

I DON'T MIND THAT YOU'RE UGLY

By Bobby Keniston

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

(4 males, 5 females)

CLYDE, a young man. He is very nervous because he wants to propose to his longtime girlfriend. He is an average looking guy, and finds his girlfriend to be very beautiful (not that that's why he loves her). He doesn't understand why his constant reassurances of her beauty is not enough to make her feel good about herself.

GRETCHEN, a young woman. She is a waitress at "The Only Fancy Restaurant in Town", and clearly does not enjoy her job very much. She is sarcastic and bored a great deal of the time, and does not have the customer's interest at heart.

KIRA, a young lady. She is Clyde's girlfriend. She is in fact very beautiful, but also has a good spirit and is very intelligent. She loves to help people. She does have some insecurity issues about her appearance. She loves Clyde very much for who he is.

CHIP DOUGAL, a somewhat sleazy modeling agent, who want to "discover" Kira after he sees her at the restaurant. He is a fast and smooth talker. He completely dismisses Clyde.

GRAMMY JOSEPHINE, a customer at the restaurant who sees Kira and is reminded of the old-time beauty of classic movie stars. She wants to relive her old beauty days through Kira. Tells everyone to call her "Grammy Josephine", even the "homely boy" sitting with Kira.

MANNY, the busboy. Keeps trying to make excuses to come to the table because he thinks Kira is hot. He is a young man.

ALEXANDRA, a young lady, who is very jealous. She confronts Kira because she is jealous of her boyfriend staring at her. Claims Kira is trying to ruin her relationship.

MARJORIE, the hostess of the restaurant, who's job it is to make sure all the beautiful people are sitting out front, so people passing by can see a restaurant filled with beautiful people. She is persistent.

CHEF SCARPACCIO, the chef in the restaurant, who has heard from the busboy how attractive Kira is and wants to see her for himself.

PROPERTIES

Two Bottles of Champagne
(Gretchen)

Business Card (Chip)

Waitress Notepad (Gretchen)

Tub to Bus Dishes (Manny)

Engagement Ring (Clyde)

A NOTE FROM THE AUTHOR

“I Don't Mind That You're Ugly” is a play all about the characters. Clyde and Kira must have wonderful chemistry between the two of them. They are very much in love, and Kira, though considered the more attractive of the two, is just as crazy about Clyde as he is about her. Her comment, which the play takes its title from, is truly off-the-cuff, and not intended to be taken as her genuine feelings. It's just one of those things you say in haste without really realizing what you're saying.

The supporting characters are free to go as big as possible. Clyde is probably indeed NOT ugly, but everyone must behave as though he is. And Kira, while indeed lovely, must be looked upon as though she is the most beautiful creature on Earth.

About the set: it can be very simple, but should have “elegant” looking tablecloths and so forth, or any simple decoration at the director's discretion. If you choose to use flats, they should look fancy, perhaps with some nice artwork on the walls. The lighting should be intimate.

Costumes: Clyde should be simply, but nicely dressed, suit and tie. Kira should look gorgeous in a fashionable dress. The staff should be in some kind of uniform, though Manny, as a busboy, should have an apron, and Chef should wear a chef's hat if available. With Chip, the sleazier the better.

Above all, remember this: this is a romantic comedy with some farcical elements. Please don't lose the romance. Make sure your actors are comfortable with one another, and are able to project the intimacy of a real couple.

Lastly, I would like to thank Tracy Sue, the first person who read this script. She offered me such wonderful feedback and suggestions. I am deeply indebted, and dedicate this piece to her. Thanks, Tracy.

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SETTING: The back room of “The Only Fancy Restaurant In Town.” The lights are dim, romantic. It is the hidden room on the way to the bathroom, which, presumably is off stage right. There is a table just off center stage with two chairs. The décor is fancy, but trying a bit too hard. There is a nice table cloth and a candle on the table.

AT RISE: *CLYDE, an average looking young man, is being led into the room from stage left by MARJORIE, who is the hostess at the restaurant. SHE leads him to the table.*

MARJORIE: You are fortunate tonight at “The Only Fancy Restaurant in Town” to be seated at one of our finest tables.

CLYDE: But there were a lot of empty tables in the main dining room.

MARJORIE: True. *(beat. SHE thinks)* They're all reserved.

CLYDE: There must have been fifty tables. Are you telling me not one of them is free?

MARJORIE: *(taking a different tactic)* But sir, this is a table for our very special customers. *(SHE looks him up and down, not liking what SHE sees)* Yes. You're very “special.” I think this table is a perfect fit for you.

CLYDE: But it's right by the bathroom.

MARJORIE: Aren't you lucky? You're welcome. *(starting to leave)* I will inform your waitress that she has a party of one.

CLYDE: No, I'm not going to be dining alone. I'm waiting for my girlfriend.

(MARJORIE stops in her tracks and looks back at him.)

MARJORIE: You have a girlfriend? *(catches herself, smiles hastily)* Of course you do! How wonderful. Glad to hear it. “The Only Fancy Restaurant In Town” is a fine place for young lovers. *(loses her facade)* Seriously? You have a girlfriend? Because I could really use your extra chair for a party of six I have out in the Pretty Room... the main dining room, I mean... I call it the pretty room, because that's where management likes me to seat the pretty people. I get a bonus for each hottie...

CLYDE: *(a little offended)* I'm sure I have a girlfriend, and she is meeting me here shortly. I'm planning on proposing to her. That's why I'm so nervous.

MARJORIE: Better tie her down while you can.

CLYDE: What?

MARJORIE: I'm sorry, I have a great number of people to seat. It's been my honor to seat you and I hope you have a wonderful dining experience at "The Only Fancy Restaurant In Town."

(MARJORIE exits, almost bumping into GRAMMY JOSEPHINE, who is coming into the room to get to the bathroom. CLYDE has stood up and is beginning to pace a little bit.)

GRAMMY JOSEPHINE: Young man? Young man? Are you feeling all right?

CLYDE: Oh, yes, ma'am I'm fine. I'm just a little nervous. I'm going to propose to my girlfriend tonight.

GRAMMY JOSEPHINE: *(not really believing it)* Of course you are dear. Oh, how precious!

CLYDE: Yes, I'm very excited.

GRAMMY JOSEPHINE: I'm sure you are. Now could you do me a favor, dear?

CLYDE: Sure.

GRAMMY JOSEPHINE: *(becoming severe)* Get out of my way! You're blocking the stinking bathroom! You think a lady my age can hold it forever?

CLYDE: Sorry.

(CLYDE steps aside and decides to go sit back down. GRAMMY JOSEPHINE goes into the bathroom, shaking her head. GRETCHEN, the waitress enters and approaches CLYDE's table. SHE obviously is not very fond of her job. SHE takes one look at CLYDE, sighs deeply, and rolls her eyes.)

GRETCHEN: *(by rote, in a monotone)* Welcome to "The Only Fancy Restaurant in Town". Thank you for choosing us for all of your Fancy Needs. Our motto here is "When You Want the Best, Go Fancy." We are committed to making your dining experience one of the finest of your life. It is my job to give you whatever you might require to make this possible. *(SHE sighs deeply, continues)* My name is Gretchen and I am honored, and just oh-so-thrilled to be your server tonight. Our specials tonight include a shrimp crusted halibut with an endive salad...

CLYDE: Oh, excuse me, but I'm waiting to order.

GRETCHEN: *(a little miffed)* The sooner you place your order, the sooner you get your food. The sooner you get your food, the sooner you eat your food. The sooner you eat your food, the sooner you pay your bill, leave your tip, and free the table.

CLYDE: Uh... right, but I'm waiting for my girlfriend.

GRETCHEN: You have a girlfriend?

CLYDE: Yes. She should be here any minute.

GRETCHEN: Fine. *(SHE starts to leave)*

CLYDE: Oh, wait... uh, Gretchen, right?

GRETCHEN: Yes. What is it?

CLYDE: Well, you see, tonight is kind of a special night.

GRETCHEN: I follow the lunar cycle. I'm aware.

CLYDE: (*confused*) Oh, no, that's not what I meant. You see, I'm proposing to my girlfriend tonight, so I was wondering if I could maybe get a bottle of champagne ready, you know, to have on hand when she says yes.

GRETCHEN: You said you were waiting to order. I don't like mixed signals.

CLYDE: I'm sorry. I am waiting to order for the most part, I just was thinking that if I had some champagne on ice, ready to go for after I propose...

GRETCHEN: Most marriages end in divorce, you know.

CLYDE: I'm sorry?

GRETCHEN: It's better just to save yourself the pain. I should know.

CLYDE: (*after a slight beat*) Right. Anyway, if I could just get the champagne ready, and when you hear me say, "She said Yes!", you can bring it out to us. Does that sound good?

GRETCHEN: Just because I'm an actress in my real life, doesn't mean I should have to learn cues at this job.

CLYDE: I'm not... the thing is, I just want this to be very special, so I was hoping...

GRETCHEN: Fine. I'll get the champagne ready, and I'll try to remember my entrance. We are here to serve you at "The Only Fancy Restaurant in Town."

(*GRETCHEN exits. There is a sound of a toilet flushing, very loud.*)

CLYDE sighs. GRAMMY JOSEPHINE comes out of the bathroom.)

GRAMMY JOSEPHINE: That's much better. (*SHE sees CLYDE sitting alone*) Oh, you poor, unattractive young man! I've never been stood up myself, but it must be awful. Don't let it discourage you. There are plenty of fish in the sea... I've always liked catfish myself, probably because of the whiskers... and even homely young men like you...

CLYDE: I haven't been stood up. My girlfriend is always a little late. She never thinks she looks good enough.

GRAMMY JOSEPHINE: Well, I can see you don't have that problem.

CLYDE: What? Wait, do I look okay? Is there something wrong with how I look?

GRAMMY JOSEPHINE: (*falsely reassuring*) No, dear, no, not at all. You look very handsome.

(*SHE smiles at CLYDE a trifle falsely, and hurries her exit. As SHE exits, MARJORIE enters, and KIRA, a knockout in a beautiful dress follows*)

her. CLYDE immediately stands up and looks at KIRA adoringly as SHE enters.)

MARJORIE: *(to KIRA)* You see, Miss, this is the only Clyde we have here tonight, and I know you can't have been coming here to meet him. I'm happy to let you wait for your party out in the Pretty... um, out in the Main Dining Room.

KIRA: No, this is the right table. This is my boyfriend. *(SHE hugs CLYDE, gives him a kiss on the cheek.)* Hi there, my boy.

MARJORIE: Uh, Miss, are you sure? Are you absolutely certain this is the person you're meeting?

KIRA: *(smiling at CLYDE)* I'm positive.

MARJORIE: I see. *(beat)* Is there any chance, Miss, that you would like to sit in the Main Dining Room after you are done talking with him?

KIRA: I'm eating dinner with him. Besides, I like this room. It's nice and secluded. I don't get to be alone with my man as often as I would like.

CLYDE: Wait until you see the bathroom traffic.

MARJORIE: All right. If you change your mind, miss, I would be happy to seat you... *(takes a deep breath)* ... and your boyfriend in the Main Dining Room. Do enjoy your evening. *(SHE exits)*

(As soon as MARJORIE has exited, KIRA gives CLYDE a much bigger hug, and little peck on the lips.)

KIRA: Clyde, baby, I am so happy to see you. What a long day! I've missed you.

CLYDE: I've missed you too. How was work?

KIRA: Really great, but tiring. I finished the grant for the playground extension at the Children's Center, so here's hoping it goes through!

CLYDE: That's great, sweetie! I know how important that is to you.

KIRA: I couldn't have done it without you.

(CLYDE leads KIRA to her chair, pulls it out for her.)

CLYDE: Why don't you sit down and relax, my dear. You've earned it.

KIRA: Thanks handsome.

(KIRA sits and CLYDE sits across from her.)

CLYDE: I'm so proud of you! You work so hard. I admire that about you. Have I told you that enough?

KIRA: *(smiling)* Only every day. But I don't get tired of hearing it.

CLYDE: Well, it's true. You set goals and you go out and achieve them. You're just a remarkable woman...

(MANNY, the busboy, has entered into the room. HE looks at KIRA, obviously taken by her beauty and approaches the table.)

MANNY: Excuse me, Miss, I'm Manny, a busboy here at "The Only Fancy Restaurant in Town." I was wondering if you needed anything bussed?

KIRA: No thank you, we haven't even ordered yet. *(To CLYDE)* It means a lot to me, Clyde that you feel that way. I'm so lucky to...

MANNY: *(still looking at her)* Your napkin looks a little stained, and I think your fork has a spot on it. I'd be happy to replace them for you. No trouble at all.

KIRA: *(looking at napkin and fork)* No thank you, Manny. They look fine to me. It's nice of you to offer though.

MANNY: It is my honor and my pleasure. Please, don't hesitate if you need anything at all. Just ask for Manny, and Manny will come running to your table to give you whatever you need. I'll take good care of you.

CLYDE: *(a tad too loud)* Thank you, Manny, we appreciate it.

MANNY: *(as if seeing CLYDE for the first time)* Right. *(to KIRA)* Anything you need. Anything. *(HE exits)*

KIRA: Wow. The staff sure is attentive here.

CLYDE: *(slightly under his breath)* Yeah, they're something. *(normally)* So, I'm very glad you had a productive day.

KIRA: Me too. How was your day? Get much writing done?

CLYDE: Yeah, it's going really well. I never thought I would be writing a book for children, but, hey, you know, it's coming along...

KIRA: You're so good at it! I know it's not the type of "serious" writing you did in college, but it's still very important. Anything that gets kids to read is important, don't you think?

CLYDE: Definitely. I think I've really found a niche finally, do you know what I mean... it's like at last I'm....

(MARJORIE has entered and approached the table. SHE interrupts.)

MARJORIE: Excuse me, I hate to interrupt, but the management would be happy to have you move to the Main Dining Room. We would even be willing to comp your meal, Miss.

KIRA: That's really very kind of you, but we're comfortable right here.

MARJORIE: *(disappointed)* As you wish. Enjoy your meals. *(SHE exits)*

KIRA: She really wants to get us in the Main Dining Room.

CLYDE: Yeah. She really wants to make sure you're seen.

KIRA: So what were you saying? About your writing?

CLYDE: Oh, well, I just really feel like I'm making progress, you know, for the first time in my life. I talked with my editor today about making this idea into a series of books.

KIRA: That's great!

CLYDE: *(excited)* Yeah, it was pretty exciting. She said yes!

(GRETCHEN immediately enters with a bottle of champagne. CLYDE sees her and tries to wave her off, making exaggerated gestures with his hands. GRETCHEN doesn't get it.)

GRETCHEN: Are you doing the hand-jive? Because I've been in that show, and I got a very good review. *(SHE starts to shake her hands around, and in effect, shakes up the champagne)*

KIRA: Oh, sweetie, you ordered champagne!

CLYDE: *(being a good sport)* Nothing too good for my girl.

(GRETCHEN sets the champagne on the table.)

GRETCHEN: I wouldn't open it for a few minutes. Are you ready to order?

KIRA: I'm sorry. I'm not quite ready yet. I haven't even looked at the menu.

GRETCHEN: Fine. *(SHE exits)*

KIRA: I can't believe you ordered champagne! What's the occasion?

CLYDE: I just wanted this to be a very special night for you, Kira. I mean, I just love you so much. You know that, right?

KIRA: I love you too, Clyde.

CLYDE: You look so beautiful tonight.

KIRA: *(blushing)* No.

CLYDE: Yes you do. You're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen.

KIRA: I look fat in this dress.

CLYDE: What are you talking about? You don't look fat. You never look fat. You never look anything but beautiful, whether you're in sweat pants or an evening gown.

KIRA: You're just saying that because you're in love with me.

CLYDE: I am in love with you, that's true. But even if I wasn't, I would still think you were the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. The fact that you look at me with love in your eyes just makes it all the more unbelievable to me.

KIRA: It's sweet of you to try to make me feel good. I do appreciate it.

CLYDE: I say it because it's true.

KIRA: I'm glad you think so.

CLYDE: But I want you to think so. I want you to believe it.

KIRA: But I believe that you believe it.

CLYDE: Yeah, but...

KIRA: Why don't we open the champagne?

(At this point, CHIP DOUGAL enters. HE is dressed fancy, but somewhat sleazy. HE carries his chair and sits it down next to KIRA.)

CHIP: Hi there. I don't want to interrupt or take up too much of your time or mine. I'm a busy man, and I'm sure you're a busy lady, but I saw you when you came in, and I'm a business man first and foremost, and

I have to follow my instincts. *(takes a card out of his pocket, hands it to KIRA)* My name is Chip Dougal, and I'm a talent agent and scout. I represent a number of models, and I was wondering if you were looking for representation in that field.

KIRA: *(looking at the card)* Me? Modeling?

CHIP: What? Are you telling me that you've never done any modeling? I don't believe that for a second.

KIRA: It's true.

CHIP: Well that has got to change! A face like yours, a bod like that... you understand, I'm only speaking as a professional when I say this, but you are a knockout. Complete TKO.

KIRA: You really think so?

CHIP: Baby doll, I don't think so. I know so. I'm only speaking professionally when I say this, but I would hang your picture in my bathroom and look at it every day.

(KIRA smiles. CLYDE clears his throat loudly.)

KIRA: Oh. This is my boyfriend, Clyde.

(CHIP looks at CLYDE and is not impressed.)

CHIP: Hey. How's it going? You should get a ring on this one's finger before she can change her mind, huh champ? *(back to KIRA)* Listen, I represent a great number of models, and I think with a little of my personal training, you could really go places. I'm talking print ads, catalogues, tv spots... the sky is the limit with a face and a bod like that.

KIRA: Mr. Dougal, I'm really flattered, I really am, but I'm very happy in my career. I don't think I would have time for any modeling. I do appreciate the offer, though. It really made my day.

CHIP: Seeing a woman as beautiful as you really made my day.

(KIRA laughs, tries to hand him back his card.)

No, keep it. In case you change your mind. A woman can change her mind, right? *(looks at CLYDE)* A woman can change her mind about a lot of things. *(back to KIRA)* It was a pleasure meeting you, and I hope you think about my offer. I would love to get my hands on you. *(beat)* As a client.

(CHIP takes his chair and exits. KIRA is glowing, flattered.)

KIRA: Can you believe that? Just out of the blue, a guy offers to take me on as a model? That's unbelievable!

CLYDE: *(a little sour)* Yeah, that's something.

KIRA: Can you imagine? Me? A model?

CLYDE: Yeah, I can. I tell you how beautiful you are all the time.

KIRA: Well, yes, YOU do, but to have a real professional... wow!

(MANNY enters, staring at KIRA and approaches the table.)

MANNY: Is there anything I can get for you, Miss?

CLYDE: *(losing his patience)* We're fine, Manny! We're fine! If we need anything we will let you know! Otherwise, stop interrupting us! We are trying to have a nice dinner in peace!

KIRA: *(trying to cover)* I'm sorry, Manny. We'll let you know if we need anything. Thank you.

MANNY: Thank you, Miss. *(MANNY exits)*

KIRA: What's the matter with you, Clyde? That's not like you, to snap at someone for no reason.

CLYDE: I'm sorry.

KIRA: What's going on?

CLYDE: It's... nothing. I just wanted tonight to be perfect.

KIRA: He was only trying to help.

CLYDE: He was only coming over here to gawk at you, that's what he was doing.

KIRA: Clyde! That's not true. He was just doing his job.

CLYDE: Just like Chip, if that's his real name, was just doing his job?

KIRA: What are you getting at?

CLYDE: Kira, you are so beautiful, and I love the fact that you are beautiful, because you are beautiful inside and out, and your inner beauty compliments your outer beauty so that you are just completely radiant. And I'm not jealous of the fact that other people find you beautiful. Why wouldn't they? Seriously, how could they not?

KIRA: Clyde, you're being silly...

CLYDE: Please, just let me finish. I don't get jealous when other guys find you attractive, but what does make me a bit jealous is how their opinion seems to mean more to you than mine.

KIRA: That doesn't make sense.

CLYDE: Kira, I was just telling you how beautiful you were, and you didn't even believe me. Then Chippy-Chip comes and sits down, tells you you're a knockout, and you're bubbling all over.

KIRA: It was just so random...

CLYDE: But why should what he thinks mean more to you than what I think? Why isn't me telling you you're beautiful enough to make you feel beautiful? Why should a complete stranger have the ability to make you feel more beautiful than I do?

KIRA: He didn't make me feel more beautiful than you do. What can I say? It's flattering when a complete stranger tells you that you're beautiful. It doesn't mean anything to me. It's just surprising, and it feels like a nice compliment. It's not like I was flirting with him.

CLYDE: I didn't say you were flirting with him. I'm sorry. I'm not trying to argue, that's the last thing I want to do tonight. I've been looking forward to this dinner with you all day. You mean the world to me, and I just want us to have a good, memorable time tonight.

KIRA: I've been looking forward to this, too, sweetie. I've been thinking about you all day. All throughout work, I was just so excited thinking about tonight. It spurred me on, kept giving me energy to finish everything today.

CLYDE: Yeah?

KIRA: Yeah. I love you. *(SHE smiles at him.)*

CLYDE: I love you, too.

KIRA: You feel better?

CLYDE: *(smiling)* Yeah. *(beat)* It's just that you're so beautiful, and I'm just... well, I mean... I'm so average looking.

KIRA: Baby, I don't mind that you're ugly. I love you.

CLYDE: That's exactly what I mean, I... *(HE stops, registering what SHE has said)* What?

KIRA: Oh, Clyde, I didn't mean...

CLYDE: You think I'm ugly?

KIRA: No, I don't...

CLYDE: You think I'm ugly?

KIRA: That is not what I meant. Not at all.

CLYDE: Are you serious? *(HE touches his face, nervous)* You think I'm ugly?!

KIRA: Sweetie, wait, don't get upset, just listen to me. I didn't mean that you were ugly. That's not what I meant.

CLYDE: But you said, "I don't mind that you're ugly." Those were your words. Your exact words.

KIRA: But that's not what I was trying to say. You know I don't think you're ugly. I'm so attracted to you, you must know that.

CLYDE: Oh, really? You love me, and you don't mind that I'm ugly. That's what you said.

KIRA: Listen, let me explain. Will you let me explain?

CLYDE: Go ahead.

(At this moment, CHEF SCARPACCIO enters in a chef's hat, wearing an apron. HE speaks with a very thick and very fake Italian accent. HE approaches KIRA's side)

CHEF SCARPACCIO: There she is! One-a my a busboys, Manny, he come-a back to my kitchen and tells me we have an Angel that came into my a restaurant, to have me a cook for her! And I see he is right.

KIRA: *(embarrassed)* Thank you, you're very kind.

CHEF SCARPACCIO: Let me tell you, Bellissima, I am going to put all of my-a passion and all of my-a love into the meal that pass those lovely

lips, and fill-a your tummy with a beauty and a joy, as though the stars-a themselves were filling you with all that is a good and a true!

KIRA: I appreciate it, thank you. I don't want to be rude, it's just that I'm having a very important discussion right now, so...

CHEF SCARPACCIO: For you, I cook-a personally! I make you a fine delicate angel hair pasta, with a special sauce I hand make-a from only the finest tomatoes, and a combination of herbs and a spices that has been passed down through my family for generations. Not the usual food I a serve just any customer. Oh, no, my bellissima, for you, I cook with a passion and intensity. I give you my best.

CLYDE: Chef! She said thank you! We're all set! Only the best for bellissima and her hideously deformed boyfriend!

(CHEF looks at CLYDE as if seeing him for the first time.)

CHEF SCARPACCIO: For you, I make-a spaghetti and meatballs.
(back to KIRA) Thank you for a-choosing me to cook for you!
Bellissima!

(HE blows her a kiss and exits. KIRA and CLYDE are quiet for a moment. Then:)

CLYDE: Maybe if you're lucky, he'll let you bear him some sons.

KIRA: Come on. Don't act like this is my fault.

CLYDE: Of course it's not your fault. I should be honored that you would even spend time with someone as grotesque as I am.

KIRA: Stop it. You know that's not what I meant.

CLYDE: Then tell me what you did mean.

KIRA: First, you know how attracted I am to you. And part of your charm comes from the fact that you are so disheveled and don't care what people think about your looks. I love that.

CLYDE: I care what you think! I want you to think I'm handsome.

KIRA: I do!

CLYDE: Then why did you say...

KIRA: What I meant was...

(At this moment, ALEXANDRA storms on and confronts KIRA. SHE is very upset.)

ALEXANDRA: I hope you're happy!

KIRA: Do I know you?

ALEXADRA: No! I don't know you and you don't know me! So why did you have to go and ruin my life!?

KIRA: What?

ALEXANDRA: You walk into this restaurant in your beautiful dress, with your perfect little face and your perfect little body, and you make the

rest of us look like trash! My boyfriend has just broken up with me and its all your fault!

KIRA: I don't even know your boyfriend...

ALEXANDRA: He says to me, "Sorry, Alexandra, I know we've been together for a long time, and I will always care about you, blah, blah, blah, but I can't continue this relationship knowing that a woman as beautiful as that exists on the planet. I'm sorry."

KIRA: That can't be why he broke up with you. That's ridiculous!

ALEXANDRA: You're ridiculous and stupid and perfect! He was going to propose to me! He took my friend with him to help him pick out the perfect ring! And now it's all gone! Thanks alot!

KIRA: Look, I'm nothing all that special. If he's willing to throw away a good relationship because he thinks I'm pretty, then there's something seriously wrong with him. I think you made a lucky escape.

ALEXANDRA: Easy for you to say! You could have any man you want! You took my last chance for happiness! Beautiful people like you think they own the whole world. You think you're entitled to special privileges that the rest of us "commoners" don't deserve. (*over dramatic*) I dream of a world where beauty is seen from the soul, and not the eyes or the loins. I dream of a world where there is no such thing as a "plain girl", but only the true beauty that resides within all of us. I dream of a world where love is deeper than the right lipstick or body type. And in this world I dream of, there will be no room for self-serving, boyfriend-stealing girls who represent 1% of the population with their freakish good looks! Good day!

KIRA: But I didn't...

ALEXANDRA: I said good day!

(*ALEXANDRA storms off, crying. KIRA looks after her, very confused.*)

KIRA: Can you believe her? (*SHE sighs*) See, it looks like beauty is a curse sometimes.

CLYDE: I wouldn't know. I'm too busy hiding in my bell tower or under a bridge to scare children.

KIRA: Don't. Please. Just don't. Not after all of that.

CLYDE: You said...

KIRA: I know what I said. And I'm sorry, and I don't know how to convince you that I didn't mean it that way.

CLYDE: I know I don't live up to the media's expectation of what a man should look like. I know I'm not the big hunky action star, or the pretty boy underwear model. And it's unfair for the media to put such unrealistic expectations on what the ideal man should look like. I know I'm average, but I always took pride in the fact that you found me attractive.

KIRA: Honey, I do find you attractive. I do. When I look at you...

(KIRA is interrupted by MARJORIE's entrance.)

MARJORIE: Great news! “The Only Fancy Restaurant in Town” is having a surprise promotion. One lucky person in the Main Dining Room will find a gift certificate for free meals for a year under their chair. *(whispers to KIRA)* Move into the Main Dining Room and it will be under your chair, if you know what I mean.

KIRA: I'm not interested. Please stop asking. I'm trying to have an important conversation with my boyfriend.

MARJORIE: All right. Enjoy your meals. *(SHE exits)*

(CLYDE stands up and calls after her.)

CLYDE: Just leave us alone! She's not going to say yes!

(GRETCHEN immediately enters with another bottle of champagne. SHE looks at the unopened bottle on the table.)

GRETCHEN: You haven't even opened the first one.

CLYDE: I said she wasn't going to say yes, not she said yes. Don't you remember what the cue is?

GRETCHEN: I thought it was a rewrite. I'm a professional, I have to be ready for changes. *(SHE puts the bottle on the table and exits.)*

(KIRA stands and walks over to CLYDE.)

KIRA: Please don't be mad at me. Can't we just try to enjoy the rest of the evening?

CLYDE: I don't want to argue. Tonight was supposed to be all about love. This wasn't supposed to happen. Gosh, Kira, I wanted everything to be perfect for you. I just wanted...

(GRAMMY JOSEPHINE enters on her way to the bathroom. SHE sees KIRA and immediately goes to her.)

GRAMMY JOSEPHINE: Oh my stars! I can't believe it. It's like I'm looking at a ghost right from the past!

KIRA: Excuse me?

GRAMMY JOSEPHINE: I'm sorry, dear. You can call me Grammy Josephine. I don't mean to trouble you, but good gracious! You look just like my favorite actress from the 1940s... a little known character actress named Grace Dubois... she was so beautiful! I wanted to look just like her. They don't make beauty like that anymore.

KIRA: Thank you, ma'am. I appreciate that.

GRAMMY JOSEPHINE: Good heavens, the resemblance is uncanny. I know it might sound silly, but I carry her picture in my purse... do you think you could sign it for me?

KIRA: But I'm not Grace Dubois.

GRAMMY JOSEPHINE: No, but you're the next best thing, my dear.

Oh, please say you will. It would mean so much to my old, tired heart.

I envy you, my dear!

KIRA: Ma'am...

GRAMMY JOSEPHINE: Oh, do call me Grammy Josephine. It would mean so much to me.

KIRA: All right, Grammy Josephine. I'm not trying to be rude, but I'm trying to have a private talk with my boyfriend.

(GRAMMY JOSEPHINE looks at CLYDE, then looks back at KIRA.)

GRAMMY JOSEPHINE: *(confidentially)* I understand. Breaking up with someone is always hard. Try to just let him down easy, my dear. I'll get that signature from you a little later. *(SHE exits into the bathroom)*

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