

# ✦ Candy and Shelley Go To The Desert

.....PAULA CIZMAR

CHARACTERS: CANDY (20's), SHELLEY (20's)

SETTING: *The desert in Nevada.*

CANDY and SHELLEY, childhood friends, are making a journey through the desert just for the fun of it. Their car becomes overheated and breaks down. They get out and wait in the clay soil and lifeless-rock landscape of "nowhere".

CANDY (*Overlapping*): Oh I can get such a good tan out here. Even. All over. Sun just everywhere, just reflecting off everything. No shadows. Mmmm, this is nice.

SHELLEY (*Sneezes; overlapping*): Listen to me. I'm allergic. There's no pollution. None of the bacteria I'm used to. I could die out here. You know, when the early explorers visited native tribes in the Americas, the Indians started keeling over left and right from foreign flu bugs.

CANDY: Mm-hmm. You better take off your sandals or you'll have tan lines on your toes.

SHELLEY: You can't survive without your own bacteria. You can't take a fish out of water.

CANDY: Water. What a good idea. Maybe there's an oasis out there.

SHELLEY: No, there would have to be coconut trees. Gee, a macaroon would be good. I'm starved.

CANDY: If you would have let me buy that ice chest at the K-Mart in Ohio you could eat right now.

SHELLEY: Macaroons don't need an ice chest. Oooh, a cinnamon roll with raisins. Hot from the oven. A steak. Blood red.

CANDY: You're a vegetarian.

SHELLEY: A steak. And nachos. A pepperoncini salad. Onion soup with melted cheese. Fried eggs. A hot pastrami sandwich with sauerkraut. And lasagna. That's what I want. Scratch that. Scratch all of that. Watermelon. Yeah.

(SHELLEY *sighs, then sneezes*. CANDY *holds her arms and legs at weird angles to catch the rays*)

CANDY: Mm. I know what I want. Yeah. I want hot sex. Hot hot sex.

SHELLEY: In this heat?

CANDY: Hot desert sands, a hot desert breeze, vapors, and a hot hot hot young man.

SHELLEY (*Sneezing*): Got any cough syrup?

CANDY: A biker, maybe.

SHELLEY: Even a Kleenex?

CANDY: Biker, mmmm, yeah.

SHELLEY: I need medicine. (*She starts checking pockets, purse, knapsack, for something to take. As she searches, she discovers another mini-corpse*) No! No! Here's another one! It's a lizard graveyard. What are they doing? What are they doing?

CANDY: One hot hot biker.

SHELLEY: You know, probably if we got in the car and took off, I'd feel a lot better.

CANDY: Or a lot of them. Hubba hubba.

SHELLEY (*Sneezing; starts packing up their things*): Well, now that you've had a little rest from driving, we should get going.

CANDY: Yeah. He'd pull up on his hot hot machine. Or they would.

SHELLEY: I promise to follow the map better this time — we'll just drive uptown until we hit I-80, then turn right. That's east, got it? Uh, like taking the FDR up to the 59th Street Bridge. See?

CANDY: Ooooh. Bikers like those guys with the shrunken heads on their helmets that we saw at that last Foster's Freeze. Oooooo-eee Vrrummm, rrummm. Rummmmm. (*She sits up, grasps "handlebars" and "kicks the bike into gear" — as if she were really on a chopper*)

SHELLEY: Uh, Candy, catch my drift there? Like, we'll go home.

CANDY: You wanted to see the Pacific Ocean. Rrrummmmm, RRRRummm.

SHELLEY: I'm sure it looks just like the Atlantic. Just the same except it's on the wrong side when you look at it.

CANDY: Never saw a biker eat a vanilla cone with sprinkles before.

SHELLEY: Candy. Look. It's about time we admitted that this so-called get-away-from-it-all experience is not working out.

CANDY: All those sprinkles, he kind of closed his eyes and . . . oh.

SHELLEY: Maybe the Bahamas this fall — a nice condo on the water, I think.

CANDY: Mmm. And then that one teeny drip of icy . . . white . . . frozen . . . custard . . . cream, just one drip on his chest, kind of melting down over his —

SHELLEY: Candy, let's go.

CANDY: Mmm. He had a real good tan and a lot of terrific blonde

hair on his chest, did you notice that?

SHELLEY: Yeah, but he was peeling. Let's go. We've gotta get somewhere civilized before dark.

CANDY: I'd lick it off.

SHELLEY (*Sneezing*): I'm sick.

CANDY: Come on, think of it. A steamy biker boy. Spikes on his cap. Thighs all swathed in leather.

SHELLEY: In this heat?

CANDY: Relax. They've got us where they want us. We're at their mercy now. They're just waiting till we get a little weaker, then they'll swoop in for the kill. (*Beat*) Hear their bikes. Rrrummm, rrrummm.

SHELLEY: Please. We've had enough. I'll be good I swear it. I'm sorry I made you stop at that Union 76 trucker place in Iowa. I know you didn't want to.

CANDY: Oooh. I am ready for you, Mr. Desert Man.

SHELLEY (*Trying to drag CANDY to the car*): You've got to take me home now.

CANDY (*Singing the Little Eva song*): Chains! My baby's got me locked up in chains . . . and it ain't the kind . . . that you can see

. . .

SHELLEY: So . . . here's the plan. I'll go to the car. I'll get in and sit down and you'll come over there in a second or two and we'll drive off. Simple. I'm sorry you have to drive all the way. I'll . . . I'll pay for all the motels going back. Okay? Look, it's just that I never learned to drive stick shift, that's all. Hey . . . we'll drive along and I'll really learn this time. You work the pedals, and I'll shift. Right?

(*CANDY continues humming the song, while deliberately and sensuously basking in the sun*)

Candy. Listen to me. This is the kind of place where lunatics bury hundreds of sunburned tourists in the sand after they chop them into little pieces and set fire to their baby oil. People carry axes out here.

CANDY: Mmmmm, motor boy.

SHELLEY: Candy, cut it out. Now look —

CANDY: Ohh ohh take me.

SHELLEY: Candy —

(*CANDY continues humming, then stops abruptly. There are sounds of bikers off in the distance*)

Oh God.

CANDY: Wow.

SHELLEY: Snap out of it. This is serious now.

CANDY: Wow I didn't really think they would really —

SHELLEY: We've gotta get out of here.

*(The sounds of the motorcycles grow louder and louder)*

CANDY: Wow. Dozens of little specks, all heading this way.

SHELLEY: Oh no.

CANDY: Gee. And there's more behind them.

SHELLEY: Candy!

CANDY: Wow. Like an ant farm.

*(SHELLEY's anxiety is escalating — in fact, she's in a full-scale panic)*

Source: Dramatists Play Service, Inc.