

BARBIE AND KEN

By Sandra Dempsey

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CAST: BARBIE and KEN¹

SETTING: BARBIE's room on the Hospital Maternity Ward.

AT RISE: BARBIE is lying in bed, having just returned from giving birth. KEN comes to visit her for the first time since the big event. HE's carrying a shopping bag. All props can be mimed by actors, if necessary. Both characters move and speak in a 'plastic' manner-with expression, but with an unreal quality.

KEN: (*bursts into the room*) Barbie!

BARBIE: Ken!

KEN: It's so good to see you, honey.

BARBIE: I've missed you so much, Ken.

KEN: (*HE stands beside her as she sits up*) I would have been here sooner, but it took a long time to find a safe spot to park my Ken-Kar-with-retractable-roof-and-hone-a-horn-that-really-works!

BARBIE: I know you really love your Ken-Kar, Ken.

KEN: Boy, I'll say! Best thing we ever did was trade in that old Barbie-Beach-Buggy.

BARBIE: So you keep telling me.

KEN: Besides, I fit better behind the wheel. I look really cool when I drive. Barbie, you'll look great in the passenger's seat.

BARBIE: I liked my beach buggy. It had lots of Barbie-Girl-On-the-Road accessories.

KEN: Forget that stuff. My car has Ken accessories and more. Even a toy stereo with a dial that really turns. We can act like we're listening to music when we drive. But remember, I'm always the driver and you're always the passenger. It doesn't look very cool the other way.

BARBIE: I understand, Ken. When we sit in our new car together, I'm sure it'll almost feel like we're moving. I like it when you pretend to drive. It's so manly.

KEN: I think so, too. I'm even wearing my new Ken-He-Man outfit.

BARBIE: Oh, Baby! I think you may be overcoming the wimp factor.

KEN: It's an unfair label I was stuck with, mostly because I'm stylish. G.I. Joe and captain Action are just jealous of my perfect white teeth.

1 Barbie and Ken are anatomically incorrect American Caucasian dolls made in China

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BARBIE: They don't have any Preppy-Ken-Wear outfits. Army fatigues went out of style years ago.

KEN: They think they're tough, but I can whoop their plastic butts in the wardrobe department any day.

BARBIE: Of course you can, honey.

KEN: You bet, baby doll. They questioned my manhood...thought I was just a pretty face that changed Ken outfits and went on dates. And now who's the one with the coolest plastic family around? I've never heard of a Mrs. G.I. Joe or G.I. Joe Junior. That plastic renegade is incapable of family bliss. He'd probably blow up his own baby with a plastic grenade.

BARBIE: Ken, you're so wonderful. I'm glad Mattel stuck us together. We're a match made in heaven.

KEN: A match made in China, you mean.

BARBIE: Huh?

KEN: Don't you remember? Peking? The assembly line?

BARBIE: Oh yes, I forgot. I even have it marked on my back..."Made in China."

KEN: Me, too. It's the only place to be from! Those Chinese workers created perfection.

BARBIE: What talent!

KEN: And all for fifteen cents an hour.

BARBIE: You and I created some perfection ourselves, darling.

KEN: The nurse said I could only stay a few minutes. Gosh, but I've missed you. Our neighbors have missed you too. There are piles of dishes and washing and ironing waiting for you to come home to!

BARBIE: Ken, I might not be up to all that work immediately.

KEN: Don't worry. It can wait until you're ready.

BARBIE: Couldn't you wash a few dishes or vacuum the rug...I mean, since I just had a baby.

KEN: Get real! How am I going to keep my perfect tan if I'm inside doing woman's work?

BARBIE: **(rolls eyes)** Sorry, I forgot. How rude of me.

KEN: I forgive you, darling. And don't worry about working immediately. If I have to, I'll start stacking the dirty dishes on our tiny couch. If they start to pile up or stink, I can hang out at the beach until you get around to washing them.

BARBIE: **(sarcastically)** Thanks, Ken, you're a doll.

KEN: Don't I know it! And I've been telling everybody all about our little Midge. Ya' know, you're pretty amazing. You just had a doll, and you don't have a hair out of place.

BARBIE: Never! I look good whether I'm a "Barbie Executive" or "On The Go Barbie." Look at you. I can tell you're a proud papa already.

KEN: I'm proud of my Barbie, that's for sure. **(HE mimes reaching into a shopping bag and pulling items out)** Here, I brought you some new hair! And, some Malibu pills! I can shop with the best of them.

BARBIE: You have true talent, babe.

KEN: Guess, what I bought today!?

BARBIE: I don't know.

KEN: Come on. Take a guess.

BARBIE: **(angry)** Ken, I've just delivered a doll. I'm tired and besides...

KEN: **(cutting her off)** Okay, okay. Are you ready for this!? I bought a Barbie & Ken Kamper!! We'll be able to get away and experience nature - just the three of us - you, ma, and...Say, where is my little Midge, anyway?

BARBIE: She's resting in her box...

KEN: Golly, won't it be fun when she sees Pretty Pony Palomino!

BARBIE: And more fun when she gets to clean Pretty Pony Palomino's smelly stable. Those road apples are piling up. I know you'll never clean the stalls.

KEN: Heck no. I could ruin an outfit. Besides, I don't think Mattel carries any Ken-the-Stable-Boy attire. **(looks around)** Jeepers. I hope I get to see little Midge soon. I've been handing our chocolate cigars to everyone I meet. I'm just about out of stock! Would you like a cigar, Barbie?

BARBIE: No, I think it might ruin my 'ultimate babe' image.

KEN: You're right. I wouldn't want to do that. It's cool to be out with the hottest chick ever. I hope your hips don't start getting big now that the baby is here. I'd hate to end our relationship just when we have a real family.

BARBIE: Oh, Ken. I wish you weren't so superficial. **(standing up, pointing to her head)** I have something up here too, you know.

KEN: I know. Golden blonde hair that turns every doll-eye- at the Barbie-Beach.

BARBIE: You sexist pig! I'm much more than gorgeous blonde locks of hair.

KEN: Of course, you have your tiny waist and enormous...

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