

FEMALE MONOLOGUE #1

How was my skiing adventure? Well, it was an adventure. What a day I had! If I never saw a pair of skis again, it would be too soon.

What happened? It is a long story. Okay, I'll start from the beginning. We arrived at the hill, my brother and I, and everything was fine. The sun was shining, and it wasn't cold. You could call it a perfect day. So, we went to rent some equipment. We ended up standing in a rental line for 30 minutes. Anyway, we got on the rope tow and went up the beginner hill, or the "baby hill" as those expert skiers call it.

I made it up the lift without falling, which was a huge surprise. So, I'm standing at the top of the hill in my ugly skis and boots, and my brother says "try doing a turn". Okay, how hard can it be? So I start to move, and I am approaching the side of the run. I am approaching the forest. Oh no, I'm going to hit a tree. (*panic in voice*) I am going to hit a tree!! My brother is yelling "turn", but I can't. I can't turn! So, I fall to the hard, cold ground with a big, loud thump. Meanwhile, as I was trying to regain my pride, there were little four year-olds zipping by me. I finally got up, which is very hard to do. It took a few attempts. I brushed myself off and decided turning is for losers. So I went straight down the hill, and I gained a lot of speed. However... speed can be negative thing when you cannot stop. Thankfully, the Ski Patrol man was a pleasant, soft, landing pad.

Out of that, I got a long, boring lesson on the Skier's Responsibility Code. It states "one shall not collide with another skier. That man was really mad, and took away my lift ticket. Thirty-two dollars down the drain. I don't understand what the big problem was. I mean, don't these things happen all of the time?

Anyway, I didn't like skiing. Skiing is a very dangerous sport, and I think that I will stick to watching it on television, instead of actually, physically participating.

MALE MONOLOGUE #1

I've been practicing my clarinet all morning and I really thought I was gonna get in this time. I know marching band is competitive, especially for the hockey team, but I had a good feeling about it all morning. Fifth time's a charm, my mom said.

Then that guy who wears all the jewelry stole my crutch. My mom said it was okay for me to practice my song outside, since it wasn't raining and I was only playing marches. But he ran up to me from across the street. He was yelling something like, "shut the hell up!" or something. And he knocked my stand over and grabbed one of my crutches. I tried to run after him, but I'm not very fast on one crutch. I didn't let him get my clarinet though! I had to toss it under the picnic table, and I think one of my keys got bent a little, but at least I saved it.

Anyway, now I have to sort of hop and walk to get anywhere. I don't think I can make it to the gym on time with only one crutch. And since you have that crutch you used in fourth grade when you were Tiny Tim, I was wondering if I could maybe borrow it. I know you want it to stay in mint condition, but I won't mess it up. I'd have to bend over a little, since it's a kiddie crutch, but my mom said I have a strong back. I don't mind.

Hey, you're the reason my leg is broken anyway. You're the one who told me to jump off the truck so Lisa would see and fall in love with me. But since the truck was going 30 miles an hour—and you weren't supposed to be going that fast—I just got this broken leg instead.

Lisa didn't fall in love with me and now I have to hop and walk. So I don't care if you don't want fingerprints on your Tiny Tim crutch. I think you owe me! This is my chance to get in the marching band and show Lisa I'm worth something. So give me your crutch or I'm gonna tell your mom.