

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

A Reputation

(A Short Monologue About Matthew Weaver, Whom I
Have Never Met and Hopefully Takes No Issue With
the Existence of the Following Existential Musings)

Written by

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

HUMAN: Any age. Any ethnicity. Any gender.

SETTING:

Right here.

TIME:

Right now.

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A Reputation, Daniel Prillaman, 1.

A lit stage.

Perhaps a stool.

Perhaps a gigantic portrait or banner with a picture of the playwright, MATTHEW WEAVER.

A HUMAN enters, although perhaps it could be an elephant or other highly intelligent animal.

The HUMAN is probably a playwright, although perhaps it could be a person free from the gargantuan weight of the written word.

HUMAN

Where do I begin?

I suppose I begin with the disclaimer that I have yet to read any of Mr. Matthew Weaver's work.

It has been on my reading list for some time.

Much like the other 600+ and counting number of plays on my reading list.

But I have yet to read his work.

I have never met him.

I do not even know if he knows of my existence.

I only know his name.

What's in a name?

Letters, obviously. But what's between the letters? Between those unique typefaces or pencil strokes that label us distinct from the rest of humanity?

A name gains power the more times it is spoken.

I suppose the phrase also holds true for evil men. But I have never heard his name spoken in anger.

Just awe

Praise
Admiration

(MORE)

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A Reputation, Daniel Prillaman, 2.

HUMAN (cont'd)

Gratitude
Joy
Kindness

Holy Cow how many plays does he have on this site?
This is no man
No mere mortal
This is a God
A God of the pen
Or computer
I know not the weapons he wields
His faculties with which he wrestles the written word into
submission, bent before him in kneel like the devout paladin

I've lost track a bit, um...

He casts an impressive shadow.

Intimidating?

They do say never meet your heroes.

But they say that because we build our heroes up so much in
our head, when they turn out to be regular people, maybe
even regular people having a bad day, or longer, it throws
us.

It breaks the fantasy.

Matthew Weaver is no God. I am sure.

(If I am mistaken, please forgive me).

And I have never met him.

I have yet to read any of his work.

But he strikes me as a gentleman who has reached the hearts
of many with his words.

His spirit.

It makes me excited to one day be amongst that number.

It makes me thankful to be a part of the same world as
someone who's inspired so many.

I mean, think about it.

Just for a second...

How many people that you've never met and only heard of
would you write a play for?

(MORE)

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A Reputation, Daniel Prillaman, 3.

HUMAN (cont'd)

Name one.

Right now.

I'll wait.

HUMAN waits.

*Perhaps MATTHEW WEAVER enters
and puts a stop to this whole
charade.*

*If he does not, the audience
is welcome to keep thinking
indefinitely.*

HUMAN can exit however.

END OF PLAY.