

DUET SCENE – CARA-SUE AND SHIRLEY-ANN

Play	<i>Fight Over Fuchsia / Ten Minute Play Series: All Girls</i> by Lindsay Price
Stats	Comedy, Simple Set, 10 minutes
Casting	2W
Description	A fight over a blouse at the bargain low bargain big bargain sale fractures a friendship.
Get the Play	www.theatrefolk.com

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!

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: Oh the poor dear.

SHIRLEY-ANN: She should feel guilty.

Continued Over...

BOTH: I deserve an apology.

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.

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. I am finding many marked down items.

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: 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 stole my top!

SHIRLEY-ANN: I saw it first!

CARA-SUE: I called dibs!

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.

Continued Next...

(pause) It's true.

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

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: You were supposed to be my friend. We were supposed to be friends for life.

SHIRLEY-ANN: Your friend? YOUR friend. 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 going to make Jimmy-Joe ask me to the prom!

SHIRLEY-ANN: He never would have asked you! Top or no top!

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.

CARA-SUE: You.

SHIRLEY-ANN: You.

CARA-SUE: You.

SHIRLEY-ANN: Never!

CARA-SUE: Fine.

SHIRLEY-ANN: Right. (*pause*) I have to go.

CARA-SUE: Yes. You should go.

SHIRLEY-ANN: I'll go. Enjoy the sale.

CARA-SUE: Thank you. (*she turns to leave*)

SHIRLEY-ANN: Cara-Sue?

CARA-SUE: (*turning back*) Yes?

SHIRLEY-ANN: It may rain this afternoon.

CARA-SUE: It might. (*pause*)

SHIRLEY-ANN: It might. (*she turns to leave*)

CARA-SUE: Shirley-Ann?

SHIRLEY-ANN: (*turning back*) Uh huh?

There is a pause.

CARA-SUE: Make sure you cover your hair. If it rains. (*softly*) Your hair frizzes. A bit.

SHIRLEY-ANN: It does. Thanks. I will.

They each turn away. They stop as if they're going to say something else. They don't. They exit.