

HE'S MINE

A TEN MINUTE PLAY

by
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KARA: No, Toni, he was looking at me!

TONI: You're crazy. He didn't even look in your direction.

KARA: Sure he did. I hate to sound conceited, but the guys have been staring at me all evening.

TONI: What an imagination! It's your little conceited routine again. You imagine yourself as the center of the universe.

KARA: What good-looking girl doesn't? It's not that I place myself in that position. It's the fault of all the males in this place. They're the ones that stare at me, ogling my pretty face and my symmetrical features. I can't help being the center of attention any more than a great athlete can stop his fans from adoring him.

TONI: People stare at circus animals too. It doesn't necessarily mean they're attracted to them.

KARA: You're hilarious, but while you play the clown, I'm the honeybee attracting all the guys.

TONI: What guys? We've been walking around this fairground for the last hour. Other than the loser boys we know, not one of these heart-stricken males has come up to us.

KARA: I know. It's rather sad, but girls like me intimidate members of the male species.

TONI: This is sad, Kara. You would think at least one of these love-sick testosterone machines would have the courage to approach you.

KARA: You'd think! I notice it doesn't stop them from staring, though.

TONI: Who? Point him out! I can't see one single guy staring at us.

KARA: That's because they're not staring at us. They're staring at me! Me... just me... not you. Face the facts, Toni.

TONI: Let's have examples. I don't see a shred of evidence to support what you're saying.

KARA: Look around.

TONI: I am... so is everyone else. They're looking at the exhibits. Of course, everyone glances at us as we pass, but that's only natural.

KARA: It's that extra split second that males hold their gaze with me. I've always had that power.

TONI: You've always been delusional. Tell me, what other fantasies do you have? Were you Eleanor Roosevelt in your last life? Or maybe you're an alien visiting from Jupiter.

KARA: I'm not delusional, but I do hang around an idiot friend who's completely clueless.

TONI: Fine. Think whatever you want.

KARA: There! Did you see?

TONI: What? What?

KARA: That guy! As he was walking past, he stared at me... and smiled.

TONI: Maybe he was smiling at the baby lambs over at the petting zoo. They're much cuter than you.

KARA: Well, I assure you, he smiled at me, not some ridiculous animal. Why do they have to bring so many dumb animals to a place like this, anyhow? They smell bad and get in my way. They're disgusting.

TONI: Hello?!? We're at a fair, Kara. What do you expect? Dillards and The Gap?

KARA: Goober-Mart would be an improvement over this place. I like fairs, but I detest the animals and the horrible smells. Can you imagine working in one of those smelly pens?

TONI: It might be kind of fun. I adore animals! You can have all those dorky males around here.

KARA: I think you're just jealous that I catch the eye of every cute guy.

TONI: Jealous... ha! The only possible reason the guys would be staring at you instead of me is they think you're an attraction for the freak show.

KARA: I wouldn't mention freak shows while you're wearing that outfit, Toni. Have you been getting up early on Saturdays to hit the garage sales again?

TONI: Don't have to, Kara. As long as I can borrow your clothes, I'm well-stocked in that area.

KARA: (*sarcastically*) Funny. You're a real scream.

TONI: I wasn't trying to be, but you certainly are. Look closely, friend. I'm wearing one of *your* outfits.

KARA: What? Oh... yeah. I didn't notice. I guess it just looks different on you, somehow.

TONI: Not quite as good?

KARA: No... not quite.

TONI: I thought so. Come on. I'm tired of the great guy-watch. Let's hit some rides. This money is burning a hole in my pocket. Better yet, let's go see the lambs. They're so cute.

KARA: Rides are for kids. And I hate smelly farm beasts. That's for dumb country hicks. And besides, we're doing something more important.

TONI: Walking around the fair? Doesn't seem very important to me.

KARA: Okay... okay. I refuse to get close to those smelly varmints, but I'll go on some rides if you like. Let's just wait until we pass this one guy I've been scoping out.

TONI: Which one is that?

KARA: I know you've seen him. He's really cute... broad shoulders... blonde hair... great smile. We've passed him half a dozen times. He's probably passing us on purpose. Last time we passed each other, he was walking with a friend. Maybe you can grab him. The friend wasn't very cute, but he'll be okay for you.

TONI: (*dramatic*) Oh, thank you for your kind charity, my lady. If you throw the rest of your corndog away, can I have that, too?

KARA: Fine... I feel you, girl. Just thought it would be fun if we all hung out together.

TONI: I'll survive, thanks.

KARA: There he is! There's my man!

TONI: The one in the green shirt?

KARA: That's him. Isn't he cute?

TONI: And then some. Too bad he isn't really your guy, though. Just because you have a bloated ego doesn't mean all the cute guys are necessarily yours. That roller coaster is nice, but I don't own it.

KARA: Keep talking, Toni... keep talking. You'll see. He will be mine. He's up ahead, looking around... probably trying to find me.

TONI: Or the men's restroom.

KARA: Face the facts. I've seduced him with my mystical charms.

TONI: Your imaginary seduction button must be stuck in neutral. I only see an 80-year-old man staring at you.

KARA: Wishing he were younger, no doubt. I tell you, you're missing the whole thing. This place is alive with drooling idiots. Yours truly is the main attraction. I'm far more popular than the livestock tents.

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