

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...

**FEMALE:**

**WHEN I WAS A GIRL I USED TO SCREAM AND SHOUT by Sharman MacDonald**

**FIONA:** (very quickly) Last week, I was on the bus, upstairs. I was going to see Dorothy and this girl up the front, she started having a fit or something. Must have been the heat. There were lots of people there between her and me but they, none of them... I went over to her and did what I could. She was heavy. I'd heard about them biting through their tongues. Epileptics. It wasn't pretty. Me and this other bloke took her to the hospital. But I saw her first. He wouldn't have done anything if I hadn't. I didn't get to see Dorothy. Well? That's worth something, isn't it? God. Are you listening? I'm not trying to bribe you. It's plain economics. I mean, I've made a mistake. It was my fault and I was wrong. I take it all on me. OK. Now if you let it make me pregnant... God. Listen, will you. If I'm pregnant it'll ruin four people's lives. Five. Right? My Mum'll be disappointed and her man'll walk out on her. That's two. Are you with me, God? I'll not be very happy. My mother'll hate me for the rest of my life for what I've done and that's not easy to live with. That's three. I'm still counting, God. Ewan'll be in for it. Well, he can't avoid it. I'm illegal and I've never been out with anybody else. Not that nobody fancied me. I wouldn't like to think I was unpopular. Lots of people fancied me. My mum said I had to wait till I was sixteen. Then she relented just when Ewan happened to be there. Poor old Ewan. That's four, God, that's four. Then there's the baby. If it's there and if I have it it's got no chance. It would be born in Scotland. Still there, are you? I hate Scotland. I mean, look at me. If I have an abortion the baby'll be dead so that'll be five anyway.

## **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.