

A Sister Thing

By Pete Malicki

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Contact:

petemalicki@gmail.com

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Jenny: a young professional

Katie: Jenny's sister

Grant: a man

SCENE

Jenny is sitting on a couch next to Grant watching television. They are cosy. After a moment, Katie enters.

KATIE: Hey Jen. Didn't think you'd be home.

JENNY: Hey sis. Yeah, took the week off work. How was Spain?

KATIE: Portugal. A whole week?

JENNY: Yeah, I have all this sick leave I never seem to use.

KATIE: Well, it certainly restores my faith in the system if management aren't afraid to slack off.

JENNY: I'm not the one prancing around South America. Aren't you going to say hi to Grant?

KATIE: Portugal's in Europe, Jen. *(to Grant)* How are you, Grant?

GRANT: Good thanks, Katie.

KATIE: What brings you here?

GRANT: Oh, Jenny asked me to fix the internet.

KATIE: What the *entire* internet?

JENNY: It was broken.

KATIE: Uh huh. Jen, can I speak to you in the kitchen?

Katie walks to one side of the stage. Jenny rolls her eyes, gets up and joins her.

JENNY: What?

KATIE: Fixing the internet?

JENNY: If you're alluding to something, just go ahead and say it.

KATIE: You unplugged the modem, didn't you? Then you let him fiddle around for twenty minutes before plugging it back in and making him feel responsible for fixing it.

JENNY: So what? I fancy him Katie, but unlike you *I'm* not afraid to pursue what I want. That's why I work in management and you're just a 'team member.'

KATIE: I've been self-employed for three years. And you know something? I fancy Grant too. Always have. Maybe I'll show you I'm not afraid to get what I want either.

JENNY: Ha! My nerdy sister reckons she can steal my man. Normally I'd tell you to stay off my turf but this is just too funny.

KATIE: He's not *your* man.

JENNY: He's more mine than yours.

KATIE: Not if I have anything to say about it. I'm taking him.

JENNY: This is going to be entertaining. Thanks for spicing up my week off, darling sister.

Katie returns to the couch. Jenny follows.

KATIE: Jenny tells me you fixed our tech problems, Grant. I have to thank you – it's my internet too. Can I get you a beer?

JENNY: I've already given him two.

GRANT: Thanks Katie but any more and I won't be able to drive.

KATIE: That's okay. I can take you wherever you need to go. Or you can stay here.

GRANT: Oh no, that's okay. I'm good.

Jenny sits.

JENNY: Didn't you have to go, Katie? You said you had some work to catch up on after your holiday?

Katie sits on the other side of Grant. As the sisters insult each other, they try to retain good humour and remain unaffected.

KATIE: You know what? I can afford to take a day off once in a while too.

JENNY: I suppose you do need a bit of recovery time after flying. What with all that motion sickness you get.

KATIE: Motion sickness? It's been years since I had that. You're only bringing that up because you spent half your childhood throwing up! Grant, our mum used to pack cheese sandwiches for her whenever we went to dinner because she's so fussy.

JENNY: They're called allergies, Katie. Remember when you were fifteen and you told mum and dad you wanted to be a lesbian because you were *allergic* to boys? *Fifteen*, Grant.

KATIE: It's true, Grant. I was a late bloomer. But at least I did bloom. *I* never needed breast implants.

JENNY: True. We all know fat girls have bigger boobs. You sure did *bloom* in those late teens.

KATIE: You remember those years? I'm surprised, what with all the medication keeping you in a permanent daze.

JENNY: The only drugs I was on were alcohol and marijuana, Katie, because unlike you I was cool in my youth. She didn't exactly *fit in*, Grant. She couldn't even *fit in* her jeans, let alone a social group!

KATIE: That's getting a little below the belt, isn't it?

JENNY: There wasn't much room under *your* belt!

KATIE: Really, Jenny? At least I grew into my looks. You were *so* much prettier when you were younger. But now you're in *management* so you can appreciate more than anyone that a woman's looks aren't everything.

JENNY: No man wants a woman who's constantly dipping her hands into his wallet. Her hands should be down his pants, not in his pockets.

KATIE: Well that's where I won't deny you have me beat, Jenny. Grant, you wouldn't believe how much experience she has putting her hands down guys' pants. She had a bit of a reputation in fact. They used to say 'Jenny's hand for any man.'

JENNY: At least I never gave a teacher a blowjob.

KATIE: Oh, you did *not* go there!

JENNY: No, but you did! Four times, no less.

KATIE: At least I had the good grace to do it with a teacher who never had me in any classes, unlike *some* people who happily fucked their way up the management ladder.

GRANT: Okay, look girls. I think it's time for me to get going. I really should be getting back to work, hey. Thanks for the beers, Jenny. Glad I could help with the internet.

Grant gets up and starts leaving. The sisters look at each other, realize what they've done, then jump up and speak in unison.

KATIE: }Wait!

JENNY: }Wait!

Grant stops.

JENNY: We haven't finished the movie.

KATIE: I never got you that beer.

JENNY: Just stay for another half an hour.

KATIE: Yeah, stay. Jenny and I are just kidding around. It's a sister thing. We love to poke fun at each other.

GRANT: I'd really better go.

JENNY: Rubbish. I haven't thanked you properly for fixing the internet. I was just about to put an apple pie in the oven.

GRANT: At eleven AM?

JENNY: It's never too early for dessert.

KATIE: Yeah. I was thinking of having... dessert, myself.

GRANT: I don't know.

JENNY: Sit the hell down before I slap you!

Grant, a little startled, goes back to the couch. Jenny takes Katie by the arm over to the side of the stage again.

JENNY: Just give it up, okay? You've made your point now piss off.

KATIE: My point? I was serious, Jenny. I want him.

JENNY: You can't have him.

KATIE: I'm getting him.

JENNY: Okay, fine. You can try, but we need a different tact. If we keep insulting each other he's going to walk on both of us.

KATIE: Okay, how about we let him choose whichever girl can best seduce him?

JENNY: You're on.

KATIE: Go put that pie on. I'll fetch his beer.

Jenny leaves momentarily. Katie grabs an invisible beer and goes back to sit beside Grant, offering it to him. He mimes drinking from this pretend beer.

KATIE: There you go. Cheers.

GRANT: Thanks Katie. Cheers.

A pause.

KATIE: You're looking very nice today.

GRANT: Thanks Katie. You too.

KATIE: Have you been working out? I didn't know the gun show was in town.

GRANT: Not really. A little bit.

KATIE: Well, whatever you're doing is working for me. And where'd you get those pants from?

GRANT: They used to be my brother's.

KATIE: See? Frugal doesn't mean fugly.

Jenny returns and sits next to Grant.

JENNY: Pie's in the oven, sweetheart.

Jenny starts putting her hand through his hair playfully.

GRANT: That's making me a little uncomfortable.

JENNY: *(as if mishearing him)* Glad you like it. Ooh, that apple pie was so warm... and moist.

KATIE: You know, if you like that kind of dessert I can give you something that'll make you forget about apple pie forever.

JENNY: Don't steal my innuendo, Katie.

KATIE: Those big shoulders of yours are a little tense. I hate to be forward but you really need to get them looked at. Here, let me.

Katie starts massaging Grant's shoulders.

GRANT: I'd rather you didn't do that.

KATIE: *(to Jenny)* See? He loves it.

JENNY: You know, I noticed you had a teensy bit of a limp earlier. Those thighs must be sore from all that fixing you were doing earlier. I'm going to give them a rub.

Jenny starts massaging Grant's thighs.

KATIE: Okay, you know what? Screw this. Grant?

Grant looks at Katie. She grabs him and kisses him on the mouth. He looks stunned.

JENNY: Wow, and here I was thinking we understood subtlety in this family. Now that you've had the warm up, let me show you how it's done.

Jenny grabs Grant and kisses him on the mouth. Katie pushes her away after a moment and tries to kiss him too. They push each other's faces away from him and fight over who will kiss him. He clambers to his feet and they start fighting each other on the couch. He hurries offstage.

KATIE: Get away! He wants *me*.

JENNY: Don't be absurd.

KATIE: Get over yourself, Jen. You can't have every man in the world.

JENNY: He's *my* imaginary boyfriend!

KATIE: I don't care. He likes me better.

JENNY: No he doesn't. I made him up and he damned well likes who I tell him to like.

KATIE: Rubbish. Let's put this to the test.

The girls now talk to the space in the middle of the couch where Grant used to be.

KATIE: Who do you prefer? Me or Jenny?

A pause.

KATIE: See! He said me.

JENNY: No he didn't. He said *you*, and he was looking at me. Grant, say the name of the girl you like better.

A pause.

KATIE: }Her?!

JENNY: }Her?!

KATIE: You've got to be kidding. What do you see in her? *(pause) Neurotic? She's the neurotic one. I'm completely normal.*

JENNY: You like my fat sister better than me? *(pause)* But I made you apple pie! *(pause)* Well if that's your attitude, you should just leave.

KATIE: Yeah, get out of here. I'm way out of your league.

JENNY: Don't let the door hit you on the ass on the way out!

Katie and Jenny watch 'Grant' 'leave.' They look at each other after a beat.

KATIE: You know something sis?

JENNY: What's that?

KATIE: Your imagination is all out of kilter. He's not the right guy for us.

JENNY: Come on. Hugh Grant *is* the sexiest man alive.

KATIE: True.

A pause.

KATIE: Oh hey, is that the door?

JENNY: What?

KATIE: The door. Didn't you hear the knock?

JENNY: Oh. Right. Yeah, I wonder who it is.

KATIE: I didn't tell you who I sat next to on the plane?

JENNY: No.

Katie leans in and speaks earnestly.

KATIE: David Hasslehoff.

JENNY: Wow... Wow!

Jenny gets up and rushes towards the door. Katie follows close.

JENNY: HOFFIE! I'm coming.

KATIE: So am I.

JENNY: I was coming first.

KATIE: I'll grab you a beer.

JENNY: There's apple pie in the oven.

They leave the stage. End.