

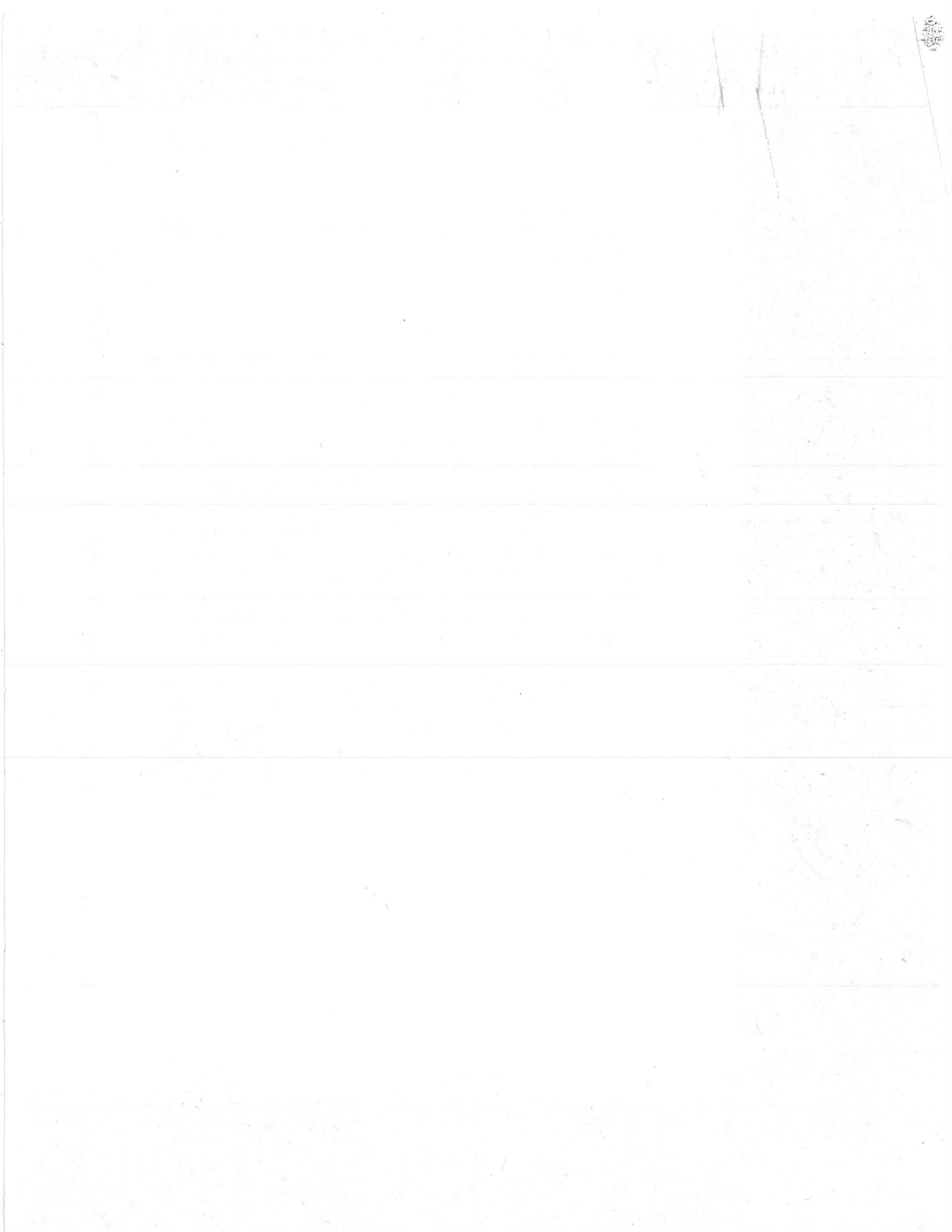
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## THE 1ST ANNUAL ACHADAMEE AWARDS (full-length version)

Alan Haehnel

*Connie is nominated as the best female actor (liar) at Achadamee High School.  
This monologue shows her at work.*

**CONNIE.** Mom, please sit down. Listen, I know you've been disappointed with my behavior in the past. I haven't always made wise choices. When I had Bill Raymond drive his motorcycle into our living room, that was a bad choice. When I shoplifted those times, those were bad choices, especially when I set up my on-line clothing business with the stolen goods and made over sixteen thousand dollars selling brand-name items for a significant discount. I shouldn't have done that. The thing with the explosives and the police breaking through our windows at two in the morning, that was wrong. I can see that now. But Mom, I need you to know that I have changed. I truly have. I am not the same girl I was last week when I tried to market my unique brand of cigarettes. You can believe me now. You can trust me. Please. I am a changed person. I am back to being that innocent, trust-worthy little girl you sent off to kindergarten so many years ago. So when I ask you if I can borrow our new Jetta for the next week and a half, and to completely disregard that odd chemical smell coming from the trunk, you can believe me now. I will not let you down.





F2

### 30 REASONS NOT TO BE IN A PLAY

Alan Haehnel

*Kim relates her cautionary tale as yet another reason not to be in a play.*

**KIM.** Because if you're in a play, when the play is over, they'll want to have a cast party, which is okay, except that it will be at this boy named Peter's house who you find fairly attractive which is okay except that sometimes when you look at the shape of his face and the depth of his dimples you start to wonder about the names and genders of the offspring you might produce together which is okay except that he has no idea you have a crush on him which is okay except that at the cast party at his house, Peter's mother is going to make this pink, fluffy salad sort of stuff with Cool Whip and strawberry Jell-O and canned fruit cocktail in it which is okay except that when you were four-years-old you sort of loved the stuff so much that you sneaked a huge bowl of it off the buffet table one New Year's Eve and sat under the table with the bowl and a soup spoon and by the time your parents finally found you, you had pretty much o.d.-ed on the stuff which is okay except now every time you even look at the pink fluffy stuff you get that pukey feeling which is okay except at the cast party somebody will put a big mound of the stuff with little bits of fruit poking out of it like body parts in a zombie movie and they'll hold it right up to your face, right under your nose, and they'll say, "Don't you just loooove this pink fluffy stuff?" which is okay except not only will you get that pukey feeling but you'll actually know you're about to worship the porcelain god which is okay but before you can sprint to the bathroom who will end up right in your path but your future husband for all time and eternity, Peter, who will be about to smile and show you his dimples when you'll suddenly make that horrible "raaalph!" noise and you'll vomit all over the brand-new jet black Converse All Stars he bought just for the party. And *that* will definitely *not* be okay!

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F3

## Class Action

by Brad Slaight

1 Emma — teen

Female

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*(Emma, a naive high school student, recounts a traumatic encounter at a recent rock concert. There is a quiet intensity at the beginning of her conversation that culminates in a chilling confession. Emma's frightening experience is a bittersweet, coming-of-age realization of emotional turmoil and mental anguish as she struggles to deal with her own sense of isolation and vulnerability.)*

I screamed when the DJ told me I had not only won tickets to the concert, but backstage passes as well. *(She displays a backstage pass.)* I mean I had never won anything in my life, and then all of a sudden I was caller number twenty-five and on my way to the biggest concert of the year! The New Landlords were my favorite group, and the fact that I was going to get to meet them kept me from getting much sleep the rest of the week. The concert was everything I hoped it would be. I had the best seat in the house and my friend Cindy owed me big time for giving her the other ticket. She just about passed out when we went backstage to meet the band members. Eddie was my favorite and I almost fainted when they introduced him to me. He was the lead singer, and not really that much older than me, even though he looked like he was. Cindy was so caught up with all the excitement, she didn't see Eddie and me leave the party and go to his dressing room. *(Pause.)*

I guess I should have known what was going on, but

1 I honestly thought we were just going to get away from  
2 the noise and have a good talk. Eddie and me alone  
3 together, it was like a dream or something! His lyrics are  
4 so inspiring, so full of love that I was completely shocked  
5 when he pulled me over to a couch and started tearing  
6 at my clothes. Maybe if he would have kissed me or  
7 something first I wouldn't have reacted like I did, but he  
8 moved on me so quick. He got on top of me and started  
9 pulling at my shirt. He was much stronger than me and  
10 even though I pushed and told him no, he pinned me  
11 down. I started to panic because I felt trapped and he  
12 wouldn't listen to me. His rough beard was scratching  
13 my face. His breath made me nauseous. When he  
14 started to unzip his pants it gave me just enough room  
15 to swing my knee hard into his crotch, causing him to  
16 fall off me. I got out of there before he could go any  
17 further. *(Pause.)* I saw him on MTV the next week. He had  
18 makeup on, but I could still see the scratch marks where  
19 I gouged his face. I hope it never heals. *(She looks at the*  
20 *backstage pass and tosses it on the ground as she exits.)*

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F 4

## Rememberin' Stuff

by Eleanor Harder

1 Maxine — young adult

Female

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3 *(Maxine, a young unwed mother, is in group therapy*  
4 *learning to cope with the harsh reality of having to raise a*  
5 *small child alone. She is a vulnerable single parent who*  
6 *appears even more fragile when she begins to unearth*  
7 *intimate memories to share with the group. "Rememberin'*  
8 *\*stuff" encourages the sensitive Maxine to understand she has*  
9 *a good helping of strength and the will to survive.)*

10

11 Well, let's see. *(To GROUP and audience.)* Well, uh ... I  
12 remember that from the time I was real little, I always  
13 wanted a baby of my own. And when I was sixteen I got  
14 pregnant, and — now I've got one. *(Short uncomfortable*  
15 *pause, then she continues.)* And I remembered thinkin'  
16 that if I had a baby, I'd always have somebody to love  
17 and somebody who'd love me. Because nobody else  
18 had. Not really, y'know? And then, I—I thought  
19 everybody would look up to me, think I was special,  
20 because I had a kid. *(Sighs.)* Well, I have a kid now, and  
21 yeah, I love him and all, and I guess he loves me. But, I  
22 don't know, it sure isn't the way I thought it was gonna  
23 be. I mean, like the cute cuddly little puppy I had once?  
24 Not. Man, I didn't know a baby was so much work. And  
25 I worry when he grows up he might not love me  
26 anymore, y'know? I mean, some kids don't. *(Shakes*  
27 *head.)*

28 There's so much stuff to worry about! Like, when  
29 he's sick and screams all night, and his daddy — hmph!



1 He never comes around or helps or anything. Don't even  
 2 know where he is now. And I don't know how I'm gonna  
 3 manage alone. But, hey. (*Motions toward BABY.*) It's not  
 4 his fault. He's just a little baby. And I do love him. I  
 5 really do. It's just — well, I remember thinkin' that  
 6 havin' a kid would make everything all right, y'know?  
 7 Change everything. ~~Well, it sure changed everything all~~  
 8 ~~right. Y'know? Change everything.~~ Well, it sure changed  
 9 everything, but it didn't make everything all right. But  
 10 (*Shrugs*) you know, maybe nothin' ever does. Make  
 11 things right, I mean. (*BABY cries. To BABY.*) All right, all  
 12 right, I'm comin.' (*Goes to carseat and picks up BABY, then*  
 13 *turns to GROUP.*) Hey, I gotta go. See you guys around —  
 14 (*Shrugs*) sometime. Huh?

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## Little Red Riding Hood's Mother

by Tammy Ryan

1 Joan — age unspecified Female

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3 *(Joan, an eccentric mother, has recently moved to the country*  
4 *with her daughter. She is disturbed to learn that young girls in*  
5 *the area are being abducted at school bus stops. Here she*  
6 *laments the tragic situation and offers a cynical view of a world*  
7 *in which such conduct is possible. There is genuine, sudden wit*  
8 *in her maternal instinct that captures the hilarity of the moment.)*

9

10 This is what I want to know: how come we never hear the  
11 story about Little Red Riding Hood's Mother? What about  
12 her side of it? Standing on the doorstep, watching Little  
13 Red as she disappears round the bend into the dark  
14 woods. Heart beating, hands wringing, hyperventilating,  
15 completely powerless, frozen on that doorstep? What the  
16 hell was the matter with her? Letting her defenseless  
17 child walk through the woods by herself with a maniac  
18 wolf on the loose? She knew full well that forest was full  
19 of wolves, but she sent her out there with a basket of  
20 bait! 'Stay on the path,' like that's gonna save her. It's  
21 almost like she wanted Little Red out of the way ... Maybe  
22 she couldn't stand the pressure of living in the woods  
23 anymore, the isolation, doing nothing but baking cookies  
24 for her sick mother. And you never hear about that  
25 relationship. Why doesn't she visit her sick mother  
26 herself? And where was Little Red's father? No one ever  
27 addresses that. And what about the Woodcutter? A  
28 strange man in the woods with an ax. Why does everyone  
29 automatically trust him? It's a frightening story.

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F 6

## The Path

by Erica Lustig

1 Unspecified

Male/Female

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*(A brooding, lonely character speaks in a hushed voice to a non-existent friend and pleads for compassion and understanding. The disillusioned character is driven by a fear of inadequacy and consumed with self-doubt. There is aching sorrow in the constant struggle to try to make sense of life's misfortune and the desire to act out life with a sense of passion and purpose.)*

I'm so confused right now, and each thing I do and say just confuses me even more to the point of fear. How far can the confusion go until I can't even control the course of my own life anymore? I'm confused about everything: love, friendship, faith, religion, goals, beauty, memories, pain, life, death, everything. Mostly love, for it really IS all of those things listed. I've tried reaching deep inside myself to better understand all these things, to find the answers to all my questions for I'm told and tell myself they're deep within me. I come up empty. There's no one to turn to. I just get different mixed answers that confuse me more so, therefore, I am trapped. Lonely. I do not know where this blank spot in life will take me nor do I yearn to find out. But I'm being blindly led down a path that I'm not sure I want to go down and I'm kicking and screaming all the way. Each step makes a certain part of my life confusing!

What I most fear is getting to the end of the path and finding the inevitable truths and answers to my



1 questions that I ache so badly to know, yet fear what  
2 they may be. So now what? Can anybody help me? Hear  
3 my pleas? Is anyone out there? Or is this just another  
4 one of those things I must do myself ... I can't. Yet they  
5 say can't is not a real word, there is no 'can't.' There's  
6 one thing I've found, there IS a can't. I CAN'T find love  
7 and I CAN'T find peace and I just CAN'T seem to be  
8 able to do anything that I want to. So what does that  
9 mean? If my life is full of can'ts then does that mean I'm  
10 headed towards some kind of doom? Is that where this  
11 twisted path is headed? Then HELP ME! SOMEONE! I  
12 CAN'T do this alone. Or can I? I am so weak, so small,  
13 so young and confused and I will always be this way. I  
14 guess that's what's meant to be.

15 Is it? Do you know? Do I? No. I don't know anything.  
16 It's all up to you now. It's all up to you, brain,  
17 conscience, heart. It's all up to you, friend. Nonexistent  
18 friend, there are no friends. No one, no one but me and  
19 I am frail and weak, headed nowhere. Blind on the path,  
20 no one to lead me. Please lead me ... please.

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F 7

## The Interview

by Jill Morley

1 Laura — age unspecified Female

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3 *(Laura, an insecure actress with a dark, brooding*  
4 *temperament, is being interviewed by a theatre casting*  
5 *director. She is a larger-than-life social misfit in the middle of*  
6 *an unmistakable personal identity crisis. Laura's lack of self-*  
7 *confidence accurately reflects her inability to make*  
8 *appropriate choices, and her prospects for a successful*  
9 *interview are minimal, to say the least.)*

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11 Don't you have a scene for me to read? I am so boring.  
12 I am not one of these personality actresses. I'm  
13 completely devoid of personality. You're probably  
14 looking for one of those fun-loving, festive girls and  
15 that's not me. You see, I don't wear green on St.  
16 Patrick's Day. I'm not the kind of girl who dresses for  
17 the holidays.

18 I'm anti-holiday.

19 I don't know what it is ... I have friends. They like  
20 me. I'm not even shy. Just ... When I was in the third  
21 grade, I wrote an essay for my teacher, Miss Laskowski.  
22 The theme was, 'I'll Never Forget The Day.'

23 I wrote something like, 'I'll never forget the day my  
24 father brought us ducklings. It was such a surprise. The  
25 smallest one was Milk. The next smallest was  
26 Quackers. The biggest was Harold. Milk was the first  
27 one to die ... '

28 I went on to coldly describe how each one of them  
29 got killed by my dog. I was a dark child.



1 In the margin, Miss Laskowski wrote, 'I enjoyed your  
2 story! Very good.'

3 She probably thought I would grow up to be an axe  
4 murderer. But instead, here I am, an actress. (*Laughs*  
5 *nervously*)

6 Oh! I started working this receptionist job but I'm  
7 terrible! I'm not built to 'receive' people. I can't  
8 synthesize a genuine smile to random people, strangers.  
9 Who cares? I don't know them and the temp agency  
10 certainly isn't paying me the big bucks.

11 Are you sure you don't want me to read something?  
12 I really feel uncomfortable ... A scene? A poem? The  
13 telephone book? Because even that is going to be more  
14 interesting than ... excuse me ... can I do a monologue?  
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## SPRING

Tanya Palmer

*Ilsa has just been asked by the popular girl in class to explain the scars on her arms. Not looking for a shoulder to cry on, Ilsa rejects this offer of friendship, refusing to let the situation turn into another pop culture cliché.*

**ILSA.** Yeah right. Listen, Wendy, that's your name right? I know what this is about. You come out here thinking, you're going to help the poor freaky girl with all her pain, you know, share in her suffering. She'll open up to you cause you've been there too. Sure it doesn't look like you have a clue about anything but hanging out at the mall, but you've felt the pain, and you're here to tell me, it's going to be all right. I'll cry on your shoulder and then you'll take me into the bathroom and put some lipstick on me and a ribbon in my hair like Molly Ringwald and Ally Sheedy in *The Breakfast Club*, then we'll be friends and you'll invite me to your parties, and I'll get a really cute boyfriend, like one of those guys on the football team, and then I'll be so happy and fulfilled I won't have to slice myself up anymore, and I'll have you to thank for it. Well, let me tell you, that's not how it's going to work. First of all, I cut myself cause I like it. I like the way it feels. And I already have a boyfriend and plenty of parties to go to, so why don't you go back to the other side and eat your celery sticks and talk about what you're going to wear to the prom.





79

# Sister Santa

by Jim Chevallier

Female

1 Sister Santa — age unspecified

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3 *(A dark parody of the Yuletide hero Santa Claus, Sister Santa*  
4 *is a sour and impatient holiday elf. There are no warm*  
5 *moments of holiday cheer or reminiscences of the good old*  
6 *Christmas spirit here! Sister Santa has a mocking tone as she*  
7 *taunts and sneers at the startled children standing in line to*  
8 *visit. Her impolite conversation signals the comic response*  
9 *that follows.)*

10

11 Ho, ho, ho!

12 I am too Santa Claus, kid. Yeah, I'm a girl. Like duh-  
13 uh. Because I need the money, O.K.? It's either you little  
14 germ-donors or cooking Christmas burgers at the local  
15 take-out.

16 Hey, but enough about me. What greedy little totally  
17 unreasonable demand do you want to make of the Great  
18 White Beard? No, I didn't grow the beard. I'm a girl,  
19 O.K.? We don't as a general thing grow beards. Hey,  
20 look, would you rather have me or some red-eyed wino  
21 who's working off his last bottle of Boone's Farm? Like  
22 liquor-breath, do you? Well, then, work with me here,  
23 O.K.? I got midterms next week plus a female problem  
24 you don't want to know about, so trust me, I am not in  
25 the mood.

26 What'll it be then? A molded plastic semi-automatic  
27 so you can imitate your favorite mad gunman? Some  
28 bloodthirsty boy-doll that crawls around on its belly,  
29 armed to the teeth? A little remote control tank you can

*Millennium Monologs*

1 send shooting through pedestrians' feet and scare the  
2 Pampers off frail old ladies? Come on, sweetie, you just  
3 tell Sister Santa here what violence and mayhem  
4 disguised as a toy will put your little testosterone-tainted  
5 heart all a flutter. Rat-a-tat-tat! Boom, boom, boom!

6 No, I do NOT have a problem with men! Where do  
7 you get this stuff? What kind of shows do your parents  
8 let you watch, anyway? And no there is nothing weird  
9 about a female Santa! You better get used to it, kid,  
10 when you grow up, there's gonna be girls EVERYWHERE!  
11 Yeah, that's right, we're even in the Army!


12 Ah no, now I've gone and made you cry. Hey, can we  
13 get a nurturer over here?

14 Anyone into being maternal?

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## Mom or Me

She's late again. Probably won't even come home. I never know what she's gonna do. I just don't want her bringing her dates home for the night. Makes me feel creepy.

I guess if I'd been married since forever and now had a chance to party, I'd do it too. But every night practically? While I'm stuck home with my brother and sister. Studying. I'd like to go out myself, every once in a while.

I'd like to see my parents too. But Mom's gone at least half the time, and even though I'm supposed to see Dad on weekends, he's always off with his latest girlfriend. I didn't know when your folks got a divorce, you practically end up an orphan.

Almost seems like I'm the mom and she's the teenager. She's having all the fun. I thought these were supposed to be the best years of my life. What ... study, study, study, so I won't end up like her? Divorced and working in a dead end job.

I'd like to date. Not that I fault her. I don't. She's entitled. Dad's dating every woman he sees, so I hear. He even dated one of my classmate's mom. I hope he doesn't marry her. I couldn't stand having Rowena for a stepsister. Gag.

At least I'll be going away to college in another year. Dad's springing for it, and I know I'll get a scholarship. With all the studying I do, and my grades. When I get to college, forget books. All I'm going to do is party, party, party. And I'm never having kids. I've served three years of early motherhood already — I've had it.

Sure, I'm jealous. I know it. Can't help it. When they got the divorce, I wanted to go with Dad. I knew I'd end up her slave, always having to look out for the kids. And that's what's happened.

It isn't fair. It just isn't fair. I should be the one dating and partying, not her. I mean, who's the teenager here? Mom or me?

I can't wait to get out of here. I can't wait.

