

TP-10 The Phone Call
(A Monologue)

By Christine Harvey

Cast: Leah

Set:

There is a phone on a table at center stage. The couch is downstage right. Books are strewn across the couch. On stage left there is a coat rack with a coat and purse hanging on it. Beside the coat rack is a door.

Production note:

This monologue requires a frantic energy throughout.

(Leah is talking on the phone.)

Leah: *(yelling)* Well, fine. Fine then, be like that. *(Pause.)* Yeah? Well, I'm sorry you feel that way.

(Leah slams down the phone.)

Leah: *(talking to herself)* He'll phone back. He will. *(She talks to the phone.)* I know he will. He's just stalling because he thinks that I'm going to call him back first. *(Pause.)* Well, I won't. I'll just make him suffer. I'll make him sit there and look at his phone and wonder why I'm not calling. *(Pause.)* Why, you ask? Well, it's because I don't care. I don't. Why should I? I mean, it's not as if it matters to me what he does. I don't have time to care. I have too much to do. Just look at all this homework. *(She gestures towards the books that are strewn across the couch and begins to talk to herself again.)* I'm just going to sit here and do my homework and not even think about him.

(Leah sits down on the couch and picks up a book. She looks through the book, gets frustrated, and throws it. Then she picks up her binder and a pen, and she tries to think of something to write. She eventually draws a

bunch of hearts with arrows through them. She continues to draw as she speaks.)

Leah: *(calmly talking to herself)* It's probably better that he doesn't phone back. I don't need him. I mean, who would want a guy like that? Nobody! Nobody would want a guy who is always starting fights and making me hang up on him. *(She starts to get upset and talks to the phone again.)* Who does he think he is, anyway? You know, things are going to be much better without him. I'm glad he's not going to call back.

(The phone rings. Leah springs to it, picks up the receiver, and immediately starts talking.)

Leah: *(quickly)* Keith, I'm so glad you called back. I've been going crazy. I'm so sorry. I shouldn't have said those things. I just...*(Pause.)* What? Who is this? *(Pause.)* Matt? *(Pause.)* No, my little brother isn't here right now. *(Pause.)* No. *(Pause.)* All right, I will. *(Pause.)* Goodbye.

(Leah hangs up the phone and drops her head dramatically, as if her pride has been severely wounded.)

Leah: *(talking to herself)* Get a hold of yourself, Leah. It's okay. It doesn't matter. You don't need him, so just calm down and get over it.

(Leah sits down and breathes in and out loudly and deeply, as if she is doing yoga. Then she looks at the phone. She tries to ignore it, but eventually it consumes her attention. She begins to stare at the phone as if it is beckoning her.)

Leah: *(yelling at the phone)* No...NO! Absolutely not! I can't phone him back. Why? *(Pause.)* Because if I phone him back, then I'd be letting him win, and I can't do that. What would I say to him, after he was so mean to me? *(She talks to herself, in the third person, using a demanding voice.)* Now, Leah. Listen to me, Leah. Whatever happens, you will not touch that phone. *(She points to the phone.)*

(Leah hesitates and stares at the phone for a moment before picking it up and dialing.)

Leah: *(meek and apologetic)* Hello? Hi, is Keith there? *(Pause.)* Oh,

Teacher's Pet
(A Monologue)

By Christine Harvey

Cast: A student (male or female)

(The student can talk directly to the audience as if he/she are the teacher, or can pretend there is an imaginary teacher on stage. You might even ask another actor to play the part of the teacher.)

Mrs. Cunningham, I know that you are very busy, but if you could spare a moment of your precious time, I would greatly appreciate it. Let me start by telling you that I thoroughly enjoyed your grammar lesson this morning. It was truly inspiring and uplifting. I shall never look at a comma the same way again. But the reason I really wanted to talk to you was concerning a conversation I overheard between you and Emmett. He said to you, and I agree that his tone was completely inappropriate and disrespectful, that Brenna was your teacher's pet, and that was why she never got in trouble. You responded, very regally I might add, by saying, "Emmett, I don't have a teacher's pet. I have never had a teacher's pet." This was very surprising to me, as you are such a likeable teacher. Because it saddens me that you have missed out on the advantages and rewards to be had by this type of relationship, I would like to propose that you appoint

me to be your pet.

I realize that Brenna, Gabriel, and Alex may have already submitted applications to you, and that is why I decided to talk to you in person and explain why I would do a better job than anyone that you are presently considering for the position. I am a teacher's pet extraordinaire. You'll find me to be highly motivated, reliable, and versatile.

I assure you that this partnership would be mutually beneficial. Obviously I would be willing and eager to fulfill the customary duties of a teacher's pet such as running classroom errands with a smile, encouraging the other children to be nice to you when you have a bad day, and tattling on students who misbehave when your back is turned. In addition, I would frequently shower you with compliments. You will find my repertoire of flattering remarks to be extensive. Here, let me give you some examples:
(The student clears his/her throat.)

1. Your hair looks lovely today, Mrs. Cunningham."
2. "Being in your class makes me never want to go home."
3. "That shade of blue sure does bring out your enchanting green eyes."
4. "Nobody teaches fractions like you do, Mrs. Cunningham."

I can tell by the look on your face that you are impressed, but wait,