

# Two Peas

## Written by Ashley Nader

### a short comedy sketch

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*[Bronwyn and Simone are sisters and are talking to the audience about their differences]*

Simone: You would think in normal society, being raised in an average household with both parents, and being given the same opportunities to succeed in life. . .

Bronwyn: That we would be similar in thoughts, wants and needs. . .

Simone: But we are completely different. We grew up under the same roof. . .

Bronwyn: Ate at the same dinner table. . .

Simone: Shared a bedroom as children. . .

Bronwyn: Took family holidays together. . .

Simone: Went to the same school. . .

Bronwyn: With all of this being in our favour, we were still so different. And as time marched on we began to go our separate ways.

Simone: I was lactose intolerant.

Bronwyn: Of course you were, that's why we couldn't have Frosties, Fruit Loops or Coco Puffs for breakfast. Instead it was Jungle Oats in scalding hot water.

Simone: Those sugar-based cereals were not good for us anyway. Besides, almond milk was a futuristic fantasy not even considered in the 80s.

Bronwyn: I was an amazing athlete, got my provincial colours for running.

Simone: I was a grade A student in all my subjects.

Bronwyn: Grade A. You sound like a slab of perfected beef.

Simone: I am a vegetarian.

Bronwyn: Of course you are. When we went to the slaughterhouse and dairy farm for our school field trip, you were a complete wreck.

Simone: The way those animals were treated, like pieces of meat.

Bronwyn: Well, exactly!

Simone: And the way that farmer tugged on that poor cow's teats, I thought her nipples were going to fall off.

Bronwyn: Again. All the other kids were eating burgers, fish fingers, golden smackeroots, and ham sandwiches for lunch. Because of you, we were subjected to beetroot sandwiches, carrots and celery, and mom's famous butternut surprise. What was the surprise? More butternut!

Simone: With all the chemicals and drugs they inject into animals these days, I did you a favour.

Bronwyn: They also inject steroids into tomatoes to make them grow bigger and better. Typical, it works on tomatoes but on a male. . . (*Bronwyn raises her pinky and they both laugh*)

Simone: Ah that's disgusting.

Bronwyn: It amazes me how people find things disgusting after they've had a good laugh.

Simone: You were dad's favourite. Don't think I didn't see you guys sneak out while mom and I were in the garden doing our usual Saturday weeding ritual.

Bronwyn: I wasn't his favourite, I was his accessory and lookout while he ate his wimpy burger in the back seat in the parking lot so no one saw him, thanks to you. You were mom's favourite.

Simone: How dare you? No I wasn't.

Bronwyn: Oh really. Mom always had an excuse to say no to whatever I wanted.

Simone: "Mom, can we buy a crocodile?" "Mom, I want a baby brother." "Mom, can I live on the roof?" "Mom, can I get a bra?"

Bronwyn: The bra request took 4 years.

Simone: You asked her when you were nine. There was nothing to put in them.

Bronwyn: Well I wanted to use Dad's tube socks.

Simone: Our differences and way of thinking continued to get further and further apart. I had aerophobia.

Bronwyn: Family holidays took way longer in a hot, stuffy car with no aircon and no windows down 'cause they would dry out mom's contacts. All because Miss Priss couldn't handle a little ear-popping and nausea.

Simone: I don't use make-up.

Bronwyn: I do. It's a necessity. My war paint gets slapped on every morning.

Simone: I feel it's important to look natural and let your skin and pores breathe.

Bronwyn: Using oatmeal scrub and wheat facials just makes your face look like an old piece of toast. At least my face pops.

Simone: Sure, it does. It snaps, crackles and pops.

Bronwyn: I love losing control and going wild.