



Sample Pages from
Yes, Virginia, There is a Virginia

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MALLED

TWO ONE ACT PLAYS FOR YOUNG WOMEN

ellenalicemonajune &
Yes, Virginia, There Is A Virginia
by *Colleen Neuman*



ellenalicemonajune

Characters

Four teenage girls: Ellen, Alice, Mona, June

Setting

The food court of a mall.

A trash bin, one table and four chairs required.

Additional tables and chairs, decorative touches optional.

Costumes

The girls wear clothing appropriate for a day of shopping at the mall. Ellen's clothing may be noticeably more expensive than that worn by the other girls. June wears a ring.

Props

Ellen: A Coke, a shake, a paper napkin, shopping bags that contain new underwear and a new orange sweater.

Alice: Shopping bags, watch, dish of Jell-O, plastic knife and fork, cup of water, purse that contains small plastic bags of carrots and celery.

Mona: Shopping bags, burger, fries, soda, ice cream, cell phone.

June: Shopping bags, meatball sandwich, fries, drink, cheeseburger, chocolate soft serve, paper napkin, salad.

Yes, Virginia, There Is A Virginia

Cast

Shopper Survey Person Number 12	Policewoman
Virginia	Angie
Woman 1	Eleanor Roosevelt
Woman 2	Ann Landers
Woman 3	Voice Over 1
Score	Voice Over 2
Mom	Voice Over 3
Aunt Flossie	

Additional women may be seated at tables. They do lines and actions for ALL. Otherwise, they eat, read and are oblivious to the action.

Set

Small tables set up to resemble a food court at a mall – five or six tables with two or three chairs at each one.

Costumes

Shopper Survey Person Number 12: Business suit.

Virginia and Angie: Teenage clothing appropriate for the mall. Virginia wears a red sweater.

Woman 1: Something a little offbeat.

Woman 2: Something a little offbeat.

Score: A man's suit, shirt, tie and hat that are a little rumpled and too big.

Mom: House coat, cardigan sweater, slippers, a few rollers in her hair.

Aunt Flossie: Polyester pantsuit, fruit jewelry.

Policewoman: Police uniform.

Woman 3: Ruffled blouse, skirt, heels. Very schoolteacherish.

Eleanor Roosevelt: Sensible suit, hat, handbag and shoes dating to the thirties.

Ann Landers: T-shirt that says “Ann Landers” on the front, suit with a jacket that conceals the t-shirt, heels, purse. Hair should be exactly like Ann Landers’ newspaper picture.

Props

Shopper Survey Person Number 12: Clipboard, pen, and a purse that contains a small black box like a radio, ink pad, hospital bracelet, whistle, roll of money, gavel and a small notepad.

Virginia: Food including French fries, shopping bags.

Woman 1: Newspaper

Woman 2: Magazine

Score: Large white napkin, bowl of soup, spoon.

Mom: A can of Pledge and a dust cloth.

Aunt Flossie: Deck of cards.

Angie: Two pieces of cloth.

Eleanor Roosevelt: A high school yearbook.

All characters except VIRGINIA, ANGIE and POLICEWOMAN are seated at the tables in the food court of a mall. They are eating, reading, quietly visiting. Everything looks normal. The only empty table is down center. Music is playing over the loudspeaker. VIRGINIA, wearing a red sweater, enters with food and shopping bags. Looks around for someone, doesn't see her. Goes to the empty table, sits and starts to eat. Music breaks off abruptly.

VOICE OVER 1: (*phony cheerfulness*) Sunnyview Mall Shoppers' Hint Number 117: It's easy to lose your car in our Sunnyview parking lot because that's a lot of parking lot out there, isn't it, folks? So tie a balloon to your antenna! Or leave your car radio on – real loud!

Music abruptly resumes. It is a different selection, louder and more grating. SURVEY PERSON NUMBER 12 – carrying a purse, clipboard and pen – gets up and approaches VIRGINIA, timing it so she speaks at the moment VIRGINIA takes a bite.

NUMBER 12: (*very bright and perky*) Excuse me!

VIRGINIA: Mmmfff?

NUMBER 12: I'm Sunnyview Shopper Survey Person Number Twelve.

She offers her hand and waits for VIRGINIA to take it, which she reluctantly does.

I wonder if you might have just a moment to be a Sunnyview Shopper Survey Participant?

VIRGINIA: Mmmmmfff.

NUMBER 12: (*not releasing VIRGINIA's hand*) Excuse me?

VIRGINIA: (*finally swallowing, trying to politely extricate her hand.*) Actually, I'm waiting for someone...

NUMBER 12: (*very warm*) It won't take a moment...

VIRGINIA: She'll be here any second.

NUMBER 12: ...and I will be offering you a lovely Sunnyview Shopper Surprise as a token of our appreciation.

VIRGINIA: (*doesn't want to*) Well...

NUMBER 12: (*releases VIRGINIA's hand and sits*) Great.

VIRGINIA: I guess it will be okay.

NUMBER 12: (*Looks VIRGINIA straight in the eye. Very warm.*) Hi.

VIRGINIA: (*not sure about this*) Hi.

NUMBER 12 sets a small black box like a radio on the table.

VIRGINIA: What's that?

NUMBER 12: The volume.

NUMBER 12 cranks the dial and the loudspeaker music screeches up. She then cranks it right back down. VIRGINIA is the only one who reacts to it. NUMBER 12 pushes a button on the box several times in rapid succession. Each time she does, the music changes – from reggae to boogie-woogie to rock and then to a public service announcement:

VOICE OVER 2: (*very calm, reassuring*) Proceed to the nearest exit. No running. No shoving...

NUMBER 12 pushes button.

VOICE OVER 3: (*older woman*) ...half a head of broccoli, two teaspoons nutmeg, three...

NUMBER 12 pushes button. Soothing music.

NUMBER 12: Ah. Interview music.

VIRGINIA: Wow. Neat... (*reaching for button*)

VOICE OVER 2: Do not touch. You are an unauthorized person.

VIRGINIA: (*Pulls hand back. A little rattled.*) Oh. Sorry. (*reaches for a French fry*)

NUMBER 12: (*sharply*) You'll have to stop eating. (*very warm*) Just for the duration of the interview.

VIRGINIA: Oh. Okay. (*Sets down French fry. Pushes food aside.*)

NUMBER 12: Now. (*clicks pen open like a surgical tool*) Are you a typical American female? (*starts taking notes*)

VIRGINIA: (*A shrug. Giggles.*) I don't know. I guess so.

NUMBER 12: (*cold*) You will be allowed one answer per question. Which answer do you wish to have recorded? (*referring to her notes*) "I don't know" or "I guess so."

VIRGINIA: (*doesn't know which to choose*) I don't know.

NUMBER 12: (*the slightest hint of disapproval*) Fine. (*Writes something down. Becomes extremely efficient.*) Full name. Last, middle, first.

NUMBER 12 doesn't allow VIRGINIA to finish any of these responses, always cutting her off with the next question, speeding up the entire process almost to a race.

VIRGINIA: Ah... Madden. Alice. Virginia...

NUMBER 12: Address.

VIRGINIA: 292 Argonne Court, Medford, Illinois...

NUMBER 12: Age.

VIRGINIA: I'm fifteen...

NUMBER 12: Phone number. Area code first.

VIRGINIA: 212-555-9998...

NUMBER 12: Height.

VIRGINIA: Five feet five and a half inches...

NUMBER 12: Weight.

VIRGINIA: (*Getting out of breath. Can hardly keep up.*) One hundred twenty-eight...

NUMBER 12: (*Race stops. A suspicious look.*) Is that in pounds?

VIRGINIA: Yes.

NUMBER 12: (*doesn't believe her*) Hah! Blood type.

VIRGINIA: I don't know.

NUMBER 12: Our records indicate that response has been given to Sunnyview Shopper Survey Question Number Three. (*a bright, phony smile*) Responses may not be repeated.

VIRGINIA: But I really don't know my blood type.

NUMBER 12: (*mildly irritated*) The multiple choice option is available to you at this time.

VIRGINIA: Ah, okay.

NUMBER 12: Choose one: A: A, B: B, C: C, D: O.

VIRGINIA: Ah, the last one?

NUMBER 12: I only hope for your sake and your family's sake that you have chosen correctly. If you have chosen incorrectly, a blood type will be assigned to you. Right thumb, please.

Takes VIRGINIA's hand, presses her thumb into an inkpad, presses thumb on paper. Snaps a hospital bracelet on VIRGINIA's wrist.

VIRGINIA: (*alarmed*) What's this for?

NUMBER 12: Identification purposes. We don't want to confuse you with the other Virginias.

VIRGINIA: There are other Virginias?

NUMBER 12: Of course. And at least two of them are states. How many major credit cards do you have?

VIRGINIA: (*surprised at the question*) None.

NUMBER 12: (*not happy about this answer*) None?

VIRGINIA: My parents would never let me have a credit card.

NUMBER 12: (*ominous*) You have parents?

VIRGINIA: Yes.

NUMBER 12: How many?

VIRGINIA: Two.

NUMBER 12: (*more ominous*) Hmmmmmm. (*makes an ominous note*)

VIRGINIA: (*This is all too weird. Leaving.*) Listen, I really have to be going...

NUMBER 12: (*very warm*) It's only going to take a moment.

*NUMBER 12 flashes a bright, bright, phony smile.
VIRGINIA slowly sits.*

Now. Today's Sunnyview Shopper Survey Question is: Do you believe Ann Landers is real?

VIRGINIA: What?

NUMBER 12: *(slowly)* Do. You. Believe. Ann. Landers. Is. Real?

VIRGINIA: What do you mean?

WOMAN 1: *(very loudly as she turns page of newspaper)* She means, "Do you believe Ann Landers is real?"

VIRGINIA is startled. NUMBER 12 hardly notices.

NUMBER 12: *(polite but unpleasant)* If the question needs to be repeated more than three times, there will be a substantial financial penalty.

VIRGINIA: Oh, well, yeah, I believe Ann Landers is real.

NUMBER 12: Prove it.

VIRGINIA: Prove it?

NUMBER 12: Prove it.

VIRGINIA: How am I supposed to prove it?

NUMBER 12: Are you asking me to cheat?

VIRGINIA: No!

NUMBER 12: *(a real threat)* Because if you're asking me to cheat...

VIRGINIA: I'm not! I swear!

NUMBER 12: *(believes her)* Very good. *(glancing around, conspiratorial)* Just remember this – *(gestures for VIRGINIA to lean in closer)* Proof is a consequence of existence. If she exists, there must be proof. Just don't tell anyone I told you.

NUMBER 12 holds a finger to her lips. They lean back.

VIRGINIA: *(confused, but not really that worried about all this)* Ah, well, she's real because... because her picture is in the paper. She answers all those questions for people who write her letters. So she's real.

WOMAN 1: (*very loud as she turns page of newspaper*) When I was a child I wanted to have curly red hair like Little Orphan Annie. I read her adventures every Sunday in the comics. Oh, I would have killed for that hair. Those red curls!

WOMAN 2: (*turning page of magazine*) I was always more of a Mary Worth fan myself.

WOMAN 1: I never cared for Mary Worth's hair. White. And no bounce to it. But, oh, those red curls!

NUMBER 12: (*oblivious to the interruption*) I'm waiting.

VIRGINIA: (*very distracted*) I just said – her picture is in the paper.

WOMAN 1: Little Orphan Annie and Mary Worth have their pictures in the paper – in color on Sundays – and they're not real.

WOMAN 2: You'll have to come up with something better than that.

VIRGINIA: But they're comics. Ann Landers is a picture of a real woman.

NUMBER 12: That hasn't been proven. Score!

SCORE has been hunched over a bowl of soup, methodically eating, oblivious to the action around her. When required to speak, she stops eating, wipes her mouth on a large white napkin, stands, speaks, sits and goes right back to soup. All lines are spoken as though she's saying, "Twelve o'clock and all's well" for the millionth time.

SCORE: Twenty demerits for faulty reasoning. Ten demerits for bad hair.

VIRGINIA: I don't have bad hair.

SCORE: (*stands*) Ten more demerits for lying about it. (*sits*)

WOMAN 1: What about lying about her weight? What about that?

SCORE: (*stands*) Ten more demerits for lying about her weight. (*sits*)

VIRGINIA: I'm not lying about my weight. I always weigh 128 pounds. You can ask Mrs. Moffet, my gym teacher.

NUMBER 12: (*very kind*) Mrs. Moffet is a pathological liar.

VIRGINIA: No, she's not. That's not true. Mrs. Moffet is a very nice person.

NUMBER 12: A person can be very nice and a pathological liar at the same time. Don't be naïve, Madden Alice Virginia.

VIRGINIA: (*has had enough*) I'm leaving. (*getting up, reaching for her bags*)

MOM: (*gets up and starts dusting tables with Pledge and a dust cloth*) Now calm down, dear. Just sit down and calm down and answer the lady's questions.

MOM nudges VIRGINIA back into chair while continuing to dust.

VIRGINIA: (*stunned*) Mom?

MOM: Just answer the lady's questions. I don't think that's too much to ask.

VIRGINIA: I thought you were at Aunt Flossie's house.

AUNT FLOSSIE: She is.

MOM: Can't you say hello to your Aunt Flossie?

VIRGINIA: Hello, Aunt Flossie.

MOM: (*noticing VIRGINIA's food*) And what's this? Junk food?

ALL: Junk food! (*shake heads in unison*) Tsk, tsk, tsk.

VIRGINIA: They're just French fries.

MOM: Just French fries?

WOMAN 1: Salt content, ninety-three percent.

WOMAN 2: Fat content, ninety-six percent.

AUNT FLOSSIE: Calories, four hundred ninety-seven percent. Ruin your health.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT: Your skin.

WOMAN 3: Your teeth.

ALL: (*with increasing feeling, glaring at VIRGINIA*) Your nails, your face, your figure, get old, get fat, get bad hair!

EVERYONE except for MOM and AUNT FLOSSIE goes back to eating and reading as if nothing just happened.

MOM: Go ahead. Eat it. Die young. Break your mother's heart.

AUNT FLOSSIE: You did your best, Betsy.

MOM: I tried. I tried. God knows I tried.

VIRGINIA: They're only French fries. Everybody eats French fries.

MOM: Not Ann Landers. She'd have a nice salad with low-cal vinaigrette dressing on the side.

MOM returns to the table, stops dusting and sits.

Your deal.

AUNT FLOSSIE deals cards.

VIRGINIA: *(This is getting a little scary. Gets up, trying to be decisive.)* I'm going home now. With my mom. I'm taking my mom and going home.

NUMBER 12: *(very reassuring)* Your mother is at your Aunt Flossie's house. You said so yourself. And this is only taking a moment.

VIRGINIA: It's already taken more than a moment. *(still leaving)*

NUMBER 12: Your mother isn't done with her card game yet and, besides, what about Angie? *(slightly ominous)* Aren't you waiting for Angie?

VIRGINIA: *(stops)* How did you know that?

NUMBER 12: *(More ominous. With a smile this time.)* Don't you wonder what's happened to her?

VIRGINIA: *(not at all sure)* She probably just lost track of time. She's always doing that. She's always late.

NUMBER 12: *(gives a sharp blast on a whistle)* Security!

A POLICEWOMAN drags on ANGIE. ANGIE's hands are tied behind her back and there is a cloth tied over her mouth.

VIRGINIA: Angie!

Tries to go to ANGIE. NUMBER 12 intercedes.

NUMBER 12: So this is your friend.

Reading from her clipboard.

Crew, Mary, Angela, 19 Airy Place, Medford, Ill, 2125557712, five feet nothing, one hundred fourteen, hah!, A, no.

Disgusted. Looks ANGIE up and down.

Do you have anything to say for yourself?

ANGIE: Mmmmmffff.

NUMBER 12: *(Turning away. Casual disgust.)* Throw her back in her cell.

The POLICEWOMAN drags ANGIE off.

VIRGINIA: *(stopping them)* No! You can't!

NUMBER 12: You are such a little fussbudget. Fine. *(to POLICEWOMAN)* Drop her there.

Indicates a chair at VIRGINIA's table. ANGIE is dropped there.

Thank you, Officer. That was some impressive work.

Very effusive, peeling bills off of a big roll of money.

Go get yourself some coffee and donuts. On the house.

POLICEWOMAN: *(Taking money. Very appreciative.)* Thanks. Always glad to help, Number Twelve.

NUMBER 12: And then go patrol the parking lot. Turn off some of those car radios. Break some of those balloons.

POLICEWOMAN: *(happy to oblige)* Yes, ma'am. *(exits happily, eager to please)*

NUMBER 12: *(deadly serious)* If I were you, I'd prove it before she gets back.

VIRGINIA: *(really trying)* All right. Ann Landers is real because she gets all those letters. All those people write to her, don't they? *(warming to her subject)* And the letters get delivered so she must have an address. The post office delivers all those letters to her address. Only real people have addresses. So she is.

NUMBER 12: *(suspicious)* Is what?



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