



## BROADWAY BOUND PLAYERS, INC.

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### Female Monologue #1

Oh Daaaaaad!...Do we have to go to Grandma's house? I don't know what makes you think going to Grandma's house is so much fun. Is it just me, or does her house smell like an old antique store couch...Yuk! And besides that, I'm the one she makes listen to all her old stories...well, I'm sorry if I can't appreciate her "WISDOM" right now...and Dad, let's face it, even you can admit the lady's a little bit crazy. And another thing, I'm sorry, but her cooking is awful too...and OH!...OH!...and what was that disgusting stuff she made us last time for supper...BOILED OKRA?...That's just wrong! It felt like a hairy clam going down my throat. It took me three or four sips of Coke after each bite to get it down, and stay down....eeeeew I can still taste it! Dad can't we just skip this visit? I mean, Christmas is only four months away. I'm sure she wouldn't mind if we just called her.....Pleeease!

### Female Monologue #2

Sure, I'm a clown. I'm a joke a minute! No, Gina, wait! Don't turn away too, I wanna explain. See, I used to have a great group of friends. We did everything together. But something changed. I don't know what I did or what I said. But one day I walked up to my friends in front of the school. They were laughing and talking like we always did. But they were standing in this tight little circle, and when I tried to stand next to somebody, they wouldn't let me in! Well, they didn't really push me out they just wouldn't let me in. I thought maybe they were playing or something, but they weren't. I wanted to cry, but instead I just started laughing, and I've been trying to keep laughing ever since.