

MONOLOGUE

Play	<i>neet Teen</i> by Lindsay Price
Stats	High School, Vignette Play, 35 minutes
Casting	4M+6W, Easily Expandable
Description	Teen life – backwards, forwards and inside-out. This play explores many forms from kitchen sink, to absurd, to movement, to audience participation, to song. There's even the opportunity to add your own scene in the mix.
Get the Play	www.theatrefolk.com

TYNE: (*sitting, primly*) I didn't kill her. She killed herself. She...It's her own fault. That's the truth. I'm good, a nice person. They keep calling the house. Surrounding the house. Flashes like lightning, over and over – get your side, tell us your side, tell us your side, killer...A shark feeding. Frenzy. The noise, the angry snapping. People foaming at the mouth, over me. (*standing*) They're not supposed to be angry at me. I'm right, a good person. She should have known it wasn't real. She should have had a tougher skin. I do. My parents taught me to be tough. You think they're babying me over this? To get what you want you can't be a baby. Stand up. I have four brothers. You want the turkey leg at Thanksgiving you better roll up your sleeves and fight. And if you have to bleed a little so be it. If you have to be a little mean, so be it. A little mean never... hurt anybody. Right? A little mean is all it was. That's the truth. You can't blame me, she should have stood up for herself. I do it all the time. My brother Jimmy calls me fat every day. "Hey fatso, pass the ketchup. Hey fatso, what do you want for breakfast?" It's just a little mean. Right? I take it and I don't crumble. She shouldn't have crumbled like that, she shouldn't have believed what we were saying if it wasn't true. If it wasn't true why did she... (*sitting*) I'm not wrong. I'm not fat. My brothers do it to me all the time. I'm not wrong. I'm not. I can't be. (*she takes a breath, shaken.*) It's her own fault she died. It was just a little... mean.