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# ANONYMOUS

A PLAY IN ONE ACT BY  
*Allison Green*



*Anonymous*

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## Characters

IM+3W+I5 Either

**Me:** Teenaged girl.

**You:** Teenaged boy. Me's friend.

**She:** Teenaged girl. Me's friend.

**Her:** Teenaged girl. Me's friend.

**Them:** A chorus of voices.

*Them's lines can be divided between actors, repeated, and vocally arranged for interest and impact.*

## Set

Though scenes are often in different locations, little set and few props are required to fulfill the characters' needs. In many ways – less is more. Isolate areas with lighting to achieve a change of scenes – and use small stools and tables (for cafeteria, classrooms, etc.) or easy to move cubes for all furniture.

The cast can create the artwork needed for the play – to illustrate the themes and needs of the play. You may choose to display the artwork as part of your set.

The teeter-totter can be built by using a sturdy plank balanced and hinged to a pivot point. It may be useful to place the teeter-totter structure on a riser at the back of the stage to create the park area.

“Me” needs to be isolated often as she speaks directly to the audience and flashes back to the past – a spotlight can be used to achieve this definition.

## Costume

You may consider having Them wearing masks for anonymity, but also think about style and image and how They might create Themselves through clothing.



## Scene I: New Girl

*Lights come up with the whole cast onstage, moving with purpose, ME is just part of the crowd. THEM pass her by; some noticing—most do not. Spotlight up on ME. The rest of the cast freezes.*

ME: Just Me. I'm the one in the back, or middle, or front... that you don't always notice. Don't feel bad – no one does. It may be my hair, or clothes, or poor posture... or something. I hope it's something! I'm quiet, often – but loud when I need to be. I'm smart – but not overly so. And funny – enough that people like me. I think I'm a good friend... though... I'm slow to let people in... so a new school, and new people are a nightmare.

I am the “new girl” – that's what they call me. It's as though they've always had each other – and I'm the intruder, the addition, the odd one out.

*Spotlight out on ME. Light fills the stage as the THEM characters come to life. THEM can speak in unison, or divide up the sentences among the speakers for individual lines. ME watches THEM.*

THEM: ...the new girl, she's new. New. Yep – that's the new girl. She's new. She's nice. Quiet. Smart. We could ask the new girl? That's the one – the new girl.

ME: *(to the audience)* It made sense in September, when school started – but, it's January! When I got here they had this guy tour me around the first day.

*YOU moves forward away from THEM.*

YOU: Do not get on the bad side of the librarian. I heard about one kid who went to graduation, was in cap and gown – and got handed a blank diploma. Overdue fines! She's serious about due dates!

ME: *(to the audience)* He was nice. I thought a bit over-enthusiastic at first. But I figured if you're the welcome wagon – you've got to be energetic.

YOU: Oh! And – if you're into sports suck up to the Home Ec. teacher – if she likes you she'll wash and dry your gym clothes in her classroom! She's the best! She doesn't have her own kids – so she's everyone's Mom!

THEM: She's the new girl. She's new. She's nice – I guess. Kinda quiet. Smart. A bit nerdy. No just from Northside. I dunno? They say she got pregnant. Out of juve-y. Had family problems. Or something?

ME: My old school was in the city. I had to be bussed here. Some things were totally different – thankfully – but, really – High School is High School.

*As YOU talks, THEM becomes each of the stereotype groups mentioned.*

YOU: So the cafeteria is your regular old High School social experiment: Geeks and Freaks, Artists and Athletes. You've got your jock-types – looking confident and sure. They look as if – at any moment they will tackle you, or call you out to arm-wrestle. Unlikely – but, if I were you – I'd give them their own space. A bunch of misfit artists – a talented group really – but insular. The budding musicians play each other songs no one has heard of and will randomly start singing. The drama kids are obviously loud and showy. The worst are the odd hybrids who dabble in a few of the arts – I'd avoid them if I were you. A small group of freaks – they wear a lot of make up, write poetry, and enjoy the fear they see in the eyes of Gr. 9s. If I were you... (*looks her down*) well– you probably wouldn't fit with them.

THEM: Hey You!

YOU: Hey guys – how's it going?

ME: (*referring to YOU*) He's in a bunch of my classes. Maybe that's why they asked him to shadow me? I got to know him quite well in the first few months. He's popular – I guess – he knows everyone... though, you know, I couldn't tell you if he has friends? Everyone just wants to be near him. A moth to a flame. He's almost too smart – he's super funny – but people don't seem to get his humour all the time. But he can talk to anyone – not fitting into any specific group – but being accepted by them all. He's High School's Everyman.

YOU: (*returning to ME*) So – yeah... that's the tour. Not too exciting... probably boring compared to what you're used to – but, if you need anything – I'm around. 'kay?

## Scene 2: Friends

*Throughout the following, THEM move tables into classrooms for HER and SHE. HER and SHE sit. A few of THEM become classmates and sit at the tables.*

ME: He was on my bus – and lived near me. I'm not sure why he chose to go out of town for school but I was thankful to have him. He genuinely seemed happy to have me around and because he knew everyone he gradually introduced me to more people. And I made a few friends.

*ME approaches SHE and HER.*

ME: I met Her in English class. My first impression of Her was – bright and happy and fairy-tale optimistic. It kind of drove me nuts!... but, I couldn't help but love her carefree spirit. We were reading *To Kill a Mockingbird* – and it bothered Her... a lot. Every character meant something to Her; every racist comment in the book angered Her.

*HER comes to life in English class.*

HER: It's just wrong. Truly wrong. Atticus is respected, makes really powerful arguments that proves Tom's innocence – EVERYONE in the town knows, the jury knows... but it doesn't matter?... They're white and Tom is black – so Tom is guilty. He's guilty because of who he is, he's killed because of who he is. It's not about what he did – or I guess in this case – what he didn't do!... Does it not completely frustrate you?

ME: The class made Her cry that day. Some kids laughed at Her. Personally, I couldn't believe Her simple outlook wasn't an act. Her point was about injustice and judgement... (*beat*) huh – thinking about it... I wished I – and those other kids who judged Her – could have a little bit more of what she had. Her outlook was positive, and her feelings ran deep... though sometimes I wondered if – when – bad things happened in Her life would Her spirit handle it? Would it break Her somehow?

*HER speaks to SHE. SHE comes to life.*

HER: Hey!... If we go by my Mom's work we could drop it off and I can ask Mom for a ride. We can kill two birds with one stone.



SHE: ...well... I'm all for killing birds with stones.

ME: She was in my World Religions class. She grabbed my attention when She got into a discussion with another kid about God...

ONE OF THEM: No! no way!!... you show me scientific proof!... you give me something I can see!... I just can't believe in things I can't see!

SHE: Well – I've never seen the inside of my stomach – are you going to tell me it doesn't exist?!

ME: You know – I don't even think She believes in God. It was just a good argument. She was smart. She was quiet and picked her moments. So when She talked – everyone listened. She had timing, a sense of humour, and spot on sarcasm that made me wish for that kind of clarity.

### **Scene 3: Every Teenaged Girl**

*Throughout the following THEM clear tables away, and hand out numbered jerseys, or gym class "pinneys." They are worn by half of the square dance partners to give the sense of uniforms. THEM prepare for gym class.*

*HER, SHE and ME cross the stage.*

HER: Do we have gym class now?

SHE: Ugh – yeah. Remind me again why we chose to take a class where we stand around in ugly shorts watching actual athletic girls do everything?

ME: We want to stay fit?

HER: I actually think the shorts are cute. And this week is dance – it's fun!!

SHE: Not dance – square dancing! And when was the last time anyone spontaneously broke into a square dance?

HER: The boys are playing football – so our class is dancing.

SHE: Clarification: square dancing. It's ridiculous! Not to mention sexist! I'd rather learn football.

*HER and SHE join THEM ready to dance. ME turns to the audience.*

ME: It was ridiculous. Our overly enthusiastic 50-year-old gym teacher stamping her foot to a beat that only she could hear.

Gym was interesting for a couple of reasons though... we were all in unattractive uniforms so on first glance it was hard to pick out the cliques... the freaks from the geeks, You would say. It wasn't about the way we dressed, or the image we were presenting, or the company we kept... it was a shared moment. An embarrassing moment – but shared nonetheless. All these uniformed teenaged girls partnering up for a dance we'd never do again! We wouldn't admit it – but we had fun.

*They all pause and turn to the audience. Again, the characters can speak in unison or individually for the interest of the lines and square dance choreography. THEM are joined by ME, SHE and HER in a stylized square dance during the following.*

ME, SHE, HER, THEM: I'm every teenaged girl... I'm trying to sort it all out. Who do I want to be? What do I want to do? Who am I? Who do you think you are? Why does it matter? Who cares? I ask a lot of questions – and sometimes – sometimes come up with some answers. I love – hate my brother. Sister. Cry because of my parents. Boyfriend. Girlfriend. Friends. Am moody around everyone. I watch too much TV. Listen to a lot of music. And chat online. I know I should read more books. I dream big – hope – wish – reach... but wonder if I deserve it? I think everyone is judging me. Watching. I wish I got more attention. I'm self-conscious about some part of my body. Belly. Boobs. Butt. So I compensate – in some way – with the clothes I choose. In a hundred different ways... a hundred different ways... I am me. Me. Me. And in a hundred different more we're exactly the same.

*School bell sounds. Everyone breaks into a different direction.*

## Scene 4: Guidance

*The guidance counsellor, played by one of THEM sits at a table. ME joins her.*

ME: Every month – as part of some arrangement between my parents and the school I had to go speak to a woman in the guidance department.

COUNSELLOR: I wanted to talk to you about course selections. Obviously, this year with your hurried registration and “troubles” with your old school...

ME: “Troubles”... she didn’t come right out and ever talk about why I came here. She obviously knew... but she was a near-retirement high school guidance counsellor – not a therapist. Nice enough... but not a therapist.

COUNSELLOR: Your grades have been just wonderful. We’re all very proud of you and I feel that you can take anything moving forward next year. Have you put any thought into what you’d like to do after high school?

ME: She was asking me the “what do you want to be when you grow up?” question. (to COUNSELLOR) Actually I love art. I’ve been thinking about submitting my portfolio to art school.

*There is a pause.*

COUNSELLOR: Oh... you know... with your grades – you really could do anything.

*There is a pause.*

ME: (to audience) She was not a therapist.

*The COUNSELLOR stands and exits. ME crosses away as she speaks.*

ME: I was actually starting to believe I could do anything. And my “anything” really could be art. I loved it. I’m pretty good – I was getting noticed for my abilities. And why shouldn’t my anything be art?! I guess as she sat in her office looking at a kid with “troubles” getting good grades in all kinds of subjects I should have considered being a doctor, or lawyer, or high school guidance counsellor!?! It was Parent Day all over.

## Scene 5: Parent Day

*THEM run on to form a Grade One class centre stage. A spotlight isolates ME.*

TEACHER: Everyone – can you tell me what you want to do when you grow up?

THEM: A Policeman. A Doctor. A Nurse. A Truck Driver. A Cowboy. A Pirate.

ME: She could have been asking – what are you going to dress as for Halloween – the answers she was getting?!

THEM: A Hockey Player. A Princess. A Teacher! Yeah – I wanna be a teacher too. Me too! A Teacher or a Streetlight!

ME: Oh! Now... what's with that kid? You know the one – the one who said off the wall things. The 6-year-old who even other 6-year-olds find strange. They ate bugs for attention at recess, had their bangs cut too short, ate canned fish for lunch, and told stories about their pet hermit crabs!

I call those kids Berts. For Bert of Bert and Ernie fame. Some people find Bert and Ernie's life on Sesame Street odd: living without parents, in a questionable relationship, alone in their little apartment. I didn't find that weird – and I didn't find Ernie all that strange either. Ernie could have been any fun-loving, question asking kid. But Bert collected bottle caps and talked to pigeons. Bert was "that kid." Even as I've grown up I've run into Berts. They're everywhere...

THEM: I want to be a Dentist and a Ballerina.

ME: There was also always that kid. The moonlighting kid – the kid who chose two completely unrelated hypothetical futures! Ballerina-Dentist. Crime Fighting Zookeeper. Garbage Collecting Magician. Wow! They can do it all!... When did we stop thinking that way? That we had to pick and settle? When did we get told we couldn't do it all?

TEACHER: We have a large number of your parents coming in to discuss their jobs. To help you see how many different jobs there are.

ME: It was all very well organized... for those 6-year-olds who were into planning their career paths?!... So for a week parents visited our classroom.

*DAD ONE steps forward.*

DAD ONE: I'm so excited to be here. My job is in sales. I sell plastic cases that you find your Disney movies in.

THEM: (*individual*) So you work at Disneyland?

DAD ONE: No. I just sell the cases to people who make the movies.

THEM: (*disappointed*) oh.

DAD TWO: I help people with their computer problems.

DAD THREE: I organize all the people who work in the kitchen at the hospital.

THEM: (*individual*) So do you know Aladdin?

DAD ONE: No I don't.

THEM: Oh.

ME: Dad after dad tried to explain what their jobs were to a group of kids easily distracted. My dad was on Wednesday and was a huge hit because he brought us pens with the name of his insurance company on them. I gave up trying to convince my friends that he was an accountant and didn't actually make pens! Finally on Thursday – a mom arrived. We were immediately interested because we knew whose mom she was. And it was rumoured he had TWO moms! We were fascinated.

*MOM ONE steps forward.*

MOM ONE: Hello class. I brought you some books to show you what I do for my job.

ME: She pulled out giant books of photographs. (*large photo albums are handed around the class*) Some colour. Lots of black and white. Of people. All kinds of people: ordinary people at local events... weddings and babies. But also people of all colours from exotic trips: young and old, fishing on weird boats, praying

at temples – all kinds of people... rich and poor, royalty and politicians. She had pictures of animals we had only seen in zoos. And places we had only seen on TV.

She explained what a photo journalist was – how much she loved her job. How exciting it was to travel and meet people all around the world. I thought she was amazing. We all did.

THEM: (*individual*) So who is your boss?

MOM ONE: Well – I sometimes work for a newspaper – but I would say I'm self-employed. I don't have one specific boss.

ME: It took us some time to wrap our heads around this independent, bold woman. She did what she loved, she was artistic – she looked at the world and could capture moments of it by taking pictures for everyone else to see. Her pictures were beautiful – looking back I realize they were all too beautiful. I imagine, as an artist, she probably captured some real moments that weren't so pretty... But we were a bunch of first graders – she showed us the pictures and told us the stories we would understand. She realized who the audience was – and she told us what we needed to hear.

MOM ONE: I hope you understand a little about my job. And I hope you start asking yourself “Who you want to be?” It's not all about money. It's not all about what you want to Do. We're not called Human BEings for nothing. Who do you want to Be?

ME: I could see my teacher taking notes.

## **SCENE 6: SOME PEOPLE**

*The lights change. THEM surround ME.*

THEM: I dunno? I dunno. Somebody said Northside. Who? The new girl. Yeah – definitely Northside. Do you know? I dunno. She's nice. Somebody said family problems. She was arrested. A drug problem. She was arrested for a drug problem. Or something. But she's nice.

ME: No one came right out and asked me. But they were asking.

*HER and SHE enter to sit at a table. They are studying. ME joins them.*

HER: True or False: Birth control pills protect against STDs.

SHE: False... like gym isn't bad enough – they pair it up with health – so it feels like we're learning something useful.

HER: It's just sex ed. Nobody fails sex ed.

SHE: What does that say about you if you do? Though, what's the alternative? Think about your reputation if you do too well?

HER: (*to ME*) Does this make you uncomfortable?

ME: Umm – no. I kind of learned this stuff in Grade 5.

HER: Umm – no. My point was – you know – sex. I mean reputation...

SHE: Her point was – some people have said you have a baby.

HER: Yeah. It's just some people have asked us.

ME: Some people?

HER: Yeah you know how people talk.

SHE: Don't worry about the rumours. What's your business is your business.

ME: I wasn't pregnant.

SHE/HER: (*happy to have information*) Oh.

ME: (*back to books*) So who can tell me about Folic Acid?

*ME moves away from girls.*

ME: So while no one came out and asked me directly – they were questioning my friends. I probably could have trusted them – I wondered if I could... if I should tell them? (*refers to individual girls*) To tell Her would be hard – with Her cheerful and positive attitude – and Me with the world I left in Northside trying to explain... well, it would be like kicking a puppy and listening to it cry. She might be okay actually... She's tough; She could take it... the bigger question was – could I? Was I ready?

**SCENE 7: YOU AND ME**

*YOU moves forward to ME. As they talk THEM move a teeter-totter into position.*

YOU: Are you ready?

ME: Hey You, yeah... thanks for coming with me.

YOU: No problem. Everyone needs a geeky friend who knows computers. Just don't tell anyone – it would ruin my rep.

ME: Your secret's safe with Me.

YOU: So... what do you need? Just a good, cheap laptop?

ME: Yeah – it's a gift from my parents... for doing so well first semester.

YOU: Lucky you. Would you just get a lot of paper and some new pens if you'd done bad?

ME: Something like that.

YOU: My parents used to get me a new bike for passing when I was little. But really – they probably just didn't want to be the parents of the freakishly large kid on the bike with training wheels.

ME: (*laughing*) Yeah! They were protecting their own image too. They probably would have got you the bike no matter what. (*to the audience*) That's how it was between us. Easy. Comfortable. Safe. We talked a lot – about a lot of things. Though we kept our distance from anything that might be... too much. Not that I ever let on about my past – he seemed to just know that some stories are better left untold.

*ME and YOU are now in the park. They play around the teeter-totter.*

YOU: So tell me something I don't know?

ME: (*to audience*) This is how it would start – we'd meet in this playground between his neighbourhood and mine and we'd talk for hours. I actually hated that park on my own – I'd walk around the block to avoid it... but with him... it was safe. (*to*



YOU)... Ummm... I don't know... oh – did you know that I'm sending some samples of my artwork to an art contest? Two of the art teachers thought it would be good experience for me.

YOU: I did not know that. Very cool! Was it like that charcoal-pastel tree thing you showed me?

ME: Charcoal-pastel tree?... That was a water lily!?

YOU: Yeah... the water lily. You knew what I meant.

ME: (*laughing*) Wow – you give me a lot of confidence!?

YOU: You can't take my word on art. There's a reason I'm in music.

ME: Apparently. And I was going to ask for help with my portfolio. (*YOU gives a blank stare*)... it's like a book – a collection of my different pieces of art, like styles and subject matter... Maybe I'll find someone else to help. Okay – your turn – tell me something I don't know?

YOU: Uhhh... did you know that I've sculpted a bust of Elvis out of Kraft Cheese slices and I'm entering it into an art contest?

ME: (*laughing, hits him*)... I did not know that. (*beat*)... so... can I ask you something?

YOU: Sure.

ME: Do people ask you about me?

YOU: Ummm... like 'new girl' questions?

ME: Yeah.

YOU: Yeah – some people. They also ask me if we're dating.

ME: (*surprised*) Oh. (*pause*) ...and what do you tell them?

YOU: About which question?

ME: (*uncomfortable*) ...well...

YOU: I tell them it's none of their business... about both.

**SCENE 7A: YOU AND ME**

*ME moves away from YOU.*

ME: That's how it went with us. We said just enough to keep things interesting – and I must admit I was interested. I loved who I was when I was with him. I wasn't second-guessing or self-conscious – I could just be Me. And he seemed to like me no matter what. It was a little hard to get used to – to be honest – he told me I was smart and funny. He said he was proud of me – and I believed him. I don't know if he knew how much confidence he gave me in a few short months.

*HER, SHE, YOU and ME meet centre stage.*

YOU: (to ME) Hey – are you doing the Valentine's Day dance?

HER: We're all going.

ME: Yeah – I guess so.

YOU: Great. I'm driving – so I can give you a ride. We could meet at the park – oh no – you don't like it there at night... I'll just go all the way to your house.

ME: Okay.

*YOU leaves.*

HER: Nice.

SHE: Yeah – so did you know him before you switched schools?

ME: No he was my welcome wagon guy – my first day.

HER: Oh.

SHE: But you live near each other...

ME: Yeah – but I only met him when I came here. You know that – what's wrong with you guys?

HER: Nothing – it's just some people have asked us...

ME: Who are these people? (*frustrated and angry*) Why don't they just ask me?

SHE: Okay. What's going on between you two?

ME: Well – I don't know.

HER: (*frustrated*) See that's why nobody asks! You don't tell us anything! You act like you're a couple but won't admit you're dating. You suddenly show up at our school but we don't know anything about your past!

SHE: It's really none of our business. Some people are private.

ME: No guys – REALLY – I don't know what's going on. He's super sweet, we hang out all the time, he helps me with computer problems and apparently drives me to dances – but, we're just friends – that's it.

HER/SHE: Oh.

HER: Well – that just won't do. We'll ask around and see what's what with him!

ME: No really... you don't have to. Keep 'some people' out of it.

SHE: It's not a problem.

HER: We don't mind.

ME: No – but I kinda do... it doesn't make sense – the two of us.

HER: Sure it does – you said it... you do everything together. I've never seen him spend as much time with a girl as he has with you. I think he really likes you.

ME: No – no... really. It can't. He's like (*gestures with hand – indicating high*) here... and I'm... well – not.

SHE: What? What does that mean?

ME: I mean... we're not... right. We're not in the same league... we're in totally different leagues... totally different games.

SHE: Ugh. A sports analogy, really?... Listen – if you're not in the same game it's because of you. I love you kid – but really... you're the one holding back. If you want in the game – you've just got to sign up.

*HER and SHE exit.*

**SCENE 8: THE GOOD GUYS**

*A spotlight isolates ME.*

ME: I couldn't argue with Her. And She was right. I didn't make sense. There was just a part of me, a nervous, lonely part of me – that wanted to keep things as they were. I already felt like everyone was too close. And the closer they got the more I'd let them in. It was getting claustrophobic – because they were – too nice. And I know that doesn't sound like a real problem – my friends are too good to me, and I have a boy that cares about me?! But – I had to keep them out – they couldn't know. They tried though. They asked about why I switched schools, the guidance appointments, offered “to help if I needed it” – never really knowing what I might need help with – never knowing what was really going on. They were just trying to be supportive.

But I had gotten so used to being alone – closed off – holding it all in... keeping it all back. And now it was all so close to the surface – and it was getting harder to handle on my own. For them to know me, for me to admit everything... I might scare them away – and I needed them. Really needed them. They had no idea how much.

*The lights change. HER and SHE stand at the table. Spread out on the table are pieces of artwork: different styles, sizes, colours.*

*ME walks over to the table.*

ME: Come on guys – concentrate – I need your help.

HER: So... we're just picking the very best stuff, right?

ME: Well – yeah – obviously, we want to impress the judges. But the rules of the contest said to present a variety – it doesn't even all have to be finished – they'll accept work in progress. And looking back at this older stuff I think all of it may be in progress.

SHE: Well – sure. If I were you... and could actually draw and paint the world and what I see and feel... well – it would constantly be changing. It would never be complete.

ME: Yeah – but, what are the judges going to like?

SHE: This is going to be the tricky part. It's all so subjective.  
Different people will enjoy and relate to different things.

HER: Yeah – 'cuz I like all these – but I bet She will go with this darker stuff.

ME: (*referring to the "darker stuff"*) Well that's older stuff... Not a lot of people have seen those ones. Not everyone will get those... maybe we won't include them.

SHE: No, no, no... You need some of that. I like it – it's not all sunsets and smiley faces – but it makes me think, it makes me ask questions. There's no questioning a sunset – nice, lovely... but don't we want the judges to feel more – stop and wonder and keep looking at your work for answers? Your portfolio needs to keep them interested.

HER: Okay – but I'm interested in all the people ones.

ME: The portraits. Those are new.

HER: And they're great. And many of them are happy.

SHE: It's not either or. Happy or sad, light or dark, new or old. It's not that we decide which ones the judges will like. We won't know – we just capture the complete spectrum. That's a complete story – that's an interesting portfolio. Hell! That's an interesting life – an interesting artist... good and bad, rough times and bright times... and anyone can relate to the ups and downs of a complete story.

## **SCENE 8A: THE GOOD GUYS**

*ME moves away from the girls.*

ME: It's not that I didn't relate to people before. I had friends, acquaintances, people I cared about. But my friends here are different – they're real – they're genuine. They give me what I need – when, sometimes, I don't even know what I want. They give me hugs – just because... I don't ask – they just seem to know I need a shoulder, a lean, some support.

In movies – the good guys ride in when there's trouble, wearing the white hats, on the strong horses... you breathe a sigh of relief when you see them – because you know everything is going to be made right.

*YOU enters looking at ME's application papers.*

YOU: It looks right to me.

ME: Okay but did you read the section called Personal Reflection?

YOU: I read it all.

ME: Okay – but I'm supposed to express my thoughts on my own art...

YOU: It's good. It's tricky because – what? – they give you 250 words or something crazy.

ME: Yeah – was it good? Did it even sound like me?

YOU: It sounds like a very passionate you. It sounds like you're serious about your art. Remember – I'm no artist... but looking at your portfolio and reading your thoughts on it... if you don't win – well – if I were them... I'm very proud of you.

ME: Really?

YOU: Really. It's good... really good.

ME: It's not even about winning. I don't care if I win. It's important for me to show my work, to share it with people. And it helps me take a step towards a future.

YOU: But... you'd like to win. You're not going to all this work to show strangers your pictures of the world – just because...

*YOU exits.*

ME: (*to audience*) I dunno. Sure – it would be nice to win. But even showing my work to my friends... that was a big deal. My life was in those pictures – completely. I was letting people in – letting a little bit of Me out.



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