



Rivalry

Zimkhitha Mlanzeli

CHARACTERS:

- MRS KINGSTON: Kelly's mother
AMANDA: Kelly's clever best friend
KELLY: Amanda's sporty best friend
PAMELA: Schoolgirl in Kelly and Amanda's class

SCENE 1

Amanda is waiting outside her house for Kelly's mom to give her a lift to school. Kelly's drives up with Kelly is sitting in the front seat putting on her make-up. Amanda gets in the car.

MRS KINGSTON: *(Looking at Amanda then at Kelly)* Morning, Amanda. Sorry we're late. Somebody's having a rough morning.

AMANDA: That's OK, Mrs Kingston. What's the crisis this time?

MRS KINGSTON: A zit!

AMANDA: Sorry, what?

MRS KINGSTON: A zit! Kelly woke up with a pimple on her chin.

Amanda laughs.

KELLY: I'm glad you find my misery amusing.

AMANDA: Oh, come on, Kelly. It's just a pimple. How bad can it be?

Kelly turns around and shows her face to Amanda.

AMANDA: *(gasping)* Oh no!

KELLY: I know, right! And I have a match today. That means photos. I can't be seen like this.

MRS KINGSTON: Amanda, don't encourage her! There's barely anything there.

KELLY: *(grunting)* But it is there, Ma. We have to stop at the pharmacy to get something.

MRS KINGSTON: Absolutely not! I'm already running late. I'm not going to drive all the way to the pharmacy just for a little pimple.

KELLY: But this is my face! Don't you care?

MRS KINGSTON: Oh Kelly, stop it! It's just a pimple. It'll go away.

KELLY: And if it doesn't? What if it grows and covers my whole face? What then? I'll never show my face in public again. And I *will* hate you!

MRS KINGSTON: Honey, you hate me every time you don't get your way. Now go! Out of the car! Go to school!

AMANDA: Come on Kelly, we don't want to be late. Mr Koza will not take your zit as a reason for being late.

KELLY: If we lose the match today, Mom, it's all because you jinxed me. I swear...

MRS KINGSTON: If you cared about your school work as much as you care about your looks and your sport ...

Kelly slams the door of the car and marches off. Amanda waves goodbye to Kelly's mom.

AMANDA: Listen, we've still got a few minutes to cover your zit up with make-up before the bell rings.

KELLY: What do you think I've been trying to do all morning, Amanda? It's no use.

AMANDA: Bite my head off and see who'll help you.

KELLY: You don't understand. Looks aren't that important to you – you've got your books. What do I have?

AMANDA: Don't be so dramatic. You've got more to offer than your pretty face and gorgeous body. People love you. The whole school knows your name.

KELLY: It's your name the teachers call at every award ceremony. Everybody knows you're the smartest kid at this school.

AMANDA: Look, a pity party is not gonna get us anywhere. Now come on.

They go into the toilets and Kelly hides her face from a group of girls applying make-up at the mirrors. They go into a bathroom stall.

AMANDA: I've got it! How about you put some eyeliner on it and make a beauty spot. If anybody asks just tell them you're trying it out. You wanna see if you like it before you permanently put one on.

KELLY: You think that will work?

AMANDA: You're Kelly Kingston – a trendsetter. Now come on, I've got a test to ace.

KELLY: Oh God, no!

AMANDA: What? What's wrong now?

KELLY: I completely forgot about the test! Urgh!

AMANDA: How did you forget that we're writing a test today when it's all Mr Koza has been preaching about?

KELLY: Look, some of us have lives to live and big matches today. So forgive me if I let one little test get swallowed by my problems.

AMANDA: I'm sorry. I know you've been stressing about this match. But it's alright.

KELLY: It has to be. There'll be scouts there and I'll be damned if I don't get picked for the national team.

AMANDA: No way you won't get picked. You're the best hockey player this school has ever seen.

KELLY: I just wish everyone saw it that way instead of going on at me about my marks.

AMANDA: But you know you have to do better and work just as hard at your studies otherwise you *will* fail.

KELLY: I know, I know. But right now I need you to help me with this test. Then after the game you can start tutoring me.

AMANDA: But, that's what you said the last time.

KELLY: Amanda, whose side are you on?

AMANDA: Yours, always.

Silence.

AMANDA: OK, I'll help you. But this is the last time. You have to put in the effort Kelly. I won't always be there to bail you out.

KELLY: *(hugging Amanda)* I knew I could count on you. And I mean it. After this match I'll be a bookworm like you.

AMANDA: Hold still.

Amanda draws a beauty spot on Kelly.

AMANDA: There – have a look.

KELLY: Wow. It looks authentic. I love it.

AMANDA: Great. Now let's go. The bell's about to ring.

KELLY: What would I do without you?

AMANDA: It's nothing. You would do the same for me.

KELLY: You know it! And I think I should start with your hair. Honestly, it's like you don't even care.

AMANDA: Not this again!

Pamela comes rushing in to the toilets.

PAMELA: Move over, girls, I need to fix my hair.

AMANDA: You'll be late for the test.

PAMELA: Who cares about the test? There's a more important competition happening.

KELLY: What you talking about?

PAMELA: Haven't you seen the new boy in our class? He's hot!

KELLY: Oh no! Just the day I have this volcano on my chin.

AMANDA: The two of you. Are boys all you ever think about?

PAMELA: Mandy girl, you are going to have to join the game some time. You can't carry on hiding in your books.

AMANDA: No ways. Boys aren't going to get in the way of my plans, thank you very much.

PAMELA: You say that now, but things can change fast, you know.

KELLY: Yes, just you wait and see.

They walk out of the toilets as the bell rings.

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