



“The Page” by Abigail Woodward  
1<sup>st</sup> Place, Short Play 10-12

The Page

Characters:

MADISON

ANN

Location: OFFICE

[We begin in a dim and cluttered office. You can tell it belongs to a young author, fresh out of college due to its small size, with dishes and papers strewn all over the floor. At a desk sits MADISON, staring at her computer longingly and biting the cap of her pen.]

MADISON: C'mon, brain! Give me an idea!

MADISON: [after a pause] Seriously? Cooperate!

[ANN walks cheerfully onto the stage]

ANN: If you're going to talk to your brain like that, it's not gonna give you a thing.

MADISON: [in shock] Why are you in my house?

ANN: I'm a piece of your subconscious. Why?

MADISON: [facepalms] Of course.

ANN: I'm here to give you inspiration, if you'll cooperate. Doubt you will, from what I've seen.

MADISON: I will!

ANN: Sure you will. Anyways, what is that?

[ANN points at the blank document MADISON is staring at]

MADISON: What do you mean?

ANN: Why don't you write anything down?

MADISON: I can't think of anything to write.

ANN: Really? Nothing?

MADISON: Yep.

ANN: [with a tone of nagging to her voice] Nothing?

MADISON: Nothing.

ANN: No wonder you aren't a bestselling author.

MADISON: What do you mean?

ANN: Really? Don't you see?

MADISON: See what?

ANN: A blank page.

MADISON: Of course I see that.

ANN: That blank page could be anything.

MADISON: It's a blank page.

ANN: It could be a flower.

MADISON: [Clearly tired] It's a blank page.

ANN: You could write anything on it, I mean. It could be the story of a flower.

MADISON: Yeah, that's gonna get me a bestseller.

ANN: It could be a dark and stormy night, or a bright and sunny day. It could be a reflection in a crystal-clear pool. It could be a child splashing in the rain. It could be a woman giving birth.

Anything.

MADISON: None of those sound interesting.

ANN: That's not the point. The point is that you don't have to focus on what things are. You don't have to focus on whether they are interesting or not. Even a blank page can be turned into a story. Heck, for all we know, this could be a story in of itself written by a young author looking for inspiration!

[ANN looks at the audience and winks]

MADISON: Wait.

ANN: [excited for the conversation to end] Yes?

MADISON: What if this blank page were... a rubber duck? Or a double rainbow?

ANN: You're getting it.

MADISON: Or... a young author trying to find inspiration?

[ANN goes silent]

MADISON: What?

[ANN pulls out a strange machine]

ANN: [in her best bad-cop voice] You're getting dangerously close to a fourth wall break here.

MADISON: You did one earlier.

ANN: I'm sorry, Madison, but that's the last straw. I'm going to have to erase your memory.

MADISON: Wait, what?

[ANN shoots a strange laser out of the machine at MADISON, bows, and walks out of the room]

MADISON: What was that? Anyways, I have an idea!

[The curtain closes]