

A TEMPORARY HAVEN

A Ten-Minute Dramatic Duet

by
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CAST: DORIS and ROXANNE

DORIS: I found your note. (*reading dryly*) Come over. Exclamation point, exclamation point, exclamation point.

ROXANNE: Where have you been?

DORIS: Look at this mess!

ROXANNE: Don't start on me, Doris!

DORIS: It's not so hard to pick up after yourself. If you'd put your dirty clothes in the hamper instead of dropping them on the floor, you wouldn't have to walk over them. And Roxanne, honey, you never know who might stop by.

ROXANNE: Yes I do! It's either you or Henry Sikes, the manager of this stupid trailer park! Oh, my feet are dead!

DORIS: Hard day at the cafeteria?

ROXANNE: Why do you always ask me that same question? (*mimics*) "Hard day at the cafeteria?" My feet are dead! Look at them, Doris! They're swollen!

DORIS: They stink.

ROXANNE: Well, you stink! What do you expect? I'm crunched up in these tiny cheapo shoes all day! I tell ya', I'm sick to death of serving little bowls of mashed potatoes and peas to people who can't make up their mind! Sometimes I'd like to get a spoonful of that creamy white glob and plop it in their faces!

DORIS: I'm sorry you had a hard day at the cafeteria.

ROXANNE: Then when I want to talk to you, you're not home. This has been a terrible day!

DORIS: I've had a happy day.

ROXANNE: Well, that's all about to change. Especially when you hear what I have to say. Let's see, where do I start?

DORIS: It can't be that bad.

ROXANNE: Doris, it is *that* bad. Why do you think I left a note on your door this afternoon?

DORIS: Oh yes. Exclamation point, exclamation point, exclamation point.

ROXANNE: You never told me where you were.

DORIS: I was at the grocery store.

ROXANNE: And *who* drove you to the store?

DORIS: Fran Romero.

ROXANNE: Doris, where are your brains? Why didn't you call me at work? I would've taken you to the store when I got home!

DORIS: I didn't want to bother you.

ROXANNE: WHY NOT? YOU DO IT ALL THE TIME!

DORIS: Fran made a special trip out just to see if I needed a ride to town. What was I supposed to say?

ROXANNE: NO! Fran Romero drives like a crazy person! Eighty miles an hour to town! Her hands shake! Her head shakes! Her glasses are two inches thick!

DORIS: Roxanne, you know I can't drive. You're not always around. And taxis cost too much money. Fran Romero, she's a free ride.

ROXANNE: She's going to give you a free ride to the grave! Doris, you should learn to drive!

DORIS: It's too late for that.

ROXANNE: Why? Are you scared you'll drive like all those other old folks? Ten miles an hour with your blinker on because you forgot to turn it off and you can't hear it clicking and you can't see it flashing? Cars behind you honking and screaming, "Get outta' my way! Get outta' my way!"

DORIS: Oh Roxanne...Oh! I saw the neatest thing today!

ROXANNE: What?

DORIS: A baby rabbit hopped into my yard.

ROXANNE: Thrill. Well, I heard the worst thing today. It's what I've been trying to tell you! You know, exclamation point, exclamation point, exclamation point!

DORIS: Oh, what is it?

ROXANNE: I wish I wasn't the one to tell you, but Henry Sikes caught me coming home from work and dumped the dirty work on me.

DORIS: Tell me.

ROXANNE: Maybe I should be happy to tell you. Yes, I should be thrilled! It will be a burden lifted from my shoulders!

DORIS: Roxanne, what is it?

ROXANNE: Doris, you have to find a place to live.

DORIS: But I have a place to live.

ROXANNE: Doris, an abandoned bus is not a home!

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