

- How do you feel about the person or people you are talking to? For example, you speak a lot differently to your best friend than you do to your math teacher.
- Notes about stage directions and terminology: The word *beat* or the start of a new paragraph indicates another character speaks or a new idea arises. *Pause* or other stage directions like *shocked* are suggestions, but do not need to be observed absolutely. *Seriocomic* means the monologue can be both serious and/or comic. You'll figure it out for yourself — see what comes up!
- Keep it real. Bring these characters to life as only you can.

Final notes: These monologues stand alone as solo pieces (and are not from full-length plays). However, if you want to put together a showcase of monologues, you'll see that some pieces work very well together because they are a continuation of a story line or because they discuss the same subject. Feel free to mix and match. Enjoy!

Kristen Dabrowski

Female Monologues

SECRETS AND LIES

Kyra, dramatic

Where's my diary? Griffiiiiiiiiin! Where are you? Do you have my diary? You better not or I'll chop your little head off! Where are you hiding?

I'm going in your room! I'm going to look in your underwear drawer!

A-ha! There you are. OK, little schmuck, where's my diary? You don't know? I don't believe you. I have not forgotten that you stole my school uniform and cut little holes in it last year. Everyone saw my underwear! So from now until the rest of the eternity, I will not trust you. Anything that goes missing, anything out of place, anything at all, and I am coming right for you, little brother.

Now where's my diary? Fess up now and maybe I'll only torture you for a few days —

Mom? What's that in your hand? That's — my diary! You didn't!

My life is a nightmare! I can't trust anyone!

TWO CUPS OF HUMILIATION

Monica, seriocomic

Please don't talk to the lady, Mom. We can do this without her. I don't know which one I like. I don't care. Anything. Let's just get something, if we must, and get out of here!

No, no. I don't want to be measured. It's not necessary. Let's just grab one and get out.

You're kidding, right? That's an old-lady bra, Mom. That's, like, for an eighty year old. No, I *don't* care; it just can't be an old-lady one.

No. You can't come in the dressing room and neither can the sales lady. Geez, do you act like this with Susie? Or Grandma? Honestly, Mom, don't get all excited about this. It's just a stupid bra.

NEVER-NEVER LAND

Penny, seriocomic

What's the big deal about growing up? My sister says everyone is mean in seventh grade. And they don't have a playground even. And she looks in her mirror every day, facing sideways, to see if she's any bigger. Like this. (*Pulling her shirt tight across her chest, sucking in her cheeks, and looking at herself from the side, face out front.*) She looks stupid. Like a fish.

I'm always going to be a kid. I mean it. Who says you can't? I'll maybe get older but I'll still have fun.

When you grow up, you can't dance to the oldies in the kitchen in your socks or draw with those smelly markers. No, you can't. You can't. I swear it. OK, if you're an artist you can draw, but that's it. You have to go to parties and kiss. You have to study. You have to drink coffee. You have to sit up straight. You have to wear eye makeup that runs down your face and makes you look eighty and tired. Everyone tries to be the same, all laughing the same and walking the same and talking the same. My sister and her friends talk on and on and on and think they are so funny, but they're not. They never go outside. They go to the mall and they don't even buy anything. They just stand around.

No way. Not gonna do it. And no one can make me. Not you, not anyone.

LITERATURE LOSERS

Avril, seriocomic

Why does everyone think this story is so sad? I think Romeo and Juliet were stupid. Can you imagine — actually stabbing yourself in the chest? Pushing the knife in. You'd probably have to bleed to death. It would take ages. No boy is worth that. No way.

And being married when you're fourteen? Gross. Completely gross. The whole thing is wrong. And I think that friar who marries them and tries to help them out should be arrested. And the nurse who thinks it's all so cute? What a wacko!

I don't know why these two families are fighting in the first place anyhow. Can't we all just get along?

Tell you what, if my parents found out I married some dork when I was fourteen, they'd kill me before I had a chance to do it myself. I'd be so dead. I wouldn't be allowed to leave my room 'til I was forty!

THE ART OF ME

Yvonne, *seriocomic*

(Looking at a picture in a magazine.)

Bleh. She's ugly. I think.

I saw in a book the most amazing, beautiful thing. It's on the wall in my room. I had my dad blow up the picture on the computer and he can print it out really big at work. It's this statue. *(Beat.)* Don't make fun; it's for real. You should see it. It's a woman. It used to be on the front of a ship, but it fell off. It's really big. White. She's sort of whitish gray. Her hair? She doesn't have a head. *(Beat.)* No, don't laugh!

Listen. I'll tell you what's so beautiful about that. She is strong. Not like Arnold Schwarzenegger. Like no one I've ever seen. Like Mia Hamm, sort of. The soccer player. She's sort of elegant and strong and wearing this long dress — You can see her legs. And it's a sort of light dress with wind blowing it around, like it would have been on the front of the boat. And she has wings! Wouldn't you love to have wings?

So, anyway, I want to look like her. I don't want to look like that skinny monster in the magazine. I want to look like I could be on the front of a huge ship. Like that dumb scene in *Titanic*. Only different. Promise me you won't hate me when I'm sooooo beautiful.

GROWTH SPURT

Sophie, *seriocomic*

Mom, Yvonne has gone mad. Bonkers. Loopy. She wants to be a character in a movie or a piece of art. I just want to be a sixth grader people like. Why is it so hard? *(Beat.)* I don't want to talk about it.

But — Mom — they took that sweater you bought me for my birthday. I don't know why. *(Beat.)* NO! You can't tell anyone. I just wish I could have it back. And I don't know why they pick on me. And I know you bought it for me so, I'm sorry. I know it's not my fault, but — maybe it is. Maybe if I knew what to say and do they wouldn't have done it. And I've tried to be nice and to — see how they act so maybe they would — But it doesn't work. It only makes it worse.

And, and . . . I think it's kind of your fault. Because you made me a little girl and I can't say anything bad and I can't stay up late and watch "Sex in the City." Yes, they do watch it. Their parents let them. I need to be more adult, Mom. I need to say words you don't like. *(Beat.)* Yes, yes, I do. *(Beat.)* I'm not better than them, Mom. I'm not. I'm worse. I don't have friends. *(Beat.)* OK, I have Yvonne, but did you forget already, Mom? She's nuts!

BEST FRIENDS

Lindsey, dramatic

Are you mad at me? (*Beat.*) You never talk to me anymore. We were best friends.

Remember when we had a picnic in the mall? 'Cause it rained? And we went to the movies? We saw that movie with George Clooney, which we didn't get, but we thought he was cute? (*Pause.*) Why won't you talk to me anymore? (*Beat.*) Why do I bother you? I didn't DO anything. Can't you be friends with Laurie and Jackie and be friends with me, too? You don't have to JUST hang around with them. (*Beat.*) Well, I don't like them either, so what?

They make fun of you. You do anything they want you to and they laugh at you. You're not one of them. (*Beat.*) I know I'm not one of them either. But I don't care. I just do what we like to do — walk in the stream, catch lightning bugs, have sleepovers —

It's not baby stuff. You used to like it. You still do. Sure, you laugh all the time, but you're not really laughing. You're pretending, I can tell. (*Beat.*) Well, I don't care if I'm a baby. Fine. I'll be a baby, but I'll laugh for real. And no one will be laughing at me.

I don't want to be your friend anymore. You're mean now.

NORMAL

Nadia, seriocomic

Ugh. This bagel has a long, black *hair* in it. I'm starving, too. I must have the worst karma in the world.

See, everyone thinks my life is so different, so glamorous, but I get hairs in my bagel. I'm just a normal girl!

Who am I kidding? You are the only friend I still have. They tell me to tell everyone in interviews that I'm "normal" 'cause I go to regular school. People look at me like I've got four heads now — each with six eyes, three noses, and no teeth! Just 'cause I'm on TV.

Be my best friend and get me a new bagel? PLEASE. I'll love you forever. I'll be your best friend forever — please, please, please? You are THE BEST. Really. I'm going to tell people from now on "I'm not normal, but my best friend is." That's a big compliment in my book.

AND THE WINNER IS . . .

Tyra, seriocomic

I'd like to thank the Academy, my agent, and, of course, my friends and family who supported me along the way to my success. To Mr. Greene, Sara Simonsen, Mrs. Moupe, Rich Glick, and Lynn Dixie, I'd like to say on national TV that you didn't contribute to this award at all. In fact, you stink. You stink like bad cheese. You were mean and nasty and unfair.

To all the cast and crew, thank you. You made me what I am today: a successful, award-winning, beloved actress. Lastly, I'd like to say to all the kids who have dreams of doing this, keep dreaming. Hold onto those dreams. And don't worry if you don't get the lead in the school play. I didn't. And look at me now. Only kids who kiss the teachers' butts get the leads. Be yourself. And the Mrs. Moupes of the world won't matter at all when you're a big star.

Thank you, America! I love you!

THIS LAND IS MY LAND

Meg, comic

Yeah. I discovered this country. It's mine. That's my flag over there. With the brightly colored flowers. Kind of Hawaiian but with a sophisticated flair. I'm going to call this place Megania. Or Meganland. United States of Megan. I got it — Mega Mega. Like it? I do.

I've always been an explorer, really. Interested in discovering new things. One day, I just started walking and never stopped. I walked across hills, I walked across dales, I swam oceans. Frankly, it was tiring. But it's all worth it now. My very own land.

I plan to be Empress. No, Queen. No, Ruler of All She Surveys. I'll have a tiara. And you won't. Yes, my name is spelled M-E-G-A-N. Get it right in the papers.

What's next? I'm torn between discovering a mountain or an ocean or an island or a planet. Or maybe I'll just stay here and live the good life. Don't just stand there. Start making me a throne! I told you, I'm tired.

You're going to have to start anticipating my whims, people.

STAR SPANGLED BUNGLER

Faith, *seriocomic*

(Singing "Star Spangled Banner.")

Oh say can you —

Oh say can you —

Rocket's —

I'm — I'm sorry. I can't remember — ANYTHING!
I need to breathe deeply. And relax. Sorry. I'm OK
now. Yes.

Oh say can you SEE

By the dawn's early —

This has never happened to me before. Never! I'm a professional. And I must have sung this song and *heard* this song ten billion times! I can do this. I was fine in rehearsal. So, here we go.

Oh say — There are a lot of you. A lot. Why are you all staring at me? Stop it! Go away! Just —

I have to go home now. Daddy? Where's the car? Let's make a run for it!

PLAY TIME

Renée, *comic*

OK, let's play. I'm the teacher; you're the student.

Now, Jimmy, you've been very bad. (*Beat.*) No, you can't go to the bathroom before we start. The bell has rung. Sit in your seat! What is six times 4,832? You don't know? Go sit in the corner, next to Susie. I don't care if you hate Susie! Don't look at me, look at the wall. No talking!

I'll tell you what. If you can answer one question, I'll let you join the rest of the class again. And we were just about to fingerprint. Don't move. I said you have to answer one question, *correctly*, to join us. OK, Jimmy.

If a train is traveling out of a station in Dallas, Texas, at three o'clock at nine miles per hour and another train is traveling out of Austin, Texas at three miles per hour, how much does a soda cost at the train's snack bar?

Wrong! Now face the corner again.

No, you cannot be the teacher now. You can't even finish kindergarten.

TABLE FOR TWO

Phoebe, seriocomic

See that? Those two on a date? (*Beat.*) Yeah, that's not the weird part. The weird part is how they're sitting. Right next to each other. I don't get that. Wouldn't you normally sit across from the person you're with when there's only two of you? When you sit like that, one right next to the other, you can't talk. You'd get a crick in your neck from holding your head to one side all night.

And if they're sitting like that to kiss — well, it's a restaurant for goodness sake. People are eating here. I don't want to look at that. Two dopes staring all googily-eyed at each other and slobbering all over. Give me a break. And think about it — you eat and little bits of food get caught in your teeth, right? So, if you kiss someone — Ugh! I can't even think about it. It's just too ugly.

It looks like they're riding the bus. Weird.

LIKE LIKE

Michelle, seriocomic

Stephen likes me? Oh. OK.

I don't know what to tell you to tell him. I don't know what to think! I mean, I guess that's nice. It is nice. Tell him thanks. Is that leading him on? I don't want to lead him on. I don't know. About all this. You know, this "liking" stuff.

Do I like someone else? Well, no. But don't tell him that. Because I don't think I *like* him like him. Know what I mean? I just like him. But don't tell him that either. That wouldn't be nice.

Aaah! I don't know! Tell him; tell him —

Tell him you didn't tell me! Tell him I didn't hear you because a big truck drove by!

I need time. This is all happening too fast!

POT PARTY

Bridget, seriocomic

Pot. That's what she's into now. Pot. She asked me to go to her party and that we could smoke it and it would be fun and I should try it. *(Beat.)* I know I can't go! If I did, I wouldn't tell you. Oops! I don't even think I want to, actually. Is that abnormal? It is, I think. Should I want to? I'm supposed to be in my rebellious stage.

What do you mean *we* can have a pot party? Pots and pans. Hahahaha. You're a laugh riot, Mom. I can't believe you even said that. *(Beat.)* OK, so it made me laugh. Because it's so dumb! You're nuts, you know that?

Listen, I'm going to go to my room and mope and play music you hate way too loud so I don't feel like I'm [twelve] going on one hundred. I might even call my friends and talk about how horrible you are. It's nothing personal.

ONE BIG CHANCE

Ruby, seriocomic

Dad, don't stand too close. You'll embarrass me. *(Beat.)* My shirt is OK. This is how people dress now. Look around. *(Beat.)* No! Please, don't look at me when you're talking.

Well, of course everyone knows I have parents. Everyone has parents. But not everyone's parents come stand in line with them.

Dad, this is so important to me. I have to get this. *(Beat.)* I know, I know, I can't get my hopes up. But this is my dream and you can't have dreams without hoping a little, right? Don't touch my hair. It is integral to my "look," carefully constructed from viewing numerous pictures of Whitney, Mariah, and Britney, not to mention last year's winner of the contest.

I am so nervous! What if they make fun of me, Dad? What if I'm a joke? *(Beat.)* I know. I don't have to do this. But I have to.

I'm next. It's OK! I'm calm. *(Beat.)* No! I can't drink that. Soda is bad for you vocal chords. But — thanks, Daddy. How about you buy me ice cream later?

KEEP OUT

Ashley, comic

Mom! That is *my* skirt! What are you doing in my room? In my *closet*? That is private, Mom. What do you want with my stuff anyway? It's *mine*. (Beat.) So you bought it, but you bought it for *me* so it's *mine*. Not yours.

You're — you're old, Mom. You shouldn't be wearing my stuff. It makes you look — old! (Beat.) I'm not jealous; I'm realistic. You're supposed to look like a mom, not like a high school student. You are one step away from being on Jerry Springer. All you have to do is seduce one of my friends — You wouldn't do that would you, Mom???! (Beat.) It's not a crazy thing to say. I'm serious. Borrowing my clothes is the first step. Don't do it, Mom. Don't do it. Put the skirt down and step away from the closet. I don't want you to be on Springer or go to prison for seducing teenagers. Please, I'm begging you; go buy a sweater set. Please, Mom. Let's drive to Talbots *now*.

TOO MUCH

Sara, dramatic

Did you ever want to kill yourself? Don't tell anyone, but I did. It's kind of embarrassing. Well — promise you won't laugh — I went downstairs to the kitchen and ate *all* of the Flintstone vitamins. I didn't eat the orange ones because I don't like how they taste — like baby aspirin. (Beat.) Duh, I should not have taken baby aspirin because — hello? — I don't like how it tastes!

My mom *really* yelled at me and said I was stupid. I couldn't believe she said that. That night I wrote on her mirror "I HATE YOU" with her best red lipstick, because I did hate her, and she woke me up at three AM to make me clean it off. She doesn't understand me at all! I want her to feel bad inside, the way I do. I want her to notice — it sounds so stupid when you say it out loud. She thinks I'm melodramatic, that's what she calls me, but I'm just being REAL. I'm just being ME. She just doesn't understand me.

DIRT — NOT THE GOOD KIND

Christina, comic

This is overrated. Vacation. Camping. Don't get me wrong, I'm glad not to be in school but — sleeping outside? Isn't that why houses were invented? The ground is always lumpy. And eating outside is so annoying. I swear I've eaten one hundred bugs. I can't even think about it. Remember yesterday there was a bee in my soda can and it went in my mouth and I spit it out and it was still alive and flew away?

Even birds build nests. They don't want to sleep on the ground either. Plus, it's cold. Why can't we just have one of those Disney World vacations? You know, go on rides, stay in a hotel, see some dolphins jump around or something?

Yeah. Dolphins and hotels with cable TV. That's the life. Just an idea for next year, Dad.

NOT SO SLIM GYM

Carrie, comic

No. (*Beat.*) That's exactly what I mean — No! Why? Why should I? Nothing's chasing me. What's the point of running if nothing's chasing you? (*Beat.*) You don't count, Miss Roper. (*Beat.*) Because you don't scare me.

You have a point there. I probably will be out of shape and not be able to run if wild animals are chasing me. But then again, don't underestimate adrenaline. It's a powerful thing. I think it could pull me through if, say, a tiger gets set loose on the track.

Look, maybe we can compromise. What if I run in slo-mo and sing the theme from *Rocky*? (*Beat.*) No? *Chariots of Fire*? (*Beat.*) *The Bionic Woman*? (*Beat.*) You're right; I don't even know that one. What if I tell you I have cramps? (*Beat.*) OK. I'll be sitting over here on the bench if you need me.

BARF AND BAGGY SHORTS

Rebecca, *seriocomic*

Yuck. Gross. Totally disgusting. I think I'm going to cry. This is not fair. *He* gets sick and I have to clean up after him. Why couldn't he get sick on his own math book? It's on my book and my clothes! I'm going to smell like this all day! Do you think I can go home? (*Beat.*) Can I just throw my book away? (*Beat.*) It's got his lunch all over it! This is so unfair! I am being punished for what he did wrong! (*Beat.*) OK, maybe he couldn't help it, but . . .

I should get *this* math book and he should get mine. That's the only fair thing. I shouldn't have to deal with this for the whole rest of the year.

I can't believe this. I have to wear my gym clothes all day. This couldn't be more humiliating.

ST. VINCENT BLUES

Mimi, *comic*

Gee, green socks or navy-blue socks? Having a uniform is so *great*. They look so *cool* and I get to pick out the color of my sweater *and* the color of my socks. I am one lucky, lucky girl. Who wants to wear jeans and T-shirts when they could wear *this* lovely ensemble? I tell you?

The only saving grace is that we can roll our skirts up. That makes it almost cute. Doesn't it? Who am I kidding? It's *hopeless*! We can't go to the mall like this. The public school kids will kill us!

We have no choice. We have to run in packs. Like wolves. Safety in numbers. We have to get Gina and Bridget to come, too.

I wish I'd worn the blue socks!

TROUBLE WITH TP

Elyse, comic

(Back to the audience.) Toilet paper is good for lots of things.

(Turning around. Shirt is stuffed with lots of toilet paper.) And, if you wet it just enough, it sticks to the ceiling for all time and no one will ever be able to get it off!

(Pretending to throw gobs of wet toilet paper on the ceiling.) Hey, Mrs. Stinktrousers —

THIS is for giving me detention for talking too much in class!

THIS is for yelling at me for passing a note in science class!

THIS is for separating me from my best friend, Jennie, because we were LAUGHING while you were talking!

THIS is for —

What? (Looking behind.) Uh-oh.

BODYGUARD

Paris, seriocomic

Why don't you pick on someone your own size? Huh? What did he ever do to you, you little stinky brat? Why don't you just take a seat and shut your big mouth?

He doesn't need me to fight for him. He can fight for himself. But you made me mad, and if you want to beat up on someone, you can start with me. Someone your own size, you caveman.

Come on. Bring it on. I dare you.

Why are you just sitting there? Scared, baby?

Listen; if you ever touch my brother again, you are dead meat. I mean it. You may be big for a fourth grader, but I'm going to be bigger than you for a lot of years. You'd better start being nice, you little maggot.

BEAUTY IS PAIN, PAIN IS PAINFUL

Mia, comic

I've wanted to do this for a long time. I've wanted to do this for a long time. I've wanted —

I'm just reminding myself of why I'm sitting in this chair. Because I've wanted to do this for a long time. I'm not going to turn back now. After all, here I am. I'm even in the chair. Waiting. This is taking a long time.

What's that?? *(Beat.)* Oh, ice. To numb them. So I won't feel it. The needle. Going into my earlobes. Has anyone ever been stabbed in the neck by the piercing gun-thing? *(Beat.)* You know, have you ever missed or has it ever gone through their ears and into their neck? *(Beat.)* Has anyone ever bled to death or gotten a horrible infection? *(Beat.)* Everything's sterile, right?

This is going to hurt a lot, isn't it? Maybe this isn't a good idea. I wanted to have pierced ears, I wanted to buy cute earrings, lots of other girls in my class have pierced ears, but —

OUCH! Oh, is that it? That wasn't too bad. OK. Let's do the other ear. Is that . . . blood? *(Beat.)* Maybe I'll just go with the one. Call it a day. The pirate look. Go home to my mommy. I don't need both —

OUCH!

Thank you.

THE PLAN

Samantha, comic

Open the door. My door, Sam. I want to be treated with respect, like a princess. *(Beat.)* Thank you for driving us, Mr. Zimmerman!

What will we be doing this evening? *(Beat.)* Dinner — good; movie — good; and . . . and what? What are you insinuating? *(Beat.)* I'm not *accusing* you of anything. I just feel you should know that you cannot *expect* anything from me.

To lighten things a bit, let me tell you the upside of all this. If you play your cards right, here's what you have to look forward to. After we've been together for a week, we'll kiss, moving to French kissing after two weeks. We will get that to a science over the next several months. This is a skill that will help you throughout life. As for the rest, the other "bases," they will come slowly as our love grows. And I will not get married until at *least* two years after college because I will not be one of those sad women getting an M.R.S. in college. But there's really no need to worry because I think I want babies with black hair and your hair is light brownish.

Now let's go have a really good time!

EVOLUTION

Belle, comic

That's it. I'm giving up men for good. I've had enough. The waiting. The lipstick. The disappointment. Pretending you like things you don't like and laughing at jokes that aren't funny. Worrying you're sweating too much or breathing too much or giggling too much or not enough. Eating *salad* instead of spaghetti — I'm done. That's it. Don't even try to change my mind. I'm very stubborn when I've set my mind to something.

I don't need to get married. I don't need babies. I am a care-free, independent **WOMAN**. Who wants to get tied down? If I did, then I couldn't travel to Egypt to see the Pyramids or Italy to see the Sistine Chapel — there's just too much to do and too little time. I don't feel like compromising. Know what? I'm going to be the smartest person in school. I'm going to speak out for what I believe in. Oh, yes, those morons will beg me to go out with them — someday, after puberty maybe, when I'm a famous writer and they've evolved a little — but I will refuse them. “NO!” Just practicing.

BATTLE OF THE BAND (MEMBERS)

Veronica, comic

He's mine. You can't like him! I like him *more*. You have to like someone else in the band. We can't both like the same person. (*Beat.*) Why? It's just the rules; that's why. We're friends and we can't like the same guy in the band and I called John. So you have to pick someone else. May I suggest Tony? He's not as gross as Rich and dances better than Tommy.

Mary! I don't know if we can be friends now. And you've been my best friend for this whole year! I've liked John since before you even knew the band existed. I had their CD first. I have seen every one of their videos, and I begged and begged and begged until my parents let me stay up to see the making of the video special.

OK, you're going to make fun of me, but here's the deal. I want to marry him. I'm going to go to a concert, and he's going to see me and then we're going to go out, and we're going to live happily ever after. I really think so. You can't marry him because he's already going to be married to me!

He'd never divorce me for you! That's it. Jackie is my best friend now because she likes Tommy. Maybe John and I will have you over to our beach house for dinner one day. Maybe.

CHEERLEAD

JANUARY FIRST

Brittany, comic

OK. You stand there. And Jenny, you're in the back. Don't argue, just do it. *(Beat.)* Because I'm the captain, that's why I can tell you what to do. It's my *job*. And not a very easy one, either. Now, are you going to get in the back or not? *(Beat.)* I am not bossy. I can't help it if I am the leader of this team. You voted me in. *(Beat.)* I am not different! Listen, if I don't take charge nothing will get done around here. Anyway, no one else thinks I'm bossy.

What? Amanda! You think I'm bossy? I can't believe that. Please. I have not been "corrupted by power." Give me a break. Look, are we going to stand here talking or are we going to get on with practice? I made up a whole new routine and it's really fresh — Of *course* I made up the new routine. What is the problem? I'm good at making them up; that's why I'm the *captain*. Now let's do it.

Jenny, you're in *back*. *(Beat.)* Where am I? In front, if you must know. Now shut your trap and listen up. *(In cheerleader voice.)* Let's go, Hornets!

Gwen, comic

I'm turning a new leaf this year. My New Year's resolution is to do *everything* differently. I am going to study. I am going to do all my homework all the time. I am going to get along with others. I am going to shave my legs on gym days. I am not going to mouth off. I am going to go on a diet. I am going to wear makeup, even when I don't want to. I'll iron my clothes. I'm going to mind my manners and respect my elders. I am going to do kind acts for less fortunate people. I'm going to help my parents around the house. I will go to church and not laugh or yawn. I am not going to complain when I have to visit my grandparents. I am going to join clubs and extracurricular activities. I promise I won't sit around dreaming about Doug Price who doesn't even know I'm alive. I am going to stop starting every sentence with "I."

I am destined to fail. I will start tomorrow.

Male Monologues

SCHOOL BOOKS, GHOUL BOOKS

Tom, comic

This book, *Pride and Prejudice*, is about . . . pride. And . . . prejudice. Prejudice is when you don't like people of other races. There's a girl named . . . Elizabeth and she's got lots of sisters. Um, and —

This book was boring and stupid. It was a book for girls. That part about her cousin wanting to marry her might make it sound sort of interesting, but it's not. I really would not recommend this book to anyone who was not a girl. I would, however, recommend Stephen King's book —

I'm sorry, Mrs. Shelby. It was boring. I couldn't do it. I tried. I really did. I did prepare another book report on Stephen King's *Carrie*, which is actually a very good book. It's long, too. Doesn't that count?

P.S. — Where does the prejudice come in? Isn't everyone white in England?

MAD DOG ON MAPLE

Shane, *seriocomic*

I'm not taking that way to school. No way. I made that mistake once. It's a shorter path, but there's a dog halfway down the block that's evil. I swear. It's black with red eyes and vicious pointy teeth. I had to run for blocks and blocks. I'm completely serious, man. This dog is insane. I bet his owner trained him to go after kids who walk past the house. Think about it. How come no one ever takes this shortcut? You've seen the news stories about kids being attacked by dogs. Seriously, I'm no chicken. And there's no way I'm letting that dog take a bite of me.

Let's take the long way around. It's worth it. Is it so bad if we're late? If you ask me, it's a good thing to miss five minutes of homeroom.

SUCKER

an, comic

I'm getting a dog? I'm allergic to dogs! You know that. I've always been allergic. My throat swells up and I can't breathe. My eyes itch like crazy —

(Beat.) What? You already did? He's here? His name is Spey? You hate me, don't you? I can't believe Mom let you bring a dog into the house with my allergies. Where am I going to live now? I have to sleep in the garage!

MOM! We cannot get a dog! No, listen to me. You know I have serious allergies. Dust. Mold. Wheat. Eggs. Milk. And so on. If I touch a dog, I will swell up. Now maybe you didn't consider this, but if there is a dog *in the house*, I will be around the house or dander or whatever all the time! I will be sick all the time, Mom. So if we have a dog now, you are either going to have to get rid of it and all of our furniture and rugs or get rid of me. What's it going to be, Mom? The dog or me?

(Beat.) Oh, ha, ha, ha. You are so funny, dork. What a great joke. So funny I forgot to laugh. I hate you.

SPACE FACE

Jeff, comic

Yes, I'm completely ready for zero gravity. My mother always told me I didn't have my feet on the ground. So it'll be business as usual in space.

(Beat.) What else did my mother have to say to me? Well, she told me I'd better keep my room clean because all my stuff is going to be floating around the shuttle. *(Beat.)* Oh, nah, I didn't listen. I don't like being told what to do. I'll be able to see all the complicated equipment just fine, I'm sure.

I'm looking forward to eating the powdered, freeze-dried food. I've never eaten a hamburger out of a bag. I hope they put ketchup on it. I like a lot of ketchup.

Our mission is to break the sound barrier. With my experience playing my music too loud in my room, NASA thought I was the best man for the job. I was recommended highly by my neighbors for the job.

Well, I gotta take off now.

SUNDAY MORNING

Justin, comic

Ooooh. I'm so sick. I think I have a fever. And my armpits itch. Could I have the plague? Mom, I'm so sorry. I don't think I can go to church today.

Look out; I'm going to puke! Uhhhhh. I think I'm dying. Pray for me, Mom. When you're at church. Don't touch my forehead! I'm very sensitive. I could vomit on you. I'd better go back to bed. I'll just . . . oh, I don't know . . . maybe lie in bed . . . do some, uh, homework . . . maybe play a video game to, you know, pass the time. I'll be fine. Somehow. Go on, Mom. Go on without me.

(Beat.) Noooo! I really am! Really, really really! Have some pity. Awww, Mom. This stinks!

THE SLIME

Peter, comic

I have something to tell you. I wasn't paying attention in science class today. *(Beat.)* Don't yell at me! I'm not even finished telling you my story. So, I'm in science class and I thought the teacher said to mix together the two things on our desks. But we weren't supposed to do that. We were supposed to put them in different tubes with litmus paper or something.

So, anyway, I put them into the same tube. And, and ---

(Beat.) OK! Brian Howell is green! I don't know how. I told you, I wasn't paying attention! But the goop overflowed from the tube and got on Brian and he's green. Just his hands, though. So he has to wear gloves, that's all.

(Beat.) I don't know if it will go away! I'm not a scientist! This is why I shouldn't have to take science. I'm a danger to myself and everyone around me!

THE PRINCIPAL'S SON

Ross, *seriocomic*

I know you're tired and you work all day. I know exactly what you mean, actually. I go to school all day, then I go to play football, then I have to do my homework. It's rough. Who even made up this stuff about us working five days a week and only getting two days off? That's insane. We have to take our lives back, Mom. We can't let The Man tell us what to do. *(Beat.)* I accept that people have to go to work and kids have to go to school. But what about going three days a week and having off four days a week? Think about it. Everyone would concentrate so much more. They'd be refreshed after such a long weekend. Heck, maybe you'd even be glad to be there. It's possible.

Don't laugh. Stress can kill people, Mom. You could have a heart attack, high blood pressure, all kinds of things. It's dangerous. Listen, you have a chance to make a difference here. You're the principal. You're in charge. And, as a nice little bonus, I'd be the most popular kid in school for once, all because of you.

You know what you have to do, Mom.

THE PRINCIPAL'S BEST FRIEND

Matt, *comic*

I don't know where that came from. I never saw it before. Honest! Someone must have written on my hand at lunch. I fell asleep. At the lunch table.

(Looking around the room.) Who did this to me? Do you think it's funny? Putting the answers to today's test on my hand? That is so lame. And very dishonest. Mrs. Stinkhauser and I are very disappointed in you!

Did I say — No, no! I didn't say Stinkhauser. I said Simhauser. Your name. I said your name. Mrs. Simhauser. And, and, and —

Look, I've got to go. I think the principal's missing me. I haven't been to his office yet this week and he gets lonely. So . . .

(Backing away.) I'll be going now, Mrs. Stinkhauser.

NO H₂O

Ben, seriocomic

No. I don't want to. I'm watching TV now. Why should I? It's a waste of time. And I want to see the end of this show.

Showering is totally overrated, Mom. I'm not dirty. *(Beat.)* I do not smell! Maybe *you* smell, Mom!

OK, sorry! But I really want to see this, Mom. Can't you see I'm busy? *(Beat.)* Will you quit nagging me already? Honestly, Mom, I don't get it. Do you *see* any dirt? I am a clean guy. I changed my shirt when I got home from school and everything.

Oh, please. PLEASE don't talk to me about hormones and growing up, Mom! It's gross. Let's just stop talking about it, OK?

Don't call me a "little man"! You can't make me do this. You're not going to win this one, Mom. I'm not going to crack. Ever.

LARGE AND IN CHARGE

Greg, seriocomic

This room looks fantastic. It's exactly how I want it. I know where my blue shirt is. It's over there in the corner. And my hockey stick is under there. I know where everything is. I'm in control.

Cleaning it would ruin everything. This is a work of art. Everything *does* have a place. Drawers are for losers. My *jeans* are over there. I told you. I have a *system*. Don't mess with it. Just because you can't understand it —

I'm not talking back. I'm explaining. *(Beat.)* Sure. Fine. You can take all my furniture away. Like I said, I don't need it. Drawers are for losers.

No! You can't take my CD player away, too! That's not furniture! That's cheating. You play dirty, Mom.

OK! OK! I'll clean it!

FAMILY VACATION TO HELL

Dermot, comic

She started it! I'm just sitting here. Minding my own business. Did you know she has the sharpest elbows in the entire universe? It's true. It's scientifically proven. By the way, this is a cruel and unusual psychological experiment, Mom and Dad. It's like a clown car in here. Like a bad joke. "How many family members can you fit in one car?" "How long will they last before someone gets killed?"

OK. I guess that's not funny. The killing part. But geez! We're all cramped back here and if you move around or you get sick of hearing "easy listening 101" on the radio or you make a *normal* comment you get yelled at around here. It's not fair. And I'm *not* sitting next to *her* any more. At the next rest stop, we part ways. You sit on *that* side of the car. I've had it. You keep your pointy elbows away from me, witchy.

OH, BROTHER, MY SISTER

Dylan, seriocomic

Don't stand too close to me. Don't look at me! Pretend you're by yourself. I just don't want anyone to think I'm with you.

I don't know which Hello Kitty pencil is better! It's just some stupid cat without a mouth. Come to think of it, that's really creepy. Besides, I don't like pink or purple.

Are you done yet? I can't believe Mom and Dad made me hang out with you! Just because we're related . . . Isn't that their job, anyway?

Listen, do you even have any money? (*Beat.*) No? Then why are you taking a half hour to decide which pencil is better when you can't even buy one? Come on. Let's get out of here.

Aw, OK. I'll hold your hand. Let's just go already.

WAR STORY

Mike, dramatic

My dad is somewhere overseas. In the marines. I don't know where. He's not allowed to tell us. I miss him. We used to have a lot of fun. We write him letters now. Sometimes we even get some back. But it takes a long time.

I wish he was back here. I wish I knew how long he'd be away. Now it's just me and Mom and David. I'm the man of the house. I've never thrown out the garbage so much in my life.

I know Mom is worried², but she pretends not to be. David doesn't know what's going on. He still asks for Dad sometimes. He's little. I wish I knew what to do to help. I'd throw out the garbage every day for the rest of time if that would help.

I heard Mom crying last night. I guess I'm not a very good man of the house. I'll have to try harder. Until Dad comes home.

BEHIND THE SCENES

Marcus, seriocomic

Does everyone have to audition? Because I'd rather not. I'm OK with being a tree or a rock. Or helping out with lights or something.

Please, could we just skip all this? I'll level with you. I can't sing. When it's someone's birthday in my family, they ask me to hold the cake. When I was little, I didn't know I stunk, and in church people used to turn and stare at me. I thought it was because I was cute! Now I know. And I don't want anyone staring at me ever again.

I'm doing a public service. My sister told me my singing sounds like a dying turkey. I've never heard a turkey dying (which I'm pretty happy about), but I'm pretty sure that wasn't a compliment. She's not a very nice girl, my sister. She's not about to give me a compliment, if you catch my drift.

So, how about I paint the set? Is it a deal?

CARBONATED CHAMP

Max, comic

I can do better than that. Listen to this: (*Belches.*) Now that is a burp.

And the champion for the fifth afternoon in a row is . . . Max! And the crowd goes crazy. Calm down, everyone. I think I'll give a speech for my fans:

As the world's best belcher, I have to thank, first of all, Coca-Cola for making such a wonderfully fizzy drink. Second, and not least, I have to thank my mother. I remember when I was a kid, my mother pulled the car over to the side of the highway because she thought she heard sirens behind her. Like an ambulance. That was the beginning of my career as a human noisemaker. For, you see, there was no ambulance. It was only me. This early success cemented my desire to work on my noise-making skills, making me the man, the champion, you see today.

Thank you; thank you. Come back tomorrow and see me defend my record once again with some of the top belching athletes from the sixth grade at Montclair Junior High.

ONE BAD DAY

Sean, seriocomic

What? A test? She never told us we'd have a test! I'm sure of it! (*Beat.*) No, she didn't! What is it on? (*Beat.*) I was totally paying attention yesterday, and I didn't hear anything about a test! Now I'm going to fail. This is just perfect.

(*Beat.*) What? Hey! I didn't — It wasn't me! It was Kenny. I wouldn't do that. In fact, I never do that. So stop looking at me! Geez, it smells awful. Don't say "who smelt it, dealt it" because you smell it, too. It's atomic. Get me out of here! Seriously, that's nasty, Kenny.

(*Running to the other end of the room.*) So tell me what I need to know for this test and make it loud because I am not getting anywhere near you!

THE PLAYER

Derek, seriocomic

I'm sorry.
I am.
I shouldn't have said it.
It was thoughtless.
It was stupid?
I'm sorry forever?
Listen, I don't know why I did it.
I don't.
I was just trying to . . . I don't know.
I didn't think you'd want other people talking about us.
I guess I could have said it differently.
I could have said, "No, we're not together."
Would that have been OK?
Would that make you happy?
Clearly calling you, what I called you, wasn't necessary.
I could have just said it without calling you . . . what I called you.
So, how about I just don't say it anymore.
And . . . I'll tell them I didn't mean it.
That I think you're nice.
And pretty.
And . . . that we're . . . that I like you.
How about that?
Huh?
Can we make out now?

GOLF COURSE OF ACTION

Colin, seriocomic

I'm totally nuts about you. I am. I know we just met, but sometimes you just know.
I do track. I'm a runner. It's cool. It's good for guys with slim physiques, like me. I'm built for speed.
Hey, Paul. Wussup, man? *(Pause.)*
You two used to go out, didn't you? You and Paul? It must be kind of awkward being in the same room and all.
Want to go to the golf course? It's so loud here. We could get to know each other. Talk. Whatever.
You will? Yeah? You sure? 'Cause I don't want to twist your arm or anything.
(Shocked.) OK. OK. We'll go to the golf course. *(Standing still.)* We'll go now. *(Standing still.)* OK. Cool.

Female or Male Monologues

GIFTED AND TALENTED

Jack/Jackie, serio comic

Make a picture. On this paper. It's graph paper. On purpose? So . . . I'm supposed to make square things? Can I see what someone else did?

OK, OK. I'll draw a car. With square wheels. No. No. It's just not possible to be creative with squares. So I guess instead of going into the gifted and talented program, you'll put me into the slow class now.

Hey, I know what this is about. Seeing if I can think outside of the box! Think outside the lines!

It's not about that. I'm really supposed to make square pictures. I could make a house. A house. This is boring. Can we just call the whole thing off? How can you *judge* a person's creativity anyway? What's the formula? How many square things a person can draw?

Why is the measure of being smart always doing what the teacher thinks you *should* be doing? Did you ever think that maybe I could maybe be even smarter than you, so I wouldn't think what you were thinking, I'd be thinking something even better?

OK, fine. I'll draw the car with square wheels. Are you happy now?

ESSAY AGONY

Geri/Gerry, serio comic

What I Did This Summer by Me. This summer, I went to — This summer, I —

This summer, I did nothing. I ate cookies in front of the TV. I played video games. I read some books. I made hot dogs for me and my brother. I watched a lot of cartoons. I went to Connecticut to see my grandparents. That's it.

I'm sorry. We just don't go anywhere. My mom and dad work during the day. And we can't go on big vacations. It's kind of boring. But I wrote a really good story about what I wish I did this summer. It has everything — action, adventure, sun-tans — I save the world *and* I learn to surf.

I really hate this assignment. When I go to college, will I still have to do this assignment? If I do, I am definitely going to be a truck driver instead. It's lame.

MAKING IT COUNT

Chris, comic

How do you know? Just because I count all the time doesn't mean I'm crazy. So what that I know it takes sixty-two seconds from when you can first see the subway on Eighty-sixth Street to when it pulls into the station and the elevator in my building takes six seconds between floors and five seconds for the doors to open and close? What's so abnormal about that? It's *curiosity*. Shouldn't you be rewarding me for that?

No. No, thanks. I couldn't. I can't. I don't shake anyone's hand. So see, no offense, it's just not gonna happen. I don't know where you've been. What's in my backpack?

Well, if you must know it's filled with stuff. Purell — no, I still won't shake your hand — wet-naps, antibacterial cleanser, tissues, Tupperware —

Well, that's personal. Fine! I do not want to touch anything in a public bathroom. That's what the Tupperware is for. I throw it out right away. Afterwards. It's not gross because it's not as if I keep it! I rarely use the bathroom anyway except at home. It's just for emergencies. *And do you mind not tapping your pen on your desk?* You've done that sixty-two times already and it's beginning to annoy me! And I really don't like the number sixty-two, and I try to avoid it if I can.

FOREVER ME

Jordan, comic

I *really* want it. Just because I'm young doesn't mean that I can't make good decisions. You can't know that I won't be able to make a life-long decision. You're not psychic.

I'm so good. I get good grades. I *deserve* this. I promise it won't be a battleship. Or snakes. Or my [girlfriend/boyfriend's] name; I'm not so dumb to think we'll be together forever — I'm only [thirteen]. I don't know what it'll be. Or where it'll be. But it won't be somewhere obvious. Or somewhere gross. Or anywhere I'll get really fat.

I just love the idea that you can do something permanent. Something that will remind me of where I was and who I was, years and years from now. (*Beat.*) Don't interrupt — please. I've thought very, very hard about this. Tattoos have been used throughout the ages to celebrate cultures, to show status, as works of art! It is something ancient tribes did and still do — not just rebellious teenagers. You have to go through pain to create something beautiful. It's not easy. It's not something you do without careful consideration. I have taken that careful —

I told you not to interrupt! How can you say no? You didn't even let me finish! Now maybe I will get a battleship. Then you'll be sorry!

WAITING

Jaime, comic

Aaaaah! Hurry up, bus! I am so sick of waiting! It's fr-
irrrreeezing. When do we give up and go home? Maybe it's a
snow day and no one told us! Maybe the bus is never coming.
I'm going to count to ten and if the bus doesn't come, I'm going
home.

One. Two. Three. Four. Five. Six. Seven. Eight. Nine. Ten.

No bus! Let's beat it. I'm outta here. Come on, we can go.
The bus is twenty minutes late and it's freezing! It's probably
not safe to drive and it's way too cold to stand out here! *(Beat.)*
Aaaaah! It's so cold! I don't care if I get in trouble. That's it.
I'm counting to ten one more time. One *last* time. Then I am
going home. And you should leave, too! *(Beat.)* Don't be such
a goodie-goodie. It's twenty-two minutes late, Lisa. OK. I'm
counting to ten.

One. Two. Three. Four. Five. Six. Seven. Eight. Nine. Nine
and a half —

Let's go! I said ten! I said ten before it came! Oh, my life
stinks.

REBEL

Cole, comic

This is cruel. We have to sit here selling baked goods and don't
get to *have* any unless we pay for them. We made them! Or at
least some people in our class made them.

Stephanie is such a Nazi. The bake-sale Nazi. She thinks just
because she's president of our class she's actually in charge. She
is just a figurehead. We are in [sixth] grade, for god's sake, she
has no actual power. She's just class president because some-
one has to be class president and she's the Naziest one in the
class so she has to be the best at everything.

Except she's in my math class and I am way smarter than
her. I just don't want to be class president.

And I *want a doughnut!* You in with me? *(Beat.)* Yeah? On
the count of three. One, two, three —

(Beat.) Oh, hi, Stephanie! Great to see you! Everything's cool
out here.

... IN A BOTTLE

Gene/Jeanne, comic

What can I do for you? (*Beat.*) Not again! How did this rumor get started? I'm afraid there is no such thing as a genie in a bottle. (*Beat.*) Who am I? I'm a genius in a bottle, of course. Sooo, what can I do for you? Discuss the origins of the universe or prove (or disprove) the existence of God or explain the theory of relativity —

You want me to tell you why your life is a graveyard of buried hopes. OK. Let's see. We can approach this from several directions. Genes are the building blocks determining —

No? OK. Plato believed we all come into the world as a *tabula rasa* — a blank slate — and that it is our environment which shapes us, giving way to the modern notion that our problems derive from our upbringing —

No again? Feudal societies, like that of medieval England, based their civilizations on the notion that you are born into a certain role in life: serf, knight, king . . . It is only with the birth of democracy that we see people striving to live beyond the socioeconomic station they are born into —

You mentioned earlier you'd like to be rich. I think I can hack into a bank's computers. OK? Happy now? (*Beat.*) Sure, I'm a genie, whatever.

HEAVEN

Mel, comic

Hi. I'm dead. It's actually not creepy. It's a little boring sometimes. I don't know exactly where I am. At first I thought it was heaven because I get to eat all the fast food I want or I can chow down on only dessert, but now I'm not so sure. Someone told me cholesterol is still an issue here. You know, high blood pressure and all that. There's no money, though. I can just say, I want to ride a bike and — poof! — there's a bike. (*Beat.*) Sorry, Jimmy, that was just an example. I don't really want the bike.

Yeah. That's Jimmy. He's just the guy with the bikes and cars. Roger is the guy with the video games. I'll give you a tour later. (*Beat.*) You need the bathroom? *Torry!* He musta done something bad, I think. *Torry!* Don't tell him you stocked up on the chili, he'll get mad.

ABOVE IT ALL

Lex/Lexie, comic

Naw, I'm completely relaxed. How many times have you done this? *(Beat.)* Thousands? Yeah, I feel pretty safe. I'm not scared easily. Not phobic. I love adventure! And I've got an expert helping me out, right? I'm psyched! My friends call me Dare, 'cause I'll take on any dare. Ask me to do anything. *(Beat.)* Jump? OK, let's do it —

(Pause. Speaking louder.) Hold on! Wait a second. *(Starting to hyperventilate.)* That wind is really strong! Whoa. *(Pause.)* How many times have you done this? *(Beat.)* Five thousand? How many people have died? *(Beat.)* None? How many have been maimed? *(Beat.)* Injured? *(Beat.)* OK. Mind over matter. That's a good record. Except — the law of averages might say that you have to crash sometime! Maybe five thousand and one is not your lucky number! I'm not so sure anymore. Couldn't we just say we did this? I think I changed my —
(Falling.) WHOOOOOOOOOAAAAA!!!

BIAS

Jo/Joe, dramatic

What are you looking at? Is it OK if I look at this? Am I permitted? I am a potential customer. And this is a store? And a free country? You don't think I can pay for this, but I can. Just because I'm not an adult doesn't mean that I can't pay for anything. I save my money. It's so unfair. That you just follow people like me around. It's ageism. Ever hear of that? I could sue you. *(Beat.)* Ha, ha, ha. You think it's funny. Because I'm a kid. You won't be laughing when you're in court. You don't even make so much money anyway. I bet I make pretty much what you make. Not so funny now, is it? A shop girl. You're so smug. Well, I [baby-sit/mow lawns] and I make good money. I can pay for whatever I want, so leave me alone and let me look at things without you hanging over me!

OK, I want this. Wait, do you get a commission? *(Beat.)* Hold on, I'm going to find another salesperson.

LISTEN UP

Nick/Niki, *dramatic*

Don't I have any say in all this? (*Beat.*) You always tell me what to do and you *never* listen to me. And why should I listen to you 'cause you just screw everything up. (*Beat.*) Well, you're getting *divorced*, aren't you? That is not a sign of being really good at everything, being the smartest people in the world, being *understanding* and *compassionate*?

Don't laugh at me! What did I say that was funny? You were too smiling. This is not cute. This is not me being your cute kid.

You don't know what's best for me because what's best for me is to have a family, a whole family, where no one fights and you sit down and have dinner together and you ask me how school was. And I say "fine" and I mean it, I don't just say it to shut you up.

When do I get to have some say in things? Don't say it. Don't say, "When you're an adult." That's bull. When I do something bad, you tell me I'm grown up now and have to take responsibility for my actions, blah, blah, blah, but when I want to make a decision, it's "you'll do what I tell you to do" and "because I said so." Well, maybe it's time I did start acting like an adult and I'm going to start by telling you two to act your age and stop this divorce thing.

Because I said so.

STREET SCENE I

Daniel/Danielle, *dramatic*

What are you doing here? I know why I'm here — my parents don't much care if I get shot or anything. My mom told me to *walk* to school today. A kid was shot near here last week!

This whole thing — what's going on in the world is so messed up. The whole world hates us. Terrorists. I don't know. There must be something more than *our* perspective. If *every* other country thinks we're wrong, maybe there's something to that. Maybe we are big bullies. There might be something there. Why do we have to be the biggest and the strongest? Why are we always the ones fighting? How come other people get to make these decisions for *me* that affect my life? I just want to wake up someday and not be afraid I'm going to be bombed or shot or anything. I want to feel safe.

(*Beat.*) I know you think being the strongest and being aggressive will keep us safe — but what if you're wrong? I don't think people in Monaco or Chad are maybe fearing for their lives like this.

STREET SCENE 2

Rich/Rachel, dramatic

I think we just need to stand up to people. Not be intimidated. That's why I'm not backing down, staying at home . . .

Everyone who threatens us should be made into dust. A parking lot. If we let stuff go, we'll get bitten in the butt. We can't let that happen. I don't see why we have to explain it and ask permission either. Just go in there and get the job done! It's easy. Maybe not easy, but — no, it is. We have the power. Use it. Like if you're a teacher or a parent. You use your power. Whether you think you are or not. Everyone gets off on power, and what's wrong with that? When I'm a senior, I'm going to give freshmen a hard time. And when I have kids, I'm going to boss them around, and when I'm a boss, I'm going to get my assistant to do everything. Why not? Survival of the fittest. It's the way of life.

I just had the feeling like we ought to join hands and sing songs from *The Lion King*.

I'm kidding about the singing, but it is all about the circle of life.

(Beat.) You shouldn't worry. Everything's gonna be fine. You should trust people more.

THE AUTHOR

Kristen Dabrowski is an actress, writer, acting teacher, singer, and director. Kristen began her career in children's theater and musical theater; since then, her roles have run the gamut from Greek tragedy to contemporary comedies. She received her MFA in performance from The Oxford School of Drama in Oxford, England. Kristen has performed at several regional, Off Broadway, and international theaters such as McCarter Theater, Battersea Arts Centre, the John Houseman Theater, and Tricycle Theatre. The actor's life has taken her all over the United States and England. She is a member of the Actors Equity Association. Currently, she teaches acting, voice, and dialect classes in New York City. You can contact the author at monologue madness@yahoo.com.