Jasmine

I could stay in bed for another five minutes... or I could go and surprise my favorite, well ONLY, sister at her apartment. [thinks for awhile] I choose sleep. [pause... then wakes up] I should really go and surprise Quinn.

She grabs a purse and sprints out of the apartment and into the city. It's a beautiful morning.

She dashes across the crosswalk and sprints.

Scene 3.

She arrives, panting, at her sister's apartment to surprise her because Quinn has no idea that she's here in the city.

She slowly walks up the steps to a much fancier apartment than her own. She straightens up and hesitates for a split second before knocking on the door.

The door creaks open and Quinn screams.

Quinn
[elated] Jasmine!!!

Jasmine
(breathing hard, wipes forehead) Surprise!

Quinn
Oh my gosh! I can't believe you're here! When did you get here? Wait, don't just stand there, come in!

Jasmine laughs. Since growing up Quinn and her have always been best friends, with their age difference of two years. Quinn was always the braver of the sisters and always put herself out there when pursuing her endeavours. It wasn't a surprise to Jasmine when she heard that her sister got casted as the lead in a Broadway show.

Jasmine
I came here just yesterday. I kinda left on a whim, and now I guess... here I am.
Quinn gives Jasmine a firm sisterly hug and beams. However, a look of concern slowly crosses Quinn's face.

Quinn
Wait, you just moved here? But what about getting a job? What are you going to do here? I love you and I'm so glad you're here, but you have to be realistic.

Jasmine
Yeah, like you were any more realistic. [imitating Quinn in an obnoxious voice] “Mommy, Daddy, I'm going to be the biggest Broadway star the world has ever known.”

Quinn
True, I did say that, like all the time.

Jasmine
Besides, I came here for an adventure! [pause] I want to make some memories. You only live once right?

Quinn squeals.

Quinn
Jazzy! That's awesome!

Jasmine
You KNOW how much I hate that nickname. It makes me feel like I'm obligated to make jazz hands every time you say that.

Quinn
If you truly came here for an adventure, why don't you try out what I do!

Jasmine rolls her eyes. [smiles jokingly]

Jasmine
I said adventure. That does not include skipping across on a stage in sparkly dresses while randomly belting silly love songs. Don't even think about dragging me into your “I'm such a huge Broadway star” life.

Quinn
[claps. suddenly changes her disposition to being perky]
I'm deeply offended. (Pauses) Oh please, performing is much more than that. C'mon, let's give it a try!! (Claps hands twice)

Jasmine
Wait, don't break into so-

**How To Perform**

**QUINN:**
It’s like I was born on a stage.
It’s the feeling I get onstage
How I want to throw up
When my nerves act up, but
The whole show depends on me
It’s contagious like the plague
And its outcomes may be vague
I can always feel the rush and
The audience makes me blush
Everytime they clap profusely

Let me show you how it's done. [spoken]

*How to perform is everything*
*Come, I’ll take you under my wing*
*It’s as easy as 1-2-3,*
*This, for sure, I can guarantee*

*Do keep a smile on your face*
*But not awkward or out of place*
*Don’t stumble, or fumble, you’ll fall*
*And God forbid, you’ll have to stall!*
*While everyone is laughing at you...*
QUINN:
It's happened, don't ask.

Be polite and they'll want you back
Put in emotion and attack
Be flashy, but not trashy, and
Maybe: don't fail badly!
Amour sans fin for what I do

JASMINE:
You speak French?

QUINN:
Define speak...

QUINN:
Tu es tres jolie
JASMINE:
You are pretty

QUINN:
Tu as de beaux yeux
JASMINE:
You have beautiful eyes

QUINN:
Je suis fou de toi
JASMINE:
I'm crazy about you

QUINN:
Are all things fans in love will say,
So don't you try to shy away.

[Jasmine starts to scoot away; Quinn pulls her back on “shy away”]

JASMINE: [joins in sarcastically at first, but starts getting into it]

How to perform is everything,
You can't just dance and prance and sing
   Oh, how I cannot wait to see
   The eyes, and the lights, on me

A big, broad smile on my face
A grin no one could ever erase
My chin always up, standing tall,
   No fears in my mind at all,
   Somehow I’m always pushing through

TOGETHER:
   Doing what I was born to do!

While performing, Quinn opens her trunk of 80s feather boas and quirky hats and puts them on Jasmine. She struts side to side singing.

   Quinn
      (claps giddily)
   And that is how to perform like a star!

   Jasmine
   Thanks for that, Quinn. It was... really eye opening for me.

   Quinn
   Sooooo? Do you want to be a star?

   Jasmine smiles weakly.

   Jasmine
   Yeah, uh...no.

   Quinn
   Oh well, it was worth a shot. Stardom isn't for everyone I guess. What are you waiting for? There's a city out there waiting to be explored! Go find your passion. But before you embark on your quest of self discovery, stayyyy for tonight (she pouts). I haven't seen you in forever!
   Forever and ever and ever and ev-
Jasmine
(laughs)
Alright, fine. But you are not allowed to call me Jazzy.

Quinn squeals in delight and rushes to squeeze Jasmine in a bone crushing hug.

Jasmine
(in a squeaky strained, feeble voice) Wee.

Quinn
Eek! We're gonna have so much fun. Ooh! I have an idea! Come with me!

Jasmine
Where are we going?

Quinn surges forward and grabs Jasmine's hand, pulling her off the stage. The two girls run giddily off, smiling.

Quinn (off-stage)
PILLOW FIGHT!

Jasmine (off-stage)
OWW!

Quinn (off-stage)
Sorry, Jazzy.

Jasmine (off-stage)
I SAID DON'T CALL ME THAT!

Quinn (off-stage)
HEY, ouch! (whining sound)