

## DUET SCENE – PRETTY GIRL/PLAIN GIRL

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.
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*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.

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.*

Continued Over...

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.

Continued Next...

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.