



**Sample Pages from  
Pretty Girl Plain Girl**

Welcome! This is copyrighted material for promotional purposes. It's intended to give you a taste of the script to see whether or not you want to use it in your classroom or perform it. You can't print this document or use this document for production purposes.

Royalty fees apply to all performances **whether or not admission is charged**. Any performance in front of an audience (e.g. an invited dress rehearsal) is considered a performance for royalty purposes.

Visit <https://tfolk.me/p244> to order a printable copy or for rights/royalty information and pricing.

**DO NOT POST THIS SAMPLE ONLINE.  
IT MAY BE DOWNLOADED ANY TIME FROM THE LINK ABOVE.**

# TEN/TWO

TEN PLAYS FOR TWO ACTORS BY  
*Lindsay Price*



## **Welcome!**

Welcome to *Ten/Two*! 10 two-hander scenes, all of which are inspired by the numbers 10 and 2.

The plays can be performed together for a full evening of theatre. Appendix A (p.79) contains Intro/Intermission/Extro sections to add if you are doing all ten plays in an evening. Appendix B (p.81) has a set arrangement.

You don't have to perform all ten plays. You can do eight or two or six or any of the other wonderful numbers between one and ten. You're even welcome to change the order of the plays. Each individual play, however, must be performed as written.

Royalty rates vary depending on the number of plays being performed. See our website for current pricing.

## **The Plays / Characters**

Many of the plays are gender flexible. Below is the gender breakdown for each play. If the play calls for "2 Either" feel free to change the genders to suit your group.

1. Quippage (1M 1W)
2. The Big Lie (2 Either)
3. Pretty Girl Plain Girl (2W)
4. Santa Runs a Sweat Shop (2 Either)
5. Ms. Spitspot's Spick and Span Play Place (1W 1 Either)
6. My Father Went to Switzerland and All I Got Was This Lousy T-Shirt. (1W 1 Either)
7. Time, What Is It? (2 Either)
8. The Last Dance (1W)
9. Ten Minutes, Ten Minutes, Ten Minutes, Ten Minutes (2 Either)
10. The Itsy-Bitsy Spider Or Else (2M)

# Pretty Girl Plain Girl

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

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

ONE: Hi.

TWO: *(with disgust)* What?

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

TWO: What?

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

TWO: What if it is?

ONE: I'd like to register.

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

ONE: Yes.

*TWO laughs.*

ONE: What's so funny?

TWO: What do you think you're doing?

ONE: Registering for the Galaxy Girl Pageant.

TWO: You can't register.

ONE: Why not?

TWO: Look at you.

ONE: What?

TWO: It's obvious. Look!

ONE: I still don't see why –

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? Are you OK? That was too much. I told you it would be too much. See, I told you.

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.

ONE: I am, I am. You're doing the right thing. I need to be prepared.  
Let's go again.

TWO: I don't understand why you need to do it at all.

ONE: I told you.

TWO: Yeah, and it doesn't get any less crazy the more you say it.

ONE: I want to be a girl.

TWO: News flash. You're a girl.

ONE: A girly girl.

TWO: Trust me, it's no great shakes.

ONE: Just once. A girly girl. I know it's not in my future so I want to make sure it happens.

TWO: Still sounds crazy.

ONE: I don't want to look back on my life and regret I never tried to be girly.

TWO: Can't you just go to prom? Get a nice dress; I'll do your hair. I'll even nominate you for Prom Queen. 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.

TWO: You can't. You don't have a thick skin.

ONE: If I practice I can make it tougher. (*she stands*) I'm ready, insult me again.

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

ONE: You have to. I want to take it on the chin and do that cool cucumber thing you do so well.

TWO: What thing?

ONE: That shoulder roll, ice stare, thing you do. When we were in the mall and those girls were ragging on you? You just cool cumbered them. Right off the shoulder. It was great.

TWO: Girls are so mean. I didn't even know them.

ONE: When I do it, it looks like I'm trying to throw my back out. (*She does a very awkward shoulder roll, trying to be cool. She winces and holds her shoulder.*) I think I gave myself whiplash.

TWO: Jan...

ONE: I'm going to practice my walk.

*ONE puts on a pair of high heels. She 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.

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

ONE: I'm getting better, aren't I? Practice makes... uh oh (*wind-milling her arms as she walks*) How do you stay up on these things? (*she starts to lose her balance*) Whoa, whoa...

TWO: Careful...

ONE: I got it... I got it... (*falling*) I don't got it...

TWO: Jan!

*ONE careens back to the chair.*

ONE: Maybe I'll take a break from the shoes.

TWO: (*false enthusiasm*) I'm sure you'll get it.

ONE: You don't believe that.

TWO: I believe you're going to take out the whole first row. Especially with those arm moves.

*They both laugh.*

ONE: I can do this. Thousands of girls enter pageants.

TWO: Yeah and thousands don't.

ONE: Help me up.

*TWO helps ONE up and the two walk back and forth.*

ONE: Don't you have a date tonight?

TWO: Huh? Oh, I cancelled.

ONE: Why?

TWO: Because you asked me to help you.

ONE: But you had a date.

TWO: I was just going to watch Dean and Frick and Frack watch basketball. Trust me, I can do that any time.

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. I don't worry about it.

*ONE turns and stares at TWO.*

ONE: Tara, you are not normal.

TWO: Why?

ONE: You don't want me to be in a pageant. You cancelled on your boyfriend instead of me. You're supposed to dump me for a guy. You're supposed to dump me, period.

TWO: (*puzzled*) Dump you how?

ONE: You're not supposed to be my friend. You're not supposed to still like me. Haven't you read, like, every teen story ever written? You're pretty, I'm not. Pretty girls do not stay friends with plain girls.

TWO: Don't say that. You're not plain.

ONE: I am! I'm fine with it.

TWO: Then why are you trying to kill yourself with those heels?

ONE: Pretty people are friends with pretty people. Period. End of story.

TWO: Is that right?

ONE: I wish you'd just hurry up and get it over with.

TWO: Get what over with?

ONE: The writing's on the wall. You'll talk to me a little less, and a little less and then one day you'll stop talking to me altogether. You won't even look at me in the halls. We won't be friends anymore. It'll be like we never were friends.

TWO: That's ridiculous.

ONE: Selene doesn't think so.

*TWO turns to ONE.*

TWO: When did you –

ONE: In the bathrooms on the second floor. I was in a stall when you came in. I heard what she said about me. I'm plain. Boring. Not worth hanging out with.

TWO: And did you hear what I said? I stood up for you!

ONE: But how long will that go on?

TWO: You should have come out. We could have stood up to her together.

ONE: What's the point? She's popular and pretty. I'm going to be a scientist and that is as far away from pretty as it gets. 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. You can't hover in the middle. You have to pick a side.



TWO: And you think I would pick her over you?

ONE: It's not your fault. It's inevitable. It's the way things have worked since the beginning of time. (*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! 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?



[help@theatrefolk.com](mailto:help@theatrefolk.com) [www.theatrefolk.com](http://www.theatrefolk.com)

# Want to Read More?

**Order a full script** through the link above. You can get a **PDF file** (it's printable, licensed for one printout, and delivered instantly) or a **traditionally bound and printed book** (sent by mail).