

Decades Rumble

By: Anna Turner

(30's is sitting on block, downtrodden and depressed. Has can of soup in hand. Legs covered by blanket. 90's enters, sees 30's, rolls eyes and marches over, pissed off.)

90's: Like, oh my god, I thought I, like, told you to keep your stinky ass away from here, 1930's! GOD!

30's: I already told you, 1990's. I have polio. (motions to blanket over legs)

90's: Yeah...?

30's: How am I supposed to move?

90's: Like this. (pushes 30's off block with foot. Soup can rolls away from 30's.)

30's: (reaches for soup. Too far out of reach.) God damn it! Just let me eat my soup in peace! (50's enters as 30's continue grasping at soup. 50's steps right on 30's legs without 30's realizing it.)

50: Hey there, fellas! (notices 30's) Gee whiz, 30's, what's got you down?

30's: Well, 1950's, that Herbert Hoover-supporter over there (nods at 1990's) won't let me eat my soup in peace! I have polio, for Christ's sake!

90's: Oh my god, you are such a drama queen.

50's: Oh, hi, 1990's! You're looking swell, just swell.

90's: What. Ever. (1980's jumps out, head-banging and playing air guitar.)

80's: WHOOOOOO!!! ROCK ON, DUDES! (jumps on top of block.) ROCK ON!!! (throws up rock hands and headbangs)

30's: Look who it is. The decade that tried to steal my thunder by having an economic crisis. Well, I guess I showed you, huh, 1980's?

80's: Whatever, bitch. Life ain't about economic crisis, it's about ROCKING OUT!!! (looks over at 90's, licks lip, kisses at her) And chicks. (winks.)

90's: Gah-ross. (70's enters, walking fast and deliberately. Holding suitcase.)

70's: You're right, 90's, it is gross, and you should haven't to stand for this misogynistic degradation! Hi, 1970's, here's my card. (hands business card to 90's.)

80's: Whoooa, a lesbian. ROCK ON! WHOOO!

70's: (ignores 80's) I am the leader of the Women's Liberation Movement—

50's: Gee, that sounds swell! Just swell!

90's: Like, no. It doesn't.

30's: Say, 70's, you wouldn't mind getting my soup for me, would you? It's just right there. (70's walks over and kicks soup can away.) What was that—

70's: No longer will women be at men's beck and call.

30's: I have polio!

80's: Polio shmolio, let's get ROCKING! WHOOOO!!!

40's: I'll teach you something about "rocking out." (spotlight on 40's, who is leaning against rail of steps in middle seating area. Sings to tune of stardust) And now the greatest era of our time, the 1940's has arrived. The 30's are the stardust, of yesterday! And the 50's are the cause of my demise.

50's: HEY! That's not very nice, 1940's! (40's walks down stairs and to center stage, continuing his version of stardust)

40's: You may be thinking, wow, those years can sing, leaving you a song that will not die. But decades only last ten years, I'm told! But I'm the greatest ten of all.

80's: You call that rocking out? No way, dude.

90's: Seriously, though. That was, like, awful. It sounded nothing like NSYNC.

50's: I thought it was swell, just swell!

20's: (20's enters. Mob boss. Flanked on either side by mafia cronies.) I'll bet you did, kid. I'll bet you did. (20's puts a cigar in his mouth, lights up—not for realies though because that's illegal.)

30's: Is that you, 1920's? I haven't seen you since...well, since New Years' Eve nineteen-twenty—

20's: Nine. That's right. I don't leave the speakeasy too much these days. Not to mention the bootlegging business has declined ever since that damn 21st amendment passed. (1980's jumps down from block and crosses to 20's)

80's: No way, dude! You're, like, in the mafia, aren't you?! **HARDCORE!!!** (holds hand up for high five. 1920's ignores him and crosses stage)

50's: 20's! You owe me a game of pinochle!

40's: (to tune of Paper Moon) I'm sure that you're wondering, why 1920's is ignoring, the 1950's well it's because 50's pissed 20's off, whooa.

20's: 30's, c'mere. I need you to relay a message to 50's.

30's: I have polio.

20's: And?

30's: And....I can't move. (1920's nods at cronies, who drag 30's offstage.) Wait, wait! Let me just get my soup! LET ME GET MY SOUP!

80's: Hardcore, man. HARDCORE! (starts headbanging, air-guitaring)

90's: (looking at 80's in disgust) Oh. My. God. I am so glad I evolved from *that*.

20's: I need someone to relay a message to 50's.

70's: Maybe you should tell him yourself and stop having other people do your work, you chauvinist pig!

20's: Because I may or may not be acknowledging his existence or non-existence right now or at a later time.

80's: Whoa, dude. Whoa. You're making my head spin.

90's: Yeah, like, what does that even mean? (20's sighs)

20's: Fine, I'll tell him myself. (turns to 50's) I thought I told you to never go against the family.

50's: I...I didn't!

20's: You lying to me? Because I got sources that say you did go against the family.

50's: Oh, oh really? Well, they're full of baloney! (70's steps behind 50's.)

70's: Yeah, how can you be sure that 50's isn't telling the truth about not going against the family?

80's: (stepping behind 50's also) Yeah, dude. This little man rocks out hardcore. Show him that thing you do with your hands. (50's does hand jive as 80's cheers him on with 'rock on' ad lib and rock hands.) 90's: You guys are, like, such losers. (does L on forehead) I'm with 20's because I totally think that little brat went against the family, like, multiple times.

40's: (to New York New York) Start spreading the news. There's a rumble, today. The decades are gonna fight, real soon, real soon. 50's might have lied. But maybe not. The decades are gonna fight, real soon, real soon! So if you want to know the outcome of it all, you're gonna see real soon, real soon! (moves behind 20's)

20's: So, it seems we have a little feud going on. You idiots believe that the 50's *didn't* go against the family and we, the right ones, believe that he did. (pulls out Tommy Gun) Sounds

like a rumble, to me. Does everyone have their weapons of choice? (40's pulls out pitch-finder. 50's pulls out baseball. 70's whips out a tampon. 80's puts rock hands up. 90's produces 6-inch heel from purse.) Okay, then. Ready...set....RUMBLE! (blackout. Spotlight on 60's, who is now standing on block.)

60's: Oh, hello therrrrre world. Faces of other faces. I seeeeee that you found. ...me...the 1960'sssss. Man. I'm surrrre. You want. To know what happens....Next. (during the poem, other decades are fighting in silent slow motion, maybe raise lights just a smidge so that silhouettes can be seen.) The rummmble to determminnee the 50's fate was. Brave. Well-fought. Cassualtiiiieess were numerous. The deeecccccadddeesssss, torn apart by pride....no more. The heroes spanning all. Those years. No more. (slow motion fighting takes actors offstage. Exit both right and left.) Then, suddenly: The rumble. Was. No. More. (snaps) Deep. (blackout. 60's exits. Light comes back up to reveal 30's back on box with soup. Same scene as the start)

40's: (offstage to 'They Can't Take That Away from Me') They can't keep soup away from him, no, they can't keep soup away....fromm...himmm!!



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