

Girl Reporters

by Susan Kim
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(jungle sounds; we are in the heart of the South American rainforest. A shack stands to one side, with a handwritten sign hanging on the door that says “Please make up the room now”.)

(ANGELINE POWERS (Amanda) hacks her way on with a machete, reading a map. She is tough and cool, a world famous photojournalist. She wears black everything: boots, t shirt, sunglasses. She has several cameras around her neck and a notepad sticking out of a pocket.)

ANGELINE

Thirteen days hacking my way through the rainforest for one stupid interview... all I can say is, I better get a Pulitzer.

(looks up at the sun)

Now according to my calculations, Exquisita’s secret hideaway cabana should be right about...

(she notices the shack)

... there.

(satisfied, she throws away the map. She gets out cel phone, dials, and talks into it)

Hey... it’s me. Yeah, I finally found where she is. Don’t worry... I know she hates publicity. Yeah, I know she’s scared of cameras. Yeah, I know she can’t stand reporters... don’t worry. I’ll win her over, and email everything in once I get back to the airport. Cool.

(she hangs up. At that moment, TIFFANY BLAKEWELL (Kayela) walks on, struggling wildly with something around her

neck. She is chic and girly, also a world famous photojournalist. Everything she wears is pink: skirt, heels, blouse, etc. She carries a pink camera and a pink notepad.)

TIFFANY

Ow-ow-ow-ow-ow-ow owwww! Help me somebody... help!

(ANGELINE rushes to her)

ANGELINE

What's wrong? Is it a snakebite? Poisoned dart? Tarantula sting?

TIFFANY

No, it's my hair... it's caught in my necklace!

(as Angeline untangles it)

Hurry! Oww, I can't move my head.... watch out for the clasp, I got it at Fortunoff's... ouch, that hurts!

(she is finally free. As she rubs the back of her head, they suddenly notice each the other. They are stunned)

TIFFANY

Ohmygod. Angeline Powers?

ANGELINE

Tiffany Blakewell?

BOTH (simultaneous)

What are you doing in the middle of the South American rainforest?

ANGELINE

Well. If it's any of your business, which I doubt, I spent six months tracking down the famous supermodel, Exquisita Donovan. I'm going to do the world's first exclusive interview with her, which means it's going to be biggest story of the year.

TIFFANY

I know it is... and that's why I'm the one doing it.

ANGELINE

You? She doesn't talk to anybody. What makes you think she'd want to talk to you?

TIFFANY

Two reasons: I'm sweet... and I'm perky. What's your excuse?

ANGELINE

Nothing personal. But I think the one who gets the interview should be a real journalist, not the Sugar Plum Fairy.

TIFFANY

Nothing personal. But I think the one who gets the interview should be a real journalist... not the Crocodile Hunter. Besides, I got here before you did.

ANGELINE

You did not.

TIFFANY

Well, I would've been here sooner, only I broke a heel.

(examines her shoes)

Good thing I packed extra. Or does this whole outfit look weird with flats?

ANGELINE

Oooh... it's that. That's the thing that really kills me.

TIFFANY

What is?

ANGELINE

How do you ever get anywhere when you're so girly? You're such a wimp, I bet you couldn't find your way out of a wet paper bag with a pair of scissors.

TIFFANY

Well at least I'd look good doing it. How did you get here anyway?

ANGELINE

I flew to Bogota on a crop duster... parachuted to the coastline... climbed up a cliff face, backpacked across a mesa... then I kayaked down some rapids and hacked my way through the undergrowth with this machete. How about you?

TIFFANY

I took a cab. It cost fourteen thousand, but at least he didn't charge extra for the suitcase -- *oh no!*

ANGELINE

What?

I forgot to get a receipt!

TIFFANY
(as she frantically looks around)

ANGELINE
Well, I'm afraid you wasted your money. I'm not leaving.

TIFFANY
Well, neither am I.

ANGELINE
I'm serious.

TIFFANY
I have never been more serious in my life.

ANGELINE
So... how about we shoot for it? Odds I get to stay, evens you get to stay?

TIFFANY
All right.

ANGELINE
(as they shoot. Fast:)
One two three... shoot! One two three... shoot! One two three... shoot!

TIFFANY
Rats.

ANGELINE
I win!
(as she heads towards the door, TIFFANY
yanks her back)

TIFFANY
How about we flip a coin?
(takes out coin)
Heads I get to do the interview, tails you get to do the interview.

ANGELINE
... okay.
(TIFFANY flips, fast)
Rats!

Rats! (flips)

Rats! (flips)

Let's do one more. Rock scissors paper. (as TIFFANY heads towards the door, ANGELINE yanks her back)

One two three... shoot! One two three... shoot! One two three... (fast)

TIFFANY

This could go on forever.

ANGELINE

Yeah you're right, this is getting silly.

TIFFANY

Hey... look. (she points. A hand reaches out of the shack and flips the sign around. It says "GO AWAY".)

ANGELINE

See? Look what you did.

TIFFANY

Me? Considering you've got all the charm of a charging rhino. On steroids.

ANGELINE

Well, you're about as appealing as a sugar cube dipped in caramel.

TIFFANY

Well, you're about as colorful as a Sicilian widow during a blackout.

ANGELINE

Well, you're so sugary, you could give diabetes to a pretzel. (a beat)

TIFFANY

Wow... these are good.

ANGELINE

We better write them down.

(they both whip out their notepads and take a quick note)

And if you steal anything I said, I'm suing.

TIFFANY

No, I'm suing.

BOTH

I said it first!

ANGELINE

Look... we don't have to be so ugly about this. Why don't we just trade? If you let me have this one interview... I know, I'll let you cover the opening of the new water treatment plant.

TIFFANY

You mean the sewage place in the Bronx?

ANGELINE

But it's gonna be star studded! It'll be great!

TIFFANY

Well, I was gonna say, if you let me have this one interview, I'll let you cover the Hormel Processed Meats Art Festival.

ANGELINE

Isn't that where people carve Spam into statues?

TIFFANY

You wouldn't believe how artistic it is.

ANGELINE

Well, thanks... but no thanks.

(suddenly, overdone:)

Whoops, my phone!

TIFFANY

I didn't hear anything.

ANGELINE

It was on vibrate.

(deliberately, into phone)

Hello? What? You don't say. A jetliner full of pirates landed in downtown Bogota and the

entire city is crawling with bandits? Wow... that's only ten minutes away. Sure sounds like a big story... too bad I'm stuck here on the Exquisita Donovan story...

(TIFFANY has been eavesdropping)

TIFFANY

(abruptly)

I've got to powder my nose.

(she takes off)

ANGELINE

Ha!

(she watches her go; then heads towards the cabana. She is about to knock, when TIFFANY re-enters, a bloody bandage at her arm)

TIFFANY

Get down... we're surrounded!

ANGELINE

What?

TIFFANY

There's pirates... ! Hundreds of them!

ANGELINE

Pirates? But I was just pretending... I mean, I was only trying to get you to... what do you mean, we're surrounded?

TIFFANY

Quick... we've only got a few seconds. We've got to get out of here.

ANGELINE

What?

TIFFANY

You go that way, and I'll go this way. Just run as fast as you can. And whatever you do... don't look back.

ANGELINE

... okay.

(the two women run off. A beat... and then they both sneak back on)

ANGELINE

Tiffany!

TIFFANY

Angeline!

(ANGELINE rips off the bandage and sniffs it)

ANGELINE

I knew it... this is nail polish!

TIFFANY

Well you started it!

ANGELINE

This is ridiculous.

TIFFANY

I totally agree.

ANGELINE

If both of us want this story so badly... maybe we should just act like grownups.

TIFFANY

What do you mean? We're journalists.

ANGELINE

I mean, maybe we should wait until she comes out... and see which one of us she likes better. Then that person can do the interview.

TIFFANY

Good idea. Might as well get comfortable.

(ANGELINE flops down. TIFFANY gets out her shoulder bag. As ANGELINE watches, she quickly does her makeup, brushes her hair, checks her teeth, cleans her hands, then spritzes herself)

You want some bug spray with sunblock and moisturizer?

ANGELINE

... thanks.

(spritzes herself)

Well one thing I've got to say... you're really prepared.

TIFFANY

Thanks.

(a suddenly roar as a JAGUAR leaps on)

ANGELINE

Not another jaguar.

(nonchalantly, she whips out a boomerang and throws it at the JAGUAR, who runs off, yelping)

TIFFANY

And one thing I've gotta say... you're really tough.

ANGELINE

It's nothing.

TIFFANY

Remember that time you did that story in the North Pole and you got attacked by all those polar bears but you fought them off and filed your story on time?

ANGELINE

Well... remember the time you reported on that armed uprising in the Gobi Desert and you were always perfectly accessorized and your story made the headline?

TIFFANY

It was those cute ankle boots and the matching hat.

(MUSIC IN)

ANGELINE

You and I have different styles... but you know what? We're both pretty good at what we do.

TIFFANY

I guess you're right.

ANGELINE

*YOU'RE WAY TOO SWEET
TOO WELL-DRESSED AND PETITE
YOU'RE ICKY AND YOU'RE PERKY IF BY CHANCE WE EVER MEET
YET YOU'RE A PRO
I THINK THAT YOU SHOULD KNOW*

THAT I RESPECT YOU.

TIFFANY

*YOU'RE KIND OF TOUGH
YOU'RE BLUNT AND REALLY GRUFF
YOU SOMETIMES HURT MY FEELINGS WHEN YOU SAY MORE THAN ENOUGH
BUT YET, YOU'RE FOR REAL
I HOPE DEEP DOWN YOU FEEL
THAT I RESPECT YOU*

TOGETHER

*WE'RE TWO
NOT OF A KIND
OF UNLIKE MINDS,
WE'RE CATS AND DOGS, WE'RE BLACK AND WHITE
BUT JUST WHEN WE'RE ABOUT TO FIGHT
WE SAY:*

TIFFANY

YOU'RE KIND OF RUDE

ANGELINE

YOU'RE KIND OF ICK

TIFFANY

YOU'RE DOWNRIGHT CRUDE

ANGELINE

YOU MAKE ME SICK

TOGETHER

*YOU'RE THE OPPOSITE OF ME AND YET SOMEHOW WE REALLY CLICK
YOU'RE THE BEST EVEN SO
YOU KNOW I KNOW YOU KNOW
THAT I RESPECT YOU.*

(MUSIC OUT)

ANGELINE

So what do you know about this Exquisita Donovan, anyway?

TIFFANY

Pretty much what everyone knows. She's a model...

ANGELINE

And really thin...

TIFFANY

And really pretty...

BOTH

And really boring.

TIFFANY

Yeah. I bet she never fought off polar bears or climbed Mount Everest or interviewed Masai warriors in Africa like you.

ANGELINE

And I bet she never had lunch with the queen or watched Mount Etna erupt or trekked across the Himalayas to meet the Dalai Lama.

TIFFANY

He was nice, plus he had the coolest beads.

ANGELINE

In fact... who even wants to do a story on Exquisita Donovan? You're way more interesting than her.

TIFFANY

I just thinking that about you! I could do a photo essay on you called "A Day in the Life of an Award-Winning Photojournalist."

ANGELINE

But I want to do a photo essay on you, too!

TIFFANY

We could do one together.

ANGELINE

Yeah... starting now.

(raises her camera and starts taking pictures)

Oooh... great picture!

TIFFANY

No, wait!

(raises her camera and starts taking pictures)

Can you show me that machete thing you were doing earlier?

ANGELINE

Okay. As long as you remember to keep accessorizing.

TIFFANY

Are you kidding? I couldn't stop if I wanted to!

(still taking pictures of each other, they exit.

A beat. Then EXQUISITA DONOVAN
pokes her head out of the shack and looks
around)

EXQUISITA

Hello?

Hey... where did everybody go?

(BLACKOUT)