

NOTES

Beauty pageants! They just lend themselves to satire. A female should perform this short play, and it should be entered in Humorous Interpretation; however, with the right cutting and blocking, this selection may also be considered for Duet Acting or Duo Interpretation. We have all seen a beauty pageant of sorts; therefore, this play's humor comes from its universal theme. The Voice Over should be performed to sound like an emcee announcing a pageant, or it can resemble the voice overs heard on educational documentaries. The recurring character, Ms. Gertrude Spiderbottom, should be performed as an energetic older woman (she's 87-years-old) with somewhat of a Southern accent. There are many other characters in this play, so be creative! The performer might even consider giving several of the characters a bit of stage business, as though the film crew is taping each contestant's interview at her home or place of employment. If a teaser is used while performing this selection, the drama mask icons merely serve as a suggestion as to where the end of the teaser could be placed. Beauty pageants are all about glamour and excitement, so be sure to keep the energy high and, like all of the contestants who enter pageants, sparkle!

Cast:

Voice Over

Ms. Gertrude Spiderbottom

Patricia Pearl

Tammy Beth Whitecrest

Sherry Shrimptart

Anonymous Pageant Person

Fran McIntyre

Talent Observer #1

Talent Observer #2

Talent Observer #3

Talent Observer #4

Talent Observer #5

Loser #1

Loser #2

Loser #3

Voice Over: Beauty pageants are one of America's oldest traditions. To better understand America's fascination with this race for the crown, we decided to go across the nation and interview those directly involved in the world of beauty pageants. The first woman

we interviewed was a Ms. Gertrude Spiderbottom of Turkeybaster, Tennessee. Of course, we all know that life is comprised of defining moments. So we asked Ms. Spiderbottom, a spry 87-year-old Southern Belle, to tell us about *the* defining moment, when she realized for the very first time that she wanted to be in a pageant. Her answer might surprise you, as much as it surprised us!

Ms. Gertrude Spiderbottom: Well, first of all, I've never been in a pageant. (*Shocked.*) I thought you folks knew that. I put it right there on the questionnaire I filled out and sent to you in order to be in your little documentary! (*She pauses.*) Remember? On the questionnaire, it asked us to check the appropriate box for the answer to each question. And question number one was, "How many pageants you have competed in?" And the choices were: One; Two; A few; or Too many to recall. Well, since I had never actually *been in* a pageant, I wrote in 'Not Applicable' and drew a little box beside it and checked that one! (*She pauses. Almost embarrassed.*) May I still be in your documentary? I promise. I've got lots of insight into the secret world of beauty pageants. I've got cable! (*She pauses.*) And high-speed Internet! So I've *seen* a lot of pageants on television and on YouTube! (*Longer pause.*) Plus, I've made millions of dollars helping young girls around the globe in their quest for the crown. I think you'll be pleasantly surprised at what I've got to say.



Ms. Gertrude Spiderbottom: I've always loved pageants, but look at me! I might as well have a tattoo across my forehead, *I'm so ugly, I make onions cry!* When I was little, right before bed, Momma would tell me how lucky she and Daddy were that the stork chose to drop me off at their house, instead of somebody else's place. And then Daddy would add that it's a darn shame that stork had to drop me a few times before finally making the delivery! He said I must have hit a few passing planes, then bounced off a skyscraper, before rolling onto their doorstep! Momma told Daddy to stop. She said that I was a 'treasure.' Then Daddy said, "Let's bury it!" (*Pause.*) Well, I was a little girl, and I didn't understand. I'd just giggle and laugh, sitting there on my Daddy's knee. If I had known what he was inferring, I would have peed all over him. That would teach him a lesson or two! (*She pauses and contemplates this scenario.*) Well, Mamma was a librarian, and I remember one time, she threw me a birthday party. She requested that all gifts be in the form of a book. Twelve little girls showed up at my party. Twelve! And do you know what happened? Ten of those little girls gave me a hardback copy of Hans Christian Anderson's *The Ugly Duckling*. *The Ugly Duckling!* (*She pauses.*) Well,