

Dancing On Eggshells

by Janet B. Milstein

Comedic

Alicia has been getting ready for the big dance. Earlier, her friend suggested washing her hair with eggs so it would be extra healthy and shiny. Her friend shows up, ready to go to the dance. Alicia is clearly upset, and her hair is sticking out all over the place.

Alicia: What's wrong? You're what's wrong! I can't go to the dance now. Look at my hair! You and your big ideas! "Put eggs in your hair. It'll make it all shiny and smooth." Right. I went to wash them out and they fried on my hair! *(Beat.)* It's not funny! You never told me I had to rinse with *cold* water! I tried scrubbing it out and it turned into scrambled eggs, stuck in clumps all over my head! It took two hours to get most of it out, and I still smell like an omelet. What am I supposed to do - wear toast for earrings and make it a theme?! Everything's ruined. There's no way I'm going to the dance with my hair sticking out like this. *(Beat.)* Okay, okay. Fine. Try to put it up. Go ahead. Make me a big, old sticky bun.

My Father's Wife
by Janet B. Milstein

Dramatic

After Jason's mother passed away, his father remarried. Jason can't stand his stepmother and resents her for trying to take his mom's place. Today, Jason's teacher, Mr. Beckman, phoned his stepmother to tell her that Jason was causing trouble in class. Jason has just arrived at home when his stepmother confronts him about the phone call.

Jason: Mr. Beckman called you? God, he's so over-the-top. I admit, I was talking in his class. But the real reason he got so mad was because he thought I was talking about him. And I wasn't. He's way too paranoid. So he gave me a detention. It was no big deal. *(Beat.)* Grounded?! What are you talking about? You can't ground me. You're not my mother. Ya know, you have some nerve. You just waltz into the picture and screw with my dad's head until he's so confused and blind that he actually marries you. Oh, I mean, after you threaten him with an ultimatum. *(Beat.)* Bull, you did too. He even told me he didn't really want to marry you, but he was scared of being alone. I told him to get a dog, but no, he didn't listen. So now he's stuck with you. And hey, that was his choice. But not mine. I have a mom. She's dead. But she's still my mom. And nobody will ever take her place. Not you. Not anyone.

Award winner: Drama Monologue Competition, International Modeling & Talent Association, Los Angeles 2000 Convention.

The Last Meal
by Janet B. Milstein

M or F, Comedic

After being caught in the middle of a food fight on the last day of school, Jamie defends himself/herself to the school disciplinarian.

Jamie: It's the last day of school! What's the big deal? Nobody eats it anyway. It's cafeteria food, it's not like it's Burger King. Besides, it happened in 3rd period and 4th period and nobody got in trouble then! I didn't even start it - it was self-defense! Somebody smacked me in the eye with a hot-dog - I had to retaliate. I only rifled three Tator Tots. That's it! And two of them missed! But Gordan went ahead and waled me anyway, with a big bran muffin. With nuts! Right in the neck! See the welt? I almost choked! I could sue the school for millions! Not to mention malnutrition. *(Beat.)* In-school suspension? You've got to be kidding. *(Beat.)* Do I get lunch with that?