

DITZIES

By Deborah Karczewski

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CAST: ROXY and TRIXY

(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.

TOGETHER: **(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!

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