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**Being Bianca: The Semi-Complete Guide**

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# BEING BIANCA

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT BY  
*Alan Haehnel*



*Being Bianca*

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## Characters

20-50 actors  
(in order of appearance)

Bianca	Don
Guidance Counselor	Charlotte
Carly	Bobby
Sam	Delia
Dionne	Leeda
Marge	Tina
Sarah	Sonja
Molly	Carl
Karen	Nick
Nettie	Bianca's Mother
Max	Space I-3
Sheila	Sheep Dip
Dawn	Roary
Lynn	Mrs. Hops
Holly	Tigey-Wigey
Jan	Pearl
Ray	Actors I-6
Duncan	Actors A-F
Frank	Admirers I-5

## Set

Platforms and chairs.

A bed that can be rolled out.



*Lights up to a neutral set of various platforms. Throughout the play, BIANCA and her fellow students move from one area to another, establishing place through their actions and the dialogue. Any desks, chairs or other set pieces can either be brought on by the students or simply implied. Since this is BIANCA's demonstration of herself, she has absolute freedom to walk amidst the action, to join in a scene and then step back out of it to address the audience.*

*A GROUP OF STUDENTS is seated; the GUIDANCE COUNSELLOR stands in front of them. All are frozen. BIANCA enters.*

BIANCA: Hi, hi, hi, hi, hello! I'm Bianca. You know what happened to me the other day? It was Wednesday, I think. Or Monday. Or maybe not either one of those days. Unless it was Monday. Anyway, I was in my class and the guidance counsellor came in for one of those guidance counsellor counselling things and she said...

GUIDANCE COUNSELLOR: Though to you it may seem an impossibly long time away from now...

BIANCA: And I thought she was maybe talking about lunch which I have to wait all the way until fifth period for.

GUIDANCE COUNSELLOR: You will all be considering going to college at some point.

BIANCA: I thought, "Boy, that's even past fifth period. But is she ever right. I do want to go to college someday because at college — and this I know for a complete fact — they wear very cool sweaters." So usually when the guidance counsellors come in for their counselling thingamabobs, I hear them about like this:

GUIDANCE COUNSELLOR: So blah, blah, blah-blah, blah, blah, blah. And furthermore, blah.

BIANCA: But when she said that thing about college and I thought about those sweaters, well, let me tell you, my ears stood right up and listened.

GUIDANCE COUNSELLOR: So you need to begin to think, even at this point, about making yourself an attractive candidate.

BIANCA: Well, no problem with that. That is one thing at which I am an expert at, I must say.

GUIDANCE COUNSELLOR: You should work to get good grades.

BIANCA: Check. I get all Cs and Ds — which stand for “cute” and “delicious.”

GUIDANCE COUNSELLOR: You should participate in extra-curricular activities.

BIANCA: Check. I get my hair done once a week by a French guy named Herbert.

GUIDANCE COUNSELLOR: And you should look for opportunities to perform service in your community.

BIANCA: Ch... well, actually, that one kind of put the brakes on my Bigwheel, if you know what I mean. Service in my community?

GUIDANCE COUNSELLOR: Service in your community.

BIANCA: What does that mean?

GUIDANCE COUNSELLOR: Let's talk about what that means. By performing service, you show potential colleges that you care about things beyond yourself. You believe in volunteer work to make your world a better place. Does anyone have any ideas about service opportunities?

BIANCA: And then, all around me, kids started raising their hands like... like they had — what? — ideas? It was so weird. Carly said...

CARLY: I visit the nursing home and read to the elderly.

BIANCA: Why? Old people know how to read.

SAM: Last year, I participated in the March of Dimes.

BIANCA: Who wants to go marching with a bunch of change?

DIONNE: My family collects food for the homeless shelter.

BIANCA: Duh. As if a shelter needs to eat. I just wasn't getting this whole thing. So I raised my hand.

GUIDANCE COUNSELLOR: Yes, Bianca?

BIANCA: Are you sure we have to do this stuff to go to college?

GUIDANCE COUNSELLOR: Oh, yes — most colleges today expect that you will have contributed to your community. As I said, it's never too early to start.

BIANCA (to audience): I didn't say it out loud, but I was thinking “What the heck am I supposed to do?” and my face must have had the

question written on it or something because just then Marge Boyle whispered...

MARGE: (*sarcastic*) Gee, Bianca, maybe you could teach everybody how to be just like you. What a great service that would be!

BIANCA: And you know what? I thought about that for quite a while — I mean, like, it must have been almost a whole twelve minutes — and I realized Marge was totally right! And so that's why we're all here tonight: To help me get to college someday where I can wear those great sweaters, I am going to give you all some community service by giving you...

ALL: *The Semi-Complete Guide to Being Bianca.*

BIANCA: Yeah! Because, like, if you look around and think, "Gee, who would I like to be?" I happen to know beyond a shadow of a doughnut that just about everybody would definitely want to be me. And I'm not saying that to be stuck up. I'm just stating the obvious. So, without further aboo-boo, let's get on with learning to be Bianca, who is me.

First off, I want to say that being me isn't simple — it's actually a thing filled with a lot of complexion, if you think about it. So, let's start at the beginning, with the middle of my day. Eating lunch.

*The STUDENTS sit around on the set in various groups, as if eating lunch. SARAH, MOLLY, KAREN AND NETTIE gather around BIANCA.*

SARAH: Hey, Anca.

BIANCA: Hey, Rah.

MOLLY: Hi, B-B!

BIANCA: Hi, Li-Li!

KAREN: Yo, Anca.

BIANCA: Yo, yo, Renny.

NETTIE: Kiss, kiss, Sugar Lips.

BIANCA: Right back at you, Honey Buns.

*BIANCA's FRIENDS all sit down and pantomime talking together as BIANCA addresses the audience.*

BIANCA: These are my friends Sarah, Molly, Karen and Nettie. Now, if you're going to be me, you have to learn who to sit with at



lunch. It's sooo important. It's like, climbing the social, you know, safety net. You have to keep up your stratus or you'll be like a fish under water. Seriously.

SARAH: (*talking to the other three*) So she's like, "No way!" And I'm like, "It's true!" And she's like, "When?" And I'm like, "Yesterday."

NETTIE: Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah and then I tried to tell Mindy that Robert didn't even want to speak to her anymore and she's like, "Who told you that?"

KAREN: You didn't tell her that I told you, did you?

NETTIE: Of course not. I just said that I knew, that's all, and if she wanted to know she would just have to ask Robert herself.

MOLLY: Like she would even do that. Do you know what she said on i.m. last night? I was like, i.m.-ing Bindy and Bobby and Nikko and Brittney and Garfunkel and...

*BIANCA's FRIENDS continue to pantomime chatting as BIANCA speaks to the audience.*

BIANCA: As you can tell so easy, we talk about really important stuff at lunch. I mean, if you don't eat with the right people, you won't be able to stay caught up on what's going on, you know? It would be like... like the President of the United States not paying attention to — I don't know — to who won American Idol or something. Can you imagine what would happen to our country? Scary thought. Anyway, the thing is, believe it or not if you can believe it, not everybody at lunch talks about important stuff like me and my friends do. Allow me to give you a little demonstration.

*BIANCA walks over to a group of STUDENTS who are deeply involved in a conversation.*

MAX: No, no, no — that was not the point of the story at all. You have to look at the goal of the protagonist.

SHEILA: Precisely! And that goal was to overcome the societal prejudice as shown by the actions of the town council.

DAWN: Now, Sheila, I have to disagree with you there. I didn't see the town council as the antagonistic.

MAX: Right! They aren't the antagonists. Are you going to eat your fruit cup?

SHEILA: No, you can have it. What do you mean they aren't the antagonists?

DAWN: There is no clear antagonist.

MAX: Not true, not true — see, the point is, the protagonist is the antagonist. His greatest battle is with himself.

DAWN: Oh, I can see that.

SHEILA: But how do you account for...

*They freeze as BIANCA speaks to the audience.*

BIANCA: I know, I know — sick, right? I'm even sorry I had to show you that, but you just have to know how dangerous the world is. I mean, if you're trying to be me, you can bet your sweet bananas that you don't want to get caught eating lunch with people who talk about stuff as dumb as that. Really. And, I hate to tell you this, but that's not the only bad bunch you could see in the cafeteria.

*She crosses to a group of GIRLS.*

LYNN: What's that? Tuna on whole wheat?

HOLLY: It's tuna, but my mom is trying this whole grain oat bread. It's pretty good.

JAN: I like that kind. It's supposed to be really healthy, too.

MARCIA: Look what I've got, you guys — my grandmother packed me a pomegranate.

LYNN: Ooh, I've heard of those. How do you eat it?

JAN: They're supposed to be really high in, what, Vitamin C or something.

MARCIA: Yeah, they're really good for you. I love them. See, what you do is...

*They freeze.*

BIANCA: What a waste. You finally get some time to be with your friends away from all the teachers blabbing at you, you finally get a chance to have something to eat, and what do you talk about? Food? Whole grains and how to eat a Pomeranian? I'm sorry, but no. If you want to be me and you want to talk food, here's how you do it.

*BIANCA goes back to join her FRIENDS.*

BIANCA: Li-li, you look sooo good! How's your diet going?

MOLLY: Not good. I am sooo fat.

BIANCA: No, you're not. I'm so fat.

NETTIE, SARAH, KAREN: No, you're not!

NETTIE: Know what I'm trying? *(she holds up a bag with little chocolate balls)* The malted milk ball diet.

SARAH: How does that work?

NETTIE: Well, see, they're crunchy and chocolaty, but they're only 25 calories each. I read about it in *TeenBop Magazine*. The crunch, like, fools your brain into thinking you're eating more.

KAREN: Really? Would that work with, like, Cocoa Puffs, too?

NETTIE: I don't know — it might. But they're malted milk balls, so the milk is probably good for your bones, you know? Anyway, one of the Olson twins swears by this diet — she lost, like, 50 pounds eating only 25 malted milk balls a day. I've been on it for a week.

BIANCA: Can I try one?

NETTIE: Back off! You touch one of my 25 milk balls and I'll eat your fingernails!

*They freeze as BIANCA turns back to the audience.*

BIANCA: Net-Net gets a little, you know, irrigated when she's dieting. But anyway, you get the point — if you want to be Bianca, who is me, you will choose your lunch-time pals carefully. So now, just a little quiz like they have in *Cosmo Junior*, like *10 Questions To Find Out How Hot You Are*. I passed that one like crazy, by the way — only seven wrong. If you're Bianca, who do you sit with at lunch? *(she walks to another group of STUDENTS)* Kids who talk like this?

RAY: That was a tough test. How did you solve for  $x$  on the third question?

DUNCAN: I tried reducing the fraction, first.

BIANCA: Mm-hm. *(moving to a new table)* Or maybe guys who talk like this?

FRANK: Oh, man, I should have caught that pass. I had it right on the tip of my fingers.

DON: No kidding! I thought you had it, Dude! That was a perfect pass.

BIANCA: Moving right along. *(she goes to her group of FRIENDS)* Or maybe somebody who talks like... *(she moves past her group to another collection of STUDENTS)* I bet you thought I was going to let you listen to Li-Li and the others, didn't you? I bet you thought this was going to be super easy, because then you would know just who to pick because I already told you they were the ones to sit with. Well, that just shows to go you that you can't under-levitate me. I'll keep you right on your nose. See, the truth is, there just might be at least one other group that, if you were me, you could sit with during lunch. So pay attention. How about this little group? Would they make good lunchy-munchy buddies?

*BIANCA moves to another group of STUDENTS.*

CHARLOTTE: Look, under the current administration, we can't hope to make any progress with environmental issues.

BOBBY: But should the environment trump job security?

NADINE: We're just re-hashing the same old issues. What I want to know is, what about the deficit?

*They freeze.*

BIANCA: A likely choice? Maybe, maybe not. And last but not least — because it's better to just buy something and not lease it, my dad says — would this be a good group to eat your lunch with if you're trying to be Bianca who, let's not forget, is me?

*BIANCA presents the final group — THREE GIRLS.*

DELIA: Never in a million years. Never in a million zillion years. Never in a million zillion hundred years would I be caught even dead wearing a dress that color.

LEEDA: That color is so totally wrong.

TINA: Yeah. Do you see how it makes her eyes practically disappear? I'm serious. The color just wipes out her whole eyes.

DELIA: Exactly. That's what I was saying. Never in a million zillion hundred years. Even if I was dead in my coffin I would rise up and say, "Don't you put that dress on me."

*They freeze. BIANCA turns to the audience.*

BIANCA: Okay, tough one, huh? But nobody said being me was going to be a piece of easy pie, did they? Oh, no, they didn't. (*going from one group of STUDENTS to the other*) If you were Bianca, would you sit with the x solvers? Or with the "ooh, I missed that darned pass" talkers? How about the debaters on world politricks? Or finally, what about these girls discussing color choice? Let me give you a hint: Think about what's important. What really matters. Hm? It should be obvious by now. If you picked any of the other groups but this one right here, with my good buds Delia, Leeda and Tina...

DELIA, LEEDA, TINA: Hey, Bianca! Nice color!

BIANCA: Thanks, Girls — kiss, kiss. Love you!

DELIA, LEEDA, TINA: Love you back!

*They freeze.*

BIANCA: (*to audience*) If you picked any other group to sit with... well, let's just say you've got a big bunch of work to do if you want to be Bianca. But that's okay. I'm here to help. I'm community servicing you. All right, all right, what next? Um — oh! Brushing your teeth! Uh-huh. Yeah. Really, really important. If you want to be Bianca right, you have to know how to brush your teeth The Bianca Way. Now, I have a brother named Carl (*the STUDENTS in the cafeteria exit as CARL enters and demonstrates as BIANCA narrates*), and he is not me, and one of the easiest ways to tell that he isn't is to watch him brush his teeth. First, he puts the toothpaste on his brush, then he wets it, then he starts to brush. Notice how fast he goes, how he like, seems to hate his teeth? He looks in the mirror like he's mad. He really goes after those teeth of his, like they're going to bite him if he doesn't brush them hard enough, right? It's kind of scary, isn't it? Kill those teeth, Carl — kill 'em, kill 'em! — is what it's like he's saying when he brushes. And if you thought that was bad, watch! See! See how he's starting to lather up like that, how all the toothpaste is getting all white and he looks like he's foaming at the mouth like a dog with scabies or something? Yeah! And he won't spit out the extra, either — no, he likes getting foamy like that. And if you walk in when he's in the middle of this mad attack on his teeth, well — he'll growl at you! (*CARL growls, then exits*) The only thing good about Carl brushing his teeth is that it doesn't take very long, but it is really scary while it lasts.

But brushing your teeth The Bianca Way is not scary. Now, I would demonstrate this myself since I am the best at brushing my teeth like Bianca because, well, I am her, but I will need to

be talking to you about The Bianca Way and I can't do that and brush my teeth at the same time. That would cause, I think, major contusion. So one of my very favouritest of girlfriends is going to show you how I brush my teeth. Come on out, Ja-Ja!

*SONJA enters, toothbrush in hand.*

SONJA: Hey, hey, Ca-Ca. Love you.

BIANCA: Love you more. Everybody, this is Ja-Ja — actually Sonja, for short — but I call her Ja-Ja, which, you know, I really need to talk about later. Note to self, Bianca — talk about that later. Will do, Bianca. Thanks. Sure thing. 'Bye! 'Bye! Anyway, Sonja is going to show you The Bianca Way of Toothbrushing — she's had training — while I talk about it. Ready, Ja?

SONJA: Ready, Ca.

BIANCA: Okay, begin. (*SONJA demonstrates as BIANCA narrates.*) Now, to brush your teeth like me, you wet your toothbrush first, then you put on a little bit of toothpaste on just the end of your brush and then — and this so important — you wet it again, and then you put on the rest of the toothpaste, and then again — yes, I did say again — you wet it once more. See, this method makes the brush ready for your mouth. It really does. It's scientific somehow. I just feel it. So then you gently begin to brush, starting with the back of your top teeth, with a very kind flick of your wrist, three times for each tooth — boom, boom, boom. That's right. Nothing harsh here. No anger. No Carl. And then on to the next one. Boom, boom, boom. And now, when you get to the third tooth on the top side, you should be getting a rhythm going, and that rhythm will remind you of a song, and you start to hum it. (*SONJA begins to hum "Row, Row, Row Your Boat" as she brushes*) That's right! "Row, row, row your boat, gently down the..." The song is so... smoothing as you brush. You just... you just feel like you're gently rowing a boat as you're brushing your teeth. And then, by the time you get to "merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily" you should be at the front of your teeth. That's right. That's so good, Ja, Ja!

SONJA: (*mumbling past the toothbrush*) Sanks, Ca-Ca. Zove you.

BIANCA: Love you more. Okay, so you continue to brush, on past the front teeth, "life is but a dream." And then you keep going, right into the back — boom, boom, boom, each tooth, humming along. See, the thing is, it's so kind to your mouth and your teeth, The Bianca Way. It shows real love and respect for those parts of your body that really have so much to do with... with your whole

oration. That's great, Sonja. She's only half-way through here, but I think you've seen enough of The Bianca Way to know how to do it if you want to be me. I'm just going to let Ja-Ja be done now. (SONJA begins to go off) Thanks, Girl! 'Bye!

SONJA: 'Bye! (exits)

BIANCA: Okay, wow, I think we've made a really good start on teaching you all one of the most importantest lessons you're ever going to get educamated about in your whole entire lives: How to be me. All right, what's next? Oh, wait a minute! I'm just forgetting to remember something. Ooo, what is it? A little bit ago, I made a note to myself about something and now I can't... Aargh! Oh, this is bad. You know, I have to admit something to all of you. Even though I'm sure you all rushed in here like little... rushing things when you saw that you were going to have the chance to learn how to be me, but it's not all a bed of nails, let me tell you that. Like right now, I'm having a Bianca moment. Let me see if I can explain. It's sort of like this:

*An ACTOR — we'll call her SPACE 1 — walks in very quickly and stands next to BIANCA. SPACE 1 opens her mouth to say something. BIANCA leans in to hear what SPACE 1 is going to say, but SPACE 1 walks away quickly instead.*

SPACE 1: (exiting) Zoom!

*SPACE 2 comes from the opposite side of the stage as SPACE 1 is leaving. He does the same thing — pauses next to BIANCA, opens his mouth, then walks quickly away.*

SPACE 2: Zoom, zoom!

BIANCA: You see, those were thoughts. Did you see how they came in like that, then stopped like that, then went away like that? Yeah. That happens to me. Only sometimes, it gets worse.

*Several more ACTORS enter as did SPACE 1 and SPACE 2, only now they enter and exit rapid-fire. Each one makes a zooming noise as they enter and exit; each one stops briefly next to BIANCA, then exits again, only to return a moment later. In the middle of this traffic jam of elusive thoughts, BIANCA turns and turns, trying to catch one and make it stop long enough to make sense. She never succeeds but looks increasingly bewildered. She ad-libs imploring words and sounds through the process.*

*As the speed and number of thoughts increase, so does BIANCA's frustration until she finally screams. The thoughts all disappear.*

*BIANCA takes in deep breaths through her nose and out her mouth to try to calm down. A final thought — SPACE 3 — zooms in as BIANCA does her calming breathing. SPACE 3 stops, opens her mouth as if to say something, and pauses for a long moment next to BIANCA. BIANCA tries to ignore SPACE 3 by closing her eyes, but she can't resist looking.*

*As soon as she does, SPACE 3 starts to exit again with a "zoom." BIANCA clothes-lines SPACE 3, knocking her flat. Desperately, BIANCA grabs SPACE 3 on the floor, trying to wring meaning out of her.*

BIANCA: What do you want? What is it? Talk to me! You're zooming and zooming and zooming and zooming and zooming and nobody's ever stopping and everybody's just not talking and you just keep zooming and zooming and...

*During BIANCA's rant, SPACE 3 has fished a folded note out of her pocket. She hands it to BIANCA.*

Oh. Thanks.

*SPACE 3 gets up and zooms away. BIANCA unfolds the note. She yells off in the direction SPACE 3 has exited.*

It's blank! (to audience) Anyway, that's what it's like for me sometimes. I know I'm supposed to be thinking of something. It's not like I'm not thinking, it's just that the thoughts aren't... doing anything. Like you just saw. (suddenly cheerful) But hey! That is the only downside to being Bianca, who is me. Everything else is definitely an upside or at least an in-the-middle-side. Really. So let's get on with it!

*The ACTORS roll on a bed. It is very frilly and covered with stuffed animals.*

BIANCA: As the next part of my community servicing, I will be teaching you all about one of the absotively, posilutely most important parts of being me: The Sleeping Bianca. How you sleep says a lot about who you are and if you don't sleep like me, you can't be me. Simple as that. Now, to begin, let's talk about what to wear when you're being Bianca heading for bedtime. In fact, did you know that one word for clothes is actually closely related



to sleeping? Yes. The word “attire.” Listen to the word: attire. What does it sound like? That’s right — tired. You see, a long time ago, when the first, like, cavewoman was trying to decide what to wear to bed at night, she said in a cavewoman accent, “I’m a-tired.” And she fell right down and went to sleep with her mammoth pyjamas or whatever on, and from then on, whatever you wore to bed was called “attire.” I pretty much figured that out myself, by the way. I don’t want to sound arrogant or anything, but, in case you didn’t guess, smarts is part of being Bianca.

*She points to herself and nods. In the background, a lullaby starts and KAREN comes out.*

All right. Now, here comes my good friend Renny modeling the first Bianca bedtime option. (*KAREN parades around like a runway model as BIANCA describes the outfit.*) These are your classic Bunny pyjamas — head-to-toe comfort, I call them. The bunny slippers, of course, are only for walking to and from the bed and would never be worn during the actual sleeping process because the ears get caught up in the sheets in a highly uncomfortable way. Made out of flannel and decorated with colourful bunnies, this outfit works best for the fall and winter and also for the occasional slumber party when looking your cutest is an absolute necessary. Thank you, Renny!

*KAREN exits. DELIA enters to model the next outfit.*

Wait a minute! Hold up, everybody! (*The music stops. DELIA freezes.*) I just remembered! (*we hear the brief “ta-da!” riff*) You know what that’s like? Do you?

*ALL of the ACTORS from before who played all of the BIANCA’s frustrating, zooming thoughts now coming running on and surround BIANCA.*

BIANCA: It’s like this:

ALL THE ACTORS SURROUNDING BIANCA: Nicknames!

*ALL of the ACTORS run off again.*

BIANCA: Yeah! Nicknames! You know, remembering like that is one of the biggest reliefs in the whole wide world. It’s like a great sneeze, I have to tell you. Nicknames! That’s the note I gave to myself before. (*calling off*) Girls!

*SARAH, MOLLY, KAREN, NETTIE, DELIA, LEEDA, TINA and SONJA enter.*

SARAH: B-B!

MOLLY: Anca!

KAREN: Ca!

NETTIE: Sweetums!

DELIA: Ca-Ca!

LEEDA: Biwanca-panca!

TINA: B-B-Anca-Ca-Ca-Ca!

SONJA: B.

BIANCA: Love you!

ALL THE GIRLS: Love you more!

BIANCA (*to audience*): Now, maybe you just happened to noticerate that as my buds came in, not one of them called me Bianca. They all used a nickname for me. And I have one for each of them, too. Demonstration, please!

SARAH: Sarah.

BIANCA: Rah-rah.

MOLLY: Molly.

BIANCA: Li-li.

KAREN: Karen.

BIANCA: Renny.

NETTIE: Nettie.

BIANCA: Hot Cross Buns.

DELIA: Delia.

BIANCA: Squealia.

LEEDA: Leeda.

BIANCA: Squameeda.

SONJA: Sonja.

BIANCA: Ja-Ja.

TINA: Christina.

BIANCA: Tina, which becomes Na-Na. See how that works? That is part of being Bianca! Just listen to the difference: “I went to the party and all my friends were there: Sarah, Molly, Karen, Nettie, blah-blah-blah-blah-blah.” Now, the way I really say it: “I went to the party and all my friends were there: Ra-Ra, Li-Li, Renny, Sweetcakes, Squealia, Squameeda, Ja-Ja and Na-Na.” Now, I’m not even going to ask you which one sounds better, more — if you don’t mind me saying so — mature. Uh-huh. And the thing is, we don’t even have to call ourselves the same thing. Molly, in one day, how many different names could you get?

MOLLY: Moll-Moll, Li-Li, Li, Lollipop, Molly-Lolly, Molly-Olly-Ump-and-Free, All-Doll, Small-Doll, Small Pox, Silly-Milly, Molly-Pilly...

BIANCA: And many more, right?

MOLLY: And many more.

BIANCA: Thanks, Girls! Love you!

GIRLS: (*as they exit*) Love you more, Anca!

BIANCA: They make me want to cry; I love them that much. While we’re on the subject of nicknames, I have to tell you about something completely amazing that happened to me the other day. I met a boy. (*NICK enters and stands there.*) I mean, that’s not amazing. I meet boys all the time and they love me, you know. But the thing was, I met this boy and he told me his name.

NICK: Hi. I’m Nicholas.

BIANCA: And I did what I normally do — I shortened his name. Hi, Nick! And you know, he gave me a look that showed me that he was pretty much falling in love and then he had to go away. But the thing is, I was thinking about it later, and that’s when it hit me, like this, this religious pow! You know? This epidermis or something. I realized: The nickname for Nicholas is Nick. Nick’s name is his nickname. Whoa, I thought. Just whoa. When you’re Bianca like I am, you sometimes realize that the world is just one big mystery — a major mystery.

Okay, so your mind is probably blown like mine was, but let’s get back to bedtime fashion options. (*The lullaby begins again. DELIA re-enters.*) Li-Li is modeling my summer attire, a light and comfy short set, no slippers, toes painted to match fingernails in a springy orange-red-teal combo. The cotton fabric of these skimpy-ish pyjamas is just right for some perfect cuddling under the single, thin blanket made just for those summer nights when you want a little something but not so very much. The color, of

course, is perfectly chosen to match Bianca's eyes and to set off the ruffles on the bed. Thank-you, lovely Li-Li. Kiss, kiss.

*DELIA exits. TINA enters.*

And now, for our final and third option for Bianca bedtime wear, here comes the stunning Na-Na. Na-Na is modeling an ensemble created specially by me for me for those in-between times... when winter is turning to fall and fall is becoming summer — you know what I mean. It's a little chilly, a little hot — a little hot chili! Ha, ha! If you didn't notice, being funny is being Bianca — and this outfit works perfectly for those times when the air just can't make up its mind what to be. Notice the warm and comfy gray sweats on the bottom, the cool and airy tank top on top. The socks are optional, depending on how the toes are feeling. And now...

*TINA, in the course of her "modeling," picks up a stuffed animal from the bed. The lullaby suddenly stops.*

Drop the animal, Na-Na. Put it down and walk away. Model; don't kidnap. (*TINA puts the animal down and quickly walks out*) Love you, Na-Na. (*to audience*) All right, well... so those are your clothing options in preparation of Being Bianca Asleep. (*NETTIE enters, wearing the same pyjamas KAREN modeled*) Ah, and here we have my gorgeous Sweet Roll Honey Donut coming in as my stand-in for the actual in-the-bed demonstration. Since (*singing*) "the weather outside is..." (*she has forgotten the words*) Cold, Net-Net has decided to go with the head-to-toe comfy-comfy pyjamas. (*NETTIE acts according to BIANCA's narration*) Teeth properly brushed the Bianca Way, hair stroked 1000 times per side to a silky sheen, eyes droopy, Bianca is ready for bed. Bianca stretches up, up, up, and claps her hands together and says, in her mind, a little prayer thanking herself for being such a good self and then she lets go of that stretch and sits down on the bed. When you're Bianca, you swing your legs up onto the bed, you remove your bunny sleepers, left foot first (*NETTIE takes off the right slipper*) and then the other left foot next (*NETTIE takes off the left slipper*) and you put them under the bed just like that. Then, before you get under the covers, if you're a true Bianca, which we all want to be, you have to listen to each of your stuffed animal buddies. You see, they all get to be on your bed at night, but only one gets to be Bianca's special buddy.

*BIANCA steps in front of NETTIE to address the audience. NETTIE freezes behind her.*

Now, for this part, we're going to have to be kind of not real, okay? Net-Net is going to talk to the stuffed animals and we are going to hear them talk back to her, but, in real life, when Bianca does this, you wouldn't really hear it. It happens in my — Bianca's — head. This is just to show you how it works inside my cranium. Oh, by the way, you're going to see my Nettles picking up some of my stuffies in a second and you know, I got a little... miffed when Na-Na did that before. The difference is permission. Being Bianca means you have a very big sense of permission. For Na-Na — no-no. For Net-Net — yes, yes. Just wanted to clarify that point. Here we go!

*NETTIE picks up a stuffed sheep. SHEEP-DIP enters wearing a costume piece that corresponds with the sheep to indicate that she is providing the voice for the stuffed animal.*

NETTIE: Hello, Sheep-dip!

SHEEP-DIP: Hey, Bianca.

NETTIE: How are you tonight, Sheep-dip?

SHEEP-DIP: Baaaad.

NETTIE: Oh, what's the matter?

SHEEP-DIP: Oh, you know. All the other animals are talking behind my baaaack.

BIANCA: *(to audience)* Sheep-dip is not a very secure stuffed animal.

SHEEP-DIP: They're trying to baaaan me from the bed.

BIANCA: *(to audience)* I think he suffers from paranormal or something.

NETTIE: Oh, I'm sure they're not trying to ban you from the bed, Sheep-dip.

SHEEP-DIP: They all hate me. If you let me be your special bed-buddy tonight, that will show those baaast... .

NETTIE: Now, Sheep-dip — language!

SHEEP-DIP: Sorry. Hold me until the morning light, please?

NETTIE: We'll see.

*She puts SHEEP-DIP back and gets ROARY, a lion. The corresponding ROARY actor comes out to stand with the SHEEP-DIP actor.*

BIANCA: For this part of Being Bianca, you have to decide what sort of mood you're in. Do you want to cuddle an insecure sheep or...

ROARY: (to NETTIE) Well, hello there, Darling!

NETTIE: How are you, Roary?

ROARY: Well, let me tell you a thing or three — I'm 1000% better now that I get to see your pretty face, Bianca-Tonka-Pudding-Pie!

BIANCA: Or do you want to buttered up by Roary, the very loud lion?

NETTIE: I bet you say that to all the lionesses, Roary.

ROARY: Only when they bring me a juicy leg of zebra, Honey! Ha, ha, ha! Speaking of nice legs, why aren't you wearing that short outfit of yours?

NETTIE: Now, Roary, don't get fresh!

ROARY: Can't help it, Bianca-Honka-Hot-Cross-Buns! When you're looking at a face as fresh as yours, you just have to be fresh right back, I'll tell you!

NETTIE: I suppose you think you should be my special bed-buddy tonight?

ROARY: Well, I'd sure be a heck of a lot more fun than that fuzz-covered whiny pants you just listened to.

SHEEP-DIP: See? He's picking on me!

ROARY: Oh, shut your yap, you blanket-making sap!

SHEEP-DIP: I need comfort and protection!

NETTIE: Now, listen, you two.

ROARY: You need basting and some mint jelly!

BIANCA: (to audience) It gets like this — they are so competitive when it comes to me.

NETTIE: Now, Roary, if I'm even going to consider you, you have to be nice.

*ROARY continues to talk as NETTIE puts him back on the bed.*

ROARY: Oh, come on — you don't want nice, Bianca-Bean-You-Know-What-I-Mean. You want lively! You want strong! You want...

*By this point, NETTIE has set ROARY down and has picked up a stuffed rabbit — MRS. HOPS. The corresponding MRS. HOPS actor comes to stand with the other two characters.*

SHEEP-DIP: Bully.

ROARY: Wimp.

BIANCA: (to audience) Oh, it is so hard to decide. One thing you should know about being Bianca: popularity can be a hard cross to bury. Really.

NETTIE: Mrs. Hops, how are you?

MRS. HOPS: Where have you been, little B-B baby? Never mind how I am — just how are you? Oh, I've been so worried about you.

BIANCA: Mrs. Hops. She's like my whole entire grandmother rolled into one.

NETTIE: I've been fine, Mrs. Hops.

MRS. HOPS: Was that Roary character rude to you?

ROARY: I'll show you rude when I kick your tail down the old bunny trail, Sister!

MRS. HOPS: Now, you don't pay any attention to him. Have you been eating enough?

NETTIE: I've had plenty to eat, Mrs. Hops. I'm on the malted milk ball diet.

MRS. HOPS: Oh, that's nice, dear. Now, listen, why I don't I just tuck you in to beddy-bye tonight, and I promise I'll stay right near you and I won't let...

SHEEP-DIP: But I need to be her beddy-buddy!

ROARY: She's sleeping with the king tonight!

MRS. HOPS: Now, you two just hush up. My B-B deserves some mothering, and she's certainly not going to get it from either of you.

*The three "animals" pantomime arguing as NETTIE shakes her head and brings more stuffed animals out. Eventually, she has ten animals lined up in front of her — seven more actors come out to correspond with the assortment. As they enter, they join in the pantomimed*

*argument among MRS. HOPS, ROARY and SHEEP-DIP.*

BIANCA: So, so, so-so hard. They all want to be my special buddy. Some nights, I just have to bring them all out — Sheep-dip, Roary, Mrs. Hops, Tigey-Wigey, Pearl, Johnny Depp (*this name should be changed to fit the current trends in “hot” actors*)... I bring them all out and just let them have a discussion about me.

*NETTIE lies on the bed “listening” as the ANIMALS loudly shout at each other, vying for BIANCA’s companionship. After a few seconds of shouting, they switch to pantomime again.*

It’s sort of like listening to a bed-time story, only it’s a lot like the real life of being Bianca because it’s people arguing about who’s going to get to spend the most time with you.

*The argument gets audible again. NETTIE closes her eyes and blissfully takes in the sound of her popularity. After a few seconds, the actors shift to pantomime again.*

But you know, you can get enough of a good thing, and you can’t sleep with all that shouting. So being Bianca means making a choice.

*The shouting begins again.*

NETTIE: All right, all right. (*She doesn’t successfully quell the noise. After a moment, she brings out an aerosol air horn and blows it. The noise stops.*) Now, listen, you guys. I know you all love me, but...

BIANCA’s MOTHER: (*offstage*) Bianca, put your air horn away and go to sleep.

NETTIE: Okay, Momma. ‘Night!

BIANCA’s MOTHER: (*offstage*) ‘Night. (*fading, as if walking away from the door*) Harold, she is so strange. Are you sure we don’t need to take her to therapy? What if she...

BIANCA: Mothers.

NETTIE: (*to her stuffed animals*) Every one of you has been my special buddy, you know that.

SHEEP-DIP: I’m being persecuted, Bianca. Save me.

ROARY: I’ll persecute you, you...



NETTIE: Roary, that's enough, now. We live in the U.S. of America, and here we follow the demographic process. So, here we go. Eenie-meenie-miny-mo, catch a tiger by the toe...

TIGY-WIGEY: Here's my toe! Take me!

NETTIE: If he... Oh, darn it — how does that go? Eenie-meenie-miny-mo, catch a tiger by the...

TIGY-WIGEY: Take my toe! I'm yours, Bianca!

*NETTIE pauses again, trying to remember the verse. Meanwhile, the argument between the stuffed animals resumes. NETTIE gives up on "eenie-meenie," looks at the animals arrayed in front of her, and impetuously grabs PEARL THE PIG. All other animals make a unison noise of disappointment while PEARL squeals with glee. NETTIE puts the other animals on the side of the bed; all of the actors but the one representing PEARL exit disconsolately.*

PEARL: Oh, Anca, I'm just tickled pink that you chose me. *(She laughs with a snorting sound.)* You and me together, we can really bring home the bacon, even though some people say we're hams.

*She laughs again. NETTIE pulls the covers up and holds PEARL close.*

NETTIE: 'Night, Pearl.

PEARL: 'Night, Anca. Poke me if I hog the covers.

*PEARL snorts/laughs again.*

NETTIE: Shh, Pearl.

PEARL: I'm shushing. *(fading as she falls asleep next to the bed)* Quiet as a pig in a poke. As a pig in a blanket. As a greased pig at the...

*NETTIE and PEARL start to breathe heavily, as if asleep. PEARL snores slightly.*

BIANCA: Oh. You know, my Net-Net is doing such a wonderful job of being me, I'm almost ready to be me, too, and go right to sleep. But I won't! Because, darn it, I want to wear one of those ultra-cute college sweaters so I better keep up my community servicing. Now, for the last thing we're going to do, we're going to get even deeper into my cranium and look at a highly accurate and integral part of what it takes to be Bianca: To be Bianca, you have to dream like her. Like me. Like us. Like Bianca. Now, the dreams

of Bianca come in three main variterisseries (*very-ter-IS-er-ees*). Sure, I have other dreams besides these, but let's not be silly — I can't show you every one. Can you imagine? You'd have to come every night to watch every dream and you wouldn't get any sleep yourself and the next thing you know you'd be dead and then it would be very hard to be me after that, I quarantine you. So, without further aboo-boo, here is Bianca's Dream #1. Oh, before we start, just so you know, the person you see in each of the dreams will not be me. They will be one of my friends playing me which I think is one of the all-time greatest things they will get to do ever. Dream #1 will feature D-D as Bianca; in Dream #2 Rah will fill in; and in Dream #3 we will see Li-Li playing the role of me-me. Gosh, there's that funniness again! Dream 1.

*The lights shift to indicate a dreamscape. DAWN comes out, her costuming somehow linking her to BIANCA. Various actors come out, swirling and spinning around BIANCA.*

ACTOR 1: Bianca!

DAWN: Yes?

ACTOR 2: Bianca!

DAWN: Hi!

ACTOR 3: Bianca!

DAWN: Hello?

ACTOR 4: Bianca!

DAWN: Present.

ACTOR 5: Bianca!

DAWN: I'm here.

ACTOR 6: Bianca!

DAWN: Over here.

*The six ACTORS continue to swirl around DAWN, saying "Bianca" over and over in an echoing pattern. DAWN twirls around, looking somewhat hypnotized.*

BIANCA: (*to audience*) I don't know exactly who everybody is in this dream. The faces kind of shift around so that my Aunt Becky kind of melts into my dog Rexyrufus and my old teacher Mrs. Smith turns into Orlando Bloom, you know? You know how that goes



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