

# THE MISS HIGH SCHOOL U.S.A. BEAUTY PAGEANT

Full-Length Comedy

by  
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## SCENE 1 – THE CONTESTANTS

**SETTING:** The curtain is closed in front of an empty stage.

**AT RISE:** *Dance music starts. As the curtain goes up, the ten Miss High School Contestants are doing a choreographed dance to the music. All the girls are in practice clothes. The stage is bare. The Master of Ceremonies, ALEX CRUMB, is Up Stage Right holding the microphone. HE walks down stage with a script in his hand. At a specific time in the music HE speaks as an announcer. HE will announce all the contestants. As HE says their names they individually come walking Down Center during the dance and strike a pose. Then they go back around and move back into the dance.*

CRUMB: And now, your *[says the year]* Miss *[says name of school]* School Beauty Pageant Contestants. Miss English. . . Miss Math. . . Miss Science. . . Miss Band. . . Miss Student Government. . . Miss Drama. . . Miss P.E. . . Miss Art. . . Miss Foreign Language. . . Miss Valedictorian.

*(The dance ends in a group pose. They all stand in the pose panting and smiling. FLOWER and AMERICA come walking out clapping. AMERICA carries a clipboard.)*

FLOWER: All right girls, well done. It's coming along. Take a seat. *(They all sit on the stage floor. TECH GUYS 1 and 2 enter Up Stage and put up a sign which reads "The [year] Miss [School Name] High School Beauty Pageant.")* Now remember, this is the opening number of the pageant. It's your first impression on the audience and the judges, so it's got to look great. And what do we say about first impressions?

ALL THE CONTESTANTS: We don't get another one.

FLOWER: That's right.

MATH: *(snotty)* Just a minute. *(stands)* Frankie! *(FRANKIE comes running on from Right)* Where's my robe? I'm cooling down!

FRANKIE: Sorry. *(runs off and immediately returns with her robe and puts it on her then HE stands there excitedly to see if there's anything else HE can do.)* You sure are pretty.

MATH: Okay! That will be all. *(FRANKIE just stares at her)* Get lost! *(FRANKIE runs off)* Mom, why does Frankie have to be my assistant?

FLOWER: We've gone over this, princess. Your normal assistant is in the hospital, no thanks to you, and Frankie was the only one available.

MATH: I think he likes me. Yuck!

FLOWER: How could he not? Everyone likes you.

AMERICA: *(excited)* Maybe I could be her assistant.

FLOWER: Don't be ridiculous, America. You're my assistant.

AMERICA: *(dejected)* Sorry, Flower.

FLOWER: Now back to the opening number. Remember, this is the only time you are all dressed the same to keep in line with our pageant theme, "Beauty is in the Eye of the Beholder, So Behold This!" What are you wearing?

ALL THE CONTESTANTS: White T-shirt, black shorts.

FLOWER: Right. Now, you only have two hours until the doors open for the pageant. . .

MATH: *Beauty* Pageant. You keep saying "pageant" but it's a *beauty* pageant.

AMERICA: There are other factors involved besides beauty.

MATH: Look at that sign. *(points back at the sign that the TECH GUYS are still trying to put up. They all look. The TECH GUYS wave.)* It says "The *[year]* Miss *[School Name]* Beauty Pageant!" See? That means, which ever one of us wins is the most beautiful girl in the world.

VAL: I hope it's me.

MATH: It won't be.

ENGLISH: As you said, the sign reads, "The *[year]* Miss *[School Name]* Beauty Pageant" not "The Miss *World* Beauty Pageant." So the winner wouldn't be the most beautiful girl in the world, just the most beautiful girl at *[School Name]*.

SCIENCE: Actually, it is possible that the most beautiful girl didn't even enter the pageant.

VAL: I hope it's me.

MATH: *(whining)* Mom!

FLOWER: All right, calm down, girls.

STUDENT GOVERNMENT: What do you mean "girls"? She's the one that's whining.

MATH: *(whining)* Mom!

FLOWER: Now, girls.  
TECH GUY 1: Flower?  
FLOWER: Yes? What is it?  
TECH GUY 1: Do you want the other sign to hang right under this one?  
FLOWER: Yes. And please hurry. The doors open in less than two hours.

**(The TECH GUYS exit, having hung the sign. MISS VALEDICTORIAN stands up and raises her hand.)**

VAL: Rose?  
FLOWER: Flower. My name is Flower.  
VAL: Flower?  
FLOWER: Yes?  
MATH: Why is Miss Valedictorian wearing a turban?  
VAL: Me?  
MATH: Are you Miss Valedictorian?  
VAL: You betcha.  
MATH: Are you wearing bandages on your head?  
VAL: Oh these! I had a brain operation!  
BAND: A brain operation?  
VAL: I sure am.  
FLOWER: Do you have a question, Miss Valedictorian?  
VAL: My dog went pee pee on my leg.

**(The other girls around her scoot away.)**

MATH: Unnecessary information, you freak!  
STUDENT GOVERNMENT: Bertha, why do you have to be so mean?  
MATH: **(tattling)** Mom, Miss Student Government used my name.  
FLOWER: Girls, remember, we do not call each other by our names, we only use our "Miss" titles. It keeps our minds set on the pageant. You have about one hour and forty-five minutes until the doors open. You can go over your talents, or prep your hair, or whatever you need to do. But everyone needs to check in with America before you leave the stage. I'm gonna go check on the judges. America?

**(FLOWER exits right. TECH GUYS come back on and start hanging a sign which reads, "Beauty is in the Eye of the Beholder – So Behold This!")**

AMERICA: Okay girls, one at a time I need to check you off and make sure that you have all your stuff prepared. Miss English.  
ENGLISH: **(stands up and approaches AMERICA)** Here.  
MATH: Who would wanna be Miss English? I got a D minus in English.  
VAL: Isn't that what we speak?  
AMERICA: Okay, do you have your Formal Wear?  
ENGLISH: Check.  
AMERICA: Did you go over the list of practice questions?  
ENGLISH: Check.  
AMERICA: What's your talent?  
ENGLISH: Diagramming sentences.  
AMERICA: Sounds pretty lame. Okay. You're done. **(starts writing something on her clipboard)**  
ENGLISH: **(ENGLISH starts off left but is met by JACK coming on. They grab hands.)** Did you like the dance, Jack?  
JACK: It was awesome. You were the best one. You're a cinch to win.  
ENGLISH: Come on, you gotta quiz me on some sentences.  
JACK: Yea, you need work on present participles.

**(They exit together.)**

AMERICA: Next, Miss Drama.  
DRAMA: Here and ready, America. **(stands and moves to AMERICA)**  
AMERICA: Okay, do you have your formal wear?  
DRAMA: Oh my gosh! Oh my gosh!! Oh my gosh!!!  
AMERICA: **(startled)** What?  
DRAMA: See that curtain? **(points to the grand curtain)** I think I just made it move with my mind.

AMERICA: Okay. And did you go over the practice questions?

DRAMA: Do you think everyone will be looking at me during the questions? That would be great. Will all the questions be on Shakespeare? Or will there be some contemporary playwrights like Neil Simon or even Durang? Oh no, what if there're questions about Ibsen? I don't know that much about Ibsen. I mean, I read "The Wild Duck." But that's it. **(starts to cry)** What am I gonna do? What're the chances that the questions will be about the one play of his that I read? Like 5%? **(balling now)** I knew I should have read more of his stuff. I can't believe all the questions are gonna be on Ibsen. My life is over!

AMERICA: And what's your talent.

DRAMA: **(happy)** An original dramatic monologue.

AMERICA: Okay, goodbye. **(writes on her clipboard while DRAMA moves left and is met by FRIEND 1 AND FRIEND 2 coming on)**

FRIEND 1: Oh man, that was awesome!

FRIEND 2: Yea, I can't believe you're in this.

FRIEND 1: Yea, you totally got it wrapped up.

DRAMA: You think?

FRIEND 2: It takes place on a stage. Hello!

FRIEND 1: You have the most experience on stage.

FRIEND 2: In the last play we did you played "younger sister."

FRIEND 1: Remember the character description?

FRIEND 2: *Beautiful* young girl?

DRAMA: Oh, you guys are right as usual.

FRIEND 1: Oh my gosh! Oh my gosh!! Oh my gosh!!! I just moved that curtain with my mind **(points to the grand. It's not moving)**

DRAMA: Me too! **(they all squeal)** Let's go practice my monologue.

**(They all start for the exit. DRAMA and FRIEND 1 exit but FRIEND 2 stops at the grand curtain. SHE stares at it. It is completely motionless.)**

FRIEND 2: You guys, I did it!

**(SHE runs off after them.)**

AMERICA: Miss Science.

SCIENCE: Right here. **(stands up and moves to AMERICA)** I have my formal dress. It's made out of space age mylar. It's the same material the astronauts use. Even though they were only practice questions, I memorized the list so I would always know what type of questions were coming. And for my talent I have prepared some chemistry experiments that will stimulate the mind and dazzle the eye. **(smiles big)**

AMERICA: **(looks at her and sees her head brace for her braces)** Yeow! Um. . . thank you. You're done. . . **(SCIENCE doesn't move. SHE just keeps smiling)**. . . you can go now. . . **(SCIENCE stays)**. . . Goodbye? . . . Beat it! . . .

**(Finally MOM enters from left.)**

MOM: Come on, Honey, over here.

**(SCIENCE hurries over to MOM.)**

SCIENCE: I did it, Mom. I did the dance!

MOM: You know, dear, for being a scientific genius you sure have no common sense.

SCIENCE: I know. Oh, I still need to make some final adjustments to my talent chemicals.

MOM: Then we better hurry. **(pulls out some sort of calculator)** Putting in the necessary coordinates to make the jump to light speed. Don't wanna hit an asteroid or bounce too close to a supernova. Ready?

**(Pulls out goggles and puts them on.)**

SCIENCE: **(pulls out goggles and puts them on)** Ready.

MOM: Hyperspace!

**(They both rush off left making whooshing noises.)**

AMERICA: Miss Math.

**(MATH stands up. Out rushes FRANKIE from right. In his excitement HE doesn't stop in time and just barely touches MATH.)**

MATH: **(screaming)** Aaaaah! Get away from me, you pervert! Mom, Frankie touched me again!

**(SHE exits right. FRANKIE timidly follows her with is head down.)**

AMERICA: Miss Band.

BAND: **(Stands up and pulls out a whistle. SHE blows into it, one long and four short as a drum major would to start a marching band. SHE starts marching to AMERICA. When SHE gets there SHE blows two short whistles and then stands at ease.)** One, Two!

AMERICA: Formal wear?

BAND: Got it. You know this whole thing reminds me of band camp. Except there're no buses. **(laughs obnoxiously)** Get it? No buses?

AMERICA: Practice questions?

BAND: Three hours a day. **(laughs again)**

AMERICA: What's your talent?

BAND: Musical number.

AMERICA: Okay. You're good.

BAND: **(BAND blows the whistle again and BANDMEMBERS 1 & 2 march in from left wearing marching band uniforms and carrying instruments. SHE marches over to them. They all march in place. They do a little marching routine turning with each blow of the whistle.)** Band, halt!

BANDMEMBER 1 & BANDMEMBER 2: One, two.

**(All three stand at attention for a beat.)**

BAND: At ease! **(They all fall out of attention and grab each others' hands and jump up and down.)** Thanks for coming, you guys.

BANDMEMBER 1: Hey, support is what we do.

BANDMEMBER 2: Yea. We'll never forget how you supported us when we made it to all-state and you didn't.

BAND: Oh yea, and thanks for bringing that up. **(laughs obnoxiously and bit angrily)**

BANDMEMBER 1: I think you're gonna take 1<sup>st</sup> place with a superior score.

BANDMEMBER 2: Yea, maybe you'll even go to nationals.

BAND: Oh golly, wouldn't that be super. Me? At nationals?

BANDMEMBER 1: Stranger things have happened.

BANDMEMBER 2: No they haven't!

**(They all laugh obnoxiously.)**

BAND: Band, Attention!

**(They all snap to attention. SHE blows the whistle as before and they all march off left.)**

AMERICA: Miss Art.

**(MISS ART stands and moves to AMERICA.)**

ART: I have my formal gown. I made it using old soda pop bottles.

AMERICA: Sounds artistic.

ART: Exactly. I've also gone over these drab practice questions. Do you really think they're important?

AMERICA: Oh yes. You'll be judged on the correctness of your answer, how much you know, and maybe even more importantly, how you answer.

ART: Yes, *how*. *How* I answer is important. I will. . . focus on the *how*. *How* is what I will be focusing on. *How*. . . *how*. . . *how*.

AMERICA: Sure. Talent?

ART: I'm going to create a piece of art. Do you need to know *how* I will be creating it? Because the *how* is very important. *How* is everything.

AMERICA: No. You're through here.

ART: *How's* that?

AMERICA: Goodbye.

ART: *How* nice. **(walks left and is met by her FATHER coming on)**

FATHER: Sally, what have I told you about this? You are not allowed to be in this pageant until all of your chores are done.

ART: Dad, you're not supposed to call me that here. I go by Miss Art when I'm on stage.

FATHER: Sally, did you clean your room?

ART: Dad, you're embarrassing me and you're insulting them.

FATHER: All right, Miss Art. I am going to count to three. And you'd better be off this stage and headed to the car. You are coming home to finish your chores.

ART: Dad!

FATHER: One.

ART: Stop it. I'll do them after the pageant. Jeez!

FATHER: Two.

ART: I can't go. The pageant is going to start in less than two hours.

FATHER: Three. That's it young lady. Did you even start on the dishes? **(ART just looks at him)** You stop crying or I'll give you something to cry about. **(just stares)** I brought you into this world, and I can take you out. **(stares)** That's it young lady, I am gonna turn this car around. **(Walks past him and exits left leaving him alone. HE calls after her.)** Hey, you eat that, there's starving people in China. And don't chew with your mouth open. And stop tracking mud across my nice clean kitchen floor. Don't you give me that look. You're gonna get it. **(exits left)**

AMERICA: Next is. . . Miss Foreign Language.

FOREIGN: Oui? **(stands up and approaches AMERICA)**

AMERICA: Do you have your formal wear?

FOREIGN: Que dices? Pardoname. No hablo Ingles.

AMERICA: What?

FOREIGN: Parlez-vous Francais?

AMERICA: Did you go over the practice questions?

FOREIGN: **(trying to sound as Chinese as possible)** Sai Chen, Ni hao ma Hung hao.

AMERICA: And what is your talent?

FOREIGN: Wann das mittagessen serviert wird bitte?

AMERICA: Aren't you taking your title a bit too seriously?

FOREIGN: U par Ruski?

AMERICA: Good bye.

FOREIGN: Que?

AMERICA: Adios. Aufwiedersehen. Tchao.

**(FOREIGN moves Left and is met by her friend DAWN/DON.)**

DAWN: Did you do it?

FOREIGN: Yep. They all think I can't speak or understand English.

DAWN: **(diabolically)** Yes. This gives you a huge advantage. Now, the judges will be sympathetic to you, not being able to speak English. The men in the audience will love you because foreigners are romantic, and all the other contestants will not be afraid to talk in front of you so you can learn their secrets and find out their weaknesses.

FOREIGN: It was all too easy. All I did was speak one hundred percent foreign.

DAWN: All right, you've got to keep it up. No English. You've got to keep them in the dark. They can never know that you understand or speak a word of English.

FOREIGN: Don't worry. They'll never know I speak English.

**(They both laugh diabolically.)**

AMERICA: **(looks up from her clipboard and turns toward them)** We can hear you.

**(Pause.)**

STUDENT GOVERNMENT: And you're in my social studies class and my physics class.

VAL: And you were the emcee at the last assembly.

DAWN: Oops. I think we better go to plan B.

FOREIGN: Uff Da!! Do you have the list of foreign translations?

DAWN: Got it right here.

FOREIGN: I have it memorized but we better go over it again just to make sure. Let's go.

DAWN: Yes, as long as you have it memorized the other contestants won't stand a chance!

**(DAWN and FOREIGN laugh manically and then exit left.)**

AMERICA: Miss Physical Education.

P.E.: (**jumps up**) Yea.

AMERICA: Do you have a formal gown?

P.E.: Oh, yea.

AMERICA: You go over the practice questions?

P.E.: Huh? Practice questions?

AMERICA: What's your talent?

P.E.: Shot put, Javelin, hammer throw, 200 meter hurdles, swimming, biking, football, basketball, baseball, soccer, wrestling, and to a lesser extent, bowling.

AMERICA: I mean what are you gonna do for the talent part of the pageant.

P.E.: Oh, sorry. Synchronized Swimming.

AMERICA: You realize, of course, you'll be performing on a stage, and there's no water?

P.E.: I got it covered.

AMERICA: Okay, go get ready.

P.E.: Right.

**(P.E. moves Left and is meet by her boyfriend, JASON. They embrace.)**

JASON: You all ready, sugar booger?

P.E.: You bet. Do you think I have a chance at winning this thing?

JASON: Are you kidding, my little angel drawers? You're the prettiest girl in the whole school. Of course you'll win.

P.E.: You're such a comfort. Thanks.

JASON: That's what I'm here for.

P.E.: I love you.

JASON: I love you. Now come on, you need to get ready.

**(They embrace. P.E. picks JASON up off the ground as they embrace and SHE carries him off Left.)**

AMERICA: Miss Student Government.

STUDENT GOVERNMENT: Right here.

**(SHE stands up and moves to AMERICA. SHE speaks almost monotone.)**

AMERICA: Do you have everything?

STUDENT GOVERNMENT: Dress, practice questions, talent. I'm ready.

AMERICA: What is your talent?

STUDENT GOVERNMENT: Public speaking.

AMERICA: All right. You're good to go. You seem to have everything together. That's a change from all these other candidates.

STUDENT GOVERNMENT: Thank you.

AMERICA: You're really into politics aren't you?

STUDENT GOVERNMENT: Oh yes, my father is head of his political party.

AMERICA: Oh really, Republican or Democrat?

STUDENT GOVERNMENT: Neither. It's an independent party.

AMERICA: Independent? Oh, Libertarian? Whig? Green Party?

STUDENT GOVERNMENT: No. It's called the Silly Party.

AMERICA: The Silly Party?

STUDENT GOVERNMENT: Yep. (**walks left and meets CLOWN coming on stage**) Hi Dad.

CLOWN: (**in a funny clown voice**) There's my little girl. I'm so proud of you. Are you already?

STUDENT GOVERNMENT: Yes, I think so.

CLOWN: I brought your outfit. (**hands her a bag**)

STUDENT GOVERNMENT: How did it go down at the state legislature today?

CLOWN: The senate agreed to vote on my bill next Tuesday, and Senator Goldwater is personally going to champion the bill.

STUDENT GOVERNMENT: Fantastic, Dad.

CLOWN: Well, let's get you ready.

**(They exit by doing a funny walk off Left.)**

AMERICA: Miss Valedictorian.

VAL: (**raising her hand**) Ooo! Ooo! Ooo! That's me! Right here!



AMERICA: Yes, you're the last one.

VAL: I won?! I won! I won!

AMERICA: No, not yet.

VAL: Ah, Popsicle on a stick.

AMERICA: Do you have your formal dress ready?

VAL: I sure am.

AMERICA: Did you go over the practice questions?

VAL: I drove over them. Does that count?

AMERICA: And what's your talent.

VAL: Surprise! It's a surprise!

AMERICA: All right, I'm done. Good luck. **(SHE starts to exit)**

VAL: Hey, Mexico.

AMERICA: America. My name is America.

VAL: American, is it okay if I practice my talent while there's no one using the stage?

AMERICA: Yea, whatever. **(exits)**

VAL: Oh boy. **(Goes to the center of the stage and stands there. SHE looks back at the TECH GUYS who are done putting up the sign and are just standing there watching)** You guys, it's a surprise! **(They exit off Right. RUNNER UP ENTERS from Right.)** Oh my gosh, I can't believe you came.

RUNNER UP: Well, I wanted to show you my support and show you that there's no hard feelings that you were named the Valedictorian of the school and I wasn't. I'm still the Salutatorian so I just wanted to support you, especially after your brain operation.

VAL: That's great. I'm glad you left.

RUNNER UP: Came.

VAL: I'm glad you came. Hey listen, Victorian Runner up, let me ask you your advice. What kind of pose would you start out with?

RUNNER UP: Well, what's your talent?

**(VAL looks at the audience and then whispers something into RUNNER UP's ear.)**

RUNNER UP: Oh. How about like a flamenco dancer's stance.

VAL: I don't think I could do that.

RUNNER UP: Sure you can, like this. **(does the stance for her by gracefully curving one arm above her head and the other curves across her stomach)** Try it. **(VAL just stands there looking at the stance. RUNNER UP comes out of the stance.)** Okay, first put your arm above your head. **(VAL just stands there. RUNNER UP speaks slower.)** Lift your right arm. **(VAL lifts her left leg.)** That's your leg. **(VAL puts her leg down.)** Lift your arm. **(VAL lifts her right leg.)** That's your other leg. **(VAL puts her leg down.)** Lift your arm. **(VAL stands on her toes.)** Your arm. **(VAL lifts her chin.)** Your arm. **(VAL lifts her foot up behind her.)** Your arm. **(VAL lifts her eyebrows.)** Your arm. **(THEY do this part double time. Val lifts her leg.)** Your arm. **(VAL lifts her other leg.)** Your arm. **(VAL lifts her chin.)** Your arm. **(VAL lifts her leg again.)** Your arm. **(VAL lifts her same leg.)** Your arm. **(VAL lifts the same leg.)** Your arm. **(VAL lifts the same leg.)** Your arm. **(VAL lifts her arm about chest level.)** Freeze! **(VAL freezes.)** Good, now put your hand above your head. **(VAL bends down and puts her hand on the floor.)** No, above your head. **(VAL stands up and puts her hand behind her back.)** Above your head. **(VAL puts it in her armpit.)** Above your head. **(VAL puts it out to the side.)** Above your head. **(VAL salutes.)** Stop! You're very warm. Now just move your hand up. **(VAL moves it down.)** No. You're getting colder. Move it the other way. **(VAL moves it up slowly.)** Warmer! Keep going! **(VAL moves it up more.)** Yes, almost there. You're getting hot! **(VAL moves it up past her eyes.)** Hotter! **(VAL moves it up past her hair.)** You're walking on the sun! **(VAL starts dancing as if her feet were burning).**

VAL: Ouch, ouch, ouch! **(moves her hand above her head!)**

RUNNER UP: Freeze! **(VAL stops dancing, freezes in her position, and keeps her hand up)** You did it!

VAL: Hurry, I'm freezing.

RUNNER UP: All right, you've got one hand in position. Now we just need to position the other hand. Just bring your other arm up like this. **(RUNNER UP brings her left arm in front of her belly in the pose. VAL looks at the pose and then brings her left arm up into the exact same position without any problem.)** Great!

VAL: Oh boy, thanks for your help Valdrictorixin Runner up.

RUNNER UP: My name's Victoria [Victoria].

VAL: Who is?

RUNNER UP: Never mind.

VAL: **(still in her pose)** Hey, remember when I put my hand above my head? That's was so cool. But if you don't mind, I need to practice my talent, and it's kind of a surprise.

RUNNER UP: But you already told me what it was.

VAL: A surprise!

RUNNER UP: Okay, good luck. **(exits)**

VAL: **(Now VAL is completely alone, and still in her pose. SHE doesn't move. SHE just stares out. SHE's motionless for a quite a while. Then SHE looks out at the audience almost sensing them.)** It's a surprise. **(SHE runs off Left)**

## SCENE 2 – THE SCHEME

**(The stage is empty for a beat. From Right enter FLOWER and CRUMB. They move down center. FLOWER looks around to see if anyone is around.)**

FLOWER: You know what to do, right?

CRUMB: I don't know about this.

FLOWER: **(anxious and hard)** Don't be a wimp, Alex!

CRUMB: It just doesn't seem right.

FLOWER: **(FLOWER becomes the seductress)** You know I'll make it worth your while.

**(SHE plays with his lapel and then twists her finger in his hair.)**

CRUMB: But each of the girls deserves a fair shot.

FLOWER: **(turns the seduction up a notch)** It's not like she's not gonna win anyway. You think she's the prettiest don't you?

CRUMB: Sure, but that's just one man's opinion.

FLOWER: You're not going to make her win, you're just gonna help the judges to notice her. **(really turns on the seduction)**

CRUMB: **(voice cracking)** Well, I guess that's not so bad.

FLOWER: Good boy. Now, all you need to do is whenever you announce the contestant's names, you announce Miss Math with a little more enthusiasm and energy. Now, who has the most enthusiastic name?

CRUMB: **(has a hard time getting it out because of her sexy taunting)** Miss Math.

FLOWER: Good. **(turning back to business)** Now, you go find that last year's Miss Roy High and make sure she knows what to do. I've got some other business to take care of.

CRUMB: **(disappointed)** All right.

FLOWER: **(turns on the seductress again)** And remember, if Miss Math is the winner tonight, you win too.

CRUMB: Oh, boy.

**(HE exits right. The TECH GUYS wander on from the left.)**

FLOWER: **(in a whispered yell)** You two! Get over here!

TECH GUY 1: **(they walk over casually)** Yea?

TECH GUY 2: What?

FLOWER: Are you two ready?

TECH GUY 1: Ready as rice.

FLOWER: What is that supposed to mean? **(TECH GUYS look at each other blankly)** Do you have everything ready?

TECH GUY 1: Everything is ready.

FLOWER: Okay, you are going to sabotage each girl at sometime during the show, right?

TECH GUY 1: Right.

FLOWER: Except for one girl. Right?

TECH GUY 1: Right.

FLOWER: And which girl is that?

TECH GUY 2: I think it means that when you cook rice in a pot with a lid on it, it starts to steam. And then it's ready. It's like it's obvious when it's ready cause of the steam.

FLOWER: **(irritated)** Thank you. Now which girl is the girl that you are not going to sabotage? **(TECH GUYS just look at each other. FLOWER decides to help them)** Miss. . .

TECH GUY 1 and 2: Miss. . .

FLOWER: Miss. . .

TECH GUY 2: Miss Rice!

FLOWER: Miss Math, you idiots! **(TECH GUY 1 raises his hand like a student in class)** What?

TECH GUY 1: I was gonna say Miss Math.

FLOWER: Do you guys understand? Who aren't you going to sabotage?

TECH GUY 1 and 2: Miss Math.

FLOWER: Good. All right, here. **(pulls out two dollars and gives it to them)** You get half now and half after Miss Math wins the crown. Now, go make sure your stuff is all ready. **(they start to head out into the audience)** Where are you going?

TECH GUY 2: We wanted to watch the pageant from out there.

TECH GUY 1: Yeah, it's hard to see from back there.

FLOWER: No! You have to be backstage so that you can sabotage the other contestants.

TECH GUY 1: Who do we sabotage again?

FLOWER: Miss Math!

TECH GUY 2: Miss Math?

TECH GUY 1: Okay, we'll sabotage Miss Math.

FLOWER: Nooo! **(frustrated)** Argh! Not Miss Math! You sabotage everyone except for Miss Math!

TECH GUY 2: I thought we'd already established that.

TECH GUY 1: Except when you say "except for Miss Math" do you mean. . . uh. . .

FLOWER: I mean the other contestants.

TECH GUY 2: When you say "other," do you mean. . . uh. . .

FLOWER: Other than Miss Math. Sabotage each contestant other than Miss Math!

TECH GUY 1: Like who?

FLOWER: Like all the other contestants!

TECH GUY 2: Like Miss Rice?

FLOWER: **(punching TECH GUY 2 in the arm. HE doesn't react at all)** There is no Miss Rice! Just stay back there and sabotage every contestant in the pageant except Miss Math!

TECH GUY 1: Got it. You can count on us. We'll stay back there and sabotage the contestants.

FLOWER: Except for Miss Math.

TECH GUY 2: **(rubbing where FLOWER hit him)** Ooouch.

FLOWER: Well? **(TECH GUYS just stand there looking at her)** Get back there! **(they run off Left)**. Finally. Now, I've got to go meet the judges.

**(SHE goes out into the audience – SHE will choose 5 people from the audience to be the judges. SHE'll bring them up to the reserved seats in the front row where there is a table. On the table is a pen and an adjudication sheet for each judge. Once all the judges are seated, SHE explains the judges sheets and how to add them up during the next dialogue.)**

**(Enter SUZIE SOUTHWICK and CRUMB from up right.)**

SUZIE: I'm so excited! This is so great!

CRUMB: Yes. All right, now, after the first number, I will introduce you, and then you come out from the back somewhere and take your walk.

SUZIE: Where? Anywhere?! Can I walk all over the place?

CRUMB: Just come up to the front, and then walk left, and then right, and come over to the podium.

SUZIE: Okay, should I practice it?

CRUMB: Practice walking? Do you think you need to?

SUZIE: Yea, yea, yea. Watch this! **(walks slowly and very sexily to the Left. SHE practices waving and smiling. Through her smiling teeth she says to herself. . .)** Elbow, wrist, elbow, wrist, elbow, wrist, keep smiling, elbow, wrist. **(turns around and walks Right and repeats. . .)** Elbow, wrist, elbow, wrist, elbow, wrist, keep smiling, elbow, wrist.

CRUMB: I guess you do need to practice.

SUZIE: Yea, yea, yea! What next?

CRUMB: Now we come over here. **(leads her to the podium Stage Right.)**

SUZIE: This is so great! I'm so excited!

CRUMB: Why don't you just calm down.

SUZIE: That's a good one. Hey, do you think this tiara makes me look silly?

CRUMB: No. . . It's definitely not the tiara.

SUZIE: I'm so excited!

CRUMB: You said that already. Then we just follow the script. Okay?

SUZIE: **(jumping)** Sure. Sure. Yea, yea, yea! Is this the microphone.

CRUMB: Yep. You just talk into it.

SUZIE: **(talking into the mic to test it)** Potty. Ha, ha, ha.

CRUMB: Okay, you better go primp yourself or something before we start.

SUZIE: I'm on it!

***(SHE rushes to center as if SHE is exiting left, but stops and goes right and then changes her mind and goes left and then right one more time and exits right. SHE suddenly comes running back on and dashes across the stage and exits left.)***

END OF FREE PREVIEW