

NOTES

At some point in each of our lives, we will more than likely either write one or receive one: the dreaded break-up letter! Written as a list of trivia facts, Kendra Sparks introduces us to a young girl, whose goal is to fill-in-the-blanks with the truths she kept hidden from her boyfriend during their year-and-a-half relationship. This short story should be performed by a female and be entered in Prose Interpretation. There are a myriad of emotions found within this text. These emotions include: anger, suppressed anger, sarcasm, embarrassment, and even at times, a touch of melancholy. It's true this is a break-up letter; however, remember, at one time in their relationship, the narrator had tender feelings towards the recipient of this letter. Be careful, therefore, not to let the anger—suppressed or otherwise—dominate the performance. Comic timing will lighten the intensity of the character's emotional outbursts. Really work hard to keep the narrator's strong sense of likeability. It is important that the audience like her. Yes, their relationship had its share of trouble, but don't miss out on the golden opportunity to showcase the character's softer side at the end of the letter. Play the narrator's eternal sense of hope as she forges into the future—the hope she has of someday actually finding her prince charming. If it is necessary to cut this selection, feel free to renumber the trivia facts to represent one continuous flow throughout the performance. The drama mask icons are simply visible to show the performer when to turn the pages in the manuscript.

First, I never thought I would be writing to you again. After all, not many people would write a letter to an ex they've gone steady with and broken up with—four times, yet here I am writing you one final letter. Consider this my final goodbye, because that's exactly what it is—one last goodbye. Adios. Sayonara. See you in the funny papers. It's time to move on, and I just want closure—*real* closure—for me. I deserve that. After you read this letter, you can throw it away, burn it, stick it in the paper shredder, or you can sit on your bed and let it soak into your thick skull like those impossible-to-solve mathematical problems you seemed so preoccupied with when we were supposed to be spending quality time together. Frankly, I don't care what you do with it, but I do hope you read it. Maybe it will finally give you some answers to those impossible-to-solve questions you had concerning me.

Because you've always been a true left-brain thinker—which was one of the qualities that originally attracted me to you in the first place—I'm

going to make this easier for you. I'm composing this as a list. After all, it's been three months since our fourth and final break-up. Those ninety days have given me time to finally organize my thoughts and fill in all of the missing bits of information—the little hidden mysteries of yours truly—so you can hopefully understand me and where I was coming from over the last year-and-a-half. You once told me you hoped to someday be a contestant on *Jeopardy!* Or *Who Wants to Be a Millionaire?* I've, therefore, composed this list as a series of trivia facts. I doubt any of these tidbits of knowledge will help you in your future endeavor to become a champion on a syndicated game show, so just file them away with all of the other useless facts that fill that big, fat noggin of yours. Now that I've laid down the ground rules, let's begin. Shall we?

Trivia Fact #1: I'm not really allergic to hot dogs.

I lied when I told you I was allergic to hot dogs. I'm not. I simply don't like them. The fact that hot dogs were a staple in your intake of 4,000 plus daily calories was something I was willing to accept. Every time we went to grab a bite to eat, you ordered a hot dog. You kept asking me over and over if I wanted one, too. I said no, but that answer was never enough for you. You'd ask me if I *liked* hot dogs. I'd lie and say sure, doesn't everybody? You'd ask me if I wanted one. I'd say no. You'd ask me if I was *sure* I didn't want a hot dog. I'd say yes. You'd ask me *why* I didn't want a hot dog. I'd lie and say I wasn't really hungry—even when I was starving. This Abbott and Costello routine went on for weeks, and then I couldn't stand it any longer. We went to grab a bite to eat, you ordered a hot dog and asked if I wanted one, and I said no—again. But that time when you asked *why* I didn't want one, I lied and said I'm allergic to hot dogs. I still remember the look you gave me. It was like you were hurt. You asked me why I never told you that in the first place. I stumbled around and told you it was embarrassing—being allergic to something as American as hot dogs. I had no idea anyone could eat a hot dog every single day. By the way, I think you're looking at some serious health problems down the road. You might want to check with a physician. So, the point here is, I lied. I'm not allergic. To my knowledge, I'm not allergic to anything. And I don't just dislike hot dogs. I hate them. I don't know. If I'm *really* being honest here, you probably *made* me hate them. Before, I just disliked them. Now, I'm sure. You made me *hate* hot dogs.

Trivia Fact #2: The cello is one, big, sad instrument.

I know your mother plays the cello. Believe me, I know. You made me listen to her play every time I came over to visit. The truth is your mother