

## **Monologue 1**

Hi. You've reached Jeremy. I can't pick up right now. My phone and I aren't speaking. My phone insists on having all the new paraphernalia. All the gadgets and gizmos. Gotta watch movies on the phone. Gotta listen to music on the phone. Gotta take pictures, access the web, unlimited texting, a thousand contacts each with their own ring tone! I do not want any of these things. I want a phone. To talk into. To communicate with. Apparently, this is wrong and completely out of touch with the sane world. My whole family is on my phone's side.

## **Monologue 2**

I had a boyfriend when I was five. Why can't I get one now? I had them lining up! In kindergarten, I got married. It was just pretend, but we kissed and walked all the way to the circle- time spot holding hands. Then in first grade, three boys all wanted to marry me at once. (Pause.) Maybe I don't deserve a boyfriend now. Back then I was little and cute and smart. Now people think I'm twenty, but I'm thirteen. You don't get glasses, braces, and pimples all in the same month unless you're thirteen. Oh, I wish I could snap my fingers and right-now-ugly me would just disappear! Then I'd be the next me - whoever that is.

## **Monologue 3**

Someday! Someday! Someday I'm going to get out of this nowhere pit and get to a real city where my talent will be recognized, where people won't look at me as though I'm made out of pixie dust because I want to be an actress instead of getting married to some brain-dead dork and making a career out of being pregnant. When I tell people I'm going to be a star and do plays and movies someday, I just know they don't think I'm serious. It's, like, I'm going through this phase that I'll outgrow. They tell me to get real. And we all know what "get real" means.

## **Monologue 4**

Dad, I like baseball. Really. I've played it since I was six. Remember? You called me your six-year-old slugger. Well, I'm twelve now, and I've just got other things I wanna do after school. No big deal. Dad, why are you looking at me like that? I didn't ask if I could dye my hair blue, I just wanna quit the team. Don't look so disappointed. We can still play. You and me, on Saturdays. But no pickup games at the park, or with anybody, OK? I don't want to hear it anymore: "Move in everybody. Chris is up to bat. Easy out. Easy out." Please, Dad, I can't stay on the team. Don't make me.

## **Monologue 5**

Last Sunday was my grandmother's birthday. I went out to visit her...- its not that far, maybe forty miles; just a little past "civilization," just into the country.

I got there about 10 o'clock, right when they opened. I laid the flowers I brought on her grave, and then I just stood there awhile. It was so quiet.

I realized I knew what it was like, to lie there, in the earth, to not know and, and yet to know: That there was a world you'd been part of, full of sadness and loss, and laughter and love. The first thing I did?, was cry.