

TWISTS AND TURNS:

TWENTY MONOLOGUES FOR TEENS

By Renee C. Rebman

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DESCRIPTION OF THE PLAY

This collection contains both dramatic and comedic monologues for male and female performers, concerning real topics teens deal with: bulimia, shoplifting, smoking, dating, etc. Many have a surprising twist. The dramatic material is handled with great sensitivity and the comedic monologues are hilarious fun. Performance suggestions and directorial notes are included for each. There is something for everyone in this collection, which is appropriate for auditions, classroom study and performance.

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BEAUTIFUL, RICH, AND THIN

Female, Drama - No Props

(Performance suggestions: Tell the story in a normal way, emphasizing the envy and the fact that Mandy is the type who "has it all." Slow pace down slightly during the third paragraph for dramatic effect, then pick it back up until the next to the last sentence. The confession carries the full impact and twist to the monologue and it is important to deliver the line with quiet pain to capture the drama.)

Mandy's got money, and besides being rich - she's beautiful, too. I guess I've envied her my whole life. Mandy goes to school with me, not that we're friends or anything. My family is from "the wrong side of the tracks"; I'm not part of Mandy's crowd - the "in" crowd, the popular kids. Mandy is self confident and glamorous! Not like me ... I'm nothing like that.

The last time I saw Mandy was a few months ago. I was working at my part time job; checking groceries at the Value Mart after school. Mandy came through my register; she was looking as beautiful as ever - skinny little hips and more hair than any two girls would ever need. She bought three chocolate cheesecakes at \$7.95 each and some chips, pretzels and stuff. I figured she was throwing a party. She gave me a sugar sweet smile and a fifty dollar bill.

The funny thing is, her eyes didn't fit the smile. I noticed when I was counting out the change that they were sad, like a wounded animal with no fight left. I didn't know it then, but she was sick. And Mandy brought it on herself, the sickness - to keep her figure, maybe to keep her boyfriend.

After I heard about it I couldn't stop thinking. I kept picturing her sticking a manicured finger down her throat, throwing up the cheesecakes I'd sold her. Leaning over the toilet, alone with the pain and the mess and the secret.

She was in the hospital a long time. Got down to eighty-five pounds, but she made it ... this time.

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I think about Mandy a lot. When I see thin pretty women, I wonder. When I see skinny young girls, I wonder. When I stick my finger down my own throat and promise this will be the very last time, I wonder. It's strange to find out I'm so much like Mandy after all.

HOLDING ON AND GROWING UP

Female, Drama - No Props

(Performance suggestions: ACTRESS is nearly lost in her own memory as she relates the story. Contrast in feelings about stepmother and her own father should be clear in first paragraph. Take a quiet pause before speaking about the bruise; the horror of the situation will carry itself - underplay the drama to the end, letting voice break on very last sentence.)

I was about nine years old, trying hard to hold onto the memory of my mother, convinced this other woman was a monster.

I refused every kindness she tried to show, didn't eat the lunches she packed for me, left the hair ribbons she bought for me crumpled on the floor. I was a class A brat. When I got home from school, I stayed in my room and ignored her completely. When my Daddy finally got home, I'd rush into his arms. Daddy was perfect. The only mistake he made was marrying this witch. We didn't need her, but he couldn't see that.

One morning, I went into the kitchen and Daddy wasn't there.

The monster stood at the stove scrambling eggs, her hair hanging over her face. She didn't even look at me. Trouble was thick in the air; I didn't know what was wrong, so I just sat in my chair and waited.

She put the gloppy mess of eggs down in front of me and turned away. I was angry and scared. I grabbed the fuzzy rumpled sleeve of her robe. I'd never touched her before; I'd never been the one to reach out. She turned towards me, her eyes wide in surprise.

A big bruise was starting to purple the skin around her eye. It snaked up into her temple and disappeared into her hair, an ugly stain. Her hand flew up to hide it, but she changed her

mind, dropped her arm and simply stared at me. "Eat your eggs," she said in a dead voice.

In the space of that one moment I grew up. I figured out my Daddy wasn't perfect. Choking back tears, I ran to my room. She followed and stood in my doorway, waiting. I didn't know what to do. I picked up a bright red ribbon from the floor and held it out to her - it was all I had to offer.

She got my hairbrush from the dresser and walked towards me. I put my arms out and she pulled me close. We held on tight to each other, trying to hold on to any good we could feel. Because if we didn't hold on tight enough, we might lose it all.

End of Freeview

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