

**St. Mary's All Grade School  
Mary's Harbour**

**presents**

**Masked:  
A Play About Human Understanding**

**Cast**

Maria  
Rachael  
Avery  
Joe  
Ethan  
Vanessa  
Julie

Teacher Advisor

*Lights up. Maria enters and walks downstage, center. She is wearing a mask. Before she starts her monologue she removes her mask.*

**Maria:** In my Webster's Dictionary For Students the word "mask" is defined as, and I quote: "noun: a cover for the face or part of the face used for disguise or protection." It also has another definition "verb: conceal, disguise." I think masks are a combination of these, we wear masks to conceal our face or disguise our true selves. And we do this for protection; to protect who we really are. Because more often than not, at this time in our lives, it is so much easier to protect ourselves than it is to deal with the repercussions of exposing ourselves, of taking our masks off.

*Enter Rachel. She walks downstage and takes off her mask.*

**Rachael:** I don't know if I'll ever be ready to really take off my mask. You see... I'm gay. That's the first time I've ever said that. I guess I've always known. Ever since I used to play Barbies with my older sister and I couldn't help but notice how cute Barbie was in her little mini skirts and hot pink shoes. But I constantly hear the gay jokes. Everything here is "gay" or "queer": "I hated that movie, it was so gay" or "shut up you queer!". Hell, I say it myself all the time. Because I have to. If I don't then they, my friends, classmates, peers, might see through my mask just a little. And I can't take that chance. No way. I'd rather die. Rather die than risk the chance that they find out. And then what? And if I ever take off my mask I'll have to admit the fact that I'm gay to not only my friends and family, not only the world, but to myself. I'm just not ready to do that, not at sixteen. Maybe not ever.

*Enter Joe, Ethan, Avery, and Julie. Rachel joins them.*

**Rachael:** *(to Avery, laughing)* Nice pants fag.

**Avery:** Who you callin' a fag?

**Rachael:** Ah, you in the gay pants.

**Avery:** Oh yeah cause you can talk, lesbo.

*Exit Avery and Julie*

**Rachael:** *(calling after Avery)* Hey! What did you call me? I am NOT a dyke, just ask Ethan! Whatever. What a Jew.

**Joe:** Too bad you weren't a lesbian. I'd pay to see you and Julie getting close. Actually, wanna make five bucks?

**Rachael:** You disgust me.

*Exit Rachel.*

**Ethan:** Hey can I get in on that?

*Exit Ethan and Joe. Enter Avery. He walks downstage and takes off his mask.*

**Avery:** If you'd notice, my mask is golden. That's who I am. Well, no, it's who I pretend to be. See, my life is "golden". I'm the star, I'm the best, I'm important, I matter. Everyone knows it. But it's hard to live up to these expectations. In every aspect of my life I play this role of the star athlete. You know what I wanted to be when I grew up? An engineer. I loved math. Loved it. But once I hit grade eight or nine and everyone realized what an amazing basketball player I was, my life turned into living, eating, breathing, b-ball; for everyone around me, my entire family. Practice, games, summer camps. And I can't let them down now, not after all this hard work. So, even though I sometimes hate basketball and sports in general, I'll put this golden boy mask back on and play my part.

*Enter Joe and Ethan. They congratulate Avery on his game. Enter Vanessa.*

**Ethan:** Great game man!

**Joe:** Yeah, that last shot was impressive.

**Avery:** Well, do you expect anything less from me? I barely broke a sweat.

**Vanessa:** Hi Avery, I'm doing an article for the school newspaper. I was wondering if I could ask you some questions?

**Avery:** Sure, whatever.

**Vanessa:** So you just won another game. How do you feel about getting the winning basket?

**Avery:** I feel the same way I feel when I get every winning basket. And every other basket.

**Vanessa:** Oh, well, now that you've made the championships, are you nervous at all?

**Avery:** No. Should I be? I win every game, so why not this one? Don't you worry. That banner will be ours. Again. You can print that as a guarantee.

*Exit Avery, Vanessa, Joe, and Ethan. Enter Julie. She walks downstage and takes off her mask.*

**Julie:** When I moved here I traded in my mask for a newer, cooler model. In my old school I was never what you would call popular. Sure I had friends, but we kept to ourselves. We were looked at as freaks and outcasts. And I never really understood why I wasn't allowed to be part of that cool group. But for some reason that group decided that I wasn't good enough and they made that point clear to me day after day. They laughed at me and gossiped about me and stuff like that. And I hated it! But then my dad came home from work one day and told me that he was being transferred, he's an RCMP officer, and that we had to move. *I made a promise to myself that night that at my new school things would be different.* And lo and behold they are! Since I'm the new girl and nobody really knows me I'm a mystery and that makes me interesting. I can be whoever I want to be. The thing though, is that I'm not too sure this mask is really for me. It reminds me of all those girls from my old school that I hated so much. Maybe my dad will get transferred again soon.

*Julie steps back as Vanessa, Avery, Joe, Rachel, and Ethan enter. She joins the others as Maria enters.*

**Joe:** Hey, Ethan, gimme some chips.

**Ethan:** Lay off fatso.

**Joe:** A growing boy needs his energy. Energy for hooking up with your mom.

**Ethan:** *(passing him the chips)* That's just sick, dude.

**Vanessa:** Omigod, did you see Maria today? Can you say emo? I bet ya she cuts herself.

**Rachael:** Susie told me that she went into the bathroom one time and heard someone puking in there. Then Maria came out of the stall.

**Julie:** I'm not surprised, she is such a freak. No wonder she's messed up though look at her family. She'll probably end up like her mother. What if she's a dyke?

*Julie, Vanessa, and Rachel exit giggling. Others follow. Maria comes downstage and takes off her mask.*

**Maria:** What's my mask you ask? Well, it's a little old. You see it's been passed down to me from my mother. I use it when I need to. I pull out my mask when things get so bad that this is the only place for me to turn. You see the big, goofy smile? That's me "putting on a brave face". My mom used to tell me to do that whenever I had to go to school after being up all night due to one of Dad's

drunken rampages. She'd say it after he would disappear for a day or week or longer. She'd say it after I had gotten her a bag of frozen peas to put on her fat lip after he had "taught her a lesson". And my aunt said it to me after my mom's funeral two years ago. One of Dad's lessons didn't go so well; for either of them. He's now in Her Majesty's Penitentiary in St. John's. But I still find that I have to pull out my "brave face". Whenever I hear someone mention my mother or father. Whenever I see one of the popular girls in my class laugh as I walk by because I'm wearing all black or because I look emo. Whenever I have to come out of the bathroom pretending like I didn't just stick my fingers down my throat. See, it's a nice heirloom that my mom has passed down to me. Nice and useful.

*Exit Maria. Enter Joe. He walks downstage and takes off his mask.*

**Joe:** I've been hiding behind my mask all of my life. Ever since I was a little kid I was the "chunky" one. And it's not that I ever wanted to be that kid; you know, the kid who was always picked last for baseball and soccer because he couldn't run fast. Although I should say that I was the first kid picked for red rover and tackle football because everyone wants the brick wall on their team for those games. See there's my mask again. In order to not be the poor kid who get's picked on I had to be the funny one. Joke here, joke there, if everyone's laughing, they forget that you're not perfect. If I can get the joke out first about my fat ass then I don't have to hear the dude next to me say it. That's another thing; I don't discriminate. I can joke about myself just as much as I can joke about any poor sucker around me. I just gotta make 'em laugh, make 'em laugh, make 'em laugh. And keep on doing it.

*Enter Ethan, Rachel, Avery, Julie, and Vanessa.*

**Avery:** Man, I can't believe you failed your English exam.

**Julie:** Really though Rachael, it was so easy. Miss Saunders basically gave us the exam before hand. All you had to do was glance at your notes and you would have passed.

**Rachael:** Whatever. I was too busy with Ethan to study. I had more important things to worry about.

**Joe:** Yeah, well now you gotta worry about failing the course, you stupid Jew.

**Rachael:** Shut up you fag.

**Ethan:** You might have been busy with me but I still managed to pass.

**Rachael:** Whatever! I'll ask Miss Saunders if I can do a make up or something. Stop being such Jews.

*Exit Rachel, Joe, Julie, Avery, and Vanessa. Ethan walks downstage and takes off his mask.*

**Ethan:** Do you see this mask? To most people it doesn't look like a mask, but I know the truth. This mask looks like everyone else don't you think? But in reality it's not. I'm a Jew. I hide this fact from everyone to protect myself. Lately it has become normal for my friends to use the word Jew as an insult. Why is that an insult? How does my religion make me different from anyone else here? I don't understand why it has become popular again to use us as a way to call someone stupid. And I use the word "again" because that's how it started in Germany you know. Hitler and the Nazis made posters making fun of Jewish people. He gave them big noses and said they were all greedy and stupid. And pretty soon it was okay to start insulting Jews and then beating Jews. And then it was okay to kill them, to wipe us from this planet like we were a disease or something. Now I'm not saying that my friends are Nazis or anything like that. But where does this end? Sure it's funny now, but it started off as funny in Germany in the 1940's too. I don't know. Maybe I'm being silly. It's just every time I hear someone use my religion as an insult, I can't help but think of my grandparents and what they had to deal with when they were young and how they thought that I would never have to deal with that. So many people hate us for no reason, and until I know that reason, I have to wear this and pretend to be somebody else.

*Exit Ethan. Enter Maria*

**Maria:** When you are so caught up in protecting yourself and your feelings, it's hard to see the masks of the people around you. But I'm telling you they are wearing them. We all have something that we are dealing with and we all have our role to play in this. What we have to try and remember is to be sensitive to those around us. When we make the gay, Jew, emo, fat jokes or whatever you just don't know who you are hurting or insulting. And maybe if we remember that all of us are wearing masks for different reasons then maybe it will be a little easier to take ours off sometimes.

*Enter Rachel, Avery, Julie, Joe, Vanessa, and Ethan. They all start talking to each other and "Everybody Hurts" by REM starts to play. Slowly they start to remove their masks, one by one until all have removed their masks. Lights fade out as music comes up.*

**CURTAIN**