

ACT ONE

SCENE TEN

(CLIFF'S EDGE. A star-lit night. DONKEY prattles on, excited. SHREK is still stung by the helmet moment.)

DONKEY

And this is what I realized - if we escaped a dragon, then we could do *anything*. Man, I *could* be a steed. Or I could work the Crusades circuit if I wanted to. I could even be one of those horses who pull those wagons full of beer! I'd need some hair extensions on my ankles, but I could do it. Who do you wanna be?

SHREK

I don't wanna be anyone.

DONKEY

Just for fun though, who would you pick?

SHREK

I wouldn't.

DONKEY

But if you *had* to.

SHREK

Donkey -

DONKEY

Like if a guy had a sword at your throat and was like, "look here, you can't be an ogre anymore, pick something else," *then* who would you pick?

SHREK

I would pick that guy up and hurl him into a tree!

DONKEY

Man, you are no fun at all, you know it? Is this what it's gonna be like when we finish rescuing the princess? Us sitting around our swamp all day doing nothing?

SHREK

Our swamp? Donkey, there is no *our*. There's no *we*. There's just *me* and *my* swamp. And when I *do* get back, the first thing I'm gonna do is build a ten foot wall around my land.

DONKEY

(beat)

You cut me deep, Shrek. You cut me real deep just now...

(gathers himself)

What's your problem anyway? What do you got against the whole world?

SHREK

I'm not the one with the problem, okay? It's the world who seems to have a problem with me. You saw how that princess reacted. That's how it *always* is. People take one look at me and it's all, "Aghhh! Help! A big stupid ugly ogre!" They judge me before they even know me. That's why I'm better off alone.

DONKEY

(after a moment)

But you know what, Shrek? When we met, I didn't think you was just a big, stupid ugly ogre.

SHREK

(looks down at him, and softens)

Yeah I know.

(A moment between them. DONKEY decides to push the issue...)

DONKEY

So there's really no one else you'd rather be?

#10-Who I'd Be

(SHREK can't help smiling a bit. HE finally relents a little...)

SHREK

I GUESS I'D BE A HERO—
WITH SWORD AND ARMOR CLASHING,
LOOKING SEMI-DASHING,
A SHIELD WITHIN MY GRIP.

OR ELSE I'D BE A VIKING,
AND LIVE A LIFE OF DERRING,
WHILE SMELLING LIKE A HERRING
UPON A VIKING SHIP.

I'D SAIL AWAY.
I'D SEE THE WORLD.
I'D REACH THE FARTHEST REACHES.

I'D FEEL THE WIND.
I'D TASTE THE SALT AND SEA,
AND MAYBE STORM SOME BEACHES.
THAT'S WHO I'D BE.
THAT'S WHO I'D BE