



by Lindsay Price

**Sample Pages from  
Snapshot: Bee-u-ti-ful**

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# SNAPSHOT: BEE-U-TI-FUL

A BEE-RIFIC COMEDY IN ONE ACT BY  
*Lindsay Price*



*Snapshot: Bee-u-ti-ful*

A competition-length version of ***Beauty and the Bee***.

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## Characters

2M, 5W + 5 Any Gender

**Catherine Godenot-Fry:** Oldest. 17. A cheerleader. Used to be involved with pageants. Godenot is pronounced Goh-de-no.

**Julian Godenot-Fry:** Middle. 15. Laid-back and easygoing, on a never-ending quest to add processed junk food to his parentally-enforced healthy diet.

**Cosette Godenot-Fry:** Youngest. 14. A homeschooled national spelling bee champion. A genius.

**Bethany:** Catherine's friend.

**Lauren:** Catherine's friend.

**Peg:** Cosette's friend.

**Louis:** Cosette's friend.

**The Bee-Muses:** Queen Bee, Reve, Cogi, Daze, and Mare.

All the bees can be played by any gender. Change "Queen" to whatever royal moniker suits best.

## Set

Platforms, steps or risers on stage left and right. Centre stage is clear.

## Furniture

A bench that fits three actors (or cubes). A table with three stools.

All furniture must be light enough for actors to carry. Furniture should enter and exit during musical moments, never during blackouts. Treat scene changes as part of the action.

## Props

Three cereal bowls with spoons

Big knapsack for Cosette with big notebook and big pen

Cell phone for Catherine

Cloth bag that holds healthy snacks

Corn Dog, paper plate, napkin

## Costumes

**Catherine:** Popular girl attire. Muted and matching.

**Julian:** Old t-shirt, old jeans, Converse sneakers. Adds a baseball cap at the ball game.

**Cosette:** Clashing bold colours and textures. Cosette is comfortable with the clash.

**Bee-Muses:** All dress the same in some fashion of black and yellow. The bees can be literal with wings and antennae, or more abstract with variations of black and yellow. The Queen Bee wears a red sash.

**Peg/Louis:** Nerdish attire that they're comfortable in and happy to wear.

**Bethany/Lauren:** Popular girl attire.

## Word Definitions and Pronunciations

See the vocabulary list at the end of the script for word definitions and pronunciations.

## Alternate Version

A longer version of this play can be found at [www.theatrefolk.com](http://www.theatrefolk.com) under the title *Beauty and the Bee*.

*In the darkness there is the sound of buzzing. It is varied and overlapping.*

THE BEE-MUSES: Bzzzz, buzz, buzz, bzzzzzzz, buzz, bzzzzz...

*The lights snap to full to reveal a tableau. A family portrait. Everyone is smiling nicely, posed nicely, standing nicely. The thing is, it's a family of bees. Life-sized bumble bees.*

THE BEE-MUSES: Say cheese!

*Blackout.*

*In the darkness the opening breakneck strains of 'Flight of the Bumblebee' are heard. Lights rise to reveal chaos. Everyone in the play moves around in industrious patterns.*

*The music stops and everyone freezes. CATHERINE and COSETTE are side by side.*

BOTH: Photograph.

CATHERINE: I love having my picture taken.

COSETTE: (*good-naturedly*) I hate it.

CATHERINE: That was the best part of pageants.

COSETTE: Pictures are frozen. (*she bounces and wiggles*) Nowhere to go!

CATHERINE: (*with a sigh*) Pretty pictures.

COSETTE: Unchangeable.

CATHERINE: We all look normal in pictures. (*turning to COSETTE*) Except for you.

*'Flight of the Bumblebee' plays, everyone moves.*

*JULIAN sits at a table downstage centre and plunks his head down, asleep. There are three cereal bowls with spoons in them on the table. The BEE-MUSES circle and exit.*

*Stage left, COSETTE is with her friends, PEG and LOUIS. Stage right, CATHERINE is with her friends, BETHANY and LAUREN. Once all are in place, the music pauses.*

LOUIS: Reading Pushkin in the original Russian is a whole different experience.

CATHERINE: (to LAUREN and BETHANY) And then did you see?

LAUREN: The shoes?

COSETTE: (to LOUIS) You're always trying to push Pushkin on us.

BETHANY: So did not go with her outfit.

PEG: (to COSETTE and LOUIS) So I should, should I, why should I, maybe I should –

LOUIS: Spit it out!

LAUREN: Shoes make or break an outfit.

COSETTE: (to LOUIS) Pushy.

CATHERINE: And don't even get me started on the purse.

COSETTE: Word of the day! Scherenschnitte. S-C-H-E-R-E-N-S-C-H-N – I-T-T-E. The cutting out of paper designs with scissors. (she pumps her fist in the air) German words are the ultimate.

LOUIS: At least I'm not pushing asinine German words on anybody.

BETHANY: Did you hear? The Schmidt twins?

LAUREN: Did they get it for the party?

COSETTE: They're not asinine, they're beautiful.

PEG: I-I-I think –

LOUIS: (barrelling over PEG) They're lunatic!

BETHANY: Grounded the whole year.

*Both COSETTE and CATHERINE inhale in shock.*

COSETTE & CATHERINE: (each to their own friends) Are not!

LOUIS & BETHANY: Are too!

*'Flight of the Bumblebee' plays again. Everyone scatters. CATHERINE sits at the table, on her phone. JULIAN stays where he is. COSETTE stands by the table and addresses the audience. The BEE-MUSES do a circle and exit.*

COSETTE: I don't have a favourite picture. My mom's is the one from the National Spelling Bee, right after I won. Everyone's hugging and my mom's mouth is open, huge, you can tell she's screaming. It's the first thing you see when you walk in our house. *(she crinkles up her nose)* It's really big.

*COSETTE sits, happily humming and bouncing. JULIAN snores. CATHERINE texts. JULIAN gives a loud and particularly gross snore.*

CATHERINE: Disgusting. Julian. Julian!

*CATHERINE kicks the table. JULIAN jolts up.*

JULIAN: *(sitting up, dazed)* What?

CATHERINE: You're snoring at the table.

JULIAN: Where?

COSETTE: The kitchen.

JULIAN: Oh. *(he yawns)* I dreamed a bowl of Fruity-Oh's magically appeared in front of me. *(he looks in his bowl)* No such luck.

CATHERINE: Fruity-oh's are processed cardboard.

JULIAN: I dream of processed cardboard.

CATHERINE: Cardboard is bad for you.

JULIAN: *(sighing)* Like twigs and moss are so much better.

CATHERINE: Oat bran is not twigs and moss.

COSETTE: *(suddenly)* Did you know oat bran picks up the bile in your intestines? And it helps bulk up the bowel so you go more frequently.

*Both CATHERINE and JULIAN were in mid-bite. Together they drop their spoons and push their bowls away. CATHERINE's phone rings and she leaves the table.*

CATHERINE: *(exiting)* Hey. I am in hell. Total hell. Did you get the practice schedule?

JULIAN: *(yawning and stretching)* So Co, what's on the agenda for today?

COSETTE: *(bounces up and down)* Registration!

JULIAN: Right, it's regi day.



COSETTE: I can't wait to get my student ID card and my locker...

JULIAN: (*yawning*) Cool to see you so excited.

COSETTE: Very. I can't believe I'm going to high school! Whoo!

JULIAN: (*laying head on table*) Big difference from the homeschool scene. There's much... less... home...

*JULIAN immediately falls asleep. From offstage, there is the sound of buzzing.*

COSETTE: (*looking around*) Hello?

*The sound of buzzing gets louder.*

COSETTE: Hello?

*The BEE-MUSES leap onstage surrounding COSETTE. They channel the Three Stooges as ill-prepared swashbucklers.*

THE BEE-MUSES: (*just like pirates*) Ah ha!

QUEEN BEE: Hello, Cosette.

REVE: Or should we say Cozzzzzzette.

COGI: Don't try to run.

DAZE: Don't try to hide.

COSETTE: What are you doing in my kitchen?

MARE: This is not your kitchen.

QUEEN BEE: You're in dream land.

DAZE: Dead asleep.

COSETTE: I'm not asleep.

COGI: Yes, you are.

REVE: Don't deny it!

QUEEN BEE: Look kid, you're asleep. We wouldn't be here if you were awake so –

COSETTE: Julian's asleep. Are you supposed to talk to him?

*JULIAN lets out a loud snore; the BEE-MUSES jump back.*

DAZE: Nasty.

COGI: Boss! (*stage whisper*) x-nay on the alk-tay when (*pointing right at COSETTE*) she's wake-ay...

QUEEN BEE: Who's got the schedule? How did we screw up the schedule?

*The BEES all talk at once coming up with excuses.*

QUEEN BEE: (*over top*) Never mind! (*pointing to COSETTE*) We were never here.

*Music plays. The BEES circle the stage and exit. Everyone else in the play enters, moving in industrious patterns. The music pauses. Everyone freezes. COSETTE and CATHERINE stand side-by-side.*

COSETTE & CATHERINE: Photograph.

CATHERINE: Christmas.

COSETTE: I'm ten.

CATHERINE: Thirteen.

COSETTE: I get the dictionary I asked for.

CATHERINE: (*disbelief*) She asked for a dictionary.

COSETTE: That's when I really started getting serious with the spelling bees. Whoo!

CATHERINE: Freak.

COSETTE: Is the truth in the picture?

CATHERINE: Or just outside the frame?

*Music plays. Everyone rushes off. COSETTE, PEG, and LOUIS sit stage right. LAUREN and BETHANY and CATHERINE stand stage left. Music fades.*

COSETTE: (*bouncing up and down*) I'm official! I've got an ID card and everything. Tonight's the open house. (*PEG and LOUIS stare at her*) What? Say something.

LOUIS: You are out of your mind.

COSETTE: Louis.

LOUIS: You won a national competition. National! And your follow up is high school?

PEG: Cosette, don't... don't you... don't you have... any... uh...

LOUIS: Spit it out!

PEG: (*all in one breath*) Don't you have any concerns about what it might be like? How you might be, uh, treated?

LOUIS: Have any nightmares?

COSETTE: Like what?

LOUIS: Like having your head repeatedly shoved in a toilet?

*The focus shifts stage left.*

BETHANY: I can't believe it. The summer just started.

LAUREN: The beach is going to be so sad next week. The saddest place ever.

CATHERINE: And I won't be there.

LAUREN: I can't believe you're not allowed to go! What's with your parents being so (*makes a face like she's swallowing medicine*) 'family' all of a sudden?

CATHERINE: I don't know. It's hell. Total hell.

BETHANY: Is something wrong?

LAUREN: I never see my parents.

BETHANY: Why not?

LAUREN: I don't know. They're busy, I guess. (*thinking*) I wonder what they're doing?

*The focus shifts stage right.*

PEG: Cosi, you have to... you really should... People like us don't... we don't really ...

LOUIS: Spit it out!

PEG: (*all in one breath*) We don't belong in high school, we're not like other people.

LOUIS: Now is the time to speak with candour and open honesty. Wahrheit!

COSETTE: (*mocking*) German, Louis? Gee, you're serious.

LOUIS: And you are living in a dream world. A bubble. A dream world surrounded by a bubble wearing a sweater vest. There are no sweater vests in high school! It's a vicious place where the weak get tossed onto the tundra to be devoured by wolves.

PEG: Louis! Ew!

COSETTE: That's harsh.

LOUIS: We're not the wolves, Cosette, we are not the wolves.

*The focus shifts left.*

BETHANY: Hey, is your sister really going to Chapman?

LAUREN: She is? She's going to our school?

CATHERINE: (*sighing*) Yeah.

BETHANY: I thought she home-schooled.

LAUREN: Home-schoolers are so weird. They always look so pasty. Like they only move around at night, 'cause they can't bear the light of the sun.

CATHERINE: That's a vampire.

LAUREN: Oh. (*with wide eyes*) Is your sister a vampire?

*The focus shifts stage right.*

LOUIS: Look, I know the horror. I have been in the building of horror.

COSETTE: You went for five minutes.

LOUIS: That's all I could stand! One spitball on the back of my neck and I was out.

COSETTE: I have my whole life to be smart! I have one tiny window to experience high school. I want to slam a locker, and complain about a math test, and eat yesterday's fries with last year's gravy...

PEG: You'd never... you would never... never... Mom never...

LOUIS: Spit it out!

PEG: (*all in one breath*) Your mom would kill you if you ate french fries.

COSETTE: She's all for it. She's one hundred percent happy for me.

LOUIS & PEG: (*disbelieving*) Really?

COSETTE: Well, she's given up trying to change my mind. You should too.

LOUIS: Sweater vest bubble dream world. (*pointing at COSETTE*) Living it.

COSETTE: I'm going to high school. (*pointing at LOUIS*) Deal with it.

LOUIS: Fine. When the wolves tear your arm off, don't come crying to us!

*Music plays. Everyone enters, moving in industrious patterns. In the middle of the movement, the BEE-MUSES and CATHERINE meet face-to-face. The music pauses. Everyone freezes.*

CATHERINE: Hey! Watch where you're going.

QUEEN BEE: Hello, Catherine.

MARE: Sweet dreams?

CATHERINE: (*with scorn*) Nice outfits.

MARE: Is she insulting us?

CATHERINE: I don't dream of giant bees. Shoo!

REVE: We're the buzzing in your brain.

COGI & DAZE: Buzz, buzz!

REVE: (*sing song*) We know what you're thinking.

CATHERINE: (*pushing past*) Shut up!

*Music plays, everyone moves in industrious patterns. In the middle of the movement, the BEE-MUSES and COSETTE meet face-to-face. The music pauses. Everyone freezes.*

QUEEN BEE: Hello, Cosette.

COGI: Cozzzzzzzette.

COSETTE: (*very cross, turning away*) What do you want?

DAZE: So grouchy!

MARE: Something on your mind?

QUEEN BEE: A buzzing in your brain?

COGI & DAZE: Buzz, buzz!

REVE: How was the open house?

COSETTE: Leave me alone!

*She pushes past them. Music plays. Everyone exits. JULIAN sits at the table and falls asleep. COSETTE stands beside the table with her back to the audience. The music pauses. CATHERINE steps forward.*

CATHERINE: My favourite picture is our family portrait. We get one done every year. Everyone looks their best. It's the only time... we look like a family. Like a family is supposed to look. I want to be a part of the family in that picture. *(she sighs)* Why can't everything stay the same? Why do things have to change?

*CATHERINE sits at the table, buried in her phone. COSETTE paces beside the table. She hums unconsciously. JULIAN gives a loud and particularly gross snore.*

CATHERINE: Disgusting. Julian. Julian!

*CATHERINE kicks the table, JULIAN jolts up.*

JULIAN: *(sitting up, dazed)* What?

CATHERINE: You're snoring at the table.

*Suddenly, COSETTE erupts in a spelling explosion.*

COSETTE: Meseems! M-E-S-E-E-M-S! Mesembryanthemum! M-E-S-E  
– M-B-

CATHERINE: *(breaking into the explosion)* What are you doing!

*COSETTE stops in her tracks losing her balance.*

COSETTE: *(falling over)* Gack!

CATHERINE: Freak.

*CATHERINE's phone rings and she gets up.*

CATHERINE: *(leaving)* Hey. I'm in hell. Are you serious? I can't believe she'd do that!

*COSETTE picks herself up. She slumps into her seat with a groan and puts her head on the table. JULIAN stares at her.*

JULIAN: Cossi-fan-tutti. I'm sensing... there's something's... awry.

COSETTE: *(with her head on the table)* Really? Whatever gave you that idea?

JULIAN: What's going on?

COSETTE: *(sitting up)* The open house was Friday, at the school?

JULIAN: Oh yeah. Casa de opena. How was that?

*COSETTE groans and puts her head on the table.*

JULIAN: Whoa. I'm sensing... issue.

COSETTE: It was horrible. Did you know I'm different?

JULIAN: *(he shrugs)* You're you.

COSETTE: Yes, and normally that would be enough. I am me. Period. Done. I never think that different doesn't matter when you've always been surrounded by the same kind of different. Did you know there's no different in high school?

JULIAN: What happened?

COSETTE: I told this girl that the Norwegian rat, which doesn't come from Norway at all, is found everywhere except the Arctic, the Antarctic, and Alberta.

JULIAN: See, that's not the first thing I'd say to someone after "hello."

COSETTE: She just stared at me. Right through me. Am I going to last five minutes? Am I living in a sweater vest bubble world? *(groaning)* Am I making a big mistake?

JULIAN: Whoa. Whoa. Listen. Co, you gotta do... *(Pause. COSETTE stares waiting for infinite wisdom, which is...)* what you gotta do. *(he's very pleased with his wisdom)*

COSETTE: *(sighing)* I don't know what to do.

*Music plays. Everyone enters moving in industrious patterns. COSETTE and CATHERINE end up downstage. The music pauses. Everyone freezes.*

CATHERINE & COSETTE: Photograph.

CATHERINE: I love feeling pretty. The girl in the picture.

COSETTE: Pictures say nothing.

CATHERINE: Mom took all my pageant pictures down when I quit.

COSETTE: I wish I could take down that Bee picture.

CATHERINE: Nobody loves a quitter.

COSETTE: The moment's gone.

CATHERINE: (*bitter*) Nobody loves a quitter.

*Music plays and everyone moves. In this next section the table, chairs, and bowls need to be moved out of the way, and a bench is moved downstage centre.*

*The BEE-MUSES jog onstage in a line. CATHERINE turns to see the BEES coming.*

CATHERINE: (*thrusting out her hand*) Stop right there!

*The music pauses. Everyone freezes.*

CATHERINE: You are not coming into my dream again. No way.

QUEEN BEE: Too late, Catherine.

THE BEE-MUSES: Photo op!

*The BEE-MUSES crowd around CATHERINE and pose for a picture. CATHERINE stands with her arms folded.*

THE BEE-MUSES: Say cheese!

CATHERINE: I do not dream of giant talking bees. It's weird.

QUEEN BEE: And you're not weird.

CATHERINE: Of course not.

QUEEN BEE: Still, your brain is buzzing pretty bad. Otherwise we wouldn't be here.

CATHERINE: You've got the wrong brain. I never think about anything.

MARE: (*leaning in*) Really? That's weird.

CATHERINE: I'm NOT weird! (*breaking away*) Get out of my head, you stupid bees!



*Music plays. Everyone moves. The BEE-MUSES come face-to-face with COSETTE.*

COSETTE: (*thrusting out her hand*) Stop right there!

*The music pauses. Everyone freezes.*

COSETTE: I don't have time to deal with you. (*she rubs her head*) My brain's too full.

THE BEE-MUSES: We know!

*The BEES gather around COSETTE and pose for a picture.*

THE BEE-MUSES: Say cheese!

DAZE: Poor Cosette.

REVE: Your head must hurt so bad.

COGI: All those thoughts flying around.

DAZE & MARE: Buzz, buzz, buzz!

REVE: What if high school isn't all you imagined it to be? What if it sucks?

COGI: Sucks to be you.

MARE: What are you going to do, Cosette?

COSETTE: I don't know. (*she rubs her head*) My brain hurts, I can't think.

QUEEN BEE: Better come up with an answer quick. You're about to wake up.

*Music plays. Everyone moves. CATHERINE, JULIAN and COSETTE sit on the bench. Everyone exits. Music fades.*

*The three stare at a piece of art. CATHERINE and JULIAN slowly turn their heads to the side, as if that could help them understand. COSETTE bounces.*

JULIAN: (*still with his head to the side*) Is it upside-down?

CATHERINE: It's not art. It's a blob. A big blob of lines and things and there's no paint.

COSETTE: It's done on computer. Fractals.

CATHERINE: How can it be art if it's done on computer?

COSETTE: You still need to tell the computer what to do. It's math art.  
(*smiling*) Exploring infinite possibilities.

CATHERINE: (*muttering to herself*) Kill me now.

JULIAN: Hmmm. Hungry.

CATHERINE: You're always hungry.

JULIAN: There's a hot dog stand outside...

CATHERINE: Mom'll catch you...

JULIAN: You won't cover for me, Cathy?

CATHERINE: Not when you call me Cathy.

JULIAN: Where'd they go?

COSETTE: Egyptian Art.

JULIAN: I could die without a dog. (*looks left and right*) Must... dash.  
(*stands*)

CATHERINE: Mom'll catch you...

JULIAN: I leave myself to the whims of fate. Rat on me if you must.

*JULIAN exits. CATHERINE looks at her nails, bored. COSETTE keeps darting unsubtle looks at CATHERINE. Finally, CATHERINE rolls her eyes.*

CATHERINE: Stop staring at me.

COSETTE: Sorry. So... soooooooooo. Are you going to... 'rat' on him?

CATHERINE: (*still examining her nails*) I don't know. Are you going to tell her?

COSETTE: No. Why?

CATHERINE: You might. (*slightly tight*) You're close to her. Closer than I am.

COSETTE: Oh. (*inhales, then speaks fast and furiously*) Ectogenesis! E-C-T-O-G-E-N – !

CATHERINE: (*breaking into the explosion*) Stop that!

COSETTE: Gagh! (*she topples back*)

CATHERINE: You can't do that! Randomly spell in public. Nobody does that! Are you gonna do that at school? I swear Cosette if you ever –

COSETTE: (*yelling, leaping up*) That's it!

CATHERINE: (*falling back*) Gagh!

COSETTE: (*moving back*) Sorry, sorry. I'm messing this up in colossal proportions. I want to talk to you about school. Fitting in at school.

CATHERINE: Good luck with that.

COSETTE: Ah ha! You know. You know! I know that you know!

CATHERINE: Know what?

COSETTE: Catherine. It has been brought to my attention that different and high school don't necessarily gel. Or fit. Or mesh. I was wondering... I was thinking... (*increasing speed*) bubble wolves sweaters mom white flag forget it.

CATHERINE: (*standing*) OK.

COSETTE: (*standing*) Will you help me?

CATHERINE: With what?

COSETTE: Fitting in pointers. Please?

CATHERINE: (*sitting*) You're kidding.

COSETTE: (*sitting*) I am steadfast with solemn seriousness.

CATHERINE: (*standing*) You're beyond help!

COSETTE: (*standing*) A little alliteration and I'm beyond help?

CATHERINE: (*sitting*) You say and do weird things at all the wrong times. You know too much about rats! I'm not trying to be mean, but...

COSETTE: (*sitting*) You don't think I should try high school.

CATHERINE: Nobody gets to 'try' high school. You sink or you swim.

COSETTE: (*leaping up*) That's it!

CATHERINE: (*hissing and looking around*) People are staring.

COSETTE: I don't want to sink. I want to swim and you are an excellent swimmer.

CATHERINE: It's just school.

COSETTE: It's more than that. We could put these family outings to good use by discussing how to not get my head flushed down a toilet.

CATHERINE: Only boys do that.

COSETTE: (*happy*) Oh good.

CATHERINE: Girls will just be mean to you till you cry.

COSETTE: (*less happy*) Oh good. I didn't know that. Will you help me? Please?

CATHERINE: What does Mom think about all this?

COSETTE: She wanted me to throw in the towel weeks ago. Regular high school isn't exactly in her 'plan' for me. But I convinced her otherwise.

CATHERINE: Oh did you. (*pause*) All right.

COSETTE: (*bouncing up and down*) Really? Really? That was a yes? You're really going to help? (*she lunges at CATHERINE*) I can't believe you said yes! I have so much to learn and... (*she pats herself down*) I don't have a pen. How can I absorb your wisdom without a pen! (*she runs in a tight circle*) A pen! A pen! My kingdom for a pen!

CATHERINE: COSETTE!

*COSETTE freezes in place.*

CATHERINE: Chill out.

COSETTE: Right. (*she exhales really slowly and sits*) I am chilled... out.

JULIAN: (*running in*) Mom and Dad are in a throwdown outside Ancient Artifacts.

CATHERINE: What?

COSETTE: They're fighting? Fighting, fighting?

JULIAN: All out verbal fencing.

CATHERINE: He's being overdramatic. Let's find them and get this stupid day over with. (*she exits*)

COSETTE: Thank you, Catherine! Thank you, thank you, thank you!

*COSETTE's yelling makes CATHERINE exit faster.*

*'Flight of the Bumblebee' plays. Everyone enters, moving in industrious patterns. The BEE-MUSES jog in a line coming face-to-face with CATHERINE. The music pauses.*

THE BEE-MUSES: (with a French accent) 'Allo Catherine!

CATHERINE: You bees are really starting to bug me.

QUEEN BEE: (to the other BEES) We're irritating!

MARE: That's all a bee can hope for!

*The BEES whoop and hi-five one another.*

CATHERINE: I don't know why you're bothering. Everything in my life is fine. Just fine.

THE BEE-MUSES: Uh huh.

REVE: So you keep saying.

DAZE: Denial is not just a river in Egypt, Catherine.

*'Flight of the Bumblebee' plays. Everyone enters, moving in industrious patterns. The BEE-MUSES jog in a line and come face-to-face with COSETTE. The music pauses.*

COSETTE: When am I going to stop dreaming of giant bees?

QUEEN BEE: When you're happy.

COSETTE: But I am happy. I'm going to experience high school the right way.

COGI: That's sure a surprise, huh? Catherine offering to help you.

COSETTE: Catherine's the best.

COGI: She is?

REVE : Who knew?

COSETTE: What are you saying?

QUEEN BEE: We don't say anything. It's your brain, Cosette.

COSETTE: (*speaking quickly*) Did you know they used to say bees couldn't fly? A bee shouldn't be able to support its weight with its wings. But they were comparing the bee to the airplane and hadn't factored in that bees don't fly the same way that planes do.

*The BEES stare at COSETTE.*

DAZE: You can't turn that off, can you?

*Music plays. Everyone moves. PEG, LOUIS and COSETTE end up stage right. CATHERINE, BETHANY and LAUREN, stage left. The music pauses.*

LOUIS: You are out of your mind.

PEG: Louis!

LOUIS: She's going to the head wolf. She's offering her limbs up to the chopping block.

COSETTE: Catherine is going to help me fit in.

PEG: Why? I mean, what I mean is, how? No, what I mean –

LOUIS: *(interrupting)* You're going to listen to some pompom robot who isn't even going to a real school next year?

COSETTE: It's a real school. It's a fashion... institute.

LOUIS: Ha!

*The focus shifts left. CATHERINE paces back and forth. BETHANY looks extremely annoyed.*

CATHERINE: This week has been a complete disaster. You know what I have to do today? A baseball game. The gallery is one thing, no one I know is going to go to something so stupid as a gallery, but I could be seen at a ball game. With my family. What if Troy goes to the game?

BETHANY: *(blurting out)* Who cares?

CATHERINE: What?

BETHANY: *(realizing she spoke the quiet part out loud)* Nothing.

CATHERINE: What did you say?

LAUREN: She said –

BETHANY: Nothing! I didn't say anything. Why would I say anything? Why would I bother saying anything? All day every day is filled to the brim with how every second of your life is torture and your family sucks. You think your life is worse than ours? You think – oh just forget it.

*BETHANY storms off.*

CATHERINE: Bethany!

LAUREN: (*calling out*) Are we going to the beach tomorrow?

*Music plays and everyone moves. JULIAN sits on the bench centre stage. He pulls out a baseball cap and puts it on. He gets right into the game. CATHERINE sits. She carries a small cloth bag. She immediately pulls out her phone and starts to text. Everyone else exits. The music fades.*

JULIAN: (*yelling*) Hey batter, hey batter, swing! Hey batter, hey batter, swing!

CATHERINE: (*pushing JULIAN*) Not in my ear.

JULIAN: (*trying to look over her shoulder*) What are you doing...

CATHERINE: Shut up. It's my phone. I bought it. I can do whatever I want.

JULIAN: Uh huh. You gonna say that when Mom sits down? (*hoots with laughter*) Can I watch? Take pictures? (*yelling out*) My grandmother can hit harder than you!

CATHERINE: Not in my ear!

JULIAN: (*groaning*) Oh my stomach, commander-in-chief, what can I feed you! (*elbowing CATHERINE*) Hey. What treats in the land of the bland and unprocessed are we eating today?

CATHERINE: (*looking in the bag at her feet*) Raw sunflower seeds and fruit leather.

JULIAN: Just what a growing boy needs. Fruit leather. (*he sighs*) Why don't you ever complain about this bounty of baked and dried?

CATHERINE: Why would I? I look amazing. I have the best skin of anyone in my class.

JULIAN: (*bowing*) The ever-humble Cathy Godenot-Fry.

CATHERINE: Don't call me Cathy.

*COSETTE enters. She carries a large backpack.*

JULIAN: Where are the 'rents?

COSETTE: They sent me down.

CATHERINE: (*annoyed*) They're not coming?

COSETTE: They didn't say.

JULIAN: Do you hear that? (*softly calling out*) Julian... Julian...

COSETTE: (*actually listing*) What?

JULIAN: Nachos calling my name. (*he stands*) Fake cheese, here I come.

CATHERINE: Don't get caught...

JULIAN: Don't lose that phone... (*exiting on the run*)

COSETTE: (*reaches into her bag and pulls out a big notebook and a BIG pen*) I. Am. Ready!

CATHERINE: What?

COSETTE: I am ready. I have a pen. I have the focus of a laser beam ready to absorb your words of fitting-in wisdom. Fire away!

CATHERINE: You're not.

COSETTE: What?

CATHERINE: You're not ready. (*slowly*) You look eager to learn.

COSETTE: Oh. That's bad?

CATHERINE: Very.

COSETTE: But I like learning.

CATHERINE: No. You don't.

COSETTE: (*writing this down*) Never admit I like learning. Got it.

CATHERINE: Are you going to write everything down?

COSETTE: Of course. (*concentrating*) I have to figure out how to look like I hate learning, while learning at the same time. (*leaning forward*) What next?

CATHERINE: Stop that! Never lean forward. And NEVER raise your hand in class.

COSETTE: But what if I know the answer? Can I raise my hand once a month?

CATHERINE: Cosette.

COSETTE: Every other month?

CATHERINE: No!



COSETTE: OK, OK, (*writing this down*) no answers.

CATHERINE: Fitting in means you don't do anything to make you stand out. When you stand out people notice you and it gives them a chance to realize you're a space alien.

*CATHERINE notices COSETTE focusing on something to the front and right of them.*

CATHERINE: What are you looking at?

COSETTE: The wave's going around. Here it comes!

*COSETTE stands up and throws her arms in the air. CATHERINE does not.*

COSETTE: Whoo!

*She sits and looks sheepishly at CATHERINE, who stares at her stonily. COSETTE clears her throat.*

COSETTE: The wave is wrong. Let me write that down.

CATHERINE: (*standing*) If you don't want to take this seriously—

COSETTE: Wait! Don't give up. I'm ready to learn. I'm not admitting I'm ready to learn, and I will lean back and scowl at you as I learn but I am deadly serious about not learning. Is that OK?

CATHERINE: (*sitting*) I have no idea. OK. Start hating Mom and Dad.

COSETTE: What? Why?

CATHERINE: People who like their parents stick out.

COSETTE: (*sincere*) How come you and Mom don't spend more time together?

CATHERINE: (*thrown by the question*) What?

COSETTE: (*not noticing CATHERINE is thrown*) You both have such pulchritude. It makes so much more sense that you and Mom would get along. (*she sighs*) Pulchritude. I love words that don't look the way they sound. How could something that has 'ritude' in it mean physical beauty? (*CATHERINE stares at COSETTE*) Sorry. Sometimes my brain just goes places.

CATHERINE: Well, stop it.

COSETTE: Would you go shopping with me?

CATHERINE: What? Why?

COSETTE: Please? Tomorrow? I was thinking I need a “fitting in” outfit. If I look like I fit in, then everyone will assume I fit in and before they find out the truth, it’ll be too late.

CATHERINE: That’s not how high school works.

COSETTE: One hour. Less than an hour. One store. I’ll take whatever you throw at me.

CATHERINE: But I – *(she exhales in frustration)* Fine. One store.

*JULIAN enters groaning in his good-natured way.*

JULIAN: Denied! Mom yanked me out of line. I was so sure I had their location locked in. She didn’t even pause for thought. Pushed me toward the seats and stomped right back to Dad. Man. Nacho-less. Nacho empty. *(calling out)* We want a pitcher, not a belly itcher! Hey, hey, here comes the wave. Whoa!!!!

*He leaps up with his arms in the air. The girls do not move.*

*Music plays. Everyone enters. The BEE-MUSES jog in a line across the stage. CATHERINE and COSETTE end up side-by-side. The music pauses.*

BOTH: Photograph.

COSETTE: Mom thinks we’re *(meaning Mom and COSETTE)* the same but we’re not.

CATHERINE: Mom never understood.

COSETTE: She thinks I like winning. That winning the Bee was big for me.

CATHERINE: She wanted me to win those pageants.

COSETTE: I love the experience. The moment.

CATHERINE: Winning is... *(she shrugs)* I don’t care about it.

COSETTE: She constantly talks about winning the Bee.

CATHERINE: She doesn’t like that.

COSETTE: Like she did it.

CATHERINE: I loved pageants. I hated dealing with her.

COSETTE: Is the truth in the picture?



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