

**Rink Risks**  
by  
**JoAnn Yeoman**

**Place:** *The changing room at a roller derby arena that leads in from the track and out to the street.*

**Time:** *The Present*

**Cast:**

**Swinger** - 20's. *Top jammer for the Cosmic Chaos Team. The Chaos are professional skaters in the all-woman's Dark Matter Galaxygirls League.*

**Breakneck** - 20's. *She is Swinger's counterpart from the Quasars, a team that is challenging Chaos for the League title with the deciding game tomorrow. The women are long-standing rivals.*

*Both girls still wear their knee pads and helmet. One or both can also wear whip belts that might be used in the fight. They each have skate bags (filled with foam rubber so that it looks as though their skates have been already stowed in them.) The bags can then be used as weapons if the choreographer wishes. That choice, however, adds the mime requirement that the girls physically "act" the weight of real skates whenever they use the bags. The director can use any body equipment for business. \*\* (vocabulary at end)*

*At the top of the scene SWINGER is looking into an imaginary mirror with her back to the arena door. She is taking off her helmet and fixing her hair.*

**BREAKNECK** *(entering from arena)*

Hey! Good idea to gussy up that battered face for any prospective dates. You're gonna have a lotta time on your hands after tomorrow. Your girls were pathetic today and the Quasars can take your title tomorrow quicker than you can say jam.

**SWINGER**

So we had a bad day. You know what that's like only too well, don't you? You haven't been out of that crater all year. Don't you count our chickens out yet!

**BREAKNECK**

You know, you might just have made a few more points today if you hadn't cheated.

**SWINGER** *(approaching BREAKNECK)*

I think you need to take that back -- fast!

**BREAKNECK**

Oh, so your bimbo blockers got a penalty just because they're ugly?

**SWINGER**

That "wall" was totally within bounds. That referee is blind and stupid.

BREAKNECK

You know damn well the ref's my sister-in-law.

SWINGER

So much incompetence in one family.

BREAKNECK

*(starts to take off her whip belt and wind it around her fist)*

I don't believe you meant to say that. Apologize! Now!

SWINGER

Oh dear, last time you didn't wear your whip belt the entire arena saw your not so lacy panties.

*The combat begins any time at the choreographer's discretion and continues for at least a minute. It ends with both women exhausted and injured on the floor. They hurl threats at each other in a vain attempt to get to their feet. They are unsuccessful. Each is fought out.*

SWINGER

OK, now I've got you! *(she tries to reach for BREAKNECK)*

BREAKNECK

Not on your broken bits. *(also tries to get up and land a punch but falls back)*

*(Both breathe for just a moment; maybe they can do it after all. But no)*

SWINGER

Truce?

BREAKNECK

Short one.

SWINGER

You OK?

BREAKNECK

Sure. Broken ankle's nothin'. Had two last year. You?

SWINGER

Yeah. OK. Left arm won't work, but I always have the other one.

BREAKNECK

You know what this means?

SWINGER

Shit, yes! Both our teams are without us. I can't believe it.

BREAKNECK

Well, it's true. *(pause)* How long'd it take your arm to heal last time?

SWINGER

Oh, not long, maybe um ... *(her conversations dribbles out as the lights fade to black)*

**The End.**