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VROOOMMM!

A NASComedy

by

Janet Allard

Conceived and developed with

Michael Bigelow Dixon



**SAMUEL
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VROOOMMM! was commissioned with support from the Commonwealth Theatre Company's new play development program, Lanesboro, Minnesota. The play was also commissioned by Signature Theatre, Arlington, Virginia. It received developmental workshops at Commonweal Theatre Company, TheatreWorks in Palo Alto as part of their New Works Festival, 2005, The Playwrights' Center Playlabs Festival, and The Kennedy Center's Page-2-Stage Festival with Signature Theatre. ***VROOOMMM!*** received its first University production with the Carlton Players at Carleton College in 2005, directed by Liz Engelman.

VROOOMMM! was produced off Broadway as part of Arielle Tepper's Summer Play Festival in July 2007. The production was directed by David Lee; the set design was by Timothy Mackabee, the lighting design was by Dan Meeker, the costume design was by Caitlin Hunt, the sound design was by Sean Mahoney, the production stage manager was Naomi Anhorn, and the line producers were Caitlyn Thomson and Elin Eggerts-dottir. The cast was as follows:

CHIP (also: **RANDY, JOANY**) Sarah Agnew
SLY (also: **RICHARD, CHICKEN 2, MITCHIE, WENDY**) . . Greer Goodman
HOTSHOT (also: **CHICKEN 1, MAN IN THE HAT, CASSIE,**
NURSE) Meg Brogan
LEGS (also: **FLOSSIE, FLIP, FLASH**) Devon Berkshire
ROCKY (also: **WAITRESS, INSPECTOR**) Laura Jordan
RICHARD PETTY (also **NAKED FAN, SHADOWY FIGURE,**
GRANDMA) Denise Lute

CHARACTERS

HOLLY “LEGS” NELSON: The only “woman” on the circuit. She’s sexy, claims her femininity. #8 L’EGGS PANTYHOSE CHEVY.

KENNETH “ROCKY” KANE: The old pro. #47 COLONEL CLUCKER’S PONTIAC.

KENNY “HOTSHOT” KANE 3RD: Last season’s Rookie of the Year. Rocky’s son. He’s the guy to beat. #7 BIG RED GUM FORD.

CHIP “CHIP” CHOWALSKY: 30’s. A driver with some really bad luck. #13 LUCKY CHARMS DODGE.

CHARLIE “SLY” FOX: A mysterious “man” in mirrored sunglasses and flashy clothes. #24 VICTORIA’S SECRET DODGE.

FLIP: A race fan. Dad.

JOANY: A race fan. Mom.

CASSIE: A race fan. Their teenage daughter.

MITCHIE: Their teenage son. Not a race fan.

GRANDMA: Asleep at the track.

A NAKED FAN: A genuine dedicated all-American NASCAR fan.

THE INSPECTOR: The official NASCAR inspector. A cross between Doctor Ruth and Peter Lorre.

THE MAN IN THE HAT: A good ’ol boy. He owns NASCAR.

CHICKEN #1: The Official Mascot of Colonel Clucker’s Chicken. A sponsor.

THE NURSE: The official Nurse of NASCAR.

CHICKEN #2: Same suit, different person.

FLOSSIE: Rocky’s dead wife.

THE WAITRESS: Just a waitress.

RANDY “STONEWALL” JACKSON: An Announcer. From the South. Very Good Ol’ Boy.

RICHARD HARDEN: An Announcer. From the North. Very Ivy League.

RICHARD PETTY: The king of racing.

SETTING

On the NASCAR racing circuit.

TIME

Now.

CASTING

(all characters played by women)

Actor # 1: **CHIP, RANDY, JOANY.**

Actor # 2: **LEGS, FLOSSIE, FLIP, FLASH**

Actor # 3: **SLY, RICHARD, CHICKEN 2, MITCHIE, WENDY**

Actor # 4: **ROCKY, WAITRESS, INSPECTOR**

Actor # 5: **HOTSHOT, CHICKEN 1, MAN IN THE HAT, CASSIE, NURSE**

Actor # 6: **RICHARD PETTY, NAKED FAN, SHADOWY FIGURE, GRANDMA**

	Actor #1	Actor #2	Actor #3	Actor #4	Actor #5	Actor#6
Drivers:	CHIP	LEGS	SLY	ROCKY	HOTSHOT	
Announcers:	RANDY		RICHARD			
Other:	FLOSSIE	CHICKEN 2	WAITRESS	CHICKEN 1		RICHARD PETTY
					NURSE	NAKED FAN SHADOWY FIGURE
Inspection:			INSPECTOR	MAN IN		
Fan Family:	JOANY	FLIP	MITCHIE	THE HAT	CASSIE	GRANDMA
Drivers in Disguise:		FLASH	WENDY			

NOTE: The casting of Richard and Randy depends on how they will be presented. This script is written for Richard to be played Actor #3, and Randy to be played by Actor #1 (Randy). For the Playlabs workshop, however, all of the actors played Randy and Richard (switching off for different scenes). Or, Richard and Randy can appear on video, audio or can be done with cardboard cutouts, action figures or faces on Pop-sicle sticks – or any other theatrical convention which allows the actors to switch in and out of these characters instantaneously.

NOTE #2: The program for this production should list Actor #6 only as “Grandma,” or “Special Guest Star.” Richard Petty and the Naked Fan should be a surprise for the audience.

THE DESIGN

For the off-off Broadway production, a bare stage and several set elements were used to create the many different locations of the NASCAR world.

The races were choreographed in rolling chairs color-coordinated to match the suits of the racers. Sound and lighting effects helped create the world of the race.

For the Karaoke Bar, checkerboard-topped tables on casters rolled in, the rolling “racing chairs” became seats at the bar tables, the announcer’s booth on wheels spun around to become the bar and a microphone and some mood lighting completed the Karaoke Bar atmosphere.

The Garage was created by pushing together several chairs to create the idea of a race-car. The bar on wheels became part of the Garage architecture. The locker room consisted of a bench and some lockers on wheels.

A bench placed downstage became the race-way stands for the fan scene and also the scene with Rocky and Flash.

The actors remained in their racing-suits throughout the entire show and costume pieces were added over or under the race-suits for character changes. Hats, sunglasses, wigs, etc. were effective ways of defining a new character while allowing for a quick transformation.

Part of the joy of this play for the audience is watching the 5 actresses transform from one character to another – watching the space morph from race-track to Karaoke Bar in the blink of an eye. These transitions were exposed, rather than hidden from the audience.

THE MUSIC

Rights to produce this play do not include rights to use the music referred to in the play.

The lyrics in the play are original and may either be sung to Karaoke tracks of existing songs if rights are obtained, or you may choose to compose your own original Karaoke music.

SCENE ONE: Welcome Race Fans

*(A sound montage. In the dark, over the loudspeakers we hear the deafening sound of stock car engines starting up. A snippet of the American Anthem, F-16 fighter jets fly overhead. A voice [maybe the President, maybe Richard Petty] says: Gentlemen, start your engines." The lights rise on the 5 **RACERS** decked out in racing suits. They stand in front of colorful rolling chairs – their "stock cars," facing the audience. The following lines are divided amongst the cast.)*

RACERS.

Welcome, Race Fans!

This is Daytona Baby!

The monster track that snacks on Pontiacs

120 laps to go –

Calamity in turn four.

Chaos in turn two

*(The **RACERS** slide into their stock-car chairs.)*

100

90

80

70

50 laps to go!

*(The **RACERS** in line, weave high and low on the track.)*

four tires

two tires

two tires

four tires, just gas

just gas

goin' into pit road
 coming out of pit road
 4th
 5th
 6th
 7th caution of the day!
 tight
 loose
 loose
 tight
 yellow flag
 green flag
 yellow flag
 green flag
 yellow
 green
 yellow
 green, green green green!

(They all turn, putting the petal to the floorboard, leaning back in the driver's seat:)

10

9

8

7

6

5 Laps to go!

(The sound of stock car engines. ACTOR #1 and ACTOR #3 peel off US to change to RICHARD and RANDY while ROCKY, HOTSHOT, and LEGS race in line, facing audience.)

HOTSHOT, ROCKY & LEGS. Wooooooweee!!

ROCKY. Come on, Son! Just try to catch your old man! I may be old but I'm not slow.

HOTSHOT. I'm on your tail old man!

ROCKY. Woowee!

(All RACERS turn up stage as ACTOR #1 and ACTOR #3 appear in the announcer's booth as RICHARD and RANDY on the air.)

RICHARD. 5 Laps to go! Randy, this has been a monumentally exciting race at the Daytona Crunch-n-Munch 500.

RANDY. A Knucklebiter from start to finish!

RICHARD. And it is not over –

RANDY. Till the fat lady sings.

RICHARD. Until the checkered flag is waved. Florida doesn't get any hotter than this.

RANDY. Actually, Rich, it does. When I was drivin' this track in the Spit-n-Chew Tobacco 500 in '89 it was so hot in that driver's seat my butt blistered up –

RICHARD. You're a real trooper, Randy.

RANDY. Let me tell you Richey, we didn't have newfangled cooling hoses back then, we had to suck on an ice cube to get us through –

RICHARD

And #36 loses control
#36 into the wall
4 is on top of 36, 18 is
in it
29, 18, 34, 38, 32 all
in it
Here comes the caution
flag
And the caution's out,
caution's out

RANDY.

WHOA BABY!
Here it comes, here it
comes!
Holy Moley Toledo
I can't believe my eyes
Jiminy Christmas what
a doozy
Caution flag. Caution
flag.

(They emerge from behind the booth, coming downstage to take a look at the catastrophe.)

RANDY. I told him not to bring his dog into the pit with him. I don't know what he's gonna do for hunting. Dog parts everywhere. It reminds me of my dog, Richey – Little Cupcake –

RICHARD. We'd like to take this brief opportunity to thank our sponsors.

RANDY. Special Thanks to BooHoo's Butt Paste, Udder Balm Teat Grease, Bubba's Double Bubble Yum Gum, Pampers for Grampers, Papa's Popular Pork Rinds and Colonel Cluckers Chicken, it's "Slap your Mama" Good.

RICHARD. Not to forget, Mrs. Moody's Moonshine Moon Pies.

RANDY. They're Mmm good. In case you haven't noticed, this is Randy "Stonewall" Jackson on the Right-

RICHARD. And Richard Harden –

RANDY. Hard on?

RICHARD. Harden. On the Left.

RANDY. Welcome to RACING, Dick!

RICHARD. Actually, I prefer Richard, Randy, I'm –

RANDY. You look like a poodle dressed up for a parade, Dickey. You better get you some new racing duds, Bubba!

RICHARD. I believe that's the green flag, Randy –

RANDY. Well, Slap my Mama! Green Green Green, Boogidy Boogidy Boogidy! Get it on Boys!

(RACERS all turn to SR.)

RICHARD. And woman. There's a woman.

(RACERS turn to face DS.)

RANDY. A woman?

(RACERS turn to SL.)

RICHARD & RANDY. Where'd she come from?

(Loud engine sounds. Race cars roaring – as the RACERS face the audience. Driving. Hectic. End of a race.)

LEGS. Hi Boys.

ALL. Where'd she come from?

LEGS. I got the horsepower today, fellas!

ROCKY. Get back in it!

(RACERS slide into a line facing SL.)

HOTSHOT. Get off my tail, Lady.

LEGS. I got a bumper and I'm not afraid to use it.

SLY. I'm too loose.

HOTSHOT. I'm tight in the turns.

CHIP. I'm Juuuuuuust right!

ROCKY. Win or die tryin'.

SLY. Easy does it.

ROCKY. First or fighting!

CHIP. Today's my day!!! Praise Elvis!

(LOUD SOUND)

What was that?

ROCKY. Whoa! Something's not right. Stay with me, Flossie!

CHIP. Where are my tires!? They come right off it! Did ya tighten my nuts, boys?

(CHIP spirals out of control. The actor playing CHIP transitions to RANDY.)

ROCKY. I'm not outta gas! Am I boys? Shit, I'm outta gas.

(ROCKY puttters out.)

HOTSHOT. Show me what you got, girl.

LEGS. I'm going high.

SLY. Go high, go high.

LEGS. I got him.

SLY. We got him.

LEGS. Slingshot!

(LEGS and SLY slingshot past HOTSHOT.)

SLY. Weeeeeeeeeooooooooooooo!

(SLY spins out to transition into RICHARD.)

LEGS. Wooooooooooooooooooooo!

HOTSHOT. Will you look at that.

(Lights down on the RACERS and up on RICHARD and RANDY in the announcer's booth.)

RANDY. What the holey heck?

RICHARD. And Holly “Legs” Nelson –

RANDY. She’s stealing it away from you boys!

RICHARD. Crosses the line to –

RANDY. Steal the checkers right out from under ’um!

RICHARD. To win her first race ever here –

RANDY. Where in the wonderful world, Richey, did she
come out of? You got to ask yourself –

RICHARD. Making racing history here at Daytona –

RANDY. They didn’t have Legs Pantyhose cars in my day –

RICHARD. As she heads to Victory Lane.

*(The sound of cheering as we transition to the locker
room.)*

SCENE TWO: Sore Losers

(Lockers and a bench. And Beer. After a race. The four RACERS stand, totally dismayed. They discuss.)

ROCKY. Sure is amazing, Hotshot, a woman like that, beating you.

(pause)

SLY. Sure is.

ROCKY. Sure is incredible.

CHIP. Sure is miraculous.

HOTSHOT. Come on Chip.

CHIP. She sure got good fuel mileage.

ROCKY. INCREDIBLE fuel mileage.

SLY. MIRACULOUS fuel mileage.

HOTSHOT. Oh, come on.

SLY. I bet you a million dollars she's not running legal.

HOTSHOT. Get outta here, Sly.

SLY. Word gets around.

CHIP. Word does.

ROCKY. Heard her mechanics braggin' in the bar.

CHIP. What's the scuttlebutt?

ROCKY. I hear she's got soft tires.

SLY. She soaks her tires with that tire softening soaker.

ROCKY. I hear she dropped a load of buckshot on the track, made her car 300 lbs. lighter.

HOTSHOT. Nah.

SLY. Heard her helmet was made outta lead.

CHIP. Yep. She passed it out the window on the 1st stop.

SLY. Made her car 50 lbs. lighter.

HOTSHOT. So she got some good gas mileage –

SLY. INCREDIBLE gas mileage.

ROCKY. MIRACULOUS gas mileage.

SLY. I hear she's got an extra fuel tank hidden up in there somewhere.

ROCKY. I hear they found fuel additive in her catch man's catch can.

CHIP. Truth is they caught her with a screwy rear fascia.

HOTSHOT. Nah, she replaced the offensive rear fascia.

CHIP. But she replaced the one she replaced with another screwy rear fascia.

ALL. (*but HOTSHOT*) OH.

HOTSHOT. Huh.

SLY. Just like a woman. To cheat.

CHIP. I would never cheat.

ROCKY. Me neither.

HOTSHOT. That's right, Daddy.

ROCKY. No cheatin'.

ALL. (*but HOTSHOT*) No way.

ROCKY. Wouldn't be fair to you boys.

SLY. Don't need to cheat when you win anyway.

(*pause*)

HOTSHOT. I hear you've got an illegal restrictor plate, Sly.

SLY. Rocky, I hear you rig your bumper to fall off.

ROCKY. I hear you've got a wedge in there, Chip, that comes out and drops your car 4 inches.

CHIP. I hear you've got an oversized engine, Hotshot.

HOTSHOT. The point is, the rulebook is like the Bible, boys –

ALL. Open to interpretation.

ROCKY. It's one thing to find the "grey areas" of the rule book.

SLY. It's one thing to push the envelope.

ROCKY. It's one thing to seek the "competitive advantage."

CHIP. To fudge an inch here or a ½ inch there.

ALL. (*but HOTSHOT*) IT'S ANOTHER THING TO CHEAT.

SLY. Can't let her get away with that.

ROCKY. They should take away her win.

CHIP. Send her to the room of doom.

ALL. Hang her out to dry.

*(All but **ROCKY** and **HOTSHOT** exit. **ROCKY** looks at his son.)*

ROCKY. Sure is amazing, Son. A woman like that, beating you.

HOTSHOT. Huh.

*(Lights out on the locker room as we transition to **RICH-ARD** and **RANDY** mid-broadcast.)*

SCENE THREE: Is That a Sport?

(RICHARD and RANDY on the air.)

RICHARD. And that's the #7 Big Red Gum Ford avoiding the accident.

RANDY. Skating through that rats nest free and clear, Bubba!

RICHARD. Well driven!

RANDY. Well driven?

RICHARD. That is a marvelous example of automotive execution there by Kenny Hotshot Kane the 3rd, here at the Darlington double-wide double-dipped, Duncan Doughnuts, mmmm delectable Superspeedway.

RANDY. This track'll eat your ass.

RICHARD. Colorful image, Randy.

RANDY. Pull my finger.

RICHARD. What?

RANDY. Tell the folks where you're from, Dickey.

RICHARD. Originally I hail from New England where I –

RANDY. Didn't you just cover the ladies swimsuit competition at Well-Lezzy?

RICHARD. Actually, it was the Women's Water Ballet at Wellesley.

RANDY. Is that a sport?

RICHARD. And we're just about ready to proceed here.

RANDY. GREEN GREEN GREEN! Boogidy boogidy boogidy!

RICHARD. There they go.

RANDY. And here they come – Hotshot Big Red Gum leading the pack –

RICHARD. With L'eggs Pantyhose creeping up! –

RANDY. And Kenny Hotshot Kane pulling away with just a lap to go!

Last year's Rookie of the year, back on track!
Woooooowwwweeeeee –

(LOUD ENGINE SOUNDS. REALLY LOUD. DEAF-ENING.)

SCENE FOUR: Hide and Seek

(Outside the garage. A trash can on stage. HOTSHOT enters. Looks around. Acting suspicious. Approaches the trash can. ROCKY enters behind him.)

ROCKY. How's inspection goin', son?

HOTSHOT. Just about done.

ROCKY. What're you doing out here?

HOTSHOT. Stepped out for a smoke.

ROCKY. Can I bum one?

HOTSHOT. Must've left um inside. I'll go get um.

ROCKY. They find anything unusual?

HOTSHOT. Nothing illegal.

ROCKY. Good for you. Celebrate at the bar?

HOTSHOT. In a minute, Daddy. I'll meetcha.

(ROCKY exits.)

(HOTSHOT drops a metal object into the trash can. Exits.)

(CHIP slinks in, reaches into the trash can. SLY comes in behind him.)

SLY. Hey Chip, whatcha doin' in the trash?

CHIP. Looking –

Looking for my –

Hotdog.

(CHIP pulls hotdog out of trash can.)

Dropped it.

Found it.

Mmmmm.

SLY. You gonna eat that?

CHIP. Last bite's the best bite. Want it? You want it, don't ya?

SLY. Nah, you go ahead.

CHIP. Mmmmmm.

(choke)

SLY. You better get a drink. Wash that down.

(CHIP gives SLY the thumbs up, exits, choking. SLY goes to trash can, looks in. Holds up a piece of metal, examines it. LEGS enters.)

LEGS. Oh, good.

SLY. Oh, Legs!

LEGS. You found it. Thanks. I've been looking for that.

SLY. What is it?

LEGS. Oh Sly, I think you know what that is.

Give it here.

SLY. You don't expect me to give this up for nothing, do you?

LEGS. You wouldn't hold out on a girl.

SLY. Finders keepers.

LEGS. Name your price.

(HOTSHOT enters.)

HOTSHOT. What are you doing with that?

SLY. It's mine.

HOTSHOT. It's yours? It's illegal.

SLY. It's hers.

LEGS. No it's not.

HOTSHOT. Give it to me, I'll get rid of it.

LEGS. Give it to me, I don't trust him.

SLY. What is it?

HOTSHOT. *(to LEGS)* What is it?

LEGS. What does it look like?

SLY. A slinky?

HOTSHOT & LEGS. That's right.

SLY. Shit, I could buy one of those at Toys R US. See you guys at the bar.

(SLY gives it to LEGS and exits.)

HOTSHOT. Give it back.

LEGS. You don't expect me to give this up for nothing, do you?

Hungry for More?

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