

DUET SCENE – COSETTE AND CATHERINE

FROM *BEAUTY AND THE BEE*

by Lindsay Price

Use this scene for your next IE!

Play	BEAUTY AND THE BEE by Lindsay Price
Stats	Comedy - Simple set - 38 minutes
Casting	2M+6W+9 Either
Description	Do you get along with your sister? Do you think she's a freak? Does she think YOU'RE a freak? Catherine is a high school beauty queen cheerleader. Cosette is a homeschooled spelling bee champion. Two sisters could never be farther apart. So when their worlds collide sparks are bound to fly. The buzzing in their brains gets so hot that life-sized giant bees enter the picture. Then the emotions explode! Here Catherine gives Cosette some tips on fitting in at high school.
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CATHERINE and COSETTE sit side-by-side at a baseball game.

COSETTE: I am ready. I have a pen. I have the focus of a laser beam ready to absorb your words of fitting in wisdom. Fire away!

CATHERINE: You're not.

COSETTE: What?

CATHERINE: You're not ready.

COSETTE: (*looking around*) We've hardly started and I'm already sinking? How?

CATHERINE: (*slowly*) You look eager to learn.

COSETTE: Oh. (*trying to grasp*) That's bad?

CATHERINE: Very.

COSETTE: But I like learning.

CATHERINE: No. You don't.

COSETTE: (*writing this down*) Never admit I like learning. Got it.

CATHERINE: Are you going to write everything down?

COSETTE: Of course. (*concentrating*) I have to figure out how to look like I hate learning, while learning at the same time. (*leaning forward*) What next?

CATHERINE: Stop that! Never lean forward. Never look eager. Never raise your hand in class.

COSETTE: But what if I know the answer? Can I raise my hand once a month?

CATHERINE: Cosette.

COSETTE: Every other month?

CATHERINE: No!

COSETTE: Ok, ok, (*writing this down*) no answers.

Continued Over...



PO Box 1064
Crystal Beach, ON, L0S 1B0, Canada
1-866-245-9138
www.theatrefolk.com

The Fine Print

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CATHERINE: Fitting in means you don't do anything to make you stand out. When you stand out people notice you and it gives them a chance to realize you're a space alien.

CATHERINE notices COSETTE focusing on something to the front and right of them.

CATHERINE: What are you looking at?

COSETTE: The wave's going around. Here it comes!

COSETTE stands up and throws her arms in the air. CATHERINE does not.

COSETTE: Whoo!

She sits and looks sheepishly at CATHERINE who stares at her stonily. COSETTE clears her throat.

COSETTE: The wave is wrong. Let me write that down.

CATHERINE: *(standing)* If you don't want to take this seriously—

COSETTE: Wait! Don't give up. I'm ready to learn. I'm not admitting I'm ready to learn, and I will lean back and scowl at you as I learn but I am deadly serious about all this not learning. Is that ok?

CATHERINE: *(sitting)* I have no idea. Ok. Start hating mom and dad.

COSETTE: What? Why?

CATHERINE: People who like their parents stick out.

COSETTE: *(an innocent question)* How come you and mom don't spend more time together?

CATHERINE: *(thrown by the question)* What?

COSETTE: *(not noticing CATHERINE is thrown)* You both have such pulchritude. It makes so much more sense that you and mom would get along. *(she sighs)* Pulchritude. I love words that don't look the way they sound. How could something that has 'ritude' in it mean physical beauty? *(CATHERINE stares at COSETTE)* Sorry. Sorry, sometimes my brain just *(she wiggles her fingers)* goes places.

CATHERINE: Well stop it.

COSETTE: *(leaning right in)* Would you go shopping with me?

CATHERINE: *(leaning back)* What? Why?

COSETTE: Please? Tomorrow?

CATHERINE: No!

COSETTE: I was thinking I need a fitting in outfit. If I look like I fit in, then everyone will assume I fit in and before they find out I'm different it'll be too late and I'll have everyone totally in love with me.

CATHERINE: That's not how high school works.

COSETTE: One hour. Less than an hour. One store. I'll take whatever you throw at me.

CATHERINE: But I — *(she exhales in frustration)* Fine. One store.

COSETTE: *(sincere)* That's great. I feel great about this. This is going to all work out great.

CATHERINE: *(thinking back)* That word you said. That punch word?

COSETTE: Pulchritude.

CATHERINE: You think I'm pretty?

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