

From Anna and August

ANNA, 9, (meant to be played by an older actress), a hyper-intelligent young girl
HOLLY, 9, (meant to be played by an older actress), her materialistic friend

To read more of this play or purchase copies, please visit www.playscripts.com

HOLLY enthusiastically enters, carrying a board game.)

HOLLY
Okay, let's play this.

ANNA
Hi.

HOLLY
I got this game from my Grandma. Look.

ANNA
True Love. A game for girls.

HOLLY
Pretty awesome, huh?

ANNA
Why don't they have true love games for boys?

HOLLY
Who cares? So we play this game and it tells us who we're going to marry. I'm hoping for a CEO.

ANNA
What's a CEO?

HOLLY
Chief Executive Officer, duh. They make lots of money.

ANNA
Oh.

HOLLY
It's highly important that I be taken care of in the proper fashion.
(HOLLY begins to unpack the game.)

ANNA

I see.

HOLLY

So you take your game piece and you move it around the board and you collect reputation points and beauty—

ANNA

All the game pieces are pink.

HOLLY

I know. Pretty cool. So you get reputation and beauty, and the more beautiful you are, the more money your husband makes. It's just like real life.

ANNA

I don't know that I want to play this.

HOLLY

Oh, you're not going to be a non-conformist again, are you?

ANNA

No, but—

HOLLY

Then you're gonna end up with a guy who doesn't shower. Like this guy—
(she holds up a card)
Sensitive pony-tail guy.

ANNA *(reading the back)*

'Earthy and intense, sensitive pony-tail guy enjoys drinking coffee and listening to alternative music. He is interested in buying a hybrid car. Occasionally, he writes poetry and strums the guitar.' He doesn't sound so bad.

HOLLY

Um... check out the income. Yikes.

ANNA

You don't need money to be happy.
(HOLLY gives her a strange look.)

HOLLY

O-kay. Sure. Keep living in wonderland over there. I go first.

ANNA

So what do you think of August?

Hot. HOLLY

You think so? ANNA

Yay I got a personal trainer! +5 Beauty points. Your turn. HOLLY

I thought he was cute and everything— ANNA

What are we talking about? HOLLY

August. ANNA

The month? HOLLY

The boy. ANNA

I don't think people should be named August. His parents are stupid and mean. Oh look you got the cosmetic surgery card! You can use that at any time to improve your points. My turn. HOLLY

He kissed me. ANNA

Who did? HOLLY

August. ANNA

Yuck. Ooh. Acne. Oh no. Your turn. HOLLY

I punched him. ANNA

HOLLY

You're so violent.

ANNA

It's my training.

HOLLY

Come on go.

ANNA

Do we have to play this?

HOLLY

Do you want to know your future or not?

ANNA

But do you think I did the right thing with August? I mean—

HOLLY

What?

ANNA

I kinda like him.

HOLLY

Is he that guy who eats his own boogers?

ANNA

No. Gross.

HOLLY

Cause that guy's cuter than August. I mean, August? Seriously? No one will like you if you go out with him.

ANNA

I'd be a pariah.

HOLLY

I don't know what that word means.

ANNA

An outcast.

HOLLY

Yeah. And you have to stop being so smart, guys don't like it. If they think a girl's smarter than them, they go all crazy and hit themselves with rocks. It's not pretty. Come on it's your turn, go already.

ANNA

Fine. I got a designer clothes shopping spree.

HOLLY

Nice. I wish I had that. My turn.

(HOLLY rolls.)

Female pattern baldness?! Oh no. I'm gonna get the construction worker.

(HOLLY begins to hyperventilate.)

ANNA

It's okay, Holly.

HOLLY

That's easy for you to say, you don't have a hunchback and acne and female pattern baldness! I'm hideous! Oh no! My whole life is flashing before my eyes! I'm gonna have to buy second-hand clothes and take care of our nine kids!

ANNA

It's just a game—

HOLLY

And look at you, you don't even care, you get to end up with...

(she checks the board)

A lawyer. Oh geez I wanted the lawyer! He's not as good as the doctor, but—

ANNA

It says here medical malpractice attorney—

HOLLY

Ah they make boatloads of cash! This is the worst day ever!

ANNA

You need to relax, Holly.

HOLLY

There's no time to relax, I'm disgusting! I'm gonna keep playing!

(HOLLY rolls the dice feverishly.)

Ack! Facial hair?! I'm gonna end up alone with twenty cats!

(HOLLY packs up her game.)