The Truth About Me (*PREVIEW)*

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(*Carla is sitting, looking through a small notebook, with boxes stacked all around her*)

Meg: (*Calling from off-stage*) Carla! Have you found the china yet? You’ve been up here for almost an hour . . (*enters, looks around*) Holy cow! What did dad do—rent attic space to the neighbors?

Carla: No, this is all ours.

Meg: Where did all this junk come from?

Carla: A lifetime of accumulation, you know.

Meg: Yeesh. So, did you find anything?

Carla: Yeah. This. (*Holds up diary she’s reading*.)

Meg: Carla, that’s a book. We’re looking for dishes. Grandma’s dishes. With the blue flowers . . . (*starts opening boxes*)

Carla: But, Meg, look—this is my diary from my senior year. Listen to this: “Started a new diet today. I’ve got to lose a few more pounds.” And a week later: “I’m trying so hard to make myself get up and exercise every morning.” And in another few days: “I can’t believe how fat my legs are getting.” Fourteen years ago, Meg—I was obsessing about my weight even then! What is wrong with me??

Meg: (*digging through box*) Well, it started when you were dating that jerk Mark Montgomery, and . . (*looks at her and realizes*) . . sorry -- that question was rhetorical, wasn’t it? (*Goes back to box*)

Carla: I am such a bundle of neuroses. No wonder I can’t . . (*looks up suddenly*) . . what did you say about Mark Montgomery?

Meg: He was a jerk.

Carla: What?! He was gorgeous. He was smart. He was the varsity quarterback, and he set the state record for number of touchdowns in a season.

Meg: He was a gorgeous, smart, touchdown-throwing jerk.

Carla: He was the most popular boy in school—I was lucky to date him.

Meg: Carla, he treated you like crap.

Carla: What do you mean?

Meg: He was the one who made you so self-conscious about your weight. Always commenting on every misplaced bulge he saw in your uniform.

Carla: (*thinking back*) You know . . I think you might be right.

Meg: Ya think?

Carla: He wasn’t very nice to me, was he? Why didn’t you tell me he was such a jerk?

Meg: I did! Every day!

Carla: Oh, yeah. I guess you did.

Meg: But you were neurotic before he got a hold of you. Jon Nichols called you Mrs. Frizzle and you’ve hated your hair ever since. Brian Cossack made you think you couldn’t spell. And Elyse and all her buddies convinced you that you were never going to be captain of the squad.

Carla: Well, they were right about that.

Meg: Only because you believed them.

Carla: Yeah, maybe so . .

Meg: You’ve always let other people decide what you thought about you.

Carla: (*sighs*) You’re right.

Meg: You never question anyone’s assessment of your abilities or your worth. You have no self-concept.

Carla: That’s true, I don’t.

Meg: (*looking at her*) You believe any rotten thing anyone else says about you.

Carla: You’re right.

Meg: (*rolls her eyes*) And your split ends are completely out of control.

Carla: I know. (*pulls out a strand of hair to look*) They are?

Meg: See? Why did you listen to me? You know I don’t know what a split end looks like.

Carla: Well, of course I’m gonna listen to you. You’re not like all of them -- you’re my sister. You’re going to tell me what’s true about me.

. . . . .