

Original Piece by Alex Gomez

Character: Taylor
Gender: Male
Age (range): 16-20
Style: Drama
Length: 3 minutes

Male
—————→

Background Info: It is about a homosexual teenager talking about his childhood and his need for acceptance.

I didn't mean for it to happen. It just did, I mean does anyone ever really decide for themselves who they would like to fall in love with? I just saw them and I knew. I didn't understand it then, didn't know who I really was, but even then I was changing. My life was taking directions that I couldn't understand the impact of at the time. I didn't understand all the oppression that I would have to endure over something as trivial as this.

I never knew until I was in the seventh grade. All the "cool" guys were coming to school hand in hand with their girlfriends. Everyone wondered where mine was. I've never had a problem getting girls to notice me. I've been asked out plenty of times, but I just wasn't interested. I even tried to go out with a few, but there was no feeling in it for me. All the guys began to talk about me. They all suspected that I was different, but I tried to hide it from all of them. I didn't understand what there was to feel ashamed about, but I was ashamed.

I started trying to dress like the rest of them, tried to talk about hot girls, tried to pretend that I wasn't dying inside. They made me hate who I was, hate myself for being different. I would lie awake and cry, hoping that when morning came, I would be what they all wanted. By the time I started high school, I knew that there was no going back. I knew that it wasn't a stage. I even began to feel at home in my own body.

To this day I hear people's harsh words as I pass by, "Freak! Fag! Gay." These words all hurt so much, yet I hear them all the time. Why does it matter who I have feelings for, so long as I am capable of loving, the same as you are capable of loving others. I hear people use the word gay in the meanest ways. I hear you say "That's so gay!" As if being "gay" is something bad, stupid, or ugly. I know that every one of you out there has probably said something like that at one time or another, and I urge you, think before you say something like that. It's hurtful!

Next time you hear someone use "gay" or "fag" or "queer" in a derogatory manner, please remember, it hurts. I don't ask for you to believe what I do, I don't ask you to choose the path that I have been given, I just want you to accept me for the person I am inside. Look beyond this and see a person that is just like you. (thinks to self) . Is that the problem? Am I a little too much like you for your comfort? Do you hate me because you see a little of me hiding in you?

AWAY by Michael Gow

TOM:

Yeah, that's what I had. An infection. Everyone knew I had some infection. I was sick. I was told the infection was running its course. That I had to fight. I did. One day a doctor came and sat on my bed and had a long talk with me. He told me that before I got completely well again I would get a lot worse, get really, really sick. And no matter how sick I got not to worry because it meant that soon I'd start to get well again. He was full of shit. He couldn't look me in the face to say it. He stared at the cabinet next to the bed the whole time. And the nurses were really happy whenever they were near me, but when I stared them in the face, in the end they'd look away and bite their lips.

When I was able to go home the doctor took me into his office and we had another talk. I had to look after myself. No strain, no dangerous activity. Keep my spirits up. Then he went very quiet, leant over the desk, practically whispering how if I knew a girl it'd be good for me to do it, to try it. 'It', he kept calling it. It, it. I put him on the spot. What? Name it. Give it a name. He cleared his throat. 'Sexual intercourse'. But if I was worried about going all the way I could experiment with mutual masturbation. Know what that is?

Abuse from Dad

MALE

In this monologue, Sean talks to his current girlfriend about his relationship with his father.

My best friend Ray, he would go through the same thing. That's why I guess we became mates.

I had a hard time focusing on my studies one year because my Grandfather died. I was close to him...He died right in front of me at my Communion Party. So I failed Math and my life changed. My Grandfather's death opened my eyes to a lot of things.

I became exposed...

I was supposed to go to summer school that year but my mom and dad couldn't afford it. So my father went up to the school and spoke to the Board of Education about me. He begged them to the point of tears, saying he would teach me Math throughout the summer. They agreed to let my father do so.

My dad would wake me up every single morning and we would go into the dining room together. I would sit down in this big wooden chair. I still hate that damn chair. It was always uncomfortable.

Everytime I would make a mistake writing out my times tables, my dad would crack me across the side of my head. One time he even punched me so hard in my arm that I couldn't write. He made me write with my other hand and it came out all sloppy. I got hit for that too.

I learned Math the hard way. ha! ha!

Eh, it did a few things to me for awhile. One thing was that I thought for a really long time I was stupid. I thought that if my father hit me so much, that I really was a screw up and that something was wrong with me...

But something good came out of it. It made me tough. You see, I would take out my fears and my anger out on the kids in school...I must have beat up half the neighborhood we were living in before moving out here to the burbs...

And now, I'm with you and it's all good...things are better at home and you're a great girl...

Character Ricko – BLACK ROCK

Age (range) 15 – 17 yrs

Style Drama

You back me up, I'll back you up. Then whatever happened we're not in it. I know you didn't kill her! I did, I bloody killed her. (A BEAT).
Shana come on to me, then she backed off. Spider says it's a full moon, heaps of other chicks down the beach, take anyone on.

I knew which ones were up for it mate, we both did! We checked them out together, and they were checking us out, weren't they? You and me and every other bloke. The whole bloody netball squad. So, I get out there, Wazza's getting head from some bush-pig up against the dunny wall. One of them young babes, Leanne? I don't know, comes running up to me, calls my name, Ricko, hey Ricko! She grabs me, pashes me off. She's on, no, no she's bloody not, she's with some grommet, he takes her off down the south end.

I head towards the rock. I hear my name again, Ricko, Ricko. It's Tracey, Tracey Warner. I go, right, Jared was here. It's cool, I'll take his seconds. She's on her hands and knees. Says, will I help her. She's lost an earring, belongs to Cherie, she has to give it back. There's something shiny hanging off the back of her T-shirt. I grab it, I say, here it is. She can't see it. I give it to her. I say what are you going to give me? She says she's going home, she's hurting. I say hurting from what? Guys, she says, those guys. Take me home Ricko. Tells me I'm a legend, says she feels okay with me.

Look after me Ricko, take me home. Puts her arms around me. I put mine around her. I feel okay now Ricko. She feels more than okay. I say I'll take you home babe, but first things first. I lay her down on the sand, but she pushes me off. Oh, she likes it rough. I give it to her rough. Then she friggen bites me, kicks me in the nuts. My hand comes down on a rock...a rock in one hand and her earring in the other. (Silence).

It was like it just happened! The cops wouldn't buy that but. Would they? Now if I was with you.....Will you back me up mate? You got to.....you got to.....Please.....Please Jazza?

FEMALE

Wrong & Ready

Gretchen is talking to her friend about teenage life

FEMALE

Oh, my gosh. I think I've just come up with the best theory. Teenage life sucks. That's it. I mean, once you hit 13, your life just goes. All the adults are like "I loved being a teenager!" Ha, sure. Well, I'm sorry but this isn't "Sunshine 70's" anymore. They're just trying to make us feel better. And the little kids are like "I can't wait to be a teenager! It would be so fun much to be older!" Haha, no you don't. No, you really don't.

Okay, first of all, you're in Middle School when it all starts to happen. For some weird reason, it seems like when you're a teenager, all your friends start to turn on you. I mean, at first they're like "Hey, best friend!" and you know, you do the regular things like hang out and stuff. And then once you leave, they go around gossiping "Oh, my gosh, did you know that Gretchen made out with Justin at movies... oh yeah, it was definitely tongue," I don't even know a Justin! Then, there's puberty. Actually, I'm not even gonna get into that.

And then there's high school, the black-hole of all teenage life. Once you get there, everything starts to fall apart. First, everyone expects you to be this pencil thin stick or you're considered "fat", but when you are that thin, they just go spreading around that your anorexic! And all through high school, it's nothing but college this or college that, and the college-councilors are not much help about it. They're like "You fail! You lose! You fail at life! You better memorize the phrase 'You want fries with that?!' Grrr! I hate them! I wish they'd die!!!! (Sigh) Where was I? Oh yeah, life sucking. You know what, I'm tired of complaining. So, I just say two things to say: Adults, you're wrong, and kids, get ready.

Repeat After Me

FEMALE

Donna talks to her younger brother, who also happens to be learning impaired; that she needs for him to respect the items in her room. The environment in which this family lives in aren't the safest conditions to raise children but it's a family of love and passion and strength who are truly there for one another despite their hardships.

Fifty times a day. It's all I do! Repeat, repeat, repeat! God, you think once you would get it through your head Jeremy. Just once! I know we live in a small house, okay? I get that, I get that. Which is why I let you play in my room. Which is why I don't mind you messing up my things. But I just want you to have enough consideration to put things back. Can't you do that for me? Please?

Don't look at me like that, with those big brown puppy dog eyes. They won't work. Don't you know I rather you hang out in my room like you do instead of going outside where it's not safe in the front yard. I love you like crazy but you need to listen to your older sister.

I get so embarrassed when I have my friends come over and my room looks like a pigstye. My bed is unmade, like you were jumping up and down on it and I told you not to do that. All the items on my desk, my candles, my pens and pencils, my jewelry box, all knocked over...I mean really, if you want to mess up everything, FINE, I'm not even mad about that.

All I am asking of you is to clean up afterwards. Don't leave a mess!

In fact, I'm not asking you anymore Jeremy, I'm telling you. If you don't respect my space than I am putting locks on the doors and I won't allow you to play in my room anymore.

(pause)

Just do the best you can, bro.

(beat)

Okay? That's all I ask. I didn't mean to get angry with you. It gets tough sometimes.

(beat)

Give me a hug.

(beat)

I love you so so much.

Cold Blooded Murderer

FEMALE

Rachel is being interviewed by two police officers. She has just confessed to murdering 4 girls.

You want to know, I suppose, what turns a nice little girl like me into a cold blooded murderer. You want the truth? You want to know why I did it? Why I killed all those girls? It's because I like it. I don't expect you to understand what it's like. You have no idea. To hold someone's life in your hands. To be in control.

There's always that moment between a killer and their victim. That instant when they realise your power, and they look at you and you look at them, watching them plead with their eyes. They beg for mercy, for their life, and you have a split second to decide: to save them, give them back their life, give them back to their family and friends.....but to kill them...that's something different. To remove them from this earth, to take their life, the most valuable thing.....now that's real power.

None of those girls deserved to live. Look at them! The musician, the actor, the dancer, the model. None of them appreciated what they had. They were the best, and that meant nothing to them.

I want to be remembered for my achievements, and I will be, won't I? Sure, you're disgusted by what I've done, you're horrified, you think I'm a monster right! I'm willing to bet I'll be on your minds for quite some time.

I know what you are thinking. I can see the looks on your faces. You think that I'm just an attention seeking little kid, but I'm not. I just want someone to notice me. All my life I've stayed in the background. There's always been that one student who gets better marks than me, that one teacher who makes me feel stupid, that one friend who shuts me down, that one parent who is not interested. Nobody even cares! I just want you to think. And don't act like this doesn't apply to you Sergeant cos it does! You're just the sort to do it. You've done it to me.....

Next time you're going to put someone down, make them feel stupid, belittle them, you think about me, then think about them and what they could do to you. How much would you respect them if they had their hands around your neck, and they had the choice: to release their grip on your throat, or to just keep pressing. Think about it.

A Property of the Clan

FEMALE

Jade visits her friends' grave and talks to her about the night of the incident.

I'll bring this song for you. Every time I come. The paper said somebody nicked your flowers. People are really off. But they're planting a tree for you at the front of school. Tomorrow at lunchtime. Or do you know that now? I bet you know a lot of stuff now. I should have been there with you, Trace. A few times that night I thought I might sneak out. I really wanted to. Mum was reading in her room, I was watching TV, I could have just left it on, and sneaked out, come and found you. But I didn't. And I keep thinking if I had... Would it have been different? No one seems to say anything straight. All these rumours go round, and I want to yell out, this is Tracy you're talking about. She was here last week, going to netball, working at the Pizza Hut, getting the ferry. She was one of us. I wish I'd kept them earrings... *[She plays the song again, then turns it off.]*

I woke up that night. Faces looking down at me. I should have known... when I went round your place on Sunday, and saw the cop car outside, and the guys from Channel... should have realised. You were calling to me. That nightmare. It wasn't one. It was you calling. Because all the faces. They were guys' faces. And I knew them all. The cops came round our place last night. Mum was spewing. They're interviewing everyone who was at the party. Seventy kids they're going to talk to. But no one can talk to you. You can talk to me whenever you want to. Please talk to me.