



**Sample Pages from
The Battle of Image vs Girl**

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THE BATTLE OF IMAGE VERSUS GIRL

A DRAMA IN ONE ACT BY
Johanna Skoreyko



The Battle of Image Versus Girl
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Characters

GIRL

MIRROR

Set

A teenage girl's bedroom is set centre stage. A bed, a mirror, a bedside table with a few books, and a clock radio are illuminated in the spotlight.

A petite 16-year-old GIRL enters the bedroom dressed in a winter coat, scarf, and mittens. She sets down her handbag on the bed. As the GIRL enters her bedroom her MIRROR image approaches from offstage to stand behind the frame of the mirror. They meet in the bedroom and make eye-contact.

MIRROR: Where have you been, Meat Loaf?

GIRL: Nowhere, I was out with Jason.

MIRROR: Where did you go?

GIRL: We went to a movie.

MIRROR: Did you-

GIRL: Leave me alone.

MIRROR: Did you see the girls in that movie and how good they looked? How are you ever going to be able to wear straight pants like that? I know you want to look like that. They looked cool. Come on, they just looked so cool.

GIRL: (*sighing, exasperated*) I really don't need you right now.

MIRROR: Jeez, I just want to help you—just help you to look good and feel good.

GIRL: Shut up, you know that stuff doesn't matter at all. It doesn't matter in the slightest. Just leave me alone, okay? I really don't want to hear from you.

MIRROR: You can be happy and still be thin... People don't like fat girls you know. You could be one of those really skinny girls that just doesn't think about food. Food doesn't matter to her. She doesn't need food.

GIRL: Leave me alone. I know what I want. Weight doesn't matter! I'm not fat, for God's sake!

MIRROR: Ha! You don't think so, eh? You want me to leave you alone? Are you sure about that?

GIRL: (*turns away from mirror and begins searching through bag*) Look, I've heard this all before. I don't want to listen to you; I don't want to go through this again.

MIRROR: (*watches her root through bag for a minute*) What are you looking for anyway?

GIRL: My phone.

MIRROR: I think you left it in the theatre in the bathroom.

GIRL: No, I *couldn't* have left it in the bathroom.

MIRROR: Too bad, you had all of those cool pictures of you and Jason smoking up behind the theatre before the show. All lost.

GIRL: Are you making fun of me?

MIRROR: Hey, you're the one who smells like pot. That showed a lot of class, huh? I thought you resolved to stop smoking.

GIRL: (*stops and turns to face MIRROR with a look of defiance*) I don't really care, if you want to know. (*resumes search*)

MIRROR: You don't even know what that means. And it's all downhill from here.

GIRL: What do you mean?

MIRROR: (*stops and watches GIRL as she takes off her scarf*) How was your math test?

GIRL: I did well.

MIRROR: Did you?

GIRL: (*defiantly*) Yes! I got the second best mark in the class!

MIRROR: Don't give me that. I know you didn't spend enough time studying. Ha! Yeah, you know you are so on top of things, eh? So in control.

GIRL: I... am.

MIRROR: Where's your phone?

GIRL: It's probably at Jason's.

GIRL turns towards the door.

MIRROR: What, heading for the kitchen? Are you hungry? You shouldn't be you know—you don't need food to sleep.

GIRL: So? It doesn't matter! It doesn't matter! I'm hungry.

MIRROR: You know I'm right. I know what you're thinking. What are you going for, toast? Don't you think you can do without the carbs?

GIRL: You're a bitch.

MIRROR: You know I'm right.

GIRL: Leave me alone!

MIRROR: God, will you stop saying that? Listen, I know what you have to do. Go back to the theatre to see if you can find that phone. You can't lose that phone.

GIRL: It's only a phone.

MIRROR: Yeah, SURE that's what you think. Did you go for a run today?

GIRL: No, I didn't have a chance. I had that meeting.

MIRROR: Fitness has a shelf-life of 48 hours. Put on your sneakers. You can have some food tomorrow morning. That is, if you go for a really long run. Unless you want to do something about your fat stomach right now. And your phone. Do something about your phone. The Janitor will still be there.

GIRL: That's crazy.

MIRROR: Angelina Jolie's (*replace with any current "it girl"*) pants looked awfully cool.

GIRL: I'm not running to the theatre.

MIRROR: Just do it. God, get it over with. Force yourself. You know it is the best thing to do. You're so lazy. If you aren't going to run, at least get at that homework. You're going to have to bring up your math mark.

GIRL: I got a 93!

MIRROR: (*snaps back at her*) I know what you got on your math test, you lazy little bitch. Who do you think I am anyway? And I know that you can do better. Now come on, get moving.

GIRL: I don't want to.

MIRROR: You're wasting time. The late-night Janitor is going to leave.

GIRL: I don't want an eating disorder. I don't want to be messed up! I don't want this! I don't want you! (*turns away from MIRROR*)

MIRROR: Why won't you look at me!?

GIRL: (*looks up*) You make me feel bad about myself, alright? Why can't you leave me alone? Why can't you just stay away from me?

MIRROR: (*looks at GIRL, arms folded and smirks*) Do I really need to answer that?

GIRL ignores mirror and starts to unlace her boots.

MIRROR: I don't think that Amber ate a desert today. I think she's stronger than you are.

GIRL: I had one Timbit! (*American productions: Substitute, "I had one Donut Hole!"*)

MIRROR: Do you think you NEEDED one? You decided you weren't going to have any, and then you did anyway! (*sings*) You are out of control!

GIRL: I am NOT!

MIRROR: Yes you are. You know you are. Where was your bag? You didn't even take it in the theatre. If you had taken your bag, then you wouldn't have lost your phone. Damn it, that was an expensive phone, too.

GIRL: Don't talk to me.

MIRROR: And you had two cheeseburgers on Saturday. Two of them no less! What do you think, they are made of nothing? Meat, too. There's another resolution that you made to yourself, no meat. Some vegetarian you are.

GIRL: They tasted good! What am I supposed to do? I don't want an eating disorder!

MIRROR: Well, good thing you always listen to me.

GIRL: I do not always listen to you.

MIRROR: Yes you do. I say run, you run. I say study, you study. I say sleep, you sleep. If you don't listen to me, why aren't you in bed?

GIRL: I –

MIRROR: I told you to go for a run. And you'll run.

GIRL: (*turns to look at clock radio on bedside table*) That's ridiculous! It's two am!

MIRROR: You think I care? Put on your stuff.

GIRL: It's so cold outside.

MIRROR: You won't die... now come on, stop being so selfish.

GIRL starts to undress. She turns her back to MIRROR.

MIRROR: Look at me. Look at me! Why can't I see you? Everyone else gets to.

GIRL undresses to her sports bra and puts on some shorts.

GIRL: Can we not discuss this?

MIRROR: I know what you did tonight. We both do. Show me your list of resolutions again.

GIRL: I burnt it. I don't want it. I don't want it! I DON'T WANT TO BE A SKELETON I JUST WANT TO BE FREE TO BE MYSELF!

MIRROR: You don't even know what that means.

GIRL: Stop talking to me!

MIRROR: You know that I am right. You know it—you just won't admit it because you want to think Amber knows best. Amber just wants you to be fatter than her. She wants the boys to like her better. She wants the attention.

GIRL: It's not just Amber! You leave her out of this, anyway. She's my best friend. She's nice to me.

MIRROR: Yeah, sure... Where is that list of resolutions?

GIRL: I told you, I burnt it!

MIRROR: (*scowls*) Put on a shirt. I'm tired of looking at your fat gut. I can see the cheeseburgers. You're so gross.

GIRL turns away from MIRROR and violently grabs a large tee shirt from her bed.

GIRL: (*pointing a finger at the MIRROR and yelling*) You don't know what's best for me! I want to be healthy! I want to be healthy and happy and-

MIRROR: That was so cool too, hey? With the cheeseburgers? I bet all the guys were just dying to hold you in your coolness there, stuffing your face.

GIRL: Guys DO think it's cool when a girl eats.

MIRROR: Yeah well, good thing it's the ladies' bathroom. (*MIRROR watches GIRL, arms crossed, as she puts the t-shirt on*) So how was it tonight, anyway?

GIRL: I don't even know what you mean.

MIRROR: Yeah shut up, you slut. You know exactly what I mean.

GIRL: He's my boyfriend. I don't want to talk about this.

MIRROR: I think you'll want sweatpants tonight. It's chilly. You know I know what's best. How would someone else know what is best for you? Amber wants you to be fat fat fat fat fat fat fat fat fat fat fat fat...

GIRL puts her hands over her ears and closes her eyes.

GIRL: I don't have to hear this! I don't have to hear you! You are trying to kill me! Just leave me alone! (*re-opens eyes*)

MIRROR: Hi whore.

GIRL: Don't call me a whore.

MIRROR: I wonder what Jason thinks of your FAT. It's pretty gross that he has to be subject to that. You're on your way though. Eighty-five last week, hey? Remember when you thought you couldn't do eighty-five? You're on your way down. Eighty-three this week!

GIRL: I don't want to lose any more weight.

MIRROR: Yeah, you are so easily influenced by what your fat Guidance Councillor says, aren't you? You are so lucky that I am always there in the bathroom to guide you.

GIRL: I hate you. You only want me to be sick. I don't care about that stuff! We've been through this before. God! It's every time. You always start with this! (*sighs in exasperation*) Don't you know what I want? I want a big smile, a big, happy laughing smile. Do you know how much more attractive that is than a skeletal body? That's what people notice, laughing happy mouths. I want to be healthy and happy!

MIRROR: Yeah right you do. Yeah right, you hate me. That's why you keep coming back.

GIRL: I can't help it. You're everywhere.

MIRROR smiles.

GIRL: I don't know what to-

MIRROR: God, you're so pathetic. What are you going to do at university next year? How are you going to keep from eating all of that fatty cafeteria food to impress all of the boys?

GIRL: That will keep me healthy!

MIRROR: Yeah, healthy. Nice and plump and healthy like a prize turkey or something.

GIRL: I'm going to make a new start next year. I'm going to meet all kinds of new people who don't know about me. And I'm going to start over. You don't know what strength is. You think strength is not eating. Strength is not listening to you!

MIRROR: You know you're lying to yourself.

GIRL: Maybe. But that is what I'm going to make myself believe. You don't control me anymore.

MIRROR: It's better for you if you listen to me. Listen, you can do eighty pounds. Eighty has always been our dream. Just another five pounds.

GIRL: No.

MIRROR: It makes perfect sense. Why not try eighty? Then you can relax. It will feel so good on your stomach... you know all of this. That fat on your stomach is so gross, so uncomfortable... you know you just want it gone.

GIRL: I just want to eat like a normal person!

MIRROR: Ha! You really can't afford to.

GIRL: I love food.

MIRROR: Everyone does. Do you know how many people are on a diet?

GIRL: Yes.

MIRROR: Do you know how many of them fail?

GIRL: Yes.

MIRROR: (*scoffs*) Do you want to be another one of those pathetic people dependent on food to make them feel better?

GIRL: That is not why I want to eat. You know that.

MIRROR: But it would be so cool, to be thin, like a stick figure. You could wear that stuff, like with the mini-skirt and the boots and the belt, like that model from the 60's.

GIRL: I'm not tall enough anyway.

MIRROR: The thinner you are, the taller you look.

GIRL: And what happens when I am too thin? When I can't even run anymore? When I am so thin that I just look like I'm, I don't know, twelve or something?

MIRROR: You'll always be able to run. Anyway, you're worrying about that now? It would be another twenty pounds before you'd have to worry about that.

GIRL: I've got to eat. I haven't had my period in three months! Do you know what that means!? I might not be able to have kids!

MIRROR: (*laughs*) You miss it or something?

GIRL: Well...

MIRROR: You don't want kids right now anyway. Who wants to deal with that? Figure it automatic birth control. What, are you thinking about going to a doctor or something?

GIRL: Well... the Guidance Councillor said that I should.

MIRROR: And you're going to listen to her? That woman is so fat. Did you forget who you were talking to? Listen—soon it'll be summer, only six months. And you can show off your body at the beach if you are thin enough by then. Don't give up now. Summer was the whole objective.

GIRL: Stop talking to me!

MIRROR: You shut up.

GIRL looks at MIRROR, a penetrating glare. She moves forward and inspects MIRROR's face.

GIRL: You're so superficial. You're just an image.

She pokes violently at MIRROR's glass. MIRROR backs away a bit.

MIRROR: And you're more?

GIRL: I am, as a matter of fact.



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