



**Sample Pages from  
The Last Dance**

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# 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.

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## **..... 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)

# The Last Dance

*ONE and TWO are teenage girls.*

*TWO sits at a table, with head buried in arms, passed out asleep. ONE enters, sees TWO asleep and runs over to the table.*

ONE: (*poking TWO*) Rise and shine! Up and at 'em! Wakey, wakey!

TWO: (*raising head very sleepily*) What?

ONE: You were sleeping.

TWO: Uh huh. OK.

*TWO plonks head right back on the table. ONE pokes her again.*

ONE: Rise and Shine! Up and at 'em! Wakey, wakey!

TWO: OK, OK. Stop poking me.

*TWO sits up and yawns.*

TWO: I was having the greatest dream.

ONE: There's no time for dreaming. There's no room in the schedule for dreaming of any kind.

TWO: I was a mountain climber and I was able to leap from peak to peak, like those mountain goats? It was amazing.

ONE: I can't leave you for five minutes.

TWO: Why not? I might actually get some sleep.

ONE: You can't sleep. We're not finished.

TWO: (*squinting at ONE*) Isn't it night time?

ONE: Technically.

TWO: (*looking at watch*) Isn't it two in the morning?

ONE: Not even close.

TWO: It's ten to. That's pretty close.

ONE: You can't sleep. I just figured out polynomials. I don't know where to start with complex numbers and quadratic equations. Whose bright idea was it to stay up all night?

TWO: Yours.

ONE: You went along with it! You said it was a great idea! "Sure Kari, it'll be fun."

TWO: Yeah but that was at two in the afternoon, not two in the morning.

ONE: It's not two. It's ten to.

TWO: Same thing. (*she yawns*) We've done a lot, Kar. We're doing good.

ONE: I can't believe this. Why didn't I take better notes? Why didn't I study this week? My whole life is flashing before my eyes. I can see it. I'm going to go to the exam tomorrow. I will sit down and everyone else will sit down all together in the gym, row after row after row. The bell will sound and everyone but me will open their papers, pick up their pencils and off they'll go. Everyone around me writing, writing, writing. Pencils scritch scratching across the page. Everyone with their heads bent low and their hands moving faster than the speed of light. They'll know all the answers. Not me. I'll sit there and my paper will remain closed and my pencil will sit on the desk. And then, because my pencil is not supposed to sit on the desk, it's supposed to be in my hand doing equations, it'll start talking to me.

*TWO stands behind ONE, talking as ONE's pencil.*

TWO: Hey. Psst. Psst! What're you doing?

ONE: Nothing.

TWO: I can see that. Everyone else has started.

ONE: I know.

TWO: Pick me up.

ONE: I can't.

TWO: Do it.

ONE: No.

TWO: Here's an interesting fact: you can't actually pass the exam unless you pick me up and start writing. I'm no good sitting here on the desk. I can't answer questions by osmosis. Here, let me try. (*TWO closes her eyes and scrunches up her face*) Hmm. Hmm. Nope, no good. Pick me up.

ONE: I can't.

TWO: Do it.

ONE: I don't know the answers! I don't know anything. I'll open that exam and I won't know the first thing.

TWO: Why not? You did study, didn't you?

ONE: Of course I did.

TWO: Did you?

ONE: Sort of.

TWO: You didn't study?

ONE: I did, I did. I just didn't study properly. I stayed up all night and nothing stuck.

TWO: That was stupid.

ONE: I know.

TWO: That was a loser move.

ONE: I know.

TWO: I mean there's loser and there's loser and *THAT* was really –

ONE: OK, OK, I got it. A loser move. Loud and clear.

TWO: The biggest exam of the year and you pulled an all-nighter? What were you thinking?

ONE: I don't need to be lectured to by my pencil.

TWO: Fine I won't say anything. Good luck, loser.

*TWO turns her back on ONE.*

ONE: I'll fail this exam and automatically fail the course. I won't get into the school I want, and everyone else will. Everyone will get these great jobs and I'll be left behind.

*ONE crosses to the edge of the stage.*

ONE: At the 10 year reunion I'll be alone and bitter. I'll probably smoke, too. Bitter, bitter cigarettes. Everyone else will be happy and fulfilled and I'll have lived a wasted, ruin of a life, all because I didn't take this exam seriously.

*TWO turns, a totally different energy. This is the 10 year reunion.*

TWO: Hey, hey, hey! How are you! (*flings arms around ONE*) It is so good to see you! I didn't expect to see you here. (*holds ONE out at arm's length, with hands on both shoulders*) Let me have a look at you. You look... great! You sure do! (*forcefully pats ONE on both shoulders*) How do I look? (*turns away, causing ONE to spin off balance*) Oh, don't tell me. I know I look tired. I know I look a little worn. That's what happens when you're a senior partner in the hottest law firm in New York. You have to live with tired and worn. Oh, but every time I see that view of Central Park from my window, I know it's worth it! (*seeing someone behind ONE*) Hey, is that Donny? Didn't you used to date? Didn't you dump him because he wore glasses? His wife is GORGEOUS! Look at the rock on her finger. He's one of the hottest actors in Hollywood now, did you know? Hey Donny! Donny!

*TWO completely knocks over ONE. She makes her way back to the table and plonks her head on it. We're back in the present.*

ONE: Yep, that's the way it's going to be. Everybody with hot jobs and big rocks and nice views and I'll be standing in the corner, sucking on cigarettes.

TWO: (*turning her head to the side, keeping her head on the table*) You know, if you actually studied, instead of complaining about studying, maybe you won't have to take up smoking.

*ONE turns and looks at TWO, as if seeing something for the first time.*

TWO: Wouldn't that be some excuse, though. Someone could be all, 'smoking kills' at you and you could say, "Back off. I just ruined my life." And they would say, "Yeah, you really did. Go ahead, light up. Peace out."

ONE: (*sitting at the table*) Why aren't you panicking?

TWO: (*lifting her head*) Hmm?

ONE: Why aren't you in a grand mal panic? Why aren't the sirens going off and the red lights flashing?

TWO: Sometimes if I lift my head too quickly I see a whole bunch of white lights.

ONE: We're in the same boat, aren't we?

TWO: What do you mean?

ONE: We sat at the back of the same class, spent the same amount of time not paying attention, took the same pitiful notes, studied for the same exact amount of time and you are sleeping like a baby. Why?

TWO: (*she sure does know*) I don't know.

ONE: You have a C in the class just like me, right? (*TWO doesn't say anything, she stares at the table*) Don't you have a C in the class? Won't you fail the class if you fail the exam? Like I will? (*TWO doesn't say anything*) Chelsey.

TWO: Yeah. This is probably a bad time to bring this up...

ONE: What?

TWO: I don't really, exactly have a C.

ONE: You don't?

TWO: Uh uh.

ONE: You told me you did.

TWO: Yeah. That was a mistake.

ONE: You said, after every quiz, after every test – “What did you get, Kari,” and I'd tell you and then you'd say, “Oh yeah, me too, me too.”

TWO: Yeah. This is such bad timing...

ONE: You were lying.

TWO: Umm...

ONE: You lied!

TWO: Yeah.

ONE: So what do you have?



TWO: Let's make some coffee and we'll do those espresso shots and then we can knock complex numbers on their head, no problem. Everything will work out.

ONE: You have an A. Don't you.

TWO: Something like that.

ONE: A plus? You have an A plus.

TWO: I guess I do. Yeah.

*ONE sits with a stunned look on her face.*

ONE: Why didn't you tell me?

TWO: I didn't want to make you feel bad!

ONE: Yeah, I'm much happier finding out this way. You really eased my mind, Chelsey. Way to go!

TWO: You were having so much trouble and I didn't want to hurt your feelings.

ONE: I don't believe this. How did you get an A plus?

TWO: I don't know. I just *(she waves her fingers about)* did.

ONE: No one just *(she imitates the way TWO waved her fingers about)* gets an A plus in Algebra. Did you bribe Mr. Curry?

TWO: No.

ONE: Did you bribe one of those Math Club geeks?

TWO: No! Why do you think I need to bribe someone to get a good grade? And they're not geeks.

ONE: So how did you do it?

TWO: Math just comes, you know, easy, sort of, for me. I like it. That's all.

ONE: Algebra comes easy for you.

TWO: See, I didn't want to say that.

ONE: Algebra comes easy. For you. You find Algebra easy.

TWO: Yeah. I get math. I like it. I don't mind doing the homework. So I don't... *(she doesn't want to say this)* really have to study.

*ONE stares at TWO and then turns to stare out. She's in total disbelief.*

ONE: Fine. (*pause*) Fine.

TWO: Now you're mad.

ONE: I'm not mad. I'm just – now you bring this up. Now is not the greatest time to bring this up. It's two in the morning Chels. It's not ten to anymore. It's full on two.

TWO: Yeah.

ONE: You and I are supposed to be in the same boat. We're supposed to be in the boat with the leaky bottom, together. We're supposed to be bailing as fast as we can, together. Laughing, together. Sinking, together. Now I'm in the boat and I'm going down. There are fifty circling sharks and you're on some luxury cruise ship sipping pineapple juice and getting a suntan.

TWO: (*a little annoyed*) It's not like that.

ONE: This is all your fault. You encouraged me to slack off, to not take notes, to not study.

TWO: I didn't encourage anything –

ONE: You planned all this didn't you!

TWO: What?

ONE: You did this on purpose. You've harboured some deep-seeded resentment against me and you've been planning for years to take me down at this exact moment. I will fail this exam and I will fail this course and I will not be able to graduate and you're going to go on and that's it. You're standing on the deck of your fancy boat waving, "Bye bye, Kari! Have a nice life sucking on cigarettes! Hope you like being bitter till the end of time!" You make me sick, you really do. This is a sick trick and I'll never forgive you for it. Not in a million, trillion –

TWO: (*standing*) I should go.

ONE: What?

TWO: I'm leaving.

ONE: You can't go, it's late.



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