

PLAYS AND MUSICALS
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The Family Business

By Samuel Stokes (<http://www.SamuelStokesMusic.com>)

(Al and Frank are two Italian brothers on their way to sell insurance. Al is examining his violin.)

Frank: Hey Al, whatcha doin'?

Al: Looking at my old violin. I'm takin' it in to get restrung today. I think I'll take it with me.

Frankie: Hey Al, you know, I was thinkin'. Maybe we ain't cut out for the family business.

Al: Whaddya mean we ain't cut out for the family business? Everybody in our family's sold insurance. Grandpa did, papa did, and so did our godfather.

Frankie: Yeah, but every time we offer anyone insurance, they always end up chasin' us off. Remember last week when that lady set her pit bull on us?

Al: I think we was just having a bad sales day.

Frankie: Bad day? Bad month, bad year... I just don't think we're cut out for the insurance racket.

Al: Well, we only got one more appointment today and we's gonna make this sale.

Frankie: Whatever you say, Al.

Al: Come on, little brother.

(They walk into Mr. Howell's office. Mr. Howell is putting a golf ball into a plastic cup.)

Al: Hello, Mr. Howell. May I call you Bret?

Bret: Certainly.

(Al and Bret shake hands)

Al: I am Alfonz Ferrone. This is my brother Frank.

(Frank and Bret shake hands)

Bret: Pleasure to meet you.

(Al and Frank shake hands, and then laugh, realizing their blunder)

Al: Fratello, siamo così idioti!

(They continue laughing together, as Bret watches uncomfortably)

Bret: So, uh, what can I help you two gentlemen with today?

Al: The question, Bret, is not how you can help us, but how we can help you.

Bret: Really?

Al: You see, my brother and I are very concerned about your well-being.

Bret: Is that so?

Frank: That’s right, because you never know when suddenly you might just find yourself... dead.

Al: Things happen, you know. You can never tell when your house could, say, catch on fire, or even blow up, perhaps.

Bret: What do you mean?

Frank: You know, things like that happen, from time to time.

Al: *Accidents* happen.

Frank: One of our clients once found himself in a free-falling elevator. It seems the elevator cable just... snapped.

Bret: What do you want from me?

Al: We don’t want anything from you. We just want to help you help yourself. I’m sure we can come to a deal that will be mutually beneficial to all of us.

Bret: What if I don’t want your help?

Frank: Well, you may not want our help, but I’m sure your family does.

Bret: You leave my family out of this!

Al: You never know when their lives or livelihoods could be in danger.

Frank: Say, for example, you are traveling in your car. It’s late at night, it’s dark, the roads are icy. You cross a bridge and your brakes go out. You plunge into a ravine and die a senseless, horrible death. Where would your family be then, huh? Tell me that, Bret. Where would your family be then?

Bret: What’s in the violin case?

Al: Oh, that is my instrument. I like to make music with it. Every heard Chopin’s “Funeral March”?

Bret: Stay away from me. Get out of here!

(Bret raises his golf club threateningly)

Frank: Hey, hey, no need to get carried away!

Bret: You two get out of here! I’ve got a golf club and I know how to use it! I take lessons and everything!

(Bret chases Al and Frank out of the office, but then Al and Frank run back in to get the violin)

Al: (Grabbing the violin and putting it in front of himself to shield himself from the golf club, pointing it towards Bret) I just need to grab my instrument!

Bret: (seeing the violin pointed at him, shrieks and exits the stage) Ahhhhh!

Frank: You see, big brother? It happens every time!

Al: You’re right, Frank. Maybe we aren’t cut out for the family business.

(Al and Frank exit the stage)