

WHERE HAS TOMMY FLOWERS GONE?

Terrence McNally

This humorous monologue is delivered by an English sheepdog. The author suggests an actor in a dog suit. But he saw and was satisfied with an actor on his hands and knees and playing the part in a long gray turtleneck sweater.

ARNOLD

I didn't always have Tommy Flowers and I'm not at all sure I always will. I got him when I was given back to him by a friend of his who didn't want me after Tommy had given me to him in the first place. It's complicated, I know. This friend was a very lonely sort of person and Tommy decided that he should have a dog. Only he didn't want a dog. But when he saw me something inside of him must have snapped because his eyes kind of filled up like he was going to cry and he held me very close. I was this big then! And he didn't say anything and he walked a few feet away from everyone and stood with his back to them and just held me like a little baby. No one had to ask if he wanted me. You could just tell. I was so happy. But the next morning he didn't want me at all. There I was, just kind of slumped in my box, all droopy-eyed and warm-nosed and not looking at all too hot. Puppy chill is all it was. Tommy said they'd just take me to the vet but the friend didn't want a sick dog. He didn't want any dog. And you know what his reason was? They die on you. That's what he said. They die on you. We do, you know. Everything does. But is that a reason? How could anyone not want me? Oh, don't get any ideas. I'm not a talking dog. I'm a thinking one. There's a difference! (*Lights out on Arnold.*)

A Ride to Remember

(*Guy or girl*)

I cannot *wait* to *get my license*. You have *no* idea. I know it's still three years away, but it's all I can think of! It's not just your average turning-sixteen, can't-wait-to-drive-and-have-a-little-independence syndrome. This is a life and death situation. Seriously - if I don't get me and my friends out of my mother's car, I'm going to grab the steering wheel and crash us all into the nearest tree! You think I'm kidding? Hop in for a spin. It's not the constant slamming of the brakes, or the incessant blinker that she never turns off, or even the occasional grazing of the curb - oh no! Those I can live with. Those are normal, get-under-your-skin-but-deal-with-it things that any kid can live with. This is so much worse. It's the *singing*. The top-of-your-lungs, screeching-like-an-owl, can't-hit-a-note singing from the moment the engine starts. She thinks she's being cool because she listens to the same music that I do - which, OK - could be cool *if* she'd keep her mouth shut! She doesn't even know the words! Just makes them up as she goes. Do you think a teeny little thing like not knowing the words would stop her? Of course not! They don't even make sense! The other day - I swear this is true, I am not making this up - how could anyone make something like this up - she sang about a *salad bar*! Who in their right mind sings about a salad bar? How could she possibly think the words in a rap song would

be about a stupid salad bar?! It's so humiliating. I'm seriously considering getting a bike and riding it everywhere! At least until I get my own car and then if Mom rides with me - the radio stays *off!* (*Slaps head.*) Oh, no! Then she'd be singing a cappella!

Skinny Pants Are *Not* My Thing!

(*Guy*)

Where is it written that to be a skateboarder you have to wear skinny jeans? I've been skating all my life wearing exactly what I want, and now it's like you're not a "real" skater unless you wear pants that couldn't fit on my little sister! It's ridiculous. When I skate in them, I can barely bend my knees the way I need to, and the waistband is so tight on my stomach that I can't breathe! How am I supposed to skate wearing pants that won't let me move or breathe? They cut off my circulation and make my legs go numb! We're skaters. We're supposed to be cool. These pants are the least cool thing a guy could ever wear. They belong on a girl! I'm not saying we need to go back to the whole saggy pants thing - obviously not, because then the pant legs get caught in your wheels, and you sure don't want that to happen! Just ask Tommy Jenkins! He broke three ribs and his right arm trying to skate in a pair of pants that were at least three sizes too big! But isn't there a happy medium in there somewhere? A pair of pants that doesn't look like I painted them on? A pair of pants that doesn't take me twenty minutes to even fit into? I'm serious! I wish you could've seen me this morning trying to get into these things! I was acting like a seriously deranged animal. My big *feet* can barely fit through the bottom leg holes, and I had to lie on my floor just to get them zipped up. It was comical really. I was getting so desperate I thought I was going to have to have my mom come and help me! Can you picture that? Well, I can't, and I don't want to!

(*Pause*) So if I hate them so much, why am I wearing them, right? Well, I'll tell you why... I'm a skater. Through and through. And if this is what all the skaters are wearing then so be it! I'll shove my *fat* legs into these skinny jeans, and I'll show them I can skate as good as anyone - even when I can't feel my legs!

MOONCHILDREN

Michael Weller

This play was written in 1971, features a group of young students sharing a house during the trying times of the Vietnam War. The following monologue takes place on their last day in the house. It is time for graduation and everyone has left except for Tom, a musician who has difficulty expressing his feelings. He is talking to his former girlfriend Kathy who has returned to pick up her grades. She asked him, why he has not told his friends that his mother has died.

BOB

(No emotion) Oh, I don't know. A little cunning. A little fortitude. A little perseverance. (Pause.) I couldn't believe it. Not the last time anyway. They put her in this room. I don't know what you call it. They bring everybody there just before they kick the bucket. They just sort of lie there looking at each other, wondering what the hell they got in common to talk about. I couldn't believe that anyone could look like she looked and still be alive. (Pause.) She knew. I'm sure of that. (Pause.) Once, I remember, she tried to tell me something. I mean this noise came out of somewhere around her mouth, like somebody running a stick over a fence or something, and I thought maybe she's trying to tell me something. So I leaned over to hear better and I caught a whiff of that breath. Like fried puke. And I was sick all over her. (Pause. Brighter.) But you want to know something funny, and I mean this really is funny, so you can laugh if you like. There was this lady dying next to my mother and she kept talking about her daughter Susan. Well, Susan came to visit the day I puked on Mom. And you know what? It was only Susan Weinfeld which doesn't mean anything to you but she happens to have been the girl I spent a good many of my best months as a sophomore in high school trying to lay. In fact, her virginity almost cost me a B+ in history and here we were, six years later, staring at each other across two dying mothers.