

PHONE MONOLOGUE

Tina is on the phone talking to her best friend Carla about how her crush is taking the new girl to the school dance instead of her.

Tina: I cannot believe her! I mean who the heck does she think she is? She's been here for what like 5 seconds, Does she seriously think she can just waltz in here, twirl her long, golden hair and pout her lips and everyone drops what they're doing just to keep her happy?

No It doesn't work like that, she's a stuck up little princess. (Pause) Pft, no? I'm not just saying that because Johnny Daniels asked her to the dance when he already asked me, I mean why would I care that she's going to the dance with the boy I've been crushing on for 3 years, because I so don't. Seriously I don't.

I mean what does he even see in her anyway... yes she looks like a Victoria secret model, yes she may be super tall and have the perfect body and the perfect hair... and the perfect teeth... and the perfect , everything but who wants to date a Barbie anyway?

But whatever, it's Johnny's loss his going to realize how much better I am then her some day and when he does I'll be waiting to say suck it you had your chance and you blew it by taking a little ignorant, self absorbed princess instead of me... Gosh I hate high school.

SOMETHING PHYSICAL

Both Angie and Harmony are in their early teens. Angie's going through some physical changes, inside and out, and like any other good teenager, can't associate these changes with life's little obstacles.

Angie: What's going on Harmony? I don't get it, why is it when you become a teenager everything gets so confusing? I mean, what are they doing, spiking the make-up? Is there some unwritten law that when you become a teenager you move into the realm of insanity? If I remember correctly, that's about the time everything started getting nutty.

Think about it...I'm supposed to wash my face BEFORE I exercise to prevent build-up. No, I'm supposed to wash my face AFTER I exercise to prevent break-outs. I'm NOT SUPPOSED to eat chocolate because it causes pimples. Wait, I'm SUPPOSED to eat chocolate before I take a test, because it's great, "brain food."

I'm SUPPOSED to have lots of foods that are rich in iron to help my circulation. Hold on, now, I'm NOT SUPPOSED to have a lot of iron because it prevents my body from absorbing calcium properly. Wow, if I can survive being a confused teenager, I think I can pretty much survive anything! (Change of heart) Let's get out of here, I'm hungry!

Tina is angry with her boyfriend, or should I say ex-boyfriend. Her anger and humiliation is so intense that her eyes begin to glaze, but proudly holds back the tears as she gives him a piece of her mind.

Tina: What do you thing you're doing?! I mean as if it wasn't bad enough you asked Ginny out on a date behind my back, but I had to find out about it, from Shannon, who couldn't wait to throw it in my face. I was so humiliated, I could have died! I thought we were supposed to be going out...isn't that what you told me Monday? What ever happened too, "Tina, you're different from other girls," or, "I feel like I can tell you anything", or, "I knew you were special the first time I saw you"? Were you just playing me? What do you want from me? (Pause) No! You know what? I don't even care...this whole thing was just a pathetic lie to satisfy your ego, wasn't it?...I mean you didn't even have the decency to break it off before you jumped into something else. I can't believe I fell for the whole honesty routine...Just leave, I can't even look at you, you make me sick (Pause) Please, just leave!...O.K...I admit it, you

THE NOT SO PERFECT CHILD BY D. M. LARSON FROM THE PUBLISHED
PLAY "SECRETS OF MY SOUL"

MOIRA

(Quiet anger)

You hate me don't you? I am never good enough for you.

(Anger builds)

No matter what I do it's not as good as my sister. I
always have to hear how she would have done it better. Or
how she already did it better.

(Hurt)

Why does she want to ruin my life? She just wants to blot
me out like I was some sort of mistake... I'm just a
copy... A copy of a copy... Not as good as the original...
Not as good as you.

(Sarcastic and bitter)

You are so perfect... Everyone around me is so perfect...
And there was nothing left over for me... I am the leftover
failures... I am the fatty waste you toss to the dogs.

PRINCESS

Okay, people. I wished upon a star. I guess it does make a difference who I are! Do I have to be some poor nobody wannabe? Do I need some kind of kryptonite like a little pea? Did my prince get turned into a frog and he's now hiding in some creepy bog waiting for me to find him? I don't even know how to swim.

What's the use of dreaming anymore. No one is beating down my door. I need to be some kind of damsel in distress to get some attention I guess.

Where's my Prince Charming? Is there something about me that's alarming? All I get is Prince Pampered who spends his whole life hampered by being royally stuck up. Or there's Prince Never Grow Up who is way too pretty in his curls. All these boys make me want to hurl. Why can't I find a man sized prince who will sweep me off my feet and take me to far away lands. He will hold me with his strong hands and devote his life to me.

Is that what I want? Is that what I dream about? If I don't get it, will I forever pout and cry because I didn't get my way?

I just want to feel special. I want to feel like they care. I want them to bravely face any challenge for me.

Enter my heart if you dare.

Lock me in a tower. Make me your precious flower. I want you to battle your way against dragons to win my love today. Quit playing with your toys and prove your worth to me, boys.

I promise I will be the perfect princess for you to please. I will be good to you and I won't be a tease... much. Who am I kidding? I'm chasing a dream. They say I got everything in life but it is nothing it seems.

Where is my happy ending?!

"PERFECTLY UGLY" FROM PUBLISHED PLAY "HOLKA POLKA"

(CINDY enters crying. She's a princess and looks it)

CINDY

Am I okay? Not really. No, I am not hurt. Well... Only on the inside. Something terribly bad and sad happened.

It's the Prince. He's under a sleeping spell. No one knows what to do. Me? How can I help? Kiss him?! I don't even know him. That's not proper at all. I'm not that kind of princess.

I live in the castle down the street from his but we've never met. I always wanted to meet. I saw him from my castle tower but I never could bring myself to introduce myself.

Because... I'm ugly.

(She cries some more)

Oh, yes I am ugly. You're just being nice. But look at this nose and this hair! I am not perfect... In any way. Perfectly ugly maybe.

Sally from "You're A Good Man, Charlie Brown"

A 'C'? A 'C'? I got a 'C' on my coathanger sculpture? How could anyone get a 'C' in coathanger sculpture? May I ask a question? Was I judged on the piece of sculpture itself? If so, is it not true that time alone can judge a work of art? Or was I judged on my talent? If so, is it fair that I be judged on a part of my life over which I have no control? If I was judged on my effort, then I was judged unfairly, for I tried as hard as I could! Was I judged on what I had learned about this project? If so, then were not you, my teacher, also being judged on your ability to transmit your knowledge to me? Are you willing to share my 'C'? Perhaps I was being judged on the quality of coathanger itself out of which my creation was made...now is this not also unfair? Am I to be judged by the quality of coathangers that are used by the drycleaning establishment that returns our garments? Is that not the responsibility of my parents? Should they not share my 'C'?

March in Line *by Tara Meddaugh*

Stephanie: I'm thrilled you all could make it tonight, gentlemen. I know I ask a lot of you, but I hope you all realize, I notice everything. Every tiny smile, every command obeyed, every sacrifice given. You're my men, aren't you? And tonight, you're going to prove it.

Now, I want you all to pick up your instruments and line up in—You! Stand up straight, please. I said, stand up! Would you like the whole town to see you in a wrinkled band uniform? Don't answer, just listen. (pause) Now, form that single line and reflect on your assignment tonight. Remember, you're more than simply clarinet players or baton twirlers. You have a mission, a purpose—and while you may not be here to witness the difference you make, know that I will. And that's really what matters most, now isn't it?

So all those people who said I didn't have a voice, who said no one would ever listen to me—those awful people, with their awful taunts in my head—"She called 'fire' and no one heard her!" "Have you noticed how the waiter never stops at her table?" "She can't even get a dog to lick her hand!"

Well, Awful People's Taunts! Look at me now. Listen to me now! I have all these gentlemen right here. Haven't I, gentlemen? Don't answer, just think! You're all prepared to march out that window, march out with flutes and heads held high, and fall to your fated death...all for me. All for me.

Ready? (pause) Oh, no! Mr. Teddy, your stuffing is seeping out again! I want you to look perfect when they all witness my power over you. I'll grab a needle. But the rest of you, begin marching. (pause) Begin marching!

Sleeping Spell BY D. M. Larson

(ADAPTED from The Play "Sleeping Handsome")

MORGAN

So Prince Charles. It looks like we're getting engaged... it's about time the witch gets to be the princess. I'm tired of all those cutesy chicks getting their happy endings. Time for the bad girls to get theirs...

(Does a dance) Uh huh.. That's right. You dig it?

(Reacts to Prince)

What do you mean I am disqualified. I won your riddle contest. What ugly clause in the rules? Let me see that. (grabs scroll) This is horrible. I didn't know about this. Oh, I hate the fine print. You should be ashamed at having a rule like this. That's so... Evil.

(Evil grin)

I knew I liked you.

Well... You want ugly? I'll show you ugly. You haven't seen anything yet.

(She pulls out her magic wand and waves it)

Here's a nice spell who will make girls weep. Get a pillow - cause you're going to sleep. (Light flash. Zap sound) There you go handsome... Sleeping handsome. I like the sound of that.

(Evil laughter)

CASSANDRA

Don't bring Helen inside, Paris. She will only bring doom on our city. Dooooom! Dooooooooooooom!

(She sighs)

How come nobody ever listens to me?

(She hears someone laughing)

Apollo? Is that you? Get over here. I thought you gave me the power to see the future? But nobody listens to me. And now I see the walls of Troy falling down. And no one will listen to me about that either.

(She pauses and listens.)

Fine print? What fine print?

(She pulls a scroll from her pocket)

I can't read this. It's a bunch of drawings. It's all Greek to me.

(She listens)

What? It says that?! How could you do this to me? You gods think you're so smart. Well, I know what happens to you. And I'm not telling. See you, never, Apollo.

TINA

I watch TV and see those happy families
with the little baby who's takin' its
first steps or saying its first word.
Them folks make such a big deal out of
those things. They laugh, they cry...
all 'cause they love their little
hairless baboon.

(Pause. Grows sad)

And I sit there all that time and
wonder... who was there when I took my
first step? Who was there when I said my
first word?

(Pause)

I doubt if my first word was mama or
papa. I'm sure it was four letters
though.

(She chuckles a little, then sighs)

I don't care about them... And they
don't care about me. But who really
cares anyway.