

EXTRACT

Popular

a short play

By

Alex Broun

PLEASE NOTE:

THIS PLAY SCRIPT HAS BEEN DOWNLOADED FROM www.alexbroun.com

BY AGREEING TO THE TERMS AND CONDITIONS OF www.alexbroun.com
AND PAYING THE DOWNLOAD FEE YOU ARE PERMITTED TO PERFORM
THIS PLAY ***ROYALTY FREE*** ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD FOR A PERIOD
OF **12 MONTHS FROM THE DATE OF DOWNLOAD.**

IF YOU DO PERFORM THIS PLAY PLEASE VISIT OUR **RECORD A
PRODUCTION** PAGE AND RECORD THE DETAILS OF YOUR PRODUCTION
SO YOUR PRODUCTION CAN BE LISTED AMONGST THE THOUSANDS OF
PRODUCTIONS OF ALEX'S WORK WORLDWIDE EVERY YEAR.

FOR ANY QUERIES PLEASE CONTACT THE AUTHOR ON
abroun@bigpond.net.au

© Alex Broun 2012

Cast

SIERRA A 'popular' girl

SHELBY Sierra's friend

OLIVIA)

)

ABIGAIL) - Three friends

)

MARY)

The Setting

A shady courtyard beside a fountain.

Time

Saturday.

A shady courtyard beside a fountain. Saturday.

LIGHTS UP. WE HEAR THE SOFT TRICKLE OF WATER.

OLIVIA, ABIGAIL AND MARY SIT ON A BENCH READING BOOKS.

SIERRA AND SHELBY ENTER.

SIERRA: Oh look. Here they are. Dumb, dumber and dumbest.

SHELBY LAUGHS.

OLIVIA: And that would make you ... ?

MARY: Livvy, don't react. It's just what she wants.

SIERRA: Livvy, sounds like snivelly. Better be careful. Don't want to catch anything.

SHELBY LAUGHS.

ABIGAIL You have a really annoying laugh.

SIERRA: (TO ABIGAIL) And you have a really annoying face.

SHELBY LAUGHS AGAIN.

MARY: I told you. Don't react. It just encourages her.

SIERRA: Does it Mare? Or should that be *Night-mare*.

MARY JUST LOOKS AT HER.

SIERRA: Oh that's right. Don't react. Well react to this. I've actually decided to take pity on you three ugly sisters. I've decided to help you.

SHELBY LAUGHS AGAIN.

SIERRA: Because I'm sick and tired of walking through this courtyard every day and seeing you three lonely losers spoiling the view. With your awful clothes and your terrible haircuts and your shoes! (TO **OLIVIA**) Wear do you get your clothes - Walmart? Or worse, does your mother by them.

OLIVIA LOOKS AT HER.

SIERRA: OMG, she does! But it's okay. I'm going to help you. Because I know why you sit here reading *books* - ever heard of an *ipad*? -

SIERRA: (CONT) it's because that's all you can do. You don't have any friends, you don't have anywhere to go, you don't have any boys who want to talk to you - so you sit here lost and lonely reading (LOOKING AT FRONT OF BOOK) Jane Eyre. OMG, how old is that? It could be worse. You might be reading Harry Potter.

SHELBY LAUGHS AGAIN.

SIERRA: (TO **SHELBY**) She's right. You do have an annoying laugh.

SHELBY IS QUIET.

SIERRA: So girls – put away your books and listen up. And your lucky I'm not charging for this. (BEAT) I said – listen up!

OLIVIA STARTS TO PUT HER AWAY HER BOOK. MARY AND ABIGAIL TRY TO KEEP READING.

SIERRA: Put them away. Shelby – help them.

SHELBY GRABS THE BOOKS.

SIERRA: Don't worry. You can have them back in a minute. That's if you want them. You may have too much to do once I've designed a new life for you. Now (TO **OLIVIA**) Miss Snively. What shall we do with you? Okay, first this colour is all wrong. Drab and brown. Who's going to notice you in that? Get yourself a slash back burnout tee in red and black from Aeropostale or Justice has a skinny cashmere vest you might fit into. No one's going to look at you if you don't show some skin. (TO **ABIGAIL**) Abigail, or should that be Abi-fail.

SHELBY LAUGHS AGAIN. SIERRA SILENCES HER WITH A LOOK.

SIERRA: Now your hair is a disaster. (BEAT) I know what would work for you. A new colour. Shocking red or deep auburn. That is so cheap to buy and you can put it in tonight. Change the whole way you look at the world and more importantly, the way the whole world looks at you. But you've got to put some colour in your cheeks as well. And those lips. They are so pale and dry. You need to get some Maybelline lip colour – now! Fatal Red or maybe Very Cherry. I forget the numbers just ask them at the store. Okay now (TO **MARY**) the Night-*mare* I left you for last because you are without doubt the hardest. Stand up so I can see the full catastrophe. Stand!

MARY STANDS RELUCTANTLY.

SIERRA: Awful. (SHE SPINS HER AROUND) Awful. Awful. What are these?

MARY: Socks.

SIERRA: And this?

MARY: A dress.

SIERRA: With a hole in it. Did this actually belong to Jane Eyre? That's how old it is. Better give it back.

MARY: I like it.

SIERRA: And I liked the doll I had when I was three. Doesn't mean I'm still playing with it. Okay – (PULLING DRESS IN) now if I pull this in you actually have an alright figure. Bit flat but potential. Good long legs – I think you would look hot in a pair of slim fit Pepe Jeans with a hot denim jacket and white t-shirt. I hope you've got a good memory. You should be writing this down. This is gold. What is it Shelby?

SHELBY: Gold.

SIERRA: Now, throw those books in the bin Shelby. They won't be needing them anymore, Sierra has spoken.

SHELBY PUTS THE BOOKS IN THE BIN.

SIERRA: Now up you get. You can come with me to start your new life. Don't want to waste another second, you've wasted enough already.

SIERRA DRAGS OLIVIA UP AND ABIGAIL.

SIERRA: And you too Night-mare.

MARY STANDS.

SIERRA: There you go. Now you don't know how lucky you are. I am so popular some of my star power can't help rub off on you. And my image is so hot even you three can't cool it.

MARY WALKS TO THE BIN.

SIERRA: Where are you going Night-mare? The Mall is that way. Don't put your hand in there. That's – oh yuck!

MARY GETS OUT THE BOOKS. SHE WALKS BACK TO THE BENCH. SHE WIPES THEM OFF AND PUTS THEM WHERE OLIVIA AND ABIGAIL WERE SITTING.

MARY: You're wrong Sierra. I have two.