, 2019, and was directed by Len Cuthbert.

The cast featured Fynn Cuthbert, Haley Kriz, Naomi Simpson, Emma Vanderkuyl and Aaron Mayordomo.

# Reunited Shorts

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

Benched.....	6
Gift Exchange .....	11
Table for Two Rendezvous.....	18
You, Me. Me, You. ....	24
delilah.....	35
Last Dance .....	43

## CASTING NOTE

This script can be staged with as few as 3 performers (1m., 2w.) and as many as 12 (5m., 7w.).

# The Gift Exchange

*The Gift Exchange* was first produced by City Theatre of Independence (Independence, Mo.) on July 9, 2015, and was directed by Michelle Byers.

## CHARACTERS

REINE (w): About 30.

CAL (m): About 30. A young lawyer.

SETTING: A meeting place with a table or desk and two chairs. Legal papers. Purse with gum, nail file and compact. Garbage can.

\*\*\*

AT RISE: *CAL is sitting at a table with legal papers. REINE arrives. CAL stands to greet her but does not immediately recognize her.*

CAL. Ms. Smith.

REINE. Cal? Cal! Is that really you?

CAL. Reine? Smith? Ms. Smith. Wow. I didn't recognize your name.

REINE. Of course not. My name changed. Well this is a pleasant surprise. After all these years. How are you?

CAL. I'm fine. Fine. Look, I'm sorry. If I had known it was you, I would have suggested someone else to represent you.

REINE. Is there something wrong?

CAL. No. No. What I mean is I can get someone else if this is too awkward.

REINE. No, I'm not feeling awkward. Are you feeling awkward? Because I'm not. Why would I? We're friends, aren't we? At least we were years ago. This is great. I can get legal counsel and catch up on the last ten or so years.

CAL. Right. OK. Please have a seat.

REINE. Here, let me give you a hug. Well look at you. You're looking sharp.

CAL. Thank you. You're still looking great yourself.

REINE. So, you're my legal representation? (*Laughs.*) That's really funny.

CAL. It is?

REINE. Who would have ever thought?

CAL. I'm not sure how I ended up being your lawyer but—

REINE. Oh, it's because I just asked your firm to assign me the cheapest and least experienced lawyer. I figured, hey, I'm innocent, there's no point in wasting money on hiring someone good, right?

CAL. Oh. Well, actually, I think I'm pretty good. You see, just last week—

REINE. Oh, I'm sure you are. At least, you better be. But I guess I'll be the judge of that. (*Laughs.*)

CAL. Well, I'm not sure why they said I was the least experienced, because there's Frank on the third floor and I'd say he's got less—

REINE. So, what's in that big pile of papers you got there?

CAL. Right. We should get to your case.

REINE. Don't let this stuff give you the wrong impression of me.



CAL. Ms. Smith, I'm here to—

REINE. Oh, no, no, no, no. Call me Reine.

CAL. I'd prefer to keep this professional if that's OK.

*(She finds gum to in her purse to chew. Offers CAL some who declines.)*

REINE. No, really. We're friends. Remember?

CAL. OK. I guess that should be OK. As I was about to say, I'm here to support you and hopefully prove your innocence.

REINE. Oh, you don't have to prove my innocence because the law says "innocent until proven guilty." Right? It's pretty easy when you start at innocent and just keep denying all guilty accusations. This is a simple, what do they call it, a close-and-shut case?

CAL. Open-and-shut case?

REINE *(finds compact mirror in purse and does her makeup)*.

Well, look at that. You are good. Although I like my saying better, because there's no point in even opening this case if it's in the bag, right? So, in a way, it is closed and shut. So, all I have to do is plead not guilty, right?

CAL. Yes, after you swear to tell the truth—

REINE. Oh, I got the swearing mastered. I can swear a blue streak that would make Gordon Ramsay blush.

*(REINE laughs. CAL stares)*

REINE *(cont'd)*. It's a joke. Because that's not like me. Right?

I've got the cleanest mouth in Vatican City. You should know that. I've never even said the word poo. Although I just did, so I guess I can check that off my bucket list. So, here's my question. Can I ask a question already?

CAL. Yes. Absolutely. Go ahead.

REINE (*finds nail file in her purse and does her nails*). OK.

So, how will the judge believe I'm telling the truth when I'm accused of not telling the truth?

CAL. It's just formality.

REINE. Well, if they'd just believe me in the first place, we wouldn't have to go to court and swear about telling the truth, right?

CAL. Don't worry. We'll get this all figured out. The plaintiff, Dylan John is accusing you of stealing his ... (*Looking through papers.*)

REINE. Record.

CAL. Record? What kind of record?

REINE. You know, the round vinyl ones with music on them.

CAL. A vinyl record album. That's it?

REINE. Yeah. An orange one. You know, the records you can sorta see through but you can't.

CAL. Translucent.

REINE. Is that some kind of gender-issue slur?

(*REINE laughs. CAL stares*)

REINE (*cont'd*). I'm kidding. Pink Floyd. *The Wall*.

CAL. The orange vinyl version of Pink Floyd, *The Wall*?

REINE (*imitates*). "How can you have any pudding if you don't eat yer meat?"

CAL. Yeah, yeah. I know. I know. That's so bizarre. I think I have that album. It's a collectors' item.

REINE. Yeah. I know. I bought it for you. When we were dating. Remember?

CAL. Yes. You did. I think I had it mounted in a frame.

*(REINE pulls gum from her mouth looking for a garbage can. CAL directs her to one where she deposits it.)*

REINE. I'm not sure why you did that. A record is for playing.

CAL. Because it's worth a lot of money. There's like only eight hundred in existence.

REINE. Yeah, well, it just seems like a waste.

CAL. So, what makes this Dylan John think you took his record?

REINE. Because I did.

CAL. What?

REINE. I took it.

CAL. I thought you said you were innocent.

REINE. I am. Isn't this the face of an innocent woman?

CAL. Ms. Smith ... Reine. You've been accused of stealing a record, and you just admitted to stealing the record. Don't you see a problem with that? That's an instant guilty verdict.

REINE. I knew you would say that. See, I didn't steal it. I took it. See the difference? Remember? A closed-and-shut case. It's your job to keep me innocent, not declare guilt.

CAL. OK, so let's walk through what happened. Where was the record?

REINE. In his house.

CAL. You broke into this man's house?

REINE. No, I walked in.

CAL. He invited you in?

REINE. No. I had a key.

CAL. How did you get a key?

REINE. We dated. He gave it to me.

CAL. So, Mr. John is your boyfriend and he's accusing you of taking his record?

REINE. No, no. He's not my boyfriend anymore.

CAL. He didn't ask for the key back?

REINE. Are you kidding? They never do. I think it's their way of avoiding the official end of the relationship.

CAL. So, why did you take the record?

REINE. Because I paid for it.

CAL. You paid for the record and gave it to him.

REINE. Right.

CAL. But if you bought the record for him, legally, it would be considered his.

REINE. See, I knew you would say that. It was just sitting in his closet collecting dust. I paid for it. I had a key to his house. Seemed like a no-brainer. Unfortunately, Dylan John's apartment also had a silent alarm and a video camera.

CAL. Have you tried offering to give it back?

REINE. I can't.

CAL. Why?

REINE. I already gave it to my husband for his birthday.

CAL. Oh. Well, why can't you just tell your husband?

REINE. Give him a gift and then take it back because I'm being charged for taking it from my previous boyfriend? I don't think so. That's why I'm here. So, you can solve this issue.

CAL. You realize that if you lose this case—

REINE. I won't.

CAL. If you do, you risk being charged with breaking and enter—

REINE. I didn't break in.

CAL. Home invasion with the intent to steal.

REINE. The intent was to retrieve what I had already paid for.

CAL. This will cost you a lot of money, and you risk having a criminal record.

REINE. Well, who claimed to be a good lawyer? You did. And I believe you. So, I'm just going to have to count on your expertise to solve this.

CAL. This won't be easy. But I'll do my homework and see what I can do.

REINE. You're a good man, Cal. (*Gets up.*) Thank you.

CAL. You know. I just had a brilliant idea. Why don't we use the one that you gave me? It's just sitting somewhere in my apartment. Maybe we could make some sort of a deal and then you could—

REINE. You don't have it anymore, Cal.

CAL. Sure I do. What makes you think I wouldn't?

REINE. Because I gave it to Dylan John for his birthday.

CAL. What? You stole my record?

REINE. No. I took it.

CAL. But it was mine.

REINE. Cal. I paid for it. About ten years ago. It probably falls under squatter's rights law by now.

CAL. Oh. I suppose it might. Wow. And to think I never knew it was missing.

REINE (*begins to leave*). Don't sweat it. The guy I dated before you still doesn't know it's missing. See you on court day. Oh. And I'll bring you your key.

**END**