

OFFICER DRAG

A Ten-Minute Comedy Duet

by
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**In most competitions, no costumes are allowed and only chairs may be used as props. If this is the case, OFFICER DRAG must mime being a guy uncomfortably dressed as a woman. This can easily be pulled off and in many ways will make the piece even funnier. However, in any stage performance, the costumes mentioned below should be worn.*

CAST: DRAG and MELANIE

AT RISE: OFFICER DRAG, posing as a potential mugging victim, enters. If costumes are used, HE is tight-girdled and big-busted, dressed in a wig, skirt, blouse, sweater, heavyweight pantyhose, and precarious high heels. HE unknowingly has a fast-returning five o'clock shadow.

DRAG: **(Adjusts his bra irritably)** This thing is killing me! I don't know how women stand brassieres and high heels. **(Speaking in a high-pitched voice, HE talks into a radio microphone clipped to his bra strap)** One-Robert-Niner, One-Robert-Niner. **(thinking clearly now, HE pauses, then speaks in a normal voice)** I'm sorry, One-Niner. I've been talking that way all night. I forget myself sometimes. Look, I've been up and down this park about forty times. No sign of any muggers.

MELANIE: **(MELANIE'S character should be facing away from the audience. Her character is the voice on DRAG'S radio, and lines should be spoken in a fairly deep and slightly muffled voice.)** Don't stop looking. They're out there. Always a pervert or two on Saturday night, trying to approach an innocent woman.

DRAG: I feel like a pervert in these clothes.

MELANIE: Keep your head on straight. You're just an officer doing his job. It's all in the line of duty.

DRAG: I hate this skirt, my blouse is itchy, and my boobs won't stay even.

MELANIE: Look at it this way. You're helping to keep the streets safe for women in our fair city.

DRAG: I'd rather be on regular patrol. I'm too embarrassed to even step into a doughnut shop.

MELANIE: You're a little too pudgy as it is. With all those heavy female clothes and that wig, you'll probably sweat off ten or fifteen pounds.

DRAG: Yeah, yeah! I've gotta go. This job is gonna kill me. I'm gonna go ten-eight for a burger, ten-four. One-Robert-Niner out. **(HE detaches the microphone and puts it into his purse, then collapses onto a bench, resting and rubbing his aching feet)** Geez, I knew I shoulda' gone with th' chunk-heel pumps.

MELANIE: **(Liberated and hose-less, MELANIE turns and enters, wearing a free-flowing dress and sandals, either reading or pretending to read a book. MELANIE sits on the bench. SHE may have an Irish or Southern accent, or none at all.)** Oh goodness! Wouldn't ya' know it? I started reading this book. I figure I finally found a gutsy female characterization; ya' know, something I can really relate to – strong, self-determined, confident, talented. An' now on page two-hundred-and-fifty-four, she's suddenly given up her dreams for running her own business an' instead, she gets happily married an' starts raising a million kids! Geez! Tick me off, er what! **(to DRAG)** Don't you find that a problem?

DRAG: **(Normal voice)** Well I...**(HE coughs into a falsetto voice which HE uses throughout)**...Well, I...

MELANIE: I mean, when was th' last time you really felt akin to a meaty, inspirational novel?

DRAG: Uh, Catcher in the Rye?

MELANIE: Like somethin' that really strengthened your belief in womanhood. Everything from liberation to lactation!

DRAG: Oh, Catcher in the Rye, definitely.

MELANIE: Oh, I'm sorry to rage on like this, but it really gets me goin', ya' know? I mean, I'm not sayin' I've fully harnessed my feminine power...not by a longshot. Goodness knows, I can still get goose pimples in all th' right places! D' ya' know what I'm sayin'?

DRAG: **(Thinks MELANIE is attractive. HE stares at MELANIE, then remembers and tries not to look at her too much)** I...I can emphasize...I meant, sympathize!

MELANIE: But look at you! It must be like pushin' ninety degrees in th' shade, an' yer sittin' there all swaddled up in years of male domination!

DRAG: Oh, I think that's kind of encouraging, in my case...

MELANIE: Oh, sister! You weren't born in pantyhose! Get rid of 'em!

DRAG: No, that wouldn't be advisable, I don't think.

MELANIE: But you don't need them!

DRAG: Oh, but yes I do! Uh, ya' see, I have this *hair* problem...

MELANIE: Oh, sister, it's *not* a problem! It's *you*, isn't it?!? You *are* what you *grow*! Peel off those nylons and let your hairy legs flap in the breeze! An' those shoes! C'mon, girl! Don't ya' know heels like that can ruin you're feet forever? You should be in Birkenstocks!

DRAG: Oh, uh, yes! Of course, what a good idea! You're absolutely right! I'm gonna go right now like you suggest and buy some burgundy socks. **(DRAG stands to leave. MELANIE stands as well.)**

MELANIE: Not *burgundy socks*! Birkenstocks! **(HE looks puzzled and SHE lifts up her feet to show him)**

DRAG: Oh, right – sandals. Thanks for th' tip. Now if you'll just excuse me...**(DRAG starts to get up, but MELANIE grabs hold of his skirt and stops him)**

MELANIE: **(Screams)** Ahhhh!!

DRAG: **(HE reels and forgets to use his falsetto)** What!! What's wrong!?! Is it the mugger!??

MELANIE: Uh-uh, sugar. Muggers are bad, but it's your *polyester* that scares me th' most! **(DRAG falls back onto the bench)** Honey, what you need t' do is get yerself a natural-fiber wardrobe. You know, something that'll let your body breathe...one hundred percent cotton is best!

DRAG: **(Falsetto voice)** Oh, I think I'm breathing just fine in this, thank you.

MELANIE: Believe me, it'll be the twenty-fifth century before *that* skirt *bio-degrades*, never mind *breathes*!

DRAG: **(HE wipes his brow)** Whew! Is it hot out here or is it just me?

MELANIE: What about facial hair?

DRAG: Pardon me?

MELANIE: You have an *abundance of facial hair*. You're not ashamed to show that to the world?

DRAG: **(HE discovers his re-appearing mustache)** Oh, this! No, no. Ya' see, uh, it's a *hair-lip*! Runs in th' family!

MELANIE: But ya' don't try t' hide *that*! Be proud of th' woman inside you!! Let her out!!

DRAG: Oh, no! I think I better keep her in!

MELANIE: I'll bet you've got dishpan hands, too, don't ya'? **(SHE grabs his hand)** Whoa, sister, these are downright *furry*! Maybe I misjudged you.

DRAG: **(Pulling his hand away)** Uh, it's genetic. Most of the men in my family are named Harry, so naturally...

MELANIE: Ah-hah! So you're the only girl in the family! A lone little sparrow off on a branch...

DRAG: ...Well, I'm pretty far out on a limb right now...

MELANIE: Surrounded by overbearing men in the nest...

DRAG: ...Well, yes, I gotta' admit there's a lot of big guys back at the house¹...

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