



**Sample Pages from  
Fight Over Fuchsia**

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# TEN MINUTE PLAY SERIES – ALL GIRLS

*Sandy is an Eggplant, Shannon is a Pretty Girl*

*Slow Songs Make Me Puke*

*Lies*

*Anger Management*

*Fight Over Fuchsia*

*See the Light*

BY  
*Lindsay Price*



## Ten Minute Play Series – All Girls

This collection of ten minute plays is the first in our short play series. Our aim with this series is to offer a vivid experience for teen performers. Whether it's vivid characters, a vivid conflict, or vivid moments, these plays leap off the page from the very first moment. Use them in class, use them in competition, combine them for a great one act. Focus on bringing to life your vivid experience.

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## Acknowledgements

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# Fight Over Fuchsia

by Lindsay Price

## Characters

Cara-Sue (16) and Shirley-Ann (16). Ex-friends.

*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.

CARA-SUE: I can't believe she'd show her face.

SHIRLEY-ANN: If I were her I would have died of shame.

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!

SHIRLEY-ANN: Well. I refuse to talk to someone up to their eyeballs in shame.

CARA-SUE: I refuse to leave the sale for her. I won't do it.

SHIRLEY-ANN: She's totally ruining my sale experience.

BOTH: It's the bargain low bargain big bargain sale! I was here first.  
(*pause*) Can she hear me?

*They clap a hand over their mouths, turn around, see the other is still there and turn away.*

BOTH: Dang!

CARA-SUE: This is ridiculous!

SHIRLEY-ANN: I am not leaving.

CARA-SUE: I'm not leaving.

BOTH: SHE should go.

*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: (*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: Maybe she followed me here –

SHIRLEY-ANN: –with the expressed intention of apologizing!

CARA-SUE: Oh the poor dear.

SHIRLEY-ANN: Racked with so much guilt.

CARA-SUE: She looks racked with nerves.

SHIRLEY-ANN: She should feel guilty.

BOTH: I deserve an apology.

*They both sneak a peak and turn away.*

CARA-SUE: Oh the poor dear.

SHIRLEY-ANN: I should let her off the hook.

*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. (*pause*) How is your schooling progressing?

SHIRLEY-ANN: School is progressing well. I have excellent grades.

CARA-SUE: Ah. That is good news. Good news indeed.

SHIRLEY-ANN: Yes. My parents are pleased.

CARA-SUE: That is good news.

SHIRLEY-ANN: And you?

CARA-SUE: Yes. I have excellent grades as well. (*pause*) And pleased parents.

SHIRLEY-ANN: Good.

CARA-SUE: Yes. Good.

*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. It is a charming and enjoyable sale.

SHIRLEY-ANN: Indeed.

CARA-SUE: I am finding many marked down items.

SHIRLEY-ANN: Oh?

CARA-SUE: Yes.

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: Yes.

CARA-SUE: Really.

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 mean 'me' SOME people.

SHIRLEY-ANN: You take it any way you want. If you think you're SOME people then maybe SOME people did something they should be embarrassed about. SOME people should apologize.

CARA-SUE: SOME people should, I agree.

SHIRLEY-ANN: Oh you do?

CARA-SUE: And if SOME people apologized, I would be open to hearing said apology.

SHIRLEY-ANN: I too would be open.

CARA-SUE: So go ahead.

SHIRLEY-ANN: Go ahead. I'm waiting.

CARA-SUE: Me?

SHIRLEY-ANN: You.

CARA-SUE: Not me, you!

SHIRLEY-ANN: You!

CARA-SUE: You!



SHIRLEY-ANN: Not a chance.

CARA-SUE: You stole my top!

SHIRLEY-ANN: I saw it first!

CARA-SUE: I called dibs!

SHIRLEY-ANN: I saw the top, I had my hand on the top, you ripped it out of my hand.

CARA-SUE: When you call dibs –

SHIRLEY-ANN: I know the dibs rules.

CARA-SUE: When you call dibs –

SHIRLEY-ANN: I know the rules!

CARA-SUE: When you call dibs at the bargain low bargain big bargain sale, that is sacred.

SHIRLEY-ANN: You scratched my face.

CARA-SUE: Sacred!

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!

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

SHIRLEY-ANN: (*getting back under control*) Well. (*pause*) It's true.

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

SHIRLEY-ANN: Oh don't be so dramatic.

CARA-SUE: That was a dramatic statement. It merits drama.

SHIRLEY-ANN: (*rolling her eyes*) You always were a drama queen.

CARA-SUE: You were never a cruel girl Shirley-Ann. Never. You were always the sweetest girl on the street.

SHIRLEY-ANN: I am not cruel.

CARA-SUE: Sweet Shirley-Ann. That's how I used to describe you. (*she circles SHIRLEY-ANN*) This is a new development. A new side. A new page in the book of life.

SHIRLEY-ANN: (*crossing her arms*) I am not cruel.

CARA-SUE: "You look horrible in fuchsia." I can't believe you said that.

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: How is fuchsia funky face sparing my feelings?

SHIRLEY-ANN: I didn't say it, exactly, like that.

CARA-SUE: I've been wearing pink for years.

SHIRLEY-ANN: It's not the same.

CARA-SUE: You've seen me in pink for years.

SHIRLEY-ANN: It's not the same.

CARA-SUE: Pink is pink.

SHIRLEY-ANN: Not necessarily.

CARA-SUE: You never said.

SHIRLEY-ANN: Now I am.

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

SHIRLEY-ANN: Your friend? YOUR friend. That's rich. We haven't spoken in a year!

CARA-SUE: You stopped speaking to me, like the cold cruel girl you've apparently become!

SHIRLEY-ANN: You attacked me!

CARA-SUE: Dibs is a sacred pact!

SHIRLEY-ANN: 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 not stupid! That top was a one of a kind original! 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! He hates your guts!

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.



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