

DO THESE JEANS MAKE MY BUTT LOOK MASSIVE?

A short comedy for virtual performance by
Donna Latham

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

COCO, a helpful sort, teens.

SERAFINA, a jittery woman fretting about a first date, youngish.

SETTING

Serafina's apartment and Coco's dad's house, connected virtually through Skype or FaceTime.

NOTES

There is a hard-to-peg age difference between the characters. It may appear that Serafina is Coco's older sister.

First produced in New York City in June 2010 by The Looking Glass Theatre. Directed by Jenn Womack, featuring Leigh Ann Heidelberg as Coco and Jenn Remke as Serafina.

(COCO works on her laptop and rocks out to an iPod. Frantic SERAFINA calls on Skype or FaceTime.)

SERAFINA: Lord have mercy, girl! Help me!

COCO: Pee-uuu! I whiffed you through the screen. Take it easy on the gardenia perfume.

SERAFINA: I'm desperate. I need your opinion. I know it's your weekend with your dad, but—

COCO: No worries. I'm all ears.

SERAFINA: Sweet, but I need your eyes.

(Serafina turns and sticks out her rear end.)

Now, speak the gospel truth. Do these jeans make my butt look massive?

COCO: Naw, not at all.

SERAFINA: From the right side? Check it out. I'm not crammed in here like a burrito with legs?

COCO: Nope.

SERAFINA: Oh, no! Are they too saggy, then? Should I have snagged the smaller size?

COCO: They fit like a glove. Remember, nobody knows what size you're wearing. But they'll know in a sizzling-hot minute that it's too teensy-weensy.

SERAFINA: Did you look hard, I mean really oogle my tush? Here, I'll lower the screen and waggle my bootie...

(Serafina adjusts the screen, sticks out her bootie and waggles vigorously.)

COCO: The jeans are fantastic. Snug but not sleazy. Do I need to spell out the difference?

SERAFINA: What about the top? Too much cleavage?

COCO: Tilt forward... Stoop a smidge more... Here.

(Coco lobs her pen.)

SERAFINA: *(Picks up a pen:)* Too low?

COCO: Nope, the coosome twosome is perfectamundo. Sassy yet classy.

SERAFINA: Gah, hell's bells!

COCO: Language!

SERAFINA: Sorry!

COCO: Plonk a quarter in the Curse Jar, please. *(Holds out the Curse Jar:)* Cussing like a drunken monkey is so not attractive.

SERAFINA: *(Plops a coin in her own jar on her end:)* Jeez, I'm freaking out.

COCO: You'll be perfect.

SERAFINA: Not enough cleavage, then? Should I yank the neckline down for a pinch of peek-a-boo?

(Serafina yanks the neckline a bit.)

COCO: Are you kidding me? Absolutely not. Bewitch him, beguile him, intrigue him with your wit.

SERAFINA: Just an itty-bitty-titty bit?

COCO: Language!

SERAFINA: Gracious! My bad. Slip of the tongue. So sorry.

COCO: Curse Jar. Ante up.

(Coco holds out her Curse Jar.)

SERAFINA: Sorry! (*Drops coin on floor:*) What the deuce! Holy crap! (*Plops two coins in her own jar:*) Jeez, I'm sweating like a pregnant nun.

COCO: Remember, it's the first date.

SERAFINA: Right?

COCO: Don't serve up your precious wares on a golden platter. Bedazzle him with panache, not sequins. And while we're on the subject—please, please tell me you're not wearing that bra.

SERAFINA: What's wrong with it?

COCO: Hello! It's black and sparkly and glowy!

SERAFINA: Hello yourself! It's the style.

COCO: It's a skanky style.

SERAFINA: Everybody dresses this way.

COCO: And if everybody leapt off the Tallahassee Bridge, you'd take the plunge, too?

SERAFINA: All right, all right. I'll change...

COCO: While you're at it—those shoes. Just saying.

SERAFINA: They clash with the top?

COCO: Too hoochie mama. You're down with teeter-tottering on lamé stripper heels?

SERAFINA: My butt! It's my caboose, isn't it? Tell the truth.

COCO: No, no. Your bootie's great. But you don't want to sashay around like some swivel-hipped thang.

SERAFINA: Arrrgh, you're freaking me out.

COCO: You'll fling the wrong idea into his lusty lap.

SERAFINA: I'm trying to look nice. Just plain nice. Why is it so complicated? Yipes, I'm a jittery wreck.

(Serafina exits.)

COCO: You'll be fine, really. How about those strappy black sandals?

SERAFINA: You sure?

COCO: Positive! Edgy, yet sophisticated.

SERAFINA: *(Enters:)* Okay, I murdalized the sparkly bra and did a switcheroo for fleshtone.

COCO: Love it.

SERAFINA: Ta da! *(Holds up and wiggles her foot:)* Strappy sandals. All right, the hair. You likey?

COCO: Um. I swore I wouldn't utter a peep, but since you asked...

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