

DUET SCENE – PRETTY GIRL/ PLAIN GIRL FROM *TEN/TWO*

by Lindsay Price

Use this scene for your next IE!

Play	TEN / TWO by Lindsay Price
Stats	Comedy - Simple set - 10 minutes
Casting	2W
Description	Plain girl wants to compete in a beauty pageant. Pretty girl would rather help a friend than spend time with her boyfriend.
Get the Play	www.theatrefolk.com

ONE and TWO are teenage girls. ONE is typically plain. TWO is typically pretty.

TWO sits in a chair, filing her nails. ONE enters and walks tentatively up to her.

ONE: Is this the registration desk for the Galaxy Girl Pageant?

TWO: (*looking up with scorn*) What if it is?

ONE: I'd like to register.

TWO: You? You want to be in the pageant?

ONE: Yes.

TWO laughs.

TWO: You can't register.

ONE: Why not?

TWO: Look at you.

ONE: (*looking down*) What?

TWO: Look at the difference between us. I am clearly a ten. You are clearly a two. (*pointing at herself*) Ten. (*pointing at ONE*) Two. Tens enter beauty pageants. Twos don't. Now get out.

ONE slumps her shoulders and slowly turns away. TWO immediately changes her demeanour, leaps up, looks worried and runs to block ONE.

TWO: Jan, are you ok? That was too much. I told you it -

ONE: (*not that fine*) No, I'm fine. I'm fine. I just need to sit down.

She sits down. TWO continues to flutter around her.

TWO: You can't look crushed like that. A pageant girl sees that look on your face and she'll go in for the kill.

ONE: They'll really be that mean?

TWO: I was just getting started.

ONE: (*slumping her shoulders again*) Oh.

TWO: See, you're not up for this. Can't you just go to prom? Get a nice dress; I'll do your hair. Isn't that enough?

ONE: This is what I want to do.

TWO: But a beauty pageant? They'll humiliate you!

ONE: I can take it. (*stands*) Insult me again.

Continued Over...



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

The Fine Print

Copyright © 2010 by Lindsay Price, All Rights Reserved

You may freely copy and share this document, as long as the document is distributed in its entirety, including this notice. Please forward corrections and/or comments to the author.

Performances for an audience (whether paying or not) are subject to a royalty. Contact us for details. The text may be performed without royalty for auditions, in-class work, and Thespian IEs.

Get more free stuff at: theatrefolk.com/free

TWO: (*sits*) I can't. I can't see that look on your face.

ONE: Then I'll practice my walk.

ONE teeters around unsuccessfully.

TWO: I don't think you'll ever be ready for pageant girls.

ONE: You're just trying to scare me. Heel, toe. Heel, toe. You see? I almost have the hang of this. (*she windmills her arms*)

TWO: (*not convinced*) Almost...

ONE: I can do this. (*she teeters*) Thousands of girls enter pageants.

TWO: Yeah and thousands don't.

ONE: Don't you have a date tonight?

TWO: Huh? Oh, I cancelled.

ONE: Why?

TWO: Because you asked me to help you.

ONE: Won't Dean get mad?

TWO: He better not. He's not that special.

ONE: Don't you love him?

TWO: Oh, sure. Maybe. Maybe not.

ONE: Tara, you are not normal.

TWO: Why?

ONE: You don't want me to be in a pageant. You cancelled on your boyfriend. You're not supposed to be my friend!

TWO: Why?

ONE: Pretty people are friends with pretty people.

TWO: That's ridiculous.

ONE: Selene doesn't think so. I heard what she said about me. I'm plain. Boring. Not worth hanging out with. You shouldn't hang out with me. That's what she said.

TWO: She's wrong.

ONE: You know just as well as I do there's a gap bigger than the Grand Canyon between the Selene's and the me's of the world. (*ONE teeters on her heels*) Oh crap.

ONE windmills her arms and has trouble with her balance. She knocks TWO away with her windmilling arms.

ONE: Double crap!

TWO: Watch out!

TWO tries to catch ONE but she's too late. ONE crashes to the floor.

TWO: Are you all right?

ONE: I think the heels won.

TWO: Take those stupid things off.

TWO grabs a foot and ONE cries out.

TWO: Oh oh.

ONE: Oh oh is right. (*she touches her ankle, hissing in pain*) I think I did some damage.

TWO: Do you want to stay on the floor or go to the chair?

ONE: Chair.

TWO helps ONE up. They start hobbling to the chair.

TWO: I hate to disappoint you, but I don't do what Selene tells me.

ONE: But what if she stops being your friend?

TWO: Then she wasn't worth it to begin with.

ONE: Don't you read magazines? You're not supposed to think for yourself. (*she sighs*) You are totally abnormal.

TWO gets ONE in the chair.

TWO: So what are you saying? If you were pretty and I was plain, you'd dump me as a friend?

ONE: No. I don't know.

TWO: (*studying ONE's foot*) You really did a number on this.

ONE: How am I going to compete in the pageant?

TWO: You don't have to! I don't care what you look like. I don't care what Selene says you look like.

ONE: (*almost crying*) I care.

There is a pause as the girls look at each other.

TWO: You'll wear flats.

ONE: Everyone else will be in heels.

TWO: There are these flats in Stanbrooks. I saw them last week. Pointy toe, thin, sort of pink, sort of mauve; very pretty. They'll look great and you'll be able to walk. We can go tomorrow.

ONE: What about Dean?

TWO: They won't fit, but they'd probably look pretty on him too.

ONE: Jerk.

TWO: Doofus.

ONE: Ok. Flats it is. 🐼