

DIBS!

By Ken Preuss

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DIBS!

A Ten Minute Comedy Duet

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SYNOPSIS: Intellectual Addie is tutoring her best friend, Becky, in the library when a cute boy catches their eye. A battle of wits, wills, and wisecracks ensues as they banter about fate and friendship, compatibility and the Cosmos, and the DO'S and DON'TS of declaring dibs.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(2 female)

ADDIE (f)A teen girl: Serious, studious, and
sarcastic. *(83 lines)*

BECKY (f)A teen girl: Flighty, flirty, and funny.
(82 lines)

SETTING: A table in a library. Present Day.

PROPERTY LIST

- Table
- 2 chairs
- Text book
- Cell phone

PRODUCTION NOTES

The dialogue should be performed at a quick pace by characters who are playfully competitive yet clearly friends. Both girls should be dressed in current styles that differ slightly to reflect their contrasting personalities. The scene may be presented on a bare stage with a table and two chairs. If desired, additional props may be added to enhance the library setting.

AT RISE: BECKY and ADDIE sit at a table in the library reading from a history textbook that sits between them. BECKY loses interest in the book and starts to look around the room casually. Something downstage center catches her attention. She smiles, eyes wide, and points forward.

BECKY: Dibs!

ADDIE: *(Looking up.)* Huh?

BECKY: Dibs. I call dibs.

ADDIE: On what?

BECKY: *(Draws ADDIE'S attention downstage center.)* The cute guy at the computer. Be right back.

BECKY starts to stand. ADDIE stops her.

ADDIE: Wait.

BECKY: What?

ADDIE: You can't call dibs on a guy when I'm not looking.

BECKY: Since when?

ADDIE: I don't know. The beginning of recorded time?

BECKY: Oh. I didn't realize you were an expert on history.

ADDIE: You *know* I'm an expert on history. That's why I'm tutoring you.

BECKY: *(Honestly.)* Right. And I appreciate it. You're the best friend and greatest tutor ever. *(A beat.)* But I still call dibs.

BECKY starts to stand. ADDIE stops her.

ADDIE: Wait.

BECKY: What?

ADDIE: Why can't I have this one? You have a billion guys interested in you. When was the last time I had a date?

BECKY: I don't know. The beginning of recorded time?

ADDIE: Ouch.

BECKY: *(Regretfully.)* Sorry. That was mean.

ADDIE: Yes. But it was also accurate. *(Laughs it off.)* It's the first history question you've gotten right all day.

BECKY: I told you that you were a great tutor.

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ADDIE: So, why not reward my hard work by giving me the chance to talk to him before you?

BECKY: Sorry. No can do. I saw him first. You had your nose in your book.

ADDIE: It's *your* book. I was tutoring you. Your nose was supposed to be in here, too.

BECKY: I'm sorry. A person can't go back on dibs once they call it.

ADDIE: Says who?

BECKY: The universe. I called dibs. It's like a verbal agreement with the Cosmos. There are certain bonds that can't be broken.

ADDIE: Like the bonds of *friendship*?

BECKY: Look, I don't make up these rules.

ADDIE: I think you kind of do.

BECKY: Come on. Everyone knows the rules. If you call "shotgun," you get the front passenger seat. If you call "not it," you're not required to be it. If you call "jinx," the other person can't speak.

ADDIE: Jinx!

BECKY: (*Deadpan.*) That's not how it works.

ADDIE: It was worth a shot. (*A friendly laugh.*) It's funny that you can memorize all of these cosmic rules, but you can't get a single date right on a history test.

BECKY: There's only one date I want to get. And it's with him. Now, if you'll excuse me.

BECKY starts to stand. ADDIE stops her.

ADDIE: Wait.

BECKY: What?

ADDIE: He's wearing glasses.

BECKY: So?

ADDIE: So, it could be a sign that he's an intellectual. He may not be your type.

BECKY: He's also wearing a baseball hat, so he could be an athlete. Definitely not *your* type.

ADDIE: (*Points.*) He's getting up! (*Her hand comes down.*) And... sitting back down.

BECKY: He looks confused.

ADDIE: Maybe he *is* your type. (*A beat.*) Hey. I have an idea. You believe in the Cosmos and everything, right?

BECKY: Yes.

ADDIE: Why don't we leave this up to fate, then?

BECKY: (*Intrigued.*) I'm listening.

ADDIE: I think it's unfair that you called dibs when I was helping you study, so I'm calling a do-over. I'll give you first shot at a re-dib, though.

BECKY: Re-dib?

ADDIE: It's a thing. Hear me out. We each call dibs on a section of the library. Whoever's section he goes to gets the first shot to talk to him. You call dibs first. Fiction or non-fiction?

BECKY: (*Ponders a second.*) Which is which?

ADDIE: (*Points down stage.*) Fiction is to the left. Non-fiction is to the right.

BECKY: I mean, which is which? Fiction and non-fiction. What's the difference?

ADDIE: Fiction is made up. Non-fiction is real. (*A beat.*) Maybe I should tutor you in *English* instead of history. Anyway, go ahead and pick one. I'm giving you first dibs.

BECKY: To be fair, I already had first dibs, but, because Karma is an equally powerful cosmic force, I am agreeing to be nice and un-dib my first dib so we can re-dib and leave it to fate.

ADDIE: Double-dibbing: The sign of true friendship.

BECKY ponders nervously. ADDIE glances at her phone.

BECKY: Ok. Fiction or non-fiction? Now, I know *you* would make this choice *logically*. You'd estimate the number of books in both sections and calculate the odds. (*Glances at ADDIE suspiciously.*)

ADDIE: (*Without looking up from the phone.*) Maybe. Although, I might just peek to see which direction he's looking before he stands up.

BECKY: Clever. (*Looks back toward the boy, points left then right, repeating the gesture as she thinks and mumbles inaudibly.*)

ADDIE: (*Peeks and laughs.*) Just pick one. Dibs is supposed to be quick and impulsive.

BECKY: So, now you're an expert on dibs, too?

ADDIE: I read the entire Wikipedia entry while you were “eeney meeny miney mo –ing.” (*Shows her the phone.*) If we were in Ireland, we’d be calling “bagsies.”

BECKY: Fine. But don’t rush me. (*She closes her eyes and raises her hands to her temples in contemplation.*) I’ll let my inner voice speak to me.

ADDIE: (*Speaks into BECKY’S ear in a high-pitched whisper.*) Do the noble thing, Becky. Let Addie have him.

BECKY: (*Eyes pop open.*) Nice try. My inner voice sounds like Christian Bale’s Batman. (*Closes her eyes again.*) Give me ten seconds. I will make the correct choice, call dibs, meet my soul mate, and live happily ever after.

ADDIE: You should probably take fiction. It’s clear you live in a fantasy world.

BECKY: (*Her eyes pop open. She points right.*) Dibs on non-fiction!

ADDIE: What?

BECKY: I call dibs on non-fiction.

ADDIE: So, Batman wants you to meet someone smarter?

BECKY: If you must know. My voice told me that if hat-boy...

ADDIE: Glasses-boy...

BECKY: If *hat-boy* goes to the non-fiction section, (*Points right.*) he would be (*Makes air quotes.*) “Mr. Right.” (*She drops her hand quotes into a ta-da gesture as if she has just said the most insightful thing in the world.*)

ADDIE: Brilliant.

BECKY: (*She brings her hands together and takes a little bow.*) Thank you.

ADDIE: Too bad he’s facing us.

BECKY: Why? He’s gorgeous.

ADDIE: Oh, I agree. It’s just that (*Points right.*) that’s *your* “right,” but it’s *his* “left.” So, if he’s (*Makes air quotes.*) “Mr. Right,” (*Points left.*) he could technically move in my direction.

BECKY: Stupid voice!

ADDIE: Maybe it was The Joker playing with your mind.

BECKY: I’m afraid to watch now.

ADDIE: Relax. You still have a 50/50 chance.

BECKY: I *knew* you were calculating the odds!

ADDIE: Look. He’s getting up.

BECKY: *(Closes her eyes, crosses her fingers, and chants quietly.)*

Fiction. Fiction. Fiction.

ADDIE: You dibbed non-fiction.

BECKY: *(Reverses her fingers so they cross the opposite way and changes her chant.)* Non. Non. Non.

ADDIE: Uh-oh.

BECKY: *(Her eyes pop open.)* What happened? Where is he?

ADDIE: At the display table in the middle.

BECKY: I've never noticed that display table.

ADDIE: Of course not. It displays *books*.

BECKY: What kind of books? What does the sign say?

ADDIE: *(Leans left and right.)* I'm trying to see. He's kind of in the way. Wait... *(Reads the sign.)* "Historical Fiction."

BECKY and ADDIE both gesture in celebration.

BOTH: Yes!

ADDIE: Why are you cheering? You just lost.

BECKY: What do you mean?

ADDIE: It's right there on the sign. "Fiction."

BECKY: *Historical* fiction. History is real. If it wasn't, I wouldn't be here studying.

ADDIE: You're not studying. You're stalking. And fate just told you to stop. *(Gives BECKY'S back a friendly pat.)* Wish me luck.

ADDIE starts to stand. BECKY stops her.

BECKY: Wait.

ADDIE: What?

BECKY: You never called dibs.

ADDIE: Excuse me?

BECKY: I called dibs on non-fiction, but you never technically called dibs on fiction.

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