DUET SCENE – CARA-SUE AND SHIRLEY-ANN

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<th>Play</th>
<th>Fight Over Fuchsia / Ten Minute Play Series: All Girls by Lindsay Price</th>
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<td>A fight over a blouse at the bargain low bargain big bargain sale fractures a friendship.</td>
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Both girls stand on opposite sides of the stage. They each mime holding a blouse under their chin, looking out as if staring in a mirror. They don’t notice each other. They each make a face in the mirror.

BOTH: Nah.

They toss the blouse away and turn centre, now seeing each other. They both gasp and turn away.

BOTH: Dang!

CARA-SUE: What’s she doing here?

SHIRLEY-ANN: I can’t believe she’s here!

BOTH: (closing eyes and crossing fingers) Please let her be gone, please let her be gone, please oh please oh please!

They slowly, awkwardly turn. They see each other, gasp and turn away.

BOTH: Dang!

CARA-SUE: What’s she doing here?

SHIRLEY-ANN: I can’t believe she’s here.

BOTH: (getting an idea) Hmmmmm…

SHIRLEY-ANN: I wonder…

CARA-SUE: Maybe she’s…

SHIRLEY-ANN: Could she be…

CARA-SUE: Maybe she’s ready to apologize.

SHIRLEY-ANN: Maybe she IS filled with shame.

CARA-SUE: Oh the poor dear.

SHIRLEY-ANN: She should feel guilty.

CARA-SUE: She has some lot of nerve.

SHIRLEY-ANN: Shame!

CARA-SUE: Nerve!

SHIRLEY-ANN: Died of shame in a fiery car crash!

CARA-SUE: Nervy nerve face!

They both sneak a peak, and see that the other is still there. They give a small squeak and turn away.

CARA-SUE: Why isn’t she leaving?

SHIRLEY-ANN: What’s the matter with her?

CARA-SUE: What is wrong with her?

SHIRLEY-ANN: What’s she doing?

BOTH: Hmmmmm…

SHIRLEY-ANN: I wonder…

CARA-SUE: Maybe she’s…

SHIRLEY-ANN: Could she be…

CARA-SUE: Maybe she’s ready to apologize.

SHIRLEY-ANN: Maybe she IS filled with shame.

CARA-SUE: Oh the poor dear.

SHIRLEY-ANN: She should feel guilty.
BOTH: I deserve an apology. They both come to a decision. They slowly turn and walk toward each other.

CARA-SUE: (composed) Shirley-Ann.
SHIRLEY-ANN: (composed) Cara-Sue.
CARA-SUE: How are you?
SHIRLEY-ANN: Well, thank you. (pause) How are you?
CARA-SUE: I can’t complain.
There is a pause.
SHIRLEY-ANN: Ah…
CARA-SUE: (quickly) Yes?
SHIRLEY-ANN: (quickly) Yes?
CARA-SUE: Did you say something?
SHIRLEY-ANN: Did you have something to say?
CARA-SUE: No, did you?
SHIRLEY-ANN: Did you?
There is a pause.
CARA-SUE: Are you enjoying the sale?
SHIRLEY-ANN: Yes. It is an excellent sale. (pause) Don’t you agree?
CARA-SUE: Yes. I am finding many marked down items.
SHIRLEY-ANN: Really. Many marked down items is a good thing.
CARA-SUE: Good things are good.
SHIRLEY-ANN: Many good things. Many things… (pause) Many things happen at a sale like this. Many, many things. Good and bad.
CARA-SUE: I must agree.
SHIRLEY-ANN: Oh do you?
CARA-SUE: Yes. Many, many things.
SHIRLEY-ANN: I must say… If I were going to say something… I’m… somewhat… surprised to see you. At the sale.
CARA-SUE: Oh?
SHIRLEY-ANN: Considering what happened. Last year. (prompting) At the sale?
CARA-SUE: Huh. Well, I must say I’m equally surprised at your presence. At the sale. Considering.
SHIRLEY-ANN: Considering what?
CARA-SUE: You know what.
SHIRLEY-ANN: (composure is slipping) Oh yeah? (she takes a breath and regains her composure) Why would that be, Cara-Sue? I can’t think of one single solitary reason why YOU would be surprised to see ME at the sale. I have nothing to be embarrassed about, and NOTHING to apologize for.
CARA-SUE: (composure is slipping) Oh no?
SHIRLEY-ANN: I did nothing wrong. (pause) Like SOME people.
CARA-SUE: Who SOME people?
SHIRLEY-ANN: You know who SOME people are.
CARA-SUE: I don’t know nothing about any SOME people.
SHIRLEY-ANN: Oh yes you do.
CARA-SUE: You stole my top!
SHIRLEY-ANN: I saw it first!
CARA-SUE: I called dibs!
SHIRLEY-ANN: You stomped on my foot!
CARA-SUE: You broke the pact!
SHIRLEY-ANN: You attacked me!
CARA-SUE: You deserved it!
SHIRLEY-ANN: You look horrible in fuchsia!
SHIRLEY-ANN: (getting back under control) Well. Continued Next...
(pause) It’s true.

CARA-SUE: (stunned into calmness) Shirley-Ann.

SHIRLEY-ANN: It makes your face… funky. Sorry.

CARA-SUE: (holding her face) I can’t believe you think that.

SHIRLEY-ANN: I’m doing you a favour.

CARA-SUE: How?

SHIRLEY-ANN: I’m trying to spare your feelings.

CARA-SUE: You were supposed to be my friend. We were supposed to be friends for life.

SHIRLEY-ANN: Your friend? YOUR friend. You attacked me over a shirt Cara-Sue.

CARA-SUE: It’s the bargain low bargain big bargain sale. The most important sale of the whole year. The only event that matters in my whole life!

SHIRLEY-ANN: A sale? A stupid sale?

CARA-SUE: Don’t you belittle the bargain low bargain big bargain sale.

SHIRLEY-ANN: It was a stupid top!

CARA-SUE: That top was going to make Jimmy-Joe ask me to the prom!

SHIRLEY-ANN: He never would have asked you! Top or no top!

CARA-SUE: (she gasps and draws back) Shirley-Ann.

SHIRLEY-ANN: (sighing) Dang.

CARA-SUE: Shirley-Ann. I can’t believe you said that.

SHIRLEY-ANN: It was a stupid top. It was a stupid fight. Don’t you think so, Cara-Sue?

CARA-SUE: I— I— I guess so.

SHIRLEY-ANN: Do you really?

CARA-SUE: Do you?

SHIRLEY-ANN: Do you?

CARA-SUE: It was a stupid fight.

SHIRLEY-ANN: Can we agree on that?

CARA-SUE: I guess.

SHIRLEY-ANN: So if you would just apologize…

CARA-SUE: Why don’t you? You go first.

SHIRLEY-ANN: You first.

CARA-SUE: We could be friends again. If you apologize.

SHIRLEY-ANN: You go first and I’ll be your friend for life.

CARA-SUE: You.

SHIRLEY-ANN: You.

CARA-SUE: You.

SHIRLEY-ANN: Never!

CARA-SUE: Fine.

SHIRLEY-ANN: Right. (pause) I have to go.

CARA-SUE: Yes. You should go.

SHIRLEY-ANN: I’ll go. Enjoy the sale.

CARA-SUE: Thank you. (she turns to leave)

SHIRLEY-ANN: Cara-Sue?

CARA-SUE: (turning back) Yes?

SHIRLEY-ANN: It may rain this afternoon.

CARA-SUE: It might. (pause)

SHIRLEY-ANN: It might. (she turns to leave)

CARA-SUE: Shirley-Ann?

SHIRLEY-ANN: (turning back) Uh huh?

There is a pause.

CARA-SUE: Make sure you cover your hair. If it rains. (softly) Your hair frizzes. A bit.

SHIRLEY-ANN: It does. Thanks. I will.

They each turn away. They stop as if they’re going to say something else. They don’t. They exit.