

The Taxidermist  
By Mary Engquist

(A senior skit.)

The setting is a living room with lots of pictures of animal heads.

This is a 3 person skit, (two older women and one older man)

Steven--- Where, oh, where is my woman? She better not be late or I will have her with my collections.

(Margie walks in and says to Steven)

Margie---What collections are we talking about?

Steven---No, no, sweetheart, you did not hear me right, I said protections.

Margie---No, you did not say that. I heard you say collections.

Steven---No, no, silly! But now I am what you call a Taxidermist.

Margie—Yea, that is what I am afraid of. I am afraid of the Big Bad wolf! (She yells this to him)

Steven---Have I ever giving you a reason to be afraid of me, crazy woman?

Margie---Well, when I think about it, I want to know all about your 4

dead wives.

Steven---Now, what makes you think that I have 4 dead wives?

Margie---It's an easy question to answer.

Steven---Tell me more, sweetheart.

Margie—Don't sweetheart me, I saw all those pictures in your bedroom of those 4 women.

Steven—Well, what's wrong with having pictures of my deceased wives hanging in my bedroom?

Margie---Well, that's a million dollar question.

Steven---I am waiting patiently.

Margie---Okay, why do you only have their heads in the pictures? Why are they not smiling, and where's the rest of their bodies?

Steven---Well, if you want to go to the cemetery with me we will find out.

Margie---You are so gross. Why, I should have left you inside of that cafe where we met.

Steven---I was on the outside and you were in the inside, don't mess that story up.

Margie—Yea, whatever! I am out of here, bud. And don't call me again. (Margie exits the room.)

(Steven is talking out loud)

Steven---Ha ha, I have no intentions of calling her again. Why should I? My next date is on her way, yahoo, yahoo! Oops! I better call her first. (Steven picks up the phone and says)

Steven----Helloooo there, sweet one. Want a date with a handsome, guy? I am available. I do not take no for an answer. What? Don't you remember me? The guy in the white sports coat?

No! I was not wearing a pink carnation. Oh, yea, once you told me long ago, to the prom that we would go. No, please don't hang up on me. I am all alone. Needing a beautiful young woman of your era. So, I may be 30 years your senior but I have what it takes to treat a woman good, and that, sweetheart, is the truth.

What? Do I come with references? Are you kidding me. I should show you my collections. No, I mean, I am here for your protections.

I cannot believe that she hung up on me. (He puts the phone down.)

Oh, well, it is her loss, boy! These women don't know their head from a hole in the ground. Did I just say that? I'm scaring myself.

(Someone is knocking on his door and Susan walks in.)

Susan---What took you so long to answer the door?

Steven---You did not give me a chance, Susan. And what brings you here may I ask?

Susan—Well, I just ran into my best friend Margie, and she told me

all about you and all your heads that you keep in your bedroom.

Steven—Aha! Those little heads, that is all she is worried about. I sure do miss Margie. (He crosses his fingers around his back where the audience sees it)

Susan—Well, is it true? (Acting like she is real nervous.)

Steven---Are you nuts? Or just pretending to be?

Susan-----Well, look at yourself.

(Steven looks at himself all over and pinches his arms and legs, raises his arms up & down.)

Steven---I see nothing to be ashamed of. So maybe I am a little fat, so what!

Susan---Well, it's like this, kid, when I look at you I see my dad. When your back is to me I see you, and when you look at me you see? Well, hold that thought!

Steven---I'll tell you what I see when I look at you.

Susan—Drop it, will you? I don't want to hear any judgment of myself and especially from you.

Steven---Well, this does not explain why you're here at my house!

Susan---We want to know why you have 4 heads of women hanging in your house, yea, that's it. Tell me now or I will tell it to the world. That is exactly what I will do, I will tell it all.

Steven---Aha! You come to my house with all these threats. Who do you think you are? Huh?

Susan—Let's put it this way, smarty pants. I am your conscience.

Steven---Since when, might I ask?

Susan----Well, you just cannot go around scaring us elderly people. Why you could be responsible for us having heart attack, or strokes, or even worse stuff.

Steven----You got to be kidding! Just by hanging pictures of women on my wall?

Susan---It would not be so bad, but why are they all dead and only heads of them?

Steven---How can they be dead? They are only pictures.

Susan---Yea, well then tell me why they are all in 3-D and their eyes move around?

Steven---In your imagination!

(Margie is back and knocking at the door.)

Susan---Are you going to answer the door there, Steven, or are you making me your next wall victim?

Steven---Don't tempt me! You hear? (As he answers the door)

Margie---Aha! I caught you, didn't I?

Steven—Caught me at what, Margie?

Margie---You know what! Don't act so dumb!

Steven----Do I know what? You two are little noisy busy bodies.

Margie—Well, you just lost me as your girlfriend, so there!

Susan----Good for you, Margie. Let him rot in this rat hole with his dead wives hanging around.

Margie----Yea, who cares? I won't date morbid men anymore, yea this is the last straw.

Susan---Enough of this insanity, everyone! Let's go before they realize we are missing. (She is trying to push them towards the door.)

Margie---Come on, my dear (as she grabs Steven), you had enough free time in this place.

Steven---But what about my dead wives on the wall? And how they roll their eyes at us? You said so yourself.

Susan---Yea, keep that quiet so they don't give us another 10 years in this place if they find that out. Come on, Margie.

(All three are exiting the stage, the two girls have their arms around Steven.)           The End