

A COUPLE OF GENIUSES

by Ken Bradbury



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(This is written for two males, although with a few word changes other combinations may work.)

DREW: *(entering in a hurry, followed by Matt)* Come on! Come on! We've only got ten minutes.

MATT: We can't do it, Drew!

DREW: Yes, we can! Yes we can! This is how I do all my homework. Matt, if you wait 'til the last minute you get real inspiration.

MATT: You get in real trouble. Why, out of the whole class, did I pick you as a partner for the science project?

DREW: Because there was no one else left.

MATT: You're right. Oh, this is gonna kill my grade.

DREW: It's easy, son! The assignment is to explain how a common everyday item was invented. Heck, anybody can do that!

MATT: Not if they haven't done any research! Not if they haven't even opened a book or logged onto the Internet! And not if they're a stupid as me!

DREW: Don't be ridiculous. Nobody's as stupid as you.

MATT: So whatta we gotta do?

DREW: Simple ... just think of an everyday object and tell the class how it was invented. We can make it up!

MATT: You're nuts! Mr. Anderson knows everything! And he's been around since the dinosaurs!

DREW: It doesn't matter.

MATT: Doesn't matter?!

DREW: We've got a substitute teacher today. Anderson's hiking the Grand Canyon and our substitute teacher has a degree in music! We've been saved! Now think of an object we can talk about.

MATT: I'm too stupid. You might as well be talking to that microwave oven there.

DREW: Perfect! Way back in the days of the caveman and the saber-toothed tiger, there was a caveman named Og!

MATT: Huh?

DREW: You're Og.

MATT: You're crazy.

DREW: One day his friend Seymour came into ...

MATT: A caveman named Seymour?

DREW: Yeh. Og's a dumb name. That's yours. He entered Og's cave and said, (*in a Neanderthal voice*) Ug, Og!

MATT: (*having no choice but to play along*) Ug back at you.

DREW: (*holding up an imaginarily dead animal*) Look! Water buffalo! What me do?

MATT: Run! (*begins to take off*)

DREW: No! It dead! Me kill. Hit in head with hammer.

MATT: Hammer?

DREW: That'll be in our next speech. (*Back to Seymour*) Need to cook! Taste funny raw! All stringy! You got fire?

MATT: Not invented yet.

DREW: Barbecue grill?

MATT: That in next speech.

DREW: Ug.

MATT: Ug.

DREW: Need big box ... with timer and light ... put water buffalo in box, set for 30 minutes, push button.

MATT: Can't.

DREW: Can't?

MATT: No hot sauce. Got to have hot sauce for water buffalo. Food Channel say so.

DREW: (*as himself*) You know, we've got to make this just a little bit believable.

MATT: No way. They'll laugh as soon as we open our mouths. They kick us out of class!

DREW: Kick! That's it! How the foot was invented!

MATT: The foot?!

DREW: (*drops to his knees, then in a British accent*) I say, chappy, I'm tired of always feeling so low.

MATT: (*dropping to his knees and joining in, similarly British*) Quite so. And walking around on one's knees puts you at a certain disadvantage, don't you think?

DREW: Quite. Should we get a ladder?

MATT: Oh, I would hate to carry a ladder up and down the streets of London. I mean, what would people think?

DREW: Indeed. Think we'd gone quite mad.

MATT: Quite. Perhaps if we just stretched a bit ... we might grow taller.

DREW: Let's give it a go, shall we? (*Both raise their arms, strain and stretch and groan*) Oh, I say. This is fu-tile.

MATT: Quite.

DREW: By jove, I think I may have something!

MATT: A pulled muscle?

DREW: Oh, more than that, my dear friend. What say we add feet?

MATT: Feet! What a splendid idea! Bravo! Bravo! (*then suddenly stops*) I don't suppose you could enlighten me. I mean, I wouldn't doubt you for the world, but what exactly are feet?

DREW: Well, it did seem like a rather pleasant name. Rhymes with beet. I do love my beets, you know.

MATT: You know, this is all well and good, but it isn't getting us any taller.

DREW: I agree most heartily. What say we just stand up?

MATT: Smashing idea! (*they both stand*) (*looking down*) What's this?

DREW: Feet! We've just invented feet!

MATT: Eureka! (*as himself*) And the dumbest idea I've ever heard of.

DREW: Okay, maybe that was going too far. Maybe just toenails.

MATT: Drew!

DREW: Okay! Okay!

MATT: I'm sunk. My Dad's gonna tan my pants once he sees my grade.



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