

## A GAME OF RISK

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**MEG.** I'm a writer, Henry. Not a lead writer on a major soap, just a second fiddle writer. I'm also a woman, in case you hadn't bothered to notice. I've worked for seven years to get to the position I have. You have no idea of the amount of shit that I've had to go through to be able to call myself that. I'm from a small town. I realize that all of you have grown up here in the city and haven't had to endure the hardships that someone like myself must endure in order to make a name for herself and try to have a career. You see, all my life I have been called "Blondie", "Ditzo", "Dizzy Dame", and crap like that by men who think that I should just stay in my little town and forget all of the years of education that I treasure so dear. I'm supposed to be stupid. Men think that. I'm supposed to fill out a W-4 and be an airhead for a living. Obviously, you three don't know what it's like to have to prove yourself to anyone. . .at least not like I've had to. Do you know how tired I am of being told that I look like Marilyn Monroe? I hate it! People have told me that all of my adult life. Having the last name Monroe didn't help the situation, either. I had to constantly dodge groping hands, not answer the phone, lock my door whenever I was home alone because of all of the nutcases that I had encountered. Finally, it was more than I could bear. I moved to the city. The new hope for my life. The land of opportunity! It was all going to be mine. *(She pauses and remembers)* I was finally going to be a writer. I met this woman who worked on the soap and she got me in the door. My first true break. I knew that I had to start at the bottom, but that was okay. I was good. I'd work my way up to being a head writer in no time. Well, I sat there and wrote. Gradually, the years changed and I hadn't moved up, I hadn't moved down . . . *I hadn't MOVED!!* New writers were brought in, old ones left, people moved up and down the chain. . .but not me. No, I stayed right there in all man's land. They said a couple of weeks ago that they wanted all of us to submit story ideas. Remember? That was going to determine who was in charge of the writing staff? Kurt got it. *(Pause)* My story was good. Better than any joke story that he could come up with! My scripts were finished! I had been writing on them for years! Kurt turned in a half done version of an idea . . . *an*

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*idea!* The next day, BANG! He gets the job. Well, that just about killed me. I knew at that point that this was all just some sort of sexist game and I was just a pawn to be forgotten, doomed never to cross the board and become queen. *(Long pause)* Never. I just want to be the best! Is that so much to ask? I've served my time, I've paid the price, I've earned my chance! I just want someone to give me a break! *I DESERVE IT!!!!*