

DOUBLE RAINBOW
by Rebecca Kane

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CAST OF CHARACTERS (2W)

Sasha: Woman in her twenties, any race

Jenna: Woman in her twenties, any race

Setting:

A clearing near a steep cliff. Tropical vibes.

Time:

Late afternoon.

CONTENT WARNING:

This play depicts a death.

[JENNA takes photos of SASHA as she strikes poses with subtle variations at the edge of the stage. Sasha doesn't need much adjustment, with all the confidence of a young woman with a fast metabolism, naturally straight teeth, and over a million followers who constantly remind her how pretty she is. They both wear poolside loungewear. Sasha's is probably more high fashion, Jenna's visibly cheaper.]

Near them there's a small but fashionable picnic setup.]

JENNA:

I think we're good, Sasha.

SASHA:

You got good angles on the interior, right? I'm worried Antabella is gonna drop sponsorship if I don't get more angles. Did I tell you about the email from that assistant? She like, bitched me out about it.

JENNA:

Yeah, totally, you told me about it at brunch today. I guess that's like, her job. Sounded supes bitchy, though.

SASHA:

So bitchy.

[Over the last few lines, they swapped places and Jenna strikes a pose for Sasha to take a picture of. Sasha keeps trying to angle the phone in different ways.]

JENNA:

This is cool, right? I just saw Gigi do something like this in her snaps in Monaco and—

SASHA:

Can you actually go like this?

[She demonstrates a more demure pose, but with an awkward arm angle.]

JENNA:

Um, like that?

SASHA:

Yeah, kinda, except more... I'm just trying to cover up that weird bulge on your back.

JENNA:

Oh. Got it.

SASHA:

But—never mind. Now your arm looks fat too.

JENNA:

Maybe I should—

SASHA:

You know what? I have an idea. Why don't we wait until the sun goes down a bit?

JENNA:

Sure.

SASHA:

I think that rosy lighting would really suit you.

JENNA:

I guess, what's the point of getting a hotel so close to the mountain side if we're not gonna get different lighting looks?

SASHA:

Can you figure out a way to get us down there, by the way? We can pose on all those rocks with the waves hitting us. Hashtag beach sex, am I right?

JENNA:

We can ask as soon as we get back to the hotel.

SASHA:

Can you call them now, actually? I would but I need to pose with each of these before we eat.

[As Jenna tries to make a few calls, Sasha methodically opens each of the different snacks and drinks they have and strikes several selfie poses with each.]

JENNA:

Jesus, are you sponsored by every one of these?

SASHA:

Not the probiotic soda yet but I'm sure they'll DM me after this.

[Jenna tries not to notice that Sasha is leaving the pile of opened food near her.]

JENNA:

No signal. I'll ask when we get back.

SASHA *[still posing]*:

Did you book us those flights to the convention yet?

JENNA:

I'll do that as soon as we get back too.

SASHA:

Please please please get Delta. I need to be in that lounge.

JENNA:

Yeah, I swear sitting at the gate gives me hives. Can I get in a couple with you? Maybe I can get a sponsorship too.

SASHA:

You do food ones too?

JENNA:

Well, not yet, but I could.

[Jenna clocks Sasha thinking through all her sponsored items before picking one.]

SASHA:

Let's do this one. They pay the least. I mean, that probably means they have room for more creators on their roster, you know?

[Jenna fails to smile in their photo now.]

SASHA:

Hey, come on, smile!

[After seeing her smile in the camera:]

SASHA:

Actually, never mind.

[She takes one more photo of them, then settles in to actually eat.]

SASHA:

So are you excited for your first PostaCon?

JENNA:

Yeah, I'm excited for my friends back home to see me actually

get to travel for a real work opportunity, and not just like getting aesthetic content, you know?

SASHA:

I bet none of the losers from your shitty hometown have nearly as many followers as you.

JENNA:

There is one girl from my graduating class, but she kinda cheated. She was in this freak accident where the stage collapsed at a club she was at and her friend died.

SASHA:

Ew, that's so morbid.

JENNA:

Yeah, she makes stories with inspirational quotes and talks on her reels about overcoming trauma and journaling and stuff.

SASHA:

For sure, that's cheating. If we had something like that to post about, we wouldn't have to map everything out like weeks in advance. Our lives would be so much easier.

JENNA:

She's got about a five hundred K right now on TikTok.

SASHA:

That's only like a hundred K more than you. Don't worry, sweetie, you'll get there soon. Then it'll only be another five hundred to get to me!

JENNA:

I was actually meaning to talk to you about a new collab idea—

SASHA:

Ehmagawd, is that a rainbow? Stop, you have to get me in front of it! The Antabella team is gonna freak when they see this!

[She tosses her phone at Jenna and poses at the edge of the cliff. Jenna takes a moment to asses.]

JENNA:

Go back further. *[She does.]* No, like *further* further.

SASHA:

Okay, I just don't want to like, hit the edge.

JENNA:

But the sun just a little further back is reflecting off your highlights. It's getting another little rainbow. A double rainbow. The algo's gonna love it.

[Sasha is overcome with excitement at this. She obeys when Jenna gestures her further back. And further.]

JENNA:

One more big one, and then the light will bounce.

SASHA:

Bounce? Off my hair?

[Between this confusion and the big step, she falls off the edge of the cliff, only having time for one quick scream, very ugly, def not good for a post.]

Jenna waits and lets it happen. She calmly peers over the edge of the cliff, then poses:

JENNA:

Oh wow, this IS a great shot.

[She takes the pic.]

End of play.]