

DITZIES

TEN MINUTE PLAY

By Deborah Karczewski

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SYNOPSIS: Trixy takes Roxy out driving to prepare for her road test. After a near-accident, the two ditzies are left stranded in the woods to face a series of hilarious mishaps.

CAST OF CHARACTERS
(2 WOMEN)

ROXY (f)

TRIXY (f)

AT RISE:

Two chairs are placed facing full front, about a foot apart, representing a compact car. ROXY, the driver, sits in the stage left chair and pantomimes driving. The actress should wear high-heeled shoes and an outfit which incorporates a cute, little shirt. TRIXY, the passenger, sits stage right. Both fluctuate between focusing beyond the audience to represent looking out of a moving car and occasionally at each other.

ROXY: Trixy, you are – like – my best friend. No, I mean it. My very own parents refuse to take me out driving before my road test, but not you, Trixy. You're a real pal.

TRIXY: Well – hey – that's what friends are for, Roxy! You need a licensed driver in the car ...I have a license ...Voila! – a match made in heaven!

ROXY: And even though you're a year older, we're in the same grade. It's – like – FATE!

TRIXY: My mother said there was a reason why I was held back in the fifth grade. I bet this was it.

BOTH: *(Nodding knowingly.)* Spooky.

TRIXY: Roxy, move your hands down on the wheel a little bit. They're supposed to be at 10:00 and 2:00. You're at midnight.

ROXY: *(Sliding her hands from the top of the "wheel" to the sides.)* Right, Coach! How's this?

TRIXY: Super-perfect. Now, slow down and turn right at the next intersection.

ROXY: How come?

TRIXY: It's the scenic route through the woods. These trucks are – like – getting to be a drag.

ROXY: Yeah, trucks are a bummer. Turn here? *(As TRIXY nods, ROXY turns the "wheel" to her right.)* How was that?

TRIXY: Super-great, babe! Top-banana! Or should I say, "Awesome Apple" like this new lipstick I just bought: Awesome Apple Red.

ROXY: Lemme see! *(TRIXY sticks out her lips and looks like a fish.)* Oh wow! Can I wear some?

TRIXY: *(Pantomimes digging in a purse and pulls out an invisible lipstick.)* Sure, but not too much. A little goes a long way.

ROXY grabs the “lipstick” and starts applying it while looking in the “rearview mirror.”

TRIXY: Roxy!

ROXY: *(Oblivious.)* What?

TRIXY: Watch out for that tree!

ROXY: What tree?

TRIXY: *(Yelling in horror.)* Slam on the brakes!

Both girls scream as ROXY pantomimes stepping hard on the brake pedal, shifting to park, and turning off the engine. Once the “car” is “stopped” the girls do a facial gimmick: staring ahead for a 5-count, staring at each other for another 5 seconds, and then back ahead in shock.

TRIXY: *(Staring ahead, gasping for breath.)* OK...so...I guess the rule to remember...is...no Awesome Apple while you're driving.

ROXY: *(Also breathless and staring ahead.)* Right, Coach.

TRIXY: *(Snapping back into her ditzzy self.)* Where is my lipstick?

ROXY: Holy cow! It flew out of my hand when we almost hit that tree!

TRIXY: We?

ROXY: OK-OK, when I almost hit that tree.

TRIXY: Well, did it fly into the back seat? *(Getting on her knees on her chair and bending over to check the “back seat.”)* That's my favorite lipstick.

ROXY: There it is under the steering wheel! *(SHE reaches toward her feet and hits her head on the “steering wheel.”)* Yowch! Darn wheel! Got it! *(Hands the “lipstick” to TRIXY.)*

TRIXY: What a relief! They're phasing this color out. It's really hard to find, now-a-days. Luckily, I found it at a super-cool booth at the downtown flea market.

ROXY: Oh, I love that place! I got this shirt there last weekend. *(Modeling pose.)* Like it?

TRIXY: *(Gushing.)* It's the living end!

ROXY: Only cost two dollars!

TRIXY: *(In awe.)* Get out!

ROXY: No, really! End of the summer sale!

TRIXY: You always find the best bargains!

ROXY: Not according to my mother. She says these flea markets are rip-offs. (*Mimicking her mother.*) "You have no idea what you're getting at those places! Just wait 'till you wash it. It'll shrink three sizes. The second water hits that cheap fabric – BOOM – it starts shrinking." Mothers!

TRIXY: Yeah, they think we – like – have no common sense. Anyway (*Referring to the shirt.*), I think it's gorgeous.

ROXY: Thanks, pal

TRIXY: OK, enough procrastinating. The best thing to do when you have a setback is to go forward! Get back on the horse! If at first you don't succeed, try, try again.

ROXY: (*Confused.*) Meaning?

TRIXY: Meaning – let's get back on the road, girl! Turn the key and step on the gas!

ROXY: (*Pantomiming happily.*) Turning the key, Coach!

TRIXY: Go for it!

ROXY: Stepping on the gas!

TRIXY: All right!

ROXY: And... and... Trixy?

TRIXY: Yeah?

ROXY: Nothing's happening.

TRIXY: Nothing's happening!

ROXY: What am I doing wrong?

TRIXY: (*With a guilty expression.*) It's not you, Roxy. It's me.

ROXY: You?

TRIXY: I think I forgot to fill up the tank before I took you out driving.

ROXY: You what?

TRIXY: I forgot to put gas in the car.

ROXY: (*Annoyed.*) Oh, this is really great.

TRIXY: Hey, it was an honest mistake.

ROXY: It was a stupid mistake!

TRIXY: Yeah? Well, who almost crashed us into a tree, huh?

ROXY: (*Anger rising.*) Yeah? Well, who got us stranded in the woods, huh? Do you have any idea where we even are? Do you, oh-brainless-one?

TRIXY: Don't you use that tone with me, Missy!

ROXY: I can use whatever tone I want, you joke of a driving coach!

TRIXY: (*Infuriated.*) Oh! Get out of my car! Get out this instant!

ROXY: Gladly!

ROXY pantomimes opening the car door and slamming it. SHE stomps away stage left a few steps and then screams loudly. TRIXY opens her "door" and runs to protect her friend. The actress must make it clear that SHE has left her car door open, and must run around the perimeter of the "car" before reaching her friend.

TRIXY: What happened? Are you all right?

ROXY: Not only do I stink as a driver... not only did I almost crash into a tree... not only did you get us stuck in the middle of the woods... but I just stepped in doggy doo!

TRIXY: Actually, it's probably raccoon doo, or deer doo, or even grizzly bear doo!

ROXY: I don't care what kind of doo it is. This is my best pair of high heels! (*Takes off one shoe, looks at it, and throws it off stage.*) Disgusting!

TRIXY: That wasn't too smart. How are you going to walk with one high heel?

ROXY: (*Hobbling ridiculously a few steps.*) I'll manage.

TRIXY: (*Following her.*) Oh Roxy, I'm so sorry!

ROXY: (*Hobbling away from her.*) You should be.

TRIXY: Roxy, please forgive - Yowch!

ROXY: (*Turning in surprise.*) What happened?

TRIXY: (*Grabbing her eye.*) A branch! It poked my eye! It's getting so dark that I didn't even see it coming!

ROXY: Omigosh, Trixy! It's swollen twice its size already.

TRIXY: (*Squinting in an overly exaggerated facial expression.*) Oh no! I think I'm having an allergic reaction!

ROXY: (*Trying to pry open the eye.*) Here, open it up so I can see if you have anything in there.

TRIXY: I can't! It's swollen shut!

ROXY: Trixy, you might have a thorn or a sticker in there. Try to open up just a little bit.

TRIXY: (*Sobbing.*) I'm trying, but I can't!

ROXY: There, there. Everything will be fine. Come here. Sit on this clear spot of grass over here. We'll just wait for the next car to drive by and wave it down. Then we'll get you to a doctor. OK?

TRIXY: *(Crying as SHE sits.)* What if nobody drives by? It's getting dark! It's cold! My eye hurts! I want to go home!

ROXY: *(Putting her arm around her friend soothingly.)* I know. I know, honey. Come on, cheer up. Everything will turn out OK. Hey, I know what will make you laugh! Have you ever seen my greatest talent?

TRIXY: Your greatest talent?

ROXY: Yeah! I can stretch my tongue all the way up and touch my nose!

TRIXY: No way!

ROXY: I sure can!

TRIXY: Prove it!

ROXY: OK. Watch and learn! *(ROXY begins to stretch her tongue upwards toward her nose. Then, SHE leaps up in pain. SHE starts screaming, "Ow! Ow! Ow! etc. as SHE runs in circles, hobbling on her one high-heeled shoe.)*

TRIXY: Roxy, what is it? What happened? Speak to me!

ROXY: *(From this point on and throughout the remainder of the scene, ROXY must speak while keeping her tongue protruding between her lips, which should greatly distort her speech. Although this will produce a comic effect, ROXY must speak clearly enough to be understood.)* A bee! A bee!

TRIXY: A what?

ROXY: A bee! It stung my tongue!

TRIXY: Your what?

ROXY: My tongue! My tongue!

TRIXY: *(Running to her.)* A bee stung your tongue?

ROXY: That's what I said! A bee stung my tongue!

TRIXY: Holy cow! Is the stinger still in your tongue?

ROXY: The what?

TRIXY: The stinger! We've got to make sure it's out! Hold still; I've only got one working eye, you know!

ROXY: Ow!

TRIXY: Hold still!

ROXY: You're pulling my tongue!

TRIXY: Well, you have to hold it out enough for me to see the stinger!

ROXY: Get away from me. Haven't you caused enough problems for one day?

TRIXY: Me? Who was the idiot who had to put on *my* lipstick while she was supposed to keep her eyes on the road?

ROXY: Well, at least *I* have two goods eyes.

TRIXY: (*Covering her squinty eye with her hand.*) That was cruel!

ROXY: Oh, no.

TRIXY: That was so mean!

ROXY: Trixy, look.

TRIXY: That was so heartless!

ROXY: Trixy, shut up and look!

TRIXY: What?

ROXY: (*Palms upward.*) Rain.

TRIXY: I can't understand what you're saying, you freak.

ROXY: Rain. Rain! It's raining!

TRIXY: It's raining!

ROXY: That's what I said!

TRIXY: Oh great. This is all we need. Here we are... stuck in the middle of Nowheres-ville... with not a car to be seen... and it's starting to pour!

ROXY: My shirt!

TRIXY: What?

ROXY: My shirt!

TRIXY: Enunciate, girl. You hurt? Is that what you're trying to say?

ROXY: No, my shirt! It's shrinking! It's starting to shrink! (*SHE starts tugging at the bottom of her shirt.*)

TRIXY: Oh my God. Your mother was right! It is shrinking! Here, let me help. Maybe we can stretch it out.

ROXY: Don't you touch me! Haven't you done enough?

TRIXY: Roxy, come back here. I just want to help! *(The following staging should be stylized and slapstick. TRIXY, squinting with a grossly distorted face, should be running after ROXY who is hobbling on one high heel. TRIXY tries repeatedly to grab at Roxy's shirt while ROXY is slapping at her yelling, "Stop it! Stop it! etc." At the directed moment the girls should freeze for a few seconds and stare beyond the audience, at a spot stage left.)* It's a car! Yay! Finally! We're saved!

ROXY: *(Thumb out to hitch-hike a ride, hobbling, tongue protruding, pulling on her shirt.)* Stop! Stop! We need help!

TRIXY: *(Squinting comically and waving her arms furiously.)* Hello! Hello! Stop! Please! We're desperate! Hey!

The girls should synchronize their focus from stage left to off stage right to indicate that the car has passed them by.

ROXY: I can't believe it.

TRIXY: Why would a car, full of red-blooded, teenage boys, pass by two, hot babes like us?

ROXY: Look at us, Trixy.

TRIXY: *(Understanding after a beat.)* Oh. I get it.

ROXY: I'm sopping wet.

TRIXY: Yeah. We might as well wait in the car until the rain stops. Come on Roxy. *(They walk to their sides of the "car.")*

ROXY: Trixy, did you leave your car door open the whole time?

TRIXY: You were screaming when you stepped in the grizzly bear doo-doo, so I didn't even think about shutting it. *(They "climb" in the car, sit on their chairs, and pantomime shutting their doors.)*

ROXY: Great. The seats are all wet.

TRIXY: Sorry.

ROXY: Wonderful. This is just peachy.

TRIXY: Well, if you weren't screaming like someone had chopped your leg off, I'd have remembered to shut the door.

ROXY: So now it's my fault?

TRIXY: Hey, *you're* the one who begged me to take you out driving before your road test, aren't you?

ROXY: *(Sniffing.)* Trixy?

TRIXY: (*Oblivious.*) I mean, here I let you drive *my* family's car out of the kindness of my heart and - -

ROXY: - -Trixy, do you smell something?

TRIXY: Don't look at *me*. *You're* the one who stepped in grizzly doo.

ROXY: (*Staring ahead in fright.*) Trixy, do you hear something?

TRIXY: (*Listens, gasps, and also stares ahead in fear.*) Uh-huh. It's in the back seat!

Both girls face full front and synchronize the following quick, stylized reactions: a huge facial expression of shock, quick turn to look at each other in panic, focus back to front, facial reaction of having noticed a disgusting smell, and hands covering noses.

BOTH: SKUNK!

The girls sustain a long scream as they open their doors. TRIXY runs off stage right while ROXY hobbles off stage left. The scene ends in screaming confusion.

THE END

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