



Youthwright 2016

Application Form

This form must accompany each entry.

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I am a current member of the ABCDE (Sponsor teacher's signature): YES

Enclosed is a \$20.00 reading fee: Yes

I, Kiannah Lloyd , (*playwright's name*) give permission to ABCDE to publish my play, (*title*) Broken on their ABCDE Youthwright website. I realize they will only publish this material and will not be in any way responsible for this material or in the collection of royalties. I realize that the following performance permission will be directed to me personally and I will be the sole granter of performance rights.

I would like the following message to accompany my play:

Caution: Professionals and Amateurs are hereby warned that *Broken* written by: Kiannah Lloyd is subject to royalty. It is protected under Copyright Law. Inquiries regarding performance rights and royalties should be directed to:

 Kiannah Lloyd (**your name**)

 9291 160th street Surrey BC (**your full address here**)

 kihilloyd17@gmail.com (**your email here**)

The fee for a single production of this play is \$15.00

(Add any other restrictions here.) Signed:

Broken

By: Kiannah Lloyd

Cast:

Meghan Mullen
Elizabeth Mullen
Doctor Carter
Brandon Sang
Voice 1
Voice 2
Voice 3
Depression
Bulimia

Scene 1

Meghan walks onto center stage looking out at the audience

Meghan: 3 years from now I could be dead. 3 months. 3 weeks. 3 hours. 3 minutes. I could be dead. Sometimes I wonder why I'm not dead now. What kind of purpose do I have being on earth. Why am I here. People tell me "You were placed in this world for a reason." From teachers, counsellors, relatives. They all say the same thing. But how am I supposed to believe it, everything is just get worse day by day. And when I try to say how I feel, no one understands. All I get told is "Get over it." or "Kids can be cruel." I mean I'm sorry if I feel the way I do. I shouldn't be so sensitive and just get over everything. It's not my fault I'm so sensitive. I don't mean to be. But it's not just the outside world that makes me feel this way. If I were to die right now, my foster mom would be so upset with me, it's not like she understands how I feel. How are you suppose to say "it gets better" when they have never experienced anything that I'm feeling. So I have to keep it on the inside and keep suffering. But it's not just the people around me that makes me suffer. It's the voices in my head.

Spotlight fades off and Meghan walks to her bed asleep and voices 1, 2 and 3 come on stage and lights fade on.

Voice 1: Meghan wake up

Voice 2: You don't need sleep

Voice 3: You should hang out with all of your friends

Meghan moves around in her bed, not waking up.

Voice 3: She isn't listening

Voice 1: Well.. Let's play then

Voice 1 claps her fingers and 2 shadows appears enters stage right and climbs on top of Meghan, she begins to panic. Meghan tries to scream but the shadow covers her mouth. The voices laugh

and then Voice 1 claps to allow the shadow to get off and exit stage right. Meghan then jumps up in a sitting position in fear.

Voice 1: Morning love, it's time to play.

Voice 1: You don't deserve to be here.

Voice 2: You don't belong.

Voice 3: If you think anyone here loves you *laughs* You're wrong!

Meghan: *Stutters* Shut up! That's not true!

Depression enters stage right and sits on the couch next to Meghan.

Depression: Maybe it is.

Meghan: Maybe.. N-No! It's not.

Meghan's mother Elizabeth yells from off stage.

Elizabeth: Meghan is everything okay? Who are you talking to?

Meghan: Just talking to myself mom. Everything is fine.

Elizabeth: *Off stage.* Alright.

Voice 1: She doesn't love you

Voice 2: No one does.

Voice 1: Just you watch. We'll prove it to you.

Scene 2

Lights fade out and the scene changes to the living room Meghan is sitting on the couch with Bulimia and the voice 2 sitting around her. Meghan has 3 cookies in her hand and prepares to eat it.

Bulimia: You better not eat that. It'll make you look fat and gross. And you wouldn't want that.

Voice 2: he has a point.

Meghan: It's only a couple of cookies

Bulimia: A couple of cookies?! *Jumps up from the chair.* Don't you want Brandon to really notice you? I mean aren't you tired of just being friends with him?

Meghan: Yeah I guess..

Bulimia: So if you eat those, you are basically screwing yourself over.

Meghan: But I'm hungry..

Bulimia: Tell you what Meghan, you can eat those cookies and I will teach you the wonderful world of binge and purge.

Meghan: Binge and purge?

Bulimia: Yeah yeah, don't worry. You'll be able to eat anything you want with this method. And the bright side about it you won't gain any weight. In fact you'll be losing it.

Meghan: Well.. I guess I could try it..

Bulimia: That's the spirit! Now eat those cookies and let's go to the bathroom.

Lights fade out while Meghan and Bulimia walk off stage, she comes back on stage and falls onto the couch. Brandon walks in stage right .

Brandon: Of course, you being your lazy self

Meghan: What? what the hell are you even doing here?

Brandon: Just here to say I hate you.

Meghan: What?

Brandon: Are you deaf? I said, I hate you.

Meghan: Aren't you suppose to be at cadet camp? You came all the way from Seattle just to say that?

Brandon: Yeah pretty much.

Voice 1, 2 and 3 walk on stage and begins to laugh hysterically.

Meghan: You're not actually here.

Brandon walks over and pulls her closer, looking into her eyes.

Brandon: Does it seem real yet? Face it Meghan. I hate you. Everyone does. Your mom, people from school. You should just disappear.

Meghan: SHUT UP!

Elizabeth enters stage right, looking at Meghan strangely.

Elizabeth: Meghan. Why are you screaming? Do you not know how late it is?

Meghan: Do you not see him?

Elizabeth: See who? What are you talking about?

Meghan: Brandon! Do you not see Brandon?

Meghan points at Brandon but Elizabeth shakes her head.

Elizabeth: Meghan, have you been taking your antidepressants?

Meghan: *stutters* N-No..

Elizabeth: It's getting late. You should head to bed okay?

Meghan: Alright..

Elizabeth: Love you sweetie

Meghan: Love you too..

Elizabeth exits stage right and Brandon steps up in front of Meghan.

Brandon: She doesn't mean it.

Brandon pushes Meghan to the bed and exits stage right. The lights fade out then turns on to see Meghan in fetal position on her bed. Bulimia, voices 1,2,3, and depression are around her.

Voice 1: Stupid

Voice 2: Idiot

Voice 3: Freak!

Bulimia: Have you been eating too much again? You look pretty chubby.

Depression: I think so, I mean look at her, is that.. a muffin top? You're so imperfect. I mean why bother trying? You're better off dead.

Meghan: Stop it! You're not real!

Voice 1: Please you know we are.

Voice 1 snaps snaps her fingers and Elizabeth walks onto stage right.

Meghan: Mom.. I thought you were asleep.

Elizabeth: Don't call me mom. I'm not your real mom.

Meghan: But mom- *Elizabeth cuts her off.*

Elizabeth: I don't know what I was thinking adopting a little freak.

Meghan begins to get teary eyed.

Meghan: But mom..

Elizabeth: My name is Elizabeth and I am not your mother!

Elizabeth exits stage right with a door slam sound effect. Meghan begins to hyperventilate, and sits back on her bed, crying and pulling at her hair, panicking.

Meghan: Please stop.. Please just leave me alone.

Bulimia, Depression and Voices 1, 2, 3 shout NO. Lights snap off.

Scene 3

Lights turn on and Elizabeth enters onto the stage and has a seat next to Meghan. Scene is set to the living room.

Elizabeth: Meghan. I got you a psychiatrist.

Meghan: Why did you do that? Or at least why didn't you let me agree to this?

Elizabeth: I don't need your approval for thinking of getting help for you

Meghan: I don't need help though, I'm fine.

Elizabeth: Listen Meghan, I just don't want to have my own daughter be crazy.

Meghan stares at Elizabeth hurt. There's a knock at the door and Elizabeth stands up.

Elizabeth: That's probably the psychiatrist

There's another knock at the door and Elizabeth opens the door and the psychiatrist stands at the door holding a briefcase.

Dr. Carter: Good afternoon Mrs, Mullen I'm Doctor Carter. I'm here to see your daughter Meghan.

Elizabeth: Of course. ***She closes the door behind the doctor.*** She's just in the living room.

The psychiatrist walks over to the couch and sits down next to Meghan.

Doctor Carter: Hello Meghan, I'm Doctor Carter.

Meghan: I-Im.. ***Stutters.***

Depression pops up behind the couch.

Depression: scaredy cat.

Meghan stares at the psychiatrist and begins to panic.

Depression: Don't say your name he already knows it

Meghan: ***She looks down and pulls on her sleeves.***

Doctor Carter: How do you feel?

Meghan: ***Stutters*** Fine..

Depression: Liar, since when are you ever fine?

Doctor Carter: Do you know why I'm here?

Meghan: So you could try to fix me?

Doctor Carter: Well not fix you, just try to really see what's wrong

Meghan: But there's nothing wrong

Doctor Carter: Well according to your mother something is wrong. Is it okay with you if I could ask some questions?

Meghan: I guess.

Doctor Carter: Alright then, Meghan. What was your childhood like?

Meghan: It was filled with moving from different homes. No one really wanted to keep me as a child because of how disobedient I apparently was.

Doctor Carter: Interesting. And how does that make you feel?

Meghan: I feel.. Kind of hurt about it. I felt unloved. I always wondered why my biological parents would give me up?

Doctor Carter: When did you first go into the foster care system?

Meghan: I think I was about 4 or 5

Doctor Carter: Have you ever contacted your biological parents?

Meghan: No and prefer not to.

Doctor Carter: Why not?

Meghan: Because if they wanted to contact me, they would have by now.

Doctor Carter: Have you ever been diagnosed with any mental illness?

Meghan: Severe Depression.

Doctor Carter: I see. How has your school life been?

Meghan: Fine I guess.

Doctor Carter: Really? Were you bullied? Involved in extracurriculars?

Meghan: I've been bullied, but I wasn't a part of any extracurriculars.

Doctor Carter: How long were you bullied?

Meghan: From the 3rd grade to the 9th grade

Doctor Carter: And what grade are you in now?

Meghan: Grade 12

Doctor Carter: Oh, almost done high school I see

Meghan: Yeah.

Doctor Carter: What do you want to do after?

Meghan: I wanna become a nurse.

Doctor Carter: A nurse?

Meghan: Yeah

Doctor Carter: I can see you doing well being a nurse.

Depression: You're never gonna make it to be a nurse. Let alone graduate.

Meghan: Can you just leave me alone?

Doctor Carter: Pardon?

Elizabeth: Meghan.

Voice 1 enters from stage right.

Voice 1: Yeah Meghan, **mimics**

Meghan: SHUT UP!

Elizabeth: Meghan! Watch your mouth!

Voice 1: Yeah Meghan, watch your mouth **mimics**

Meghan: Just get out! *She pushes Doctor Carter thinking it was voice 1.*

Elizabeth: Meghan! Go to your room! *She helps the doctor up as Meghan runs off stage. Lights fade off and a scene change into her bedroom. Lights turn on and she sits on her bed breathing heavily.*

Voice 1: You messed up real bad.

Meghan: Go away!

Voice 2 enters stage right.

Depression: You're mom hates you now.

Meghan: I hate you.

Voice 2: *Gasps.* Meghan that's not nice.

Elizabeth enters stage right and shakes her head.

Elizabeth: Meghan.. What happened? Are you really okay?

Meghan: I'm fine. I'm sorry about what happened.

Elizabeth: Well obviously you're not fine, I mean look at yourself

Meghan: No! I'm fine! I just need to be alone for awhile.

Elizabeth: Of course. Just talk to me whenever you need to. I'm always here for you. *Hesitates.* I love you.

Meghan: Love you too

Elizabeth exits stage right meanwhile voice 3 enters.

Voice 3: No she doesn't.

Meghan pulls her pillow on her face.

Voices 1,2,3: Kill yourself.

Bulimia: Have you not been doing what I told you? You look like a hippo.

Depression: You're worthless, no one likes you. You're just better off not being here!

Brandon enters stage right.

Meghan: Brandon? No! This is just my mind playing with me.

Brandon: Oh shut up Meghan. You wish this wasn't real but I'm just here to tell you the truth.

Brandon pulls a bottle of Digoxin from his back pocket.

Meghan: That's my mom's medication, what are you doing with it?

Brandon: I'm not doing anything. You are.

Meghan: What? No. No I'm not letting you guys win.

They all then surround Meghan chanting do it quietly meanwhile Brandon is talking.

Brandon: No one wants you here anyways, why not do yourself and everyone else a favour and just die already.

Meghan: You're not real!

Brandon: So then why are we here? *Grabs her arm and shakes her violently. Does it seem real yet Meghan? He opens the bottle and pours a handful of pills into her hand.* Do it now.

Meghan: Fine! *She opens to the audience and puts the pills close to her mouth.*

Scene 4

Lights snap off and then there was a pounding at the door. Scene changes to Meghan's bedroom.

Elizabeth: Meghan.. *Enters stage right* Meghan! What are you doing?

Meghan: Go away!

Elizabeth: What are you doing with my medication?!

Meghan stays quiet. Elizabeth grabs the bottle and placed it on her night stand.

Elizabeth: Are you crazy?

All: Yes.

Meghan: No..

Elizabeth: Then why would you even consider this.

Meghan stays quiet as , Elizabeth pulls her into her arms.

Voice 1: She can't fix you

Voice 2: No one can

Elizabeth: Meghan?

Voice 1: Don't you even dare to tell her.

Meghan: I hear and see things mom.

Voice 2: She's really doing it.

Meghan: *Stutters* I see Brandon.

Elizabeth: Isn't he at a cadet camp?

Meghan: Just let me finish.. I know I sound crazy, I see people I've never even met before. They're even standing on the other side of the bed. They tell me all these negative things.."I need to eat less, kill yourself, You're worthless." They want me to live miserably.

Elizabeth: Oh Meghan.

Meghan: And I try to fight back but I can't. I never meant to push Doctor Carter, I thought I was pushing one of them. But in reality there isn't anything he can do! That no one can do! I'm stuck like this! I'm stuck with me and my fears!

Elizabeth: Why didn't you tell me?

Meghan: I didn't want you to worry.. To stress or worse.. Send me back.

Elizabeth: I would never send you back. It's my job as a parent to help you in these types of situations. You're always able to tell me anything.

Voice 1: *coughs* She doesn't mean it.

Elizabeth: I know you haven't told me all of it but this is a start. If they come back please tell me, And who knows maybe Doctor Carter can help too.

Meghan: They don't want me to get better.

Elizabeth: It's not about them, it's about you.

Meghan: That may not happen.

Elizabeth: Give us a chance, you never know until you try. Also try not to have them have so much control over you. This is your body and your mind. And you can control it. You might just feel a bit better. I promise okay?

Meghan: I'll try my best.

Elizabeth kisses the top of her head and walks off stage right.

Brandon: *Scoffs.* Do you actually believe she really meant any of that?

Meghan: Yes, because she is my mother and she loves me.

Brandon: Yeah right.

Voice 1: You're not good enough.

Depression: Worthless

Voice 2: Disgusting

Bulimia: Fat pig

Voice 3: Loser.

Depression: She doesn't love you, no one does.

Voice 1: Waste of space

Voice 2: Useless

Voice 3: You're better off not being here

Brandon: Just die already.

Meghan: SHUT UP. All of you!

Brandon stands face to face and stares right at her.

Brandon: The only way not deal with us. Is to end it all. What do you say? Because I see you still have those pills in your right hand.

Meghan opens her hand slowly and closes it.

Meghan: You know what fine.

Lights fade off. And there's a bang and Meghan falls to the ground.

The end