

From The Audition

SOLEIL

I grew up alone. My Dad left us. My Mom didn't make it. And I was alone.

And I'd look at the girls who were pretty and the girls who were thin and the girls who seemed to know everything. They knew everything about clothes and money and music and what to say and how to laugh and they were so beautiful and I looked at myself in the mirror and I wasn't like them. I wasn't like them.

I was something ugly, something diseased, something to be laughed at and destroyed and hated because I existed, just because I existed I was wrong and they were so easy, life was so easy for all of them as they got in their cars with their mothers on the way home and I was on the bus, I was alone on the bus and I'd always put my bag next to me on the seat and I'd sit up front next to the bus driver, and there was this boy who would sit behind me and he said I was the garbage can

And they'd throw garbage at me and he'd flick my ears and every day at recess I didn't want to go outside, I prayed for rain every day and I never wanted to go outside because I had no one. No one at all near me.

No one liked me. No one to talk to, and I just hoped the other kids would leave me alone and they wouldn't say anything to me and they'd just let me read a book, and most days they just ignored me, but sometimes they'd take the kickball and they'd throw it at me, and they'd back me up into the wall and I'd stand there with my head against the wall and they'd throw the ball at me again and again and every once in a while a girl would come up and shove my head against the wall or kick me in the back of the legs or put mud in my hair. The teachers watched. They thought we were playing. And I went home alone and I cried on the way home and then I cried at night for my Mom who died when I six and after that I just wanted her to come back and they stared at me all the time they stared—

But I didn't. Sorry to disappoint you. And I stopped caring what they said. And I stopped wishing I was like them.

And when I got here—when I got to high school—I found this. And suddenly it wasn't all that bad to be different. And suddenly it wasn't all that awful to be weird. And I'm happy. And if someone asked me tomorrow if I'd trade it all to be average, to be just like them, to be pretty and simple and not think too much and have boys fall in love me and write me notes and go to the movies with my friends on weekends—if someone offered me that trade, you know what I'd say?

(short pause.)

Yes. In a heartbeat.

(To read the rest of this play, visit www.playscripts.com)