

**Proudly Presents** 

## SPARKLE: THE DOCUMENTARY

**WRITTEN BY GREGORY T. BURNS** 



## SPARKLE: THE DOCUMENTARY

## WRITTEN BY GREGORY T. BURNS

## IMPORTANT: PLEASE READ

This play is intended for educational classroom readings and performances. There are no royalties for performances, and directors may make photocopies for their students; however, it is strictly forbidden to share copies of this script with other individuals or schools within the same school district or otherwise. Also, this script is not to be stored in any form, or incorporated into any retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, which includes posting videotaped performances of this script on any social media site without the prior written permission of the publisher, Theatre Fresh. Violations of the above terms will result in legal action and will include punitive damages against the offender. Public performances in which a program is distributed must include the following statement: "Produced by special arrangement with THEATRE FRESH and TheatreFresh.com."

Inquiries should be addressed to the publisher.

**Characters:** 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. (Pause.) 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 kow 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, I told myself that when I turned of age, I would get me a hunting license...but I wasn't going to hunt ducks! I told myself that I would find those ten girls and thank them properly for their thoughtful gifts!

**Voice Over:** So for Ms. Gertrude Spiderbottom, the desire *not* to enter pageants stemmed from her self-confessed... *lack* of beauty. But for the thousands of girls, *unlike* Ms. Spiderbottom, who actually... *do* enter pageants each year, we wanted to know the driving force behind why girls enter pageants in the first place. Answers such as 'scholarships' and 'fifteen-minutes of fame'