

REVENGE OF THE BLONDES

by Kamron Klitgaard

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REVENGE OF THE BLONDES

A Comedy Play

by **Kamron Klitgaard**

SYNOPSIS: Four girls try to salvage their reputations by taking the blonde out of all the blonde jokes.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(4 females)

ALBINA (f) The leader. *(44 lines)*
 BLANCA (f) The dumb one. *(35 lines)*
 RUBIA (f) The dumber one. *(31 lines)*
 BLANCHE (f) The not so smart one. *(33 lines)*

TIME: Present day.

SETTING: A park.

SET: Bare stage with four folding chairs.

PROPS

- 8+ Books
- Book titled: HOW TO UNDERSTAND BLONDE JOKES - FOR DUMMIES
- Book titled: 101 POLACK JOKES
- Clothes Hanger

COSTUMES: All wear modern, fashionable attire.

DIRECTOR'S NOTES

The four actors can have any color hair as being blonde is a state of mind.

AT RISE: *ALBINA, BLANCA, and RUBIA sit in a chair. Each of them holds a book, seemingly reading silently to themselves. BLANCA is holding the book titled 101 Polack Jokes. On the fourth chair is a small stack of books. RUBIA peers over the top of her book and looks at the others. She raises her hand as if to ask a question.*

ALBINA: Not yet.

RUBIA lowers her hand and buries her face back in her book. BLANCA peers over her book and looks around. She lowers her book and looks at ALBINA.

ALBINA: In a minute!

BLANCA buries her face back in her book. ALL continue to read. RUBIA peers over the top of her book and looks at the others and raises her hand.

ALBINA: Not yet!

RUBIA: But I don't—

ALBINA: Here she is!

BLANCHE enters. ALBINA grabs the stack of books off the fourth chair.

BLANCHE: Hi, girls! Sorry I'm late; there was this gigantic sale at—

ALBINA: *(Handing BLANCHE a book.)* Take this!

BLANCHE: A book? Why? Am I in trouble?

ALBINA: *(Looking around suspiciously.)* Sit down and read. Quickly!

BLANCHE grabs a book. She sits and puts her face in the book. ALL resume reading. BLANCA peers over her book and looks around. She lowers her book and looks at ALBINA.

ALBINA: In a minute!

BLANCA buries her face back in her book. ALL continue to read. RUBIA peers over the top of her book and looks at the others and raises her hand.

ALBINA: Not yet!

RUBIA lowers her hand and buries her face back in her book. ALL continue to read. BLANCA, RUBIA, and BLANCHE peer over the top of their books and raise their hands.

ALBINA: Put your hands down! You look like idiots! Blanche, is anyone looking?

BLANCHE: (*Looking around.*) There's no one around. It's all clear.

ALBINA: (*Lowering her book.*) Finally. I guess you're all wondering why I called you here today.

RUBIA: I wasn't.

BLANCHE: Are you doing another multi-level marketing scheme?

ALBINA: No. I'll tell you: Girls, welcome to Book Club.

BLANCA: Book Club? I don't wanna be in no Book Club!

ALBINA: Don't worry. (*Whispering.*) It's a fake Book Club.

BLANCA: A fake Book Club?!

ALBINA: Shhhhh!

BLANCA: (*Whispering.*) A fake Book Club?! Well, that's a different story.

BLANCHE: (*Whispering.*) Albina, why do you want us to be in a fake Book Club?

ALBINA: (*Standing.*) That's a good question, Blanche. Two reasons: One, so that people won't be suspicious of us while we're talking, and two, so that we look smart while we're talking.

RUBIA: I don't get it.

BLANCA: What are we going to talk about?

ALBINA: I'm glad you asked. The real reason I've called you here is because there's a wrong in the world that I want you to help me right.

BLANCHE: (*Standing.*) A cause?

BLANCA: (*Standing.*) A cause!

RUBIA: (*Standing slower.*) Don't you mean BE-cause?

ALBINA: No Rubia, it's a cause. And it concerns the four of us. You see, outside of our little circle, everyone, and I mean everyone in the world, is making fun of us in the form of blonde jokes.

RUBIA: Blonde jokes?! Oh! That reminds me: No way!

ALBINA: It's true, Rubia. And these jokes are designed to make us look dumb.

BLANCHE: Are you sure? Like what kind of jokes?

ALBINA: Oh, you know, the usual: How many blondes does it take to screw in a lightbulb? Why did the blonde cross the road? How do you get a one armed blonde out of a tree? And so on, and so forth. The point being, that we are the brunt of the rest of the world's jokes.

BLANCA: I'm not. I'm not a blonde.

BLANCHE: Oh, come on, Blanca. We all know that's not your real hair color.

RUBIA: Yeah, in the last two months you've been brown, red, auburn, chestnut and green with a purple streak.

BLANCA: That was to honor Batman's birthday.

BLANCHE: Batman doesn't wear purple and green.

BLANCA: The Joker does.

RUBIA: Oh, that reminds me: What did the Joker say to the blonde after she kept going outside and looking in her mailbox every five minutes and getting mad because there wasn't anything in it?

BLANCHE: I don't know, what did the Joker say to the blonde after she kept going outside and looking in her mailbox every five minutes and getting mad because there wasn't anything in it?

RUBIA: He said, "Hey there, is something wrong?" (*Cracks up.*)

BLANCA: That's a good one.

ALBINA: You guys, this is exactly the point.

BLANCHE: No, the point is that Blanca dyes her hair more often than the Easter Bunny dyes eggs. In fact, we all do. Which means, when you look at the roots, we're all blondes.

ALBINA: Exactly, and that's why – someone's coming!

ALL frantically sit and bring their books up to hide their faces and pretend to read. RUBIA peeks over her book.

RUBIA: They're gone. The coast is clear. We can continue with the be-cause.

ALBINA: As I was saying, we're all blondes and we're being made fun of. We need to change our image!

BLANCA: By using a ladder?

ALBINA: What?

BLANCA: That's how to get a one-armed blonde out of a tree? Use a ladder?

ALBINA: No, no. You simply wave to her.

ALL try not to laugh but they bust up laughing.

RUBIA: That's a good one!

ALBINA: I know! But the point is, we're being made fun of for being stupid. But we're not stupid. Blanca, what kind of grades did you get in school?

BLANCA: I got all Ah's and one Ah minus.

BLANCHE: Blanca, there aren't any boys around.

BLANCA: Oh. Then I got all A's and one A minus.

ALBINA: See? We all got A's! We are not stupid!

RUBIA: That's true! We're not stupid. We just kinda, sometimes, a little bit, lack common sense.

ALBINA: Donkey pucks! We have just as much common sense as other-color-hair people do.

RUBIA: *(Reaching behind her neck.)* Something's scratching me. Is there a squirrel on me?

BLANCHE reaches into the back of the neck of RUBIA'S shirt and pulls out a clothes hanger.

BLANCHE: She might be right about the common sense thing.

ALBINA: It doesn't matter. The point is that you can't put us all into one stereotypical group. The four of us are all separate and unique individuals.

RUBIA: I'm not. I'm just like you guys.

BLANCHE: That's true. The three of us are completely unique, but Rubia's not, because she's just like us.

BLANCA: Oh, my freakin' heck! Look at this book I'm pretending to read! 101 Polack Jokes!

RUBIA: Polack jokes? What are those?

BLANCHE: Anecdotes or witticisms intended to cause laughter or amusement.

RUBIA: I know what a joke is! Polack! What's a Polack?

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