

# GORGEOUS



By **Drogheda Woods**

**Copyright © September 2016 Drogheda Woods and Off The Wall Play Publishers**

<http://offthewallplays.com>

This script is provided for reading purposes only. Professionals and amateurs are hereby advised that it is subject to royalty. It is fully protected under the laws of South Africa, the United States of America, the British Empire, including the Dominion of Canada, and all other countries of the Copyright Union. All rights, including but not limited to professional, amateur, film, radio, and all other media (including use on the worldwide web) and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved; and any unauthorized use of the material may subject the user to any and all applicable civil and criminal penalties. For any information about royalties or to apply for a performance license please click the following link:

<http://offthewallplays.com/royalties-and-licensing-of-plays-sold-by-off-the-wall-plays/>

## GORGEOUS

By Drogheda Woods

### Characters:

The Actress:

Bimmy Bernhart Bloomer/ Linda: 24 years old. Recent graduate of a Theatre School, and she has no professional experience

The Director:

Babette de Bien Bien/ Claudette Paquet: In her 50's. Washed up actress. First time directing in theater. Never amounted to much as an actress and knows nothing about directing.

Assistant Director:

Solange/ Claudine Paquet: Babette's twisted twin sister. Disillusioned, and bitter about having to work for her sister. Talented, but never given a chance by her jealous sister.

The Dog:

Gorgeous: Babette's grubby little dog. The two are inseparable. There is some question as to whether the dog is alive, or dead and stuffed.

Auditioner #1

Young woman auditioning just prior to Bimmy. Seen her from the back and she mumbles her lines.

### Setting:

The action takes place in an audition space. Babette and Solange sit in one section of the theatre seats while conducting auditions. Babette has a coffee mug and a big bottle of gin which she keeps in an garish oversized handbag. Two bowls are on the floor for the dog. Several dog toys are scattered about.

Scene 1

*Babette sits in the third row of the seats, head in hands while a young woman auditions in front of her. She pats Gorgeous, examines her nails, studies her face in a mirror, then starts applying bright red lipstick Solange sits stage right in the first row, reading a book. She pays no attention to the person auditioning. The auditioner stops. Babette pauses and looks up.*

BABETTE (*slurring ever so slightly*)

What are you stopping for? Did I tell you to stop? Go on...continue.

*The auditioner starts up again. There is a clattering noise stage left. Babette stops in the middle of applying her lipstick to her top lip. She never gets to the bottom lip. She and Solange peer in the direction of the unseen noise maker. A cell phone rings...a cute, childish little jingle. They both stare. There are scrambling noises as the phone is retrieved.*

*Bimmy is off to the side of the stage, not yet visible to Babette and Solange. She is dressed in a little girl outfit. She wears bobby socks, patten leather shoes, a flared skirt and a blouse with a Peter Pan collar. She has her hair in two little pigtails sticking out to the sides. She carries a plastic Barbie purse or equivalent.*

BIMMY (*drops the phone*)

Shit!

*Solange gets up and walks to stage left to see what's going on*

BABETTE

What the hell is that?

SOLANGE

Mouse.

BABETTE

A mouse with a phone?

SOLANGE

Musical talking mouse.

BABETTE

Whatever it is, it's upsetting me. I don't like to be upset. (*drinks*)

BIMMY (*whispering*)

Hello? Mom? Why are you calling me? I'm at an audition.

*The auditioner continues mumbling, but louder.*

BIMMY (*louder*)

No, no, I can't. This is the first chance I've had in three months. I can't blow this...

BABETTE (*says to Gorgeous*)

I know sweetie. I know this is painful for you.

BIMMY

I don't know anything about the role. I was just called and told to be here.

BABETTE

It's painful for mummy too. Just a few more minutes.

BIMMY

It's for that Babette woman...you know, the one who writes the kids' shows?

BABETTE

Who is this person? This is a drama...not a musical for God's sake.

BIMMY

Yes. Look I gotta go mom.

BABETTE

What the hell is she smiling about?

BIMMY

What? Yes, yes I will. Milk and teabags.

SOLANGE

Another winner.

BIMMY

No, I won't forget.

BABETTE

Not much longer sweetie...

BABETTE *(to the auditioner)*

You...what's your name. Never mind it doesn't matter. Just do something. Something different. Anything. *(to herself)* God. They're all the same.

*The auditioner stands frozen then waves her arms wildly and dances badly*

BABETTE

Solange, I'm exhausted. Send in the next girl. This girl *(holds up Bimmy's photo)*. She at least has the right look. Solange. Solange?

*The photo is highly stylized. Barely resembles Bimmy.*

SOLANGE

Claudine!

BABETTE

...just send in the next girl.

*The auditioner continues. Babette puts on dark glasses. Pours another shot of gin and drinks.*

BABETTE

Yes. Yes. Thank you, uh, uh, Marian. *(searching through her papers)*  
I said thank you, uh, Muriel. That's enough. We'll let you know.

*The auditioner leaves, dejected.*

BABETTE

Poor little Gorgeous, putting you through this.  
Solange? ...Solange?

SOLANGE

Are you talking to me?

BABETTE

Do you see anyone else in the room?

SOLANGE

Stop calling me that.

BABETTE

Claudine. So mundane. What was mother thinking. Anyway, I'm telling you Solange...

*Solange looks back at her book. Doesn't acknowledge Babette. Babette pauses, waiting for Solange to look up. She doesn't.*

BABETTE

...As I was saying, I have not seen one interesting 'Manon' in three days of auditioning.

*Solange, without looking up from her book.*

SOLANGE

The girl yesterday with the short spiky hairdo. Perfect.

BABETTE

She had a lisp and that hair. Terrible hair!

SOLANGE

Wig. Think wig Babette.

*Babette adjusts her wig.*

SOLANGE

There was that tall, scrawny girl...

BABETTE

Too tall. And thin? Turned sideways. Disappeared (*snaps her fingers*)

SOLANGE

There was the large girl with the penetrating eyes. She was....

BABETTE

FAT! TOO FAT! Only one eye penetrated. The other was crossed.

SOLANGE (*with interest*)

There was that girl the first day, the one with the very interesting face. She had an intelligent expression.

BABETTE

Yes, yes, yes. Who's the director here? Father left the theater to me. Remember? Just send in the next girl.

SOLANGE (*reading Bimmy's CV*)

Bi...Bimy? Bimy Bernhart Bloomer.

*Bimmy approaches the audience, from the back, smiling confidently, then stumbles.*

BABETTE

Who are you? How did you get in here?

BIMMY

Pardon?

BABETTE

I don't know what you want, or what you represent, but you have no business being here. (*yells*) Solange!

BIMMY

I'm sorry. I'm looking for Madame Babette de Bien Bien.

BABETTE

What do you want her for? You're not from the bank are you?

BIMMY

The bank? Oh, no, I'm here to audition.

BABETTE

For what part?

SOLANGE

Pippi Longstocking is here for the part of Manon.

BABETTE

Sooooo, Pooh Pooh Pippi, Kaka is it? What exactly are you dressed as?

BIMMY

It's Bimmy. Bimmy Bernhar ....

SOLANGE

Bimy. What kind of a name is Bimy?

BIMMY

A stage name? Um, my real name is Linda.

BABETTE

Who told you to dress like that?

BIMMY

Well, I thought...uh don't you write kids'...or didn't you once act in a kids' show...?

SOLANGE

Ha, ha, ha.

BABETTE

Which show are you talking about?

BIMMY

The one with the title that was impossible to remember...Julia's Creatures or something....

BABETTE

Julia's Beautiful Fantasy Garden and all her little Creature Friends.

BIMMY

That's it. I was about, four I think, and I couldn't remember that title. And my mother taught me to say, Julia's Fantasy Friends and all her gruesome creatures...*(pause)*

Joke. Sorry, just a joke.

SOLANGE

Babette dreamed up that title alllll by herself.

BIMMY

Oh yes, and it was a brilliant title. I just thought...

BABETTE

You see that's the problem with you young actors. Thinking. Don't think.

BIMMY

You are so right... I'd like to properly introduce mys...

*Bimmy approaches, hand extended. Babette and Solange both scream, rush together and clutch each other.*

BABETTE

No, no, no. Never. Never step over here. Never. I want you back there. Way back there.

*Bimmy backs up hesitatingly. Turns.*

BABETTE

Further. No, further. Stop. Turn. Now, what do you see in front of you?

BIMMY

I see you madam.

BABETTE

Of course you see me, you stupid girl. Look down. Now what do you see?

*Solange flashes a spot flashlight on the X on the floor.*

BIMMY

An X?

BABETTE

Very good. Never, ever cross that X. Always stay behind the X.

BIMMY

Yes, Madam de Bien Bien.

BABETTE

Well? What are you waiting for?

BIMMY

Pardon? Oh, I'm sorry, I, I don't have a script.

BABETTE *(to Solange who ignores her)*

She doesn't have a script.

*Babette waits then in exasperation searches through her papers, finds a script and drops it on the floor. Bimmy approaches to retrieve it.*

SOLANGE *(loudly)*

X!!!!

*Bimmy stops, looks around, hesitates, sees the X, gets down on all fours and stretches across the X for the script, then scurries back.*

BABETTE

Page 17, the beginning of scene four. For your information, this play is about a woman's self discovery. A young woman's quest for sexual discovery. Now this woman was abused for five years. And she's unhappy, been mistreated and neglected by her lover... and she's **plain** looking, dowdy and **plain** looking.

BIMMY *(looking at script)*

Should I start? I mean is there a reader for uh, Jean, Phillip Sebastien?

BABETTE

Solange!

*Solange ignores Babette.*

BABETTE

Solange? Solange? Oh for God's sake... Claudine!

SOLANGE

You bellowed?

BABETTE

Thank you. This person wants a reader. Read Jean, Phillip Sebastien, Solange.

*There is silence for a few seconds. Solange reluctantly picks up the script.*

BABETTE

You've got your reader. What are you waiting for.

BIMMY (*loudly dramatically*)

I will never, NEVER, accept your conditions, you bastard...I'm leav...

BABETTE

Stop stop. No, no, no, no, no. This woman has been traumatized, has been abused over and over. She's living a bloody nightmare. She's timid. She's cowed by this man. Can you understand that? She's a complete mouse. Now start again and for God's sake tone it down...way down. .

BIMMY

So sorry. Sorry...I'll start again.....(*dramatically*)

I will never accept your conditions. I'm leaving you, you, you, bastard.

*Glances at the script and quickly pretends to pull a gun from her pocket.*

SOLANGE (*bored monotone*)

Is that a gun. Oh my God you've got a gun. Don't shoot Manon. Give me the gun now, and I'll let you out the door.

BIMMY (*yells*)

Get away from the door, or I'll blow your head off.

*Bimmy crosses the X.*

SOLANGE(*yells*)

X!!!!

BIMMY

Sorry I didn't see....

SOLANGE

Can't you see that X? It's at least 1 inch long by 1 inch...

BABETTE

Continue, continue.

BIMMY

Oh, sorry, I think it's the readers turn. I said...get away from the door or

I'll blow your....

SOLANGE (*monotone*)

You'll have to blow my head off to get past me....

BIMMY

BANG!

BABETTE

Ahhhh! My ears! My poor baby doggie! Why is she screaming?  
Why? Why?

SOLANGE(*clutching her chest*)

She's doing the gun shot!

BABETTE

Like that? By shrieking? Is that what they teach them these days.  
Coffee! Coffee! I need coffee! Solange?

SOLANGE

I'm shot!

BABETTE

Now!

*Solange clutches her chest and searches through the bags on the floor. She holds up a large bag.*

SOLANGE (*still holding her chest*)

This what you want?

*Babette jumps up with Gorgeous. She glances at Bimmy.*

BABETTE

Don't stop. We don't have all day.

*As Bimmy continues, Babette snatches the bag from Solange and digs out a flask.*

BABETTE(*to Solange*)

What are you holding your chest for. (*to Bimmy*) And why have you stopped.

BIMMY(*loudly*)

I warned you I'd blow your head off. You don't think I'll do it? You don't think I have what it takes? Just watch me.

I won't be your victim any...

*Bimmy's voice trails off as Babette sits down, and takes a long swig.*

SOLANGE (*sarcastically*)  
Cream and sugar Babette?

BIMMY  
Should I go on?

BABETTE  
Of course, of course. Continue.

BIMMY  
Uh, the same scene or ...

BABETTE  
Well, why don't you tell **me**. **You** pick a scene.

*Bimmy thumbs through the script frantically*

BABETTE  
Haven't you even read the play? My play?

BIMMY  
Of course I know this play. It's so famous, but, but, there are no copies in the library.

SOLANGE  
How would she know the play. It was only in print for ten seconds, twenty years ago. It's an embarrassment.

SOLANGE(*continues, sings*)  
Mean to me. Why must you be mean to me.  
Gee honey it seems to me...  
I'm all alone, *on stage (spoken)* and crying.

BABETTE  
Solange!

*Babette's cell phone rings. Solange continues humming.*

BABETTE  
Hello? Miguel darlingl. Oh, my Big Bad Baby Boy. I haven't found

anyone yet.  
(*turns to Bimmy*) What are you waiting for?

*Babette resumes talking to Miguel. Turns her back on Bimmy.*

BIMMY

I knew when we first met that you were no good...

BABETTE

...no talent, lackluster, brain dead performers. And direction!  
They've never heard of taking directions. In my day I acted.

BIMMY

You were never any good. You were always second rate.