

[A girl is sitting on a chair. The light slowly appears upon her.]

[She raises her head]

Hello...You must be wondering what I am doing here...on this dusty shelf...

[Looks around her]

Well my "Real-Person" put me here...You're one of them too, aren't you? [She squints at the audience]

Yes...you're real! [She looks excited.] Will you take me home? I am so lonely... and the dust isn't very good for my curls. [She pats her curly hair] I used to be brushed every day... [Sigh] Samantha was my Real-Person. She would tell me she loved me everyday and dress me up...that was until that other Real-Person, called Father, left. Samantha was so sad that day we went to that party...

A [she fumbles over the foreign word] fun-e-ral...I think she called it. She put me in this ugly black thing.

[Fingers her black dress] and water would leak from her eyes...She said that was crying. [She cocks her

head] I wanted to cry too...because maybe that would have helped her not be so sad. [Bows head slightly]

But I couldn't...I tried! Really, I did! But...no matter how much I wanted to...I couldn't. My glass eyes can't cry. I'm not real...not real... [Her voice becomes quiet as she stares at her hands]

[She looks up, giving the audience a sad smile.]

Samantha forgot me after that...and here I am...sitting and waiting...

[Pause]

Oh? You're leaving...Goodbye then...maybe the next person will take me home...maybe...

[Light extinguishes as she slouches back in the chair and stills.]