

**Queens Life
Skits by Mark Bellusci**

© Copyright 2003, Mark Bellusci

The Speak-Like-Your-From-Queens School

(Off-stage voice, in a heavy Queens accent)
"Ho, I'm talkin' heah."

(Different off-stage voice, in a heavy Queens accent)
"Yo ma, what's for dinner?"

(Different off-stage voice, in a heavy Queens accent)
"You gonna get on the LIE at five? Fuhgeddaboutit."

SPOKESPERSON

(Distinguished Woman or Gentlemen enters onstage, and speaks with a royal Queens-
- England, that is -- accent)

Ah, I'm sure you recognize these lovely phrases, spoken by true Masters of Queens dialect. But did you know that none of those speakers have ever crossed the 59th street bridge into the hallowed borough?

Hello, I'm Sir Hollingsorth Fitzhughe the Third (or Dame Edna Fitzhughe), president of the Speak-like you're-from-Queens Linguistics Academy. Yes, so many of the renowned Queens speakers learned today's most popular television language at our academy.

Here at the Linguistics Academy, we'll help you learn the subtle nuances that will make you sound just like a genuine Queens-ite.

You'll learn how to convert words such as "these" and "them" to "deese" and "dem." You'll learn to eliminate cumbersome, unnecessary words like "are" when you say "How you doin'?" You'll learn how to fold your unwieldy newspaper into a one inch square that can be read effortlessly while packed like a sardine on the Seven train. And you'll learn to --

(Off-stage voice, in a heavy Queens accent)
"Ho, I'm trying to read about the Mets, heah--"

(Back to distinguished person)
-- jump in and interrupt at any time. Yes, so many of the world's renowned Queens portrayors have passed through these hallowed halls, including the godfather in Queens-ology,

(Offstage voice -- imitation of Archie Bunker)
"Hey, Edith, what are you doing in my chair?"

(Back to distinguished person)
It brings me chills just hearing it.

We're so confident in the Queens Linguistics Academy that we offer this guarantee: If, for any reason, you're not 100% satisfied -- too frickin' bad, what are we, a frickin' charity? Oh, and by the way, I'm not just a spokesperson for the Academy, I'm also its first frickin' graduate.

(NOTE: Even though the distinguished person is using rough Queens language, he/she should maintain his/her royal Queens accent)

To enroll now, call 1-800-fuhgeddaboutit. That's 1-800-fuhgeddaboutit. Or visit our web site, www.howthehelltheyworkthisthing.com.

Queens boys at a club

(Dance club with loud danceable music. Two guys, standing tough and motionless, arms folded, in sunglasses, ostensibly watching dance floor. Pause as the music continues and they stand motionless.)

GUY 1
Yo, good tune.

GUY 2
Mmm.

GUY 1
Into this beat.

GUY 2
Yeah.

GUY 1
Cool.

GUY 2
Cool.

(Beat.)

GUY 1
Check that blonde over there.

GUY 2
Mmm.

GUY 1
Hot.

GUY 2
Definitely.

GUY 1
She definitely likes me.

GUY 2
Check out the loser she's with.

GUY 1
Clown ain't got no moves.

GUY 2
Shouldn't even be allowed here.

GUY 1
Punk.

GUY 2
Check out the one in the skirt.

GUY 1
Whoa.

GUY 2
Definitely likes me.

GUY 1
Definitely.

GUY 2
Definitely looking this way.

GUY 1
She's coming over--

WOMAN
(Beat.)
Excuse me, but I saw you looking over and I thought, you know, if you wanted to dance.

GUY 2
(Shy and tongue-tied.)
I, uh, I don't, you know, I uh, I'm not, uh I don't, you know, I, uh--

WOMAN
Oh ... okay.
(She returns to the dance floor.)

GUY 1
You believe that?

GUY 2
Stuck up--

GUY 1
A tease is what she--

GUY 2
Can't understand 'em.

GUY 1
Ah, she wasn't so hot, anyway.

GUY 2
Eyebrows were a mess.

GUY 1
Hey, check out that one.

GUY 2
Now she's hot.

GUY 1
Damn hot.

GUY 2
The hell is she with?

GUY 1
Guy's a loser.

GUY 2
Ain't got no moves.

GUY 1
The hell is she doing with a clown like that when we're here.

GUY 2
Geez.

GUY 1
Losers.

GUY 2
Go figure.

Queens women at a club

(Dance club with loud danceable music. Two women dancing in their own world, chewing gum, showing no emotion, looking intently in the mirror. Pause as the music continues and they continue their lifeless dance. STAGING NOTE: While the women use a dance floor mirror throughout, this could obviously be mimed, thereby not requiring an actual mirror.)

WOMAN 1
Is he looking at me?

WOMAN 2
He's hot.

WOMAN 1
Check the mirror.

WOMAN 2
(Adjusts her position.)
Yeah, he's checkin' you out.

WOMAN 1
(Looking at her butt in the mirror.)
Damn!

WOMAN 2
What?

WOMAN 1
My butt looks huuuge in these pants.

WOMAN 2
It looks fine.

WOMAN 1
Must be these damn mirrors.

WOMAN 2
Won't even spring for decent mirrors around heah.

WOMAN 1
Place is for losers.

WOMAN 2
We should go to the city. That's where the hot places are.

WOMAN 1
Mmm hmm. He still looking at me?

WOMAN 2
(She looks.)
Mmm hmm.

WOMAN 1
Damn, he's hot.

WOMAN 2
Definitely hot.

WOMAN 1
(Looks at herself in the mirror.)
Shouldn't a worn these pants; my butt looks like a second dance floor.

WOMAN 2
Your butt is fine. It's the --

WOMAN 1
I know, I know.

WOMAN 2
Next time, the city.

WOMAN 1
What's he doing now?

WOMAN 2
He's just sitting -- and looking.

WOMAN 1
What is he, just gonna sit there all night?

WOMAN 2
I don't know.

WOMAN 1
Probably gay.

WOMAN 2
All the cute ones are.

WOMAN 1
Has to be gay. Why else wouldn't he come over?

WOMAN 2
I don't know. Maybe he's just a perv. Maybe he just likes to watch.

WOMAN 1
Well, I'll give him something to watch. Come on.
(They dance suggestively with each other, then turn back to the mirror.)
What's he doing now?

WOMAN 2
He's ... getting up.

WOMAN 1
I told you he was gay--

WOMAN 2
And he's ... walking this way.

WOMAN 1
Quick.

(They both turn to the mirrors. After a moment, a good-looking guy works his way up and moves with the beat.)

GUY
Hi.

WOMAN 1
Mmm

GUY
You mind if I ...

WOMAN 2
Whatever.

WOMAN 1
Free country.

(The girls turn their back on him and dance with themselves and the mirror. He tries to work his way in, but they constantly turn away from and keep staring at the mirror.)

MAN
You girls come here often?

WOMAN 1
That the best you got?

WOMAN 2
Jeez.

(They both giggle.)

MAN
I was wondering if you want to get a drink.

WOMAN 1
We're dancing heah.

WOMAN 2
You see we're dancing heah?

(After another moment of futilely trying to dance with the two women, the guy leaves.)

WOMAN 1
Told you he was gay.

WOMAN 2
He wasn't so hot, anyway.

WOMAN 1
Loser.

WOMAN 2
They're all losers around here.

WOMAN 1
We gotta go to the city.

WOMAN 2

Hot guys in the city.

WOMAN 1

And better mirrors, too.

WOMAN 2

Hey, that guy looking at me?

WOMAN 1

Let me check (She peeks at mirror.)

End.

At the neighborhood bar

SCENE: BAR, with stools facing out to the audience. JOE is facing audience and watching a TV at the top corner of the bar. SULLY has his head down on the bar; all that can be seen is the top of his baseball cap. MAC, the bartender, keeps his back to the audience.

JOE

Would you look at that? The hell are they from? I mean, I thought baseball was an American game, but look at them people. They ain't from here, I'll tell you that. And I hope they stay the hell outta Queens. Right, Sully?

(Sully, with his head down, grunts agreement.)

I mean, this ain't no New York City, this is Queens. The way it always was, and it damn well better stay that way. You know what I'm saying, Mac?

MAC

I hear you.

JOE

Ho, don't get me wrong, I got nothing against them. They ain't any worse than anyone else, you know? It's just that their people ain't our people, so let 'em stick with their own, you know?

MAC

Mmmm.

JOE

I don't see no red carpet around here, do you?

MAC

Nope.

JOE

This ain't the city.

MAC

Tell me about it.

JOE

At least here, you know who your neighbor is.

MAC

And where your neighborhood bar is.

JOE

Amen, brother. That's why I love this place. Nothing changing around here.

MAC

Damn straight.

JOE

We got to stick together on this, Mac.

MAC

I'm with you.

JOE

You too, Sully.

SULLY
Mmmm.

JOE
Let's drink to it.

SULLY
Mmm hmm.

JOE
You too, Mac, on me.

MAC
Why not?

JOE
Give me a Bud. Sully, usual?

SULLY
Mmm.

(MAC turns in profile, and the audience can see that he is Asian..)

MAC
Bud for you, PunJab Beer for Suleiman, and I'll take a good ole TsingTao.

JOE
You ought to get that on tap, Mac Wah.

MAC
Tap? What you want, one of those bars where all them people show up? You start bringing tap beers, it be a tourist trap.

(SULLY raises his head, and the audience sees that he is either an Indian or African man with a turban under his baseball cap.)

SULLY
Allah forbid.

JOE
Hey check out channel 36. I think there's a football game on.
(MAC changes channel.)
That's soccer.

MAC
That's football.

JOE
Whatever, as long as them types don't come here.

MAC
Not if Bhuddah can help it.

JOE
The hell are they from?

SULLY
Go back to your own country.

JOE
And stay the hell outta Queens.