



**Sample Pages from  
Sandy is an Eggplant, Shannon is a Pretty Girl**

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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.

<b>Sandy is an Eggplant, Shannon is a Pretty Girl (2W)</b> .....	5
<b>Slow Songs Make Me Puke (4W)</b> .....	16
<b>Lies (2W)</b> .....	25
<b>Anger Management (2W)</b> .....	35
<b>Fight Over Fuchsia (2W)</b> .....	44
<b>See the Light (2W)</b> .....	53

## Acknowledgements

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# Sandy is an Eggplant, Shannon is a Pretty Girl

by Lindsay Price

## Characters

Sandy (17) and Shannon (14). Sisters.

## Costume

Both girls are wearing ugly purple bridesmaid dresses.

*Lights up on SANDY and SHANNON, two sisters. Both girls are wearing really ugly purple bridesmaid dresses. They stand in a formal pose with big smiles on their faces.*

*NOTE: Opening poem from Christina Rossetti, Goblin Market.*

## SANDY & SHANNON:

For there is no friend like a sister  
In calm or stormy weather  
To cheer one on the tedious way.  
To fetch one if one goes astray  
To lift one if one totters down  
To strengthen whist one stands.

*There is a pause as they stand. SANDY continues to smile. SHANNON looks perplexed.*

SHANNON: That's the stupidest poem I've ever heard.

SANDY: *(still with her fixed grin on her face)* We're supposed to be posing.

SHANNON: It's totally stupid.

SANDY: *(still with fixed grin on her face)* Shh!

SHANNON: It doesn't make any sense.

SANDY: *(still with fixed grin on her face)* Stop it!

SHANNON: It doesn't rhyme.

SANDY: *(breaking out of her pose)* Not every poem has to rhyme.

SHANNON: All the good ones do.

SANDY: How would you know, how much poetry do you read?

SHANNON: It's a stupid poem, and it's a stupid way to start a play.

*She starts to flounce to the other side of the stage.*

SANDY: Don't go anywhere; we're leaving in five minutes.

SHANNON: What for? The wedding's not until two.

SANDY: We have to be there for Deena.

SHANNON: What, like in case she changes her mind and we have to chase her down?

SANDY: Five minutes.

SHANNON: Whatever mom.

*SHANNON sprawls out on a chair and takes out a cell phone. She is instantly in an animated conversation.*

*SANDY turns to the audience. She gives a little dance and scream of frustration.*

SANDY: *(very worked up)* I HATE when she calls me mom. I'm not mom. I don't want to be mom. I don't want anything to do with being a mom. I am the anti-mom. I am anti-mom! Anti-mom! Anti-mom! *(she calms down and sighs)* Except when I'm around Shannon. My sister and I don't exactly see eye to eye on things. On anything. We are in completely different universes. And she got the good universe.

SHANNON: *(on phone)* I'm telling you, there's this nail polish that's supposed to help you stop biting your nails. Whenever you bite your nails it tastes like sour bananas or acid or something. *(she looks at her nails)* Some shiny frosted purple I wouldn't know taste if it fell on me crap.

SANDY: She is not afraid of anything. She says whatever she wants.

SHANNON: *(on phone)* My cousin is such a freak. I can't believe she found someone to marry her.

SANDY: She's right. Deena is a freak. But I could never say that.

SHANNON: *(on phone)* You are not! Don't go without me! I don't know. Probably not. My mother is being impossible about my stupid cousin and this stupid wedding. I know I'm going to have to

stay to the very end. Don't, you guys! You know I want to see it too!

SANDY: She has a million friends. Younger sisters should not have more friends than older sisters. It's not right. It makes the older sister look bad. There should be rules about this stuff.

SHANNON: *(on phone)* It was all right. We went bowling.

SANDY: She dates. She. Dates. She's fourteen. There needs to be a rule or a law that younger sisters should not date before older sisters.

SHANNON: *(on the phone)* It was ok. Kind of lame. He really likes bowling.

SANDY: I think it should be a law.

SHANNON: He has his own shoes. I don't want to go out with someone who has their own bowling shoes. I don't know. I thought we were going to the movies.

SANDY: She is pretty. She's a pretty girl. Plain and simple. She doesn't have to do anything. She gets up and she's pretty.

SHANNON: I might go out with Roger. Or Ben. Or David.

SANDY: And if that wasn't hateful enough, she never thinks about her looks. Never! She doesn't think about her looks or worries about her looks, or obsesses about her looks. She never looks at her looks!

SHANNON: Oh I forgot David was in the Math club! Not David.

SANDY: I look like an eggplant. How am I going to get a boyfriend when I look like an eggplant? It's completely unfair that she looks great in this dress. Bridesmaids aren't supposed to look good. *(calling out)* Shannon get off the phone! We'll be late.

SHANNON: Yeah, yeah. Five minutes.

SANDY: Get off now!

SHANNON: *(rolling her eyes)* I gotta go. *(she looks at SANDY)* Yeah. I know. Tell me about it.

*SHANNON snaps her cell phone shut and sits up straight. SANDY joins her. They are now in a car, driving to the wedding. SANDY continues to talk to the audience.*

SANDY: She is on the phone all the time. What could she possibly have to say? I didn't talk on the phone like that when I was fourteen. And boys call her, have I mentioned that she dates? I can't believe mom lets her do that! Not only is she allowed to date, but there are boys who are asking her out on dates! *(pause)* I'm obsessing. Obsessing is not good. Not positive. I shouldn't be spending all my time obsessing like this. I should be one with myself, right. I am one with myself. I am one with myself. I am the anti-mom.

*During the above SHANNON has been playing with the radio. As soon as SANDY starts to say "I am one with myself" SHANNON hits on a song she likes and starts to sing along loudly.*

SANDY: She never obsesses. She just is. How do I do that? *(she leans forward and snaps off the radio)*

SHANNON: I was listening to that.

SANDY: It's too loud. I can't drive when it's that loud.

SHANNON: I can't wait to get my licence. Driving with you is sooooo boring.

SANDY: My car, my rules.

SHANNON: It's not your car, it's mom's car and she lets you drive it. When I'm sixteen, I'll have my own car.

SANDY: With what money?

SHANNON: I work.

SANDY: Three weeks in the summer at the pool? That'll go far. *(to audience)* Why am I like this? I'm not a snotty person, usually. I'm not a bitter person or a sarcastic person. She turns me into a freak. I mean, literally, I'm a two-headed freak monster who spews hatred and bitter, snotty, sarcastic venom whenever I open my mouth. *(realising what she's just said)* Ew. Maybe not so much with the venom. Things were so much simpler when we were younger. Older sister, younger sister. Simple.

SHANNON: *(bouncing up and down as a younger version of herself)* Sandy! Sandy, Sandy! Wanna play? Wanna play? Let's pretend we have a flying school and and and we can jump off the back porch and the grass with the sky and the clouds and it will be our own private flying school and no one can join but us.

SANDY: Why isn't it like that anymore? Why can't we pretend we have a flying school or even just talk? Why can't we talk normally? Why can't we get along? I'm sure there have to be sisters out there in the world who don't fight every second of the day. Can't we be just two normal sisters sitting in a car chatting normally? (to SHANNON) So, how was your date last night?

SHANNON: None of your business nosy.

SANDY: Seriously, would it kill her to look up to me, just a little? For five seconds?

*SHANNON throws herself to her knees in front of SANDY.*

SHANNON: Oh Sandy. You are the best sister in the whole wide world. I love you so much. You're so smart. You're so pretty. I only wish I could be as smart and pretty as you. I'm the luckiest girl in the whole wide world to have a big sister like you.

SANDY: That's better.

SHANNON: You are the smartest person in the whole wide world. So smart, smart, smart, smart, smart!

SANDY: Wait a minute. I don't want to be the smart one. I want to be the pretty one.

SHANNON: In that dress? You look like an eggplant.

*SHANNON flounces to the other side of the stage, leaving SANDY behind.*

SANDY: Even in my imagination, she gets me. See, what I should do is forget about her completely. I should just live my life and let her do her thing and not OBSESS so much.

*SHANNON has pulled her cell phone out again and is talking.*

SHANNON: I am totally in bizarre land. My relatives are so weird.

SANDY: See that? This is exactly what I need. I see Shannon on the phone. I don't care that Shannon is on the phone. I don't care that Shannon is on the phone.

SHANNON: What do you mean Brandon's at the mall! Did he ask about me? Did he wonder why I wasn't there? Was he disappointed?



SANDY: I don't care that Shannon is on the phone. I don't. I really don't.

SHANNON: I can't believe I'm missing out on this! Describe what he's wearing.

SANDY: I don't care that she's on the phone when she shouldn't be on the phone, when we're supposed to be fulfilling our bridesmaid duties, when we're supposed to be in the room surrounding Deena with love and affection because she's a nervous wreck. But in reality I couldn't give a flying fig about surrounding Deena with love and affection because she's been an absolute nightmare ever since she got engaged. Why can't I just pull out my cell phone and not care about Deena? Why do I have to care? Why? Why? Why? Why? Why? Why? Why? Why? Why? Why? Why? Why? Why? Why? Why?

*By the end of her speech SANDY has collapsed to the ground in frustration and is pounding the floor. SHANNON comes up and watches her.*

SHANNON: What is up with you?

*SANDY pauses in mid pound. She sighs and looks at the audience.*

SANDY: I guess I need to work on that a little more.

*SHANNON and SANDY stand side by side. They are in the receiving line for the bridal party at the reception. SANDY is greeting guests as they pass by. SHANNON looks totally bored.*

SANDY: Hi, thank you for coming. *(to the next guest)* Hi, thank you for coming. *(to the next guest)* Hi, thank you for coming. *(to SHANNON)* You're supposed to say, "Hi, thank you for coming."

SHANNON: Why?

SANDY: That's what we're supposed to do. And smile.

SHANNON: Why?

SANDY: So that people think you're sincere.

SHANNON: But I'm not. And neither are you. You hate Deena.

SANDY: No I don't.

SHANNON: Yes you do.

SANDY: No I don't.

SHANNON: Yes you do.

SANDY: So what if I do? This is her wedding day.

SHANNON: If it's her day, then why are we standing here?

SANDY: Because members of the bridal party stand in the receiving line.

SHANNON: I didn't want to be in the bridal party in the first place.

SANDY: Then why did you say yes?

SHANNON: Mom said I had to.

SANDY: Say it a little louder, I don't think Deena heard you.

SHANNON: Deena wouldn't hear anything if a Mac Truck hit her in the face. She's in full bride mode. (*scary voice*) Bridezilla, duh, duh, duh!!!

SANDY: That's enough.

SHANNON: She only asked us because she needed to fill out her side cause Noah has more friends than she does.

SANDY: That's enough.

SHANNON: (*mocking*) That's enough. Got it mom.

SANDY: (*muttering to herself*) Anti-mom, anti-mom, anti-mom.

SHANNON: (*she sighs*) I can't believe these dresses. I know bridesmaid dresses are supposed to be ugly, but these are the roadkill of dresses. It's like Deena went to the store and asked for the fugliest dress on purpose.

SANDY: Come on. You're the only one who looks good in it.

SHANNON: And that drives you insaaaaaaane.

SANDY: No it doesn't.

SHANNON: Yes it does.

SANDY: No it doesn't.

SHANNON: Yes it does.

SANDY: Stop being so childish.

SHANNON: Childish! Whoo, you got me there Sandy. Way to go with the come back.

SANDY: Shut up.

SHANNON: Shut up! Whoo, you got me there Sandy. You're queen of the comeback today.

SANDY: *(to audience)* I'm supposed to have the upper hand here. I'm supposed to be more knowledgeable and wiser in the ways of the world. She completely cuts me off at the knees every time. *(to SHANNON)* Where are you going?

SHANNON: I have to pee. I'll be back.

SANDY: You stay here.

SHANNON: I have to pee.

SANDY: Don't you move.

SHANNON: She's not going to miss me.

SANDY: It's your job to stay. If mom comes by and you're not here, you'll get in trouble.

SHANNON: I'll tell you this for nothing. If Deena has to pee I am not helping. That dress has got to be a hundred pounds. She is on her own. I'll be right back.

SANDY: No you won't. You'll go off to some corner and call your friends and goof on me and you'll never come back and you'll leave me responsible for everything.

SHANNON: We're not responsible for anything, Sandy. We're just bridesmaids.

SANDY: That's not true and you know it.

SHANNON: If I want to go to the bathroom, I'll go.

SANDY: You're not going anywhere.

SHANNON: You can't tell me what to do! I am sick and tired of you bossing me around.

SANDY: SHANNON KOSLEWSKI , YOU WILL NOT GO TO THE BATHROOM. YOU WILL STAY RIGHT HERE, YOU WILL NOT PEE, YOU WILL HOLD IT! DO YOU HEAR ME? YOU WILL HOLD IT!

*There is a moment of silence. Obviously everyone is staring at SANDY and SHANNON. SHANNON looks mortified. She runs off to the side and sits in the chair. SANDY talks to the audience.*

SANDY: Every situation always has a line. You know, the line between everything being ok and everything being really fantastically ugly. Hello line, I'm Sandy, nice to meet you. You don't mind if I completely cross you, do you? I thought not. After my little... outburst, Deena told me I had ruined her wedding and she wouldn't forgive me as long as she lives. Not necessarily a bad thing. But then I got a long speech from mom. No anti-mom. The real deal mom. The one who says I better go talk to my sister and be quick about it before Deena hyperventilates and the paramedics have to find a way to get her out of that dress. Was I really in the wrong? I know I said the wrong thing but... I was completely wrong wasn't I. Ok. Here it goes...

*SANDY walks over to the chairs and sits beside SHANNON, who completely turns away.*

SANDY: Hey.

SHANNON: Go away.

SANDY: I just wanted to see if you were all right. I brought you some punch. Deena has this punch fountain thing. It's supposed to be a fountain I guess but I don't think it's working properly. It doesn't bubble over so much as shoot up like one of those geysers at Yellowstone. Uncle Don is completely covered in punch. It's pretty funny.

SHANNON: You humiliated me. In front of everybody.

SANDY: I'm sorry.

SHANNON: Go away.

SANDY: I went overboard. I know. I freaked out. I pulled a Deena.

SHANNON: You're not mom. You can't tell me what to do.



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