

YOU WOULDN'T BE PRETTY IF YOUR FACE DIDN'T LOOK LIKE THAT

By Emily Breeze

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## CAST

**Margo**- the oldest, has a history of emotional fragility but has figured out a way to hold herself together. Very analytic.

**Diana**- the middle sister. Stubborn, insistent, but steady. Can hype herself up easily.

**Katherine**- the baby, soft, gentle, caring. Introspective, a little dreamy. If possible, Katherine should be played by a trans femme.

The three sisters are extraordinarily close, like they've been marooned together for years. They do not have to look alike but should relate to each other easily.

## SETTING:

A living room or bedroom floor, in their childhood home.

## SCENE 1

*Katherine is picking at Margo's skirt. Margo is sprawled out, picking at something on her own leg.*

KATHERINE: What are you picking at.

MARGO: Skin cancer.

KATHERINE: It probably is.

MARGO: I know that's why I'm removing it.

*Katherine leans over.*

KATHERINE: Ughhhhh stop. Stoooooop.

*Katherine tries to pull Margo's hand away. Margo swats at her. Katherine goes back to the skirt.*

MARGO: What are you picking at.

KATHERINE: Your skirt.

MARGO: Why.

KATHERINE: It's fraying.

MARGO: Well then stop picking at it.

KATHERINE: Stop picking at your cancer.

MARGO: No.

KATHERINE: Ok then.

*Beat.*

*Margo suddenly sits straight up, slightly knocking Katherine.*

KATHERINE: Ow.

MARGO: Were you too young when mom used to do her "Journey of Lisa" stories?

KATHERINE: Ow.

MARGO: You're fine.

KATHERINE: You banged my jaw.

MARGO: Your jaw is fine.

KATHERINE: You don't know-

MARGO: Do you remember those?

KATHERINE: No.

MARGO: Mom used to tell bedtimes stories that were just her when she was a little girl and I used to get- excited for them? I think?

KATHERINE: Weird.

MARGO: Like I used to want to hear Journey of Lisa stories. I asked for them, specifically.

KATHERINE: Were they good stories?

MARGO: No. Do you think that's why she's oversharing now?

KATHERINE: Probably. It sounds like she was oversharing then.

MARGO: I used to think they were exciting stories.

KATHERINE: Like what.

MARGO: Like when she went to Greece. Or London.

KATHERINE: But you could like, imagine yourself-

MARGO: Yeah and they were always with Nana-

KATHERINE: So the exciting thing about that isn't like, Mom, it's Mom's life-

MARGO: Oof. Yeah.

KATHERINE: Which, is kind of like, I guess most like good adventure stories. The person isn't exciting, the narrative is.

MARGO: But they have some magical quality which makes the story happen to them.

KATHERINE: Which in Mom's case, was just being Nana's daughter.

MARGO: Yeah. The hero of the story is Nana.

KATHERINE: Yeah. That makes sense.

MARGO: And like, I honestly am so much more interested in the Journey of Miriam, now, than I am in anything Mom has to say.

KATHERINE: Which, just imagine having your mom be a much more interesting person but worse mom than you are as a mom? Like Mom is a great mom but a super boring- or not boring, but like-

MARGO: Mom's personality is Mom.

KATHERINE: Right. So like. She traded personality to become the ur-Mom, and Nana-

MARGO: Nana didn't give a fuck about being a mom, but she did give a fuck about her own, like. Person.

KATHERINE: So like, if you're ever a mom-

MARGO: I'm going to give up on being a person and being a mom and become a slug-

KATHERINE: You can't be a slug I'm a slug.

MARGO: We can both be slugs-

KATHERINE: No you're not a slug though-

*Diana enters.*

DIANA: You're not a slug you're a whale.

MARGO: I'm not a whale I'm a clam-

KATHERINE: No you're like. Definitely mammalian.

DIANA: Like a beluga? Not a blue whale.

MARGO: I feel like a humpback whale.

KATHERINE: That's why mom won't leave you alone you remind her too much of a humpback whale and she just wants to save you.

MARGO: Next thing you know she's gonna come at me clanging pipes and- ahhhh

*Sound cue. Margo looks down at her lap, confused and uncomfortable. Katherine and Diana look at her.*

KATHERINE: Are you... ok?

MARGO: Yeah I- ooh. Wow. Weird.

DIANA: What are you doing-

MARGO: I just had like a weird, like shocky- thing-

KATHERINE: Like a pinched nerve thing?

*Margo stands to shake it off. Diana gives her a hand up.*

MARGO: No more like a, ummmmm-

*Another sound cue. Margo buckles slightly, puts both hands on Diana who catches her- kind of.*

DIANA: Here sit back down-

MARGO: No no I wanna stand-

*Katherine stands to help support her.*

KATHERINE: Are you-

MARGO: I'm fine, I think it's fine I just had like a weird jolt of like- uh, cold?

DIANA: Like a draft?

MARGO: Like someone tried to fuck me gently with a popsicle.

KATHERINE: Oh jesus-

DIANA: Like- pins and needles?

MARGO: No, not like, painful just fucking cold. Like straight up cold.

KATHERINE: Maybe you were sitting weird.

MARGO: Yeah-

*Margo stands and shakes out her legs, trying to get blood flow working.*

MARGO: It's just weird I've never had any kind of like-

*Sound cue. Margo falls to her knees, throws her head back and yells unto heaven:*

MARGO: THERE IS THERE IS THERE IS A SENTIENT SACRIFICE WILLING  
DELIVERED UNTO DARKNESS CONSUMED CONSUMING, ETHER OF MY BRAIN  
SPILLAGE, SYNAPSE FIRED AND ALIGHT, AGOG AGONE AGONY AGONY  
AGONYYYYY!!

*Margo coughs up the last "agony" and lurches forward and lands on her hands and knees.  
Diana and Katherine are frozen.*

DIANA: What in the fuck was that.

KATHERINE: Margo?

DIANA: Is this a joke.

MARGO: Fuck!

KATHERINE: Are you ok?

MARGO: No! I don't- I have no idea what just happened-

DIANA: Stop fucking around I was like, worried-

KATHERINE: Do you wanna sit down?

MARGO: Fuck.

*They are silent as Margo sinks back to the ground, maybe lies down. Katherine goes down and  
maybe pats her back. Diana is skeptical.*

MARGO: I think- I think I had an uh- outburst? Of some kind?

DIANA: Oh come on-

MARGO: No, seriously, Di, I wasn't like-

DIANA: What were you, like-

KATHERINE: Di, maybe-

MARGO: I wasn't trying to like, do that-

*Diana sits down, next to Margo's feet.*

DIANA: Ok then what was it-

KATHERINE: Could it- like do you feel like you had any control over what you were saying or-

MARGO: No, I wasn't even like, thinking any of it, it was just coming out of me, like I wasn't even hearing what I was saying before it-

DIANA: Like you were just word vomiting terrifying poetry.

MARGO: Well like word vomit is usually something I try to keep down but like it comes up anyway, this was like-

KATHERINE: You didn't know what was happening until it was happening?

MARGO: Yeah. Yeah.

KATHERINE: Ok so maybe it was some kind of uh, manic, stress response?

DIANA: Are you stressed right now?

MARGO: I mean *now*-

DIANA: No like-

MARGO: Yeah I'm stressed, I'm always stressed-

KATHERINE: Or- did you like, see? Anything?

MARGO: Did I hallucinate?

KATHERINE: I don't know you just yelled about a sacrifice!! I don't know what happened!!

MARGO: No, I didn't hallucinate-

KATHERINE: Ok well-

DIANA: Was it maybe like some kind of ahhhh

*Katherine and Margo look over at Diana, freaked out.*

MARGO: What is it.

DIANA: I think I just had the icy vagina thig-

KATHERINE: Ok, ok so-

MARGO: Don't stand up, that's what I did-

DIANA: Do I- what do I doooooo fuuuuuuccck!

*Diana grabs her crotch.*

DIANA: What the fuck is going on!!??

*Margo crawls over to her.*

MARGO: Ok ok ok ok it's gonna be fine, it's gonna be fine-

*Katherine and Margo surround Diana and she looks terrified. They all hold for a moment, and-*

DIANA: Oh. Maybe it wasn't the same thing-

*Sound cue. Katherine throws her head back, falls to the ground and convulses as she screams:*

KATHERINE: I AM THE SAINT OF ALL SAINTS KATHERINE BROKEN UPON THE WHEEL SPLINTERED INTO FLESH AND PULP AND THE IRON-BOUND SOIL WHERE NO FOUNTS MAY SPRING BUT FEASTS OF FEASTS OF BLOOD AND MARROW LEAK UNDERFOOT UNDERGROUND UNDERSTAAAAAAND!!!!

*She curls into a ball gasping.*

DIANA: What the fuck is going on!!!!

MARGO: Katherine. Katherine. Are you ok. You're ok. You're ok.

*Katherine coughs and pushes herself up.*

KATHERINE: I'm fine, I'm- fine.

*Katherine holds her heart.*

DIANA: Ok, ok, so, we know it's not related to the- the frozen crotch thing, but, it's something. Is. Happening!!

MARGO: Yes obviously, obviously something is happening-

KATHERINE: Is this like, a. Did we eat bad rye bread or something?

MARGO: I hate rye bread.

KATHERINE: Ok or any kind of fungus, it doesn't have to be ergot-

MARGO: Diana hasn't been home, it's not something we all ate-

DIANA: It hasn't happened to me-

KATHERINE: -yet-

DIANA: -Maybe it's something you ate together.

MARGO: We had the Greek salad-

KATHERINE: I had that soup?

MARGO: I didn't have any soup.



KATHERINE: Did you have some of Mom's pasta thing?

MARGO: Wouldn't Mom have had it by now?

*Sound cue. Diana shoots up, punching the air.*

DIANA: THE ROOTINIST TOOTINIST COWBOY IN THESE HERE WILD WESTERN PARTS THAT'S ME, JUST CALL ME SLIM JIM BANANAS I'LL SHOOT YOUR EARS RIGHT OFF THE SIDE OF YOUR HEAD IF YOU SO MUCH AS GANDER A LOOK AT MY SADDLE THE WRONG WAYY SIDEWAY HIGHWAAAAAAAAAY!!!!

*Diana collapses.*

*Beat.*

MARGO: Ok what the fuck Diana.

KATHERINE: Why was yours western?

DIANA: How the fuck should I know??

MARGO: You know what yours would be western.

*Diana panting for a moment, Katherine looks around the air.*

KATHERINE: Hello?

MARGO: Is it- happening?

*Katherine half shushes Margo with her hand, still looking around. Margo follows her gaze.*

KATHERINE: Are you- with us?

MARGO: A ghost. You think it's a ghost.

DIANA: Well it's not a fucking Greek salad.

MARGO: Feta is like, fermented! I think.

KATHERINE: Why are you here?

MARGO: I'M NOT.

*Katherine and Diana spin to look at Margo, who clasps her hand over her mouth.*

KATHERINE: Who are you?

DIANA: NONE

MARGO: OF

DIANA: YOUR

MARGO: CONCERN.

DIANA: It is very much of our concern if you keep popping in and out of us like that Jesus fucking Christ.

KATHERINE: I AM HERE FOR YOUR SOUL.

MARGO: What the fuck are you going to do with three fucking souls?

DIANA: JUST ONE.

KATHERINE: Then why are you fucking around!

MARGO: I HAVE COME FOR THE ONE WHO HAS SOLD HER SOUL.

*Silence. The three sisters look at each other.*

DIANA: Margo did you sell your fucking soul.

MARGO: Me!?!?

DIANA: Yes you!

KATHERINE: To be fair I would have guessed you.

MARGO: Why me!?!?

DIANA: You have the most to gain.

KATHERINE: You have unattainable goals.

MARGO: Like you wouldn't sell your soul-

KATHERINE: For what?!

MARGO: For the promise of an eternal romantic partnership-

DIANA: Yeah that's fair-

KATHERINE: I wouldn't sell my *soul* for- I mean, yes, I do want that but why the fuck is that a crime-

MARGO: I'm not saying you did it on purpose but did you like, accidentally promise, like, as a joke or a meme or something?

KATHERINE: No, I didn't *accidentally sell my soul* Margo.

MARGO: Ok so then-

DIANA: No!

KATHERINE: Di.

DIANA: I absolutely did not.

MARGO: Your eyebrows look different.

DIANA: What do you mean my eyebrows look different?

MARGO: They look like you have them.

DIANA: I got a new eyebrow kit!

KATHERINE: When.

DIANA: Last week? I did not sell my soul for eyebrows.

MARGO: They look really good-

KATHERINE: Like natural, but-

MARGO: Like reallllly good.

DIANA: I did not sell my soul for eyebrows!!!

MARGO: Listen I would sell my soul for even tits-

KATHERINE: Did you sell your soul for even tits?

MARGO: No! They're still wonky! Obviously- you can fucking see that they're still wonky you know I'm self-conscious about that-

KATHERINE: It's like, hard to notice-

MARGO: Not when I'm naked!

DIANA: Yeah but like who's gonna see you naked.

MARGO: Literally fucking no one because I don't have time to-

DIANA: So did you sell your soul for more time?

MARGO: No!!! If I was gonna sell my soul for more time I'd be a fucking time lord, which I obviously didn't do because I'm obviously not a time lord right now.

*Beat. They realize they haven't heard from the ghost in a minute. They sit.*

KATHERINE: Which soul did you come for?

DIANA: THE ONE WHICH WAS PROMISED.

MARGO: Which one is that.

KATHERINE: THE SOUL OF A SINNER.

DIANA: Ok well that doesn't really narrow it down here.

MARGO: THE SOUL

KATHERINE: THAT WAS

DIANA: PROMISED!!!!!!

*Beat.*

MARGO: And, sorry, who's soul was that?

DIANA: YOU KNOW.

KATHERINE: We don't though.

MARGO: THE GUILTY PARTY SHALL BE PUNISHED.

DIANA: Who's the guilty party, though?

KATHERINE: SHE SHALL BE BURNED BY HER BURDEN AND FORCED TO REVEAL HERSELF. I WILL BE PAID THE SOUL I'M OWED.

MARGO: Ok. But like. We literally don't know which one of us sold our soul.

*Beat.*

MARGO: Hello?

DIANA: YOU WILL BE REVEALED, LIAR.

KATHERINE: I don't think we're lying though we literally don't know.

MARGO: Like maybe one of us did it on accident and forgot?

DIANA: Or one of us was drunk?

MARGO: I actually am doing a 30 day challenge-

KATHERINE: Oh cool!

MARGO: Yeah it was mostly to save money and also I've been having like weird stomach things and I wanna see if it's like, related at all-

DIANA: God that's such an old person thing-

MARGO: I'm old I'm an old person-

KATHERINE: SHUT UP, WHORE.

DIANA: Whoa ok no-

MARGO: Jesus, take it down a notch-

KATHERINE: Yeah that was actually really shitty-

DIANA: SHUT UP

MARGO: SHUT UP

KATHERINE: SHUT UP

DIANA: ALL OF YOU

KATHERINE: SHUT

MARGO: UUUUUUUUUUUP.

*Diana slaps Margo.*

MARGO: Ow!

DIANA: Sorry- I just-

MARGO: It's fine. Fucking bitch ass ghost hope you felt that too.

DIANA: I DIDN'T I'M A GHOST.

KATHERINE: Do we do like a religious thing?

MARGO: HAHAHAHA FOOLISH CHILD.

DIANA: She's nineteen!

MARGO: Yeahhhh but-

KATHERINE: I'm baby!

DIANA: Oh no mistew ghost pwease don't possess me I'm baby!

KATHERINE: Mistew Obama!

DIANA: Then Perish.

*Katherine and Diana cackle at their inside joke. Margo, realizing something-*

MARGO: I'm just a widdle baby Mistew Ghost NO YOU'RE NOT yes I am just a widdle baby I don't know how to sell my soul Mistew Ghost YES YOU DO ONE OF YOU DOES

DIANA: We can't sell ouw soul because wew just widdle babies ONE OF YOU DID IT

KATHERINE: Yeah but you can't tell us apart you piece of shit ghost.

MARGO: And wew all just widdle babies who aw gonna annoy the fuck out of you until you leave us alone.

DIANA: Our parents got divorced after twenty-seven years of marriage don't fuck with us mother fucker. We can drive you insane.

KATHERINE: FUCKING WHORES

MARGO: That's an insult you already tried.

DIANA: Yeah that's tired and also not an insult?

MARGO: FUCKING BITCH WHORES.

KATHERINE: Ooooooh bitch whores?

DIANA: BITCH

MARGO: WHORES

DIANA: BITCH

MARGO: WHORES

DIANA: BITCH

MARGO: WHORES

DIANA: BITCH

*Margo slaps Diana*

MARGO: WHORES

*Diana slaps Margo.*

KATHERINE: BITCH WHOOOOOOOORES.

*Diana and Margo slap Katherine.*

*Katherine coughs up phlegm and spits it into her hand. Margo coughs up phlegm and spits it into her hand. Diana coughs up phlegm and spits it into her hand. They slap their hands together and make a phlegm sandwich which then drops to the ground.*

*Margo wipes her hand on her skirt and offers her skirt to Diana, who wipes her hand and Katherine, who hesitates.*

KATHERINE: I don't wanna get your skirt-

MARGO: It's fine. It was fraying.

*Katherine wipes her hand on Margo's skirt.*

MARGO: It's mom's anyway.

*End of play.*