

The Important Things in My Life

And Other Monologues for Teen Actors

By Daniel S. Kehde

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ABOUT THIS COLLECTION

"The 'me stuff' isn't important ... not really important. So maybe the stuff that's important is what isn't 'me stuff.' ... You see? And then I realized that I really don't know what's important. I don't. But I know what isn't anymore."

*From the monologue
"The Important Things in My Life"*

The thoughts, hopes, fears, dreams – the important things in the lives of teens – are explored honestly in this collection of 18 monologues.

For humor, two of our favorites are "Studs," about trying to don a tux for the first time while running late for the prom, and "Bubbacar," about a teen's first car which is so ugly it should only be driven at night.

We can all identify longing for Saturdays after tough school days in "Making It to the Weekend," or laugh at the frustration in "The Proper Way to Wear a School Uniform."

In addition to those typical "teen problems," other issues, ones we wished young people never had to face, are also covered. These mature subjects include "Dear Mom," (the suicide of a parent); "When Mother Comes Home Drunk" (alcoholism); and "How Far Have You Gone With a Guy?" (sexuality).

Genuine and poignant, these monologues will engage your actors and your audiences alike.

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This page for your notes.

Too Short?

Is this too short? I can't tell. From up here, all I can see is my knees. Is my butt hanging out? That's Mom talking, "Just as long as your butt's not hanging out." Tell me, how can your butt hang out of anything? Butts don't hang. They're just ... there. So, is this "too short"? I don't think so. But then, does anybody really understand this "too-short thing" anyway? It's not like you can see my underwear, right? Okay, so, is that "too short"? What's the limit here? If I have the legs for it, why can't it be short? I wear shorts; they're short. That's why they call them "shorts." So ... is the standard here that shorts can be shorter? Okay, but what if you're not planning to sit down? No, really, if just for argument's sake, you were going out to a place where you knew you were never going to be able to sit down, would that change the standards for acceptable shortness? You see?

Okay, now the big question: boys. This whole "shortness thing" and the availability of boys are somehow related, right? To parents, right? Face it. If there are boys around, a full suit of chain mail isn't modest enough. My dad would dress me as a nun until I'm forty if he had his way. And that's all related to boys. So I'll ask the question: Why is the average 15-year-old boy anymore likely to push me into a corner and have his way with me if my skirt is here or down to my knees? You see, I don't understand that. Don't most boys look at your chest instead of your legs anyway? That whole visual thing is weird. Are boys really turned on — like sexually turned on — by the way I dress? Are we all really walking issues of "Playboy"? See, I don't think that's right. I don't think that way. God, if that were true, what do they think when we're at the pool? What? Dad, it's a bikini just like every other girl wears. It's not a thong. Okay, and maybe that's where there's a meeting of the minds. That little string thing.

So maybe butts can hang out in certain situations after all, but that's a whole yard of fabric away from this. (*SHE points*

to her dress.) So, let's get back to boys ... I think there's a logic here.

The older the boy, the greater the threat, right? A 14-year-old car thief is safer than a 23-year-old seminarian. That makes shortness inversely proportional to the age of the available males, or ... (*Demonstrates length of her dress on her leg.*) ... 14, 15, 16, 18, 20 — anything above 20. All right. I still don't understand. Why is a 20-year-old more likely than a 15-year-old, especially if it's true that all men think alike? Boys aren't inherently evil ... right?

Okay, so here's the next big question. What if they're blind? No kidding. What if, say, I'm going to a party at a high school for the blind? How short is "too short" then? If boys are still boys, then shouldn't it still matter? I mean, they don't walk around naked at the school for the blind, now do they? And if not, why not? I just don't understand this at all! It's like, how loud can the music be at a dance for the deaf?

Which leads us to ... would someone please explain to me what the laws of common decency are? That's all I ever hear. Debbie, that's just the laws of common decency. Where are these laws written? Who, other than kids, do these laws apply to? And who gives them the right to write a law dictating to kids just how short "too short" is? See, I just don't get it. It seems to me that boys aren't subjected to these laws the way we are. And that's just not fair. If they were, then they wouldn't be allowed to think the thoughts that are making "too short" get progressively longer every year. Boys will always be boys, right? But for girls ... it's always just "too short." But just how short is "too short"?

The End

Seven Years Old Again

I know it sounds crazy, but I'd like to be 7 years old again. I'd like to go up to my room and snuggle into my covers and look at the shadows on the ceiling and feel safe and warm and happy again. I would. Is that really so weird? And it's not like every kid doesn't live through a divorce — we all do. I sat at the lunch table on Friday and counted the kids from divorced parents, and we outnumber the nuclear kids by about four to one. But don't you remember what it was like to be seven? Nobody took sides when you were seven. Your only world was the one directly attached to you. Everything was so easy. Every night was peaceful. Every morning I'd wake up excited about what the day was going to bring. I'd bounce out of bed and down the stairs just knowing that Mom had cooked up some new adventure, or I'd get to go to school and be with all my friends for the whole day. Seven was a great age. Christmas was still important at seven. Remember? Christmas Eve and you could almost still believe — even if you didn't. At seven, you still listened. Just in case. And Christmas morning was still full of joy and surprises and warmth. Warmth.

There were no boys [*girls*] at seven. Not like there are at fifteen. You didn't sit around every night hoping the phone would ring. I was in bed by 8:30. Who'd call? Seven was crayon pictures of the house that Mom'd put up on the fridge door. Remember? And trees made of giant green balls stuck to brown cardboard trunks. And orange construction-paper pumpkins with black triangles for the eyes and nose and black squares for the mouth. Witches and black cats and those skeletons we'd hang from the curtain rods on the front window. I was a ghost for three straight years, and I think I was seven for all of them. Candy in brown bags and the three friends, Jenny and Sylvia and me, running between the houses to see how many places we could plunder before eight o'clock when we had to be back home.

There was still magic at seven. Things you didn't understand could be left alone.

End of Freeview

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