

TWINS

By

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

Stan – age 23

Steve – Stan's identical twin

Cop – age 42

SCENE

The sound of a police siren is heard whining to an end. STAN and STEVE are in a car, with Stan at the wheel and Steve in the passenger's seat next to him. It is night, and the two young men have just been stopped by an on-duty COP. Although the Cop's cruiser is offstage, red and blue flashing lights sweep the stage.

COP

(He knocks on the driver's side window, which Stan rolls down.)
Evenin'. I noticed you were swerving a little back there. Everything all right?

STAN

(He smiles drunkenly at the Cop and slurs his words.)
I'm s'okay . . . just doin' a little tired, s'all.

STEVE

(He pinches his sinuses in frustration and mutters.)
Good Lord.

COP

(He shines his flashlight into the car and examines Stan's face.)
You haven't been drinking tonight, have you, son?

STAN

I'm Steve.

STEVE

(Exasperated.)
No—I'M Steve. You're my idiot brother, Stan.

STAN

(Thinks for a moment, then realizes his mistake.)
Oh, yeah! You're smart.
(Steve groans, irritated.)

COP

(Steps back from the car.)
Okay, Stan. I'm gonna need you to step out of the car for me—

STEVE

(Suddenly nervous.)
Uh . . . that's going to be an issue.

COP

(Annoyed.)
Why?

STEVE gestures for the COP to come to his window on the passenger's side, and the Cop reluctantly complies. Steve motions for the Cop to bend down, and he leans over to whisper something, causing the Cop to pull away in surprise. He scratches his head in amazement.

COP (cont.)

Damn! Well . . . all right. BOTH of you better come out, then.

There is a brief struggle as STAN and STEVE argue about how to exit the car, fussing with each other and slapping each other like two cats in a dispute. They both decide to exit the car awkwardly, through the driver's side door. When they are both out of the car, they stand up straight, and the Cop sees that the two brothers are joined at the hip. The Cop shakes his head.

COP (cont.)

Holy shit!

STEVE

(Nods sympathetically.)
That's the appropriate reaction.

STAN

(Laughs and raises his arms high over his head.)
We work at the circus!

STEVE

(He tries to put down his brother's arms.)

STEVE (cont.)

No. No, we don't. I work part-time at Wells Fargo . . . HE works at Petco.

COP

(Puzzled.)

How does that work?

STEVE

Not well.

STAN

(Laughs childishly.)

Bunnies!

COP

(Shrugs.)

Well, I'm going to have to ask BOTH of you to walk in a straight line for me—heel to toe.

The brothers do as they're told; however, while STEVE performs the task perfectly, STAN stumbles and trips all over the place, throwing Steve off-balance. Steve struggles to help up Stan. After a while the Cop holds up a hand.)

COP (cont.)

Okay, okay . . . stop that. Probably a dumb idea on my part.

(He holds out his arms.)

Stan, is it?

(STAN nods.)

Stan, I'm going to ask you to hold out your arms, and—alternately—try to touch your nose.

(He demonstrates.)

STAN giggles, and—with great difficulty—touches his nose with his right-hand index finger.

COP (cont.)

Again.

STAN repeats the action; this time, with his left-hand index finger.

COP (cont.)

Again.

This time, STAN touches STEVE's nose instead.

STEVE

(Swats away Stan's finger. Aggravated.)

Agh! What the hell?

STAN

(Giggles.)
Sorry. I got confused.

COP

(He sighs and pulls out a breathalyzer.)
All right, Chuckles. Blow into this.

The COP holds the breathalyzer in front of STAN's face, and Stan proceeds to blow into it. After a few seconds, there is a long "beep." The Cop takes the breathalyzer back and looks at the meter. He gasps.)

COP (cont.)

Jeezus!

STAN

(Smiles sheepishly.)
Did I win?

COP

Yeah—a night in the slammer.
(He pauses and looks at STEVE, who looks very unhappy.)
Unless you want to take him home. You good to drive?

STEVE

(Sighs.)
Well, unfortunately, since we share a circulatory system, I'm a little light-headed myself—
(STAN giggles, and Steve looks at him with disgust.)
Not as bad as this fool, however—
(STAN wobbles, and Steve steadies him.)
But the problem is, I'm the "righty."

COP

(Looks into the car and understands.)
Oh. I guess they don't make right-side hand controls, either, huh?

STEVE

Not that I know of.

COP

(Shrugs and sighs.)
I'm sorry . . . then I guess I gotta book ya' both.

With great difficulty, the COP puts cuffs on both men, then sits them down on the sidewalk curb. He returns to his cruiser—offstage—to complete paperwork and call the dispatcher.

STEVE

(Shakes his head.)

I hate it when you drink. Shit like this always happens.

(He looks over to STAN, who is not paying attention and is blowing raspberries.)
Next year? We're moving to England. I'm tired of riding "shotgun."

STAN

(Giggles, then imitates a British accent.)

Cheerio, Guv'ner! 'Ow 'bout another pint for the road, old chap?

STEVE groans, as the stage fades to black.

The End