

FORENSICS NIGHTMARE

A TEN MINUTE MONOLOGUE

By Deborah Karczewski

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ISBN: 978-1-93180-561-2

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CAST: one female

(The character is obviously extremely nervous. SHE begins by clearing her throat. SHE sounds stiff as if poorly reciting her memorized lines.)

Um...the piece that I will present today is an original oratory entitled, "The Psychology of Fashion and the Modern Teen."

(Takes an overly giant step forward to begin) A common misconception today is that how one dresses reflects the way one sees him or herself func-functioning in our so-society. But...um...I beg to differ. I...I believe that the way in which one chooses to dress is actually a statement about how one wishes to-to be perceived. For example, ***(large gesture with her left palm extended out and upward)*** is a person clad in all black truly a goth-gothic personality? ***(awkward pointing with the right forefinger)*** Or might he or she actually be a timid soul who wishes ***(large gesture with her right palm extended outward)*** to be seen as an intimidating force? ***(Both hands abruptly fall to her sides.)***

(Two choppy steps to her right) Let us consider the latter s-scenario. ***(The speaker stares at a "judge" in front of her, looks confused, turns around, looks at the wall behind her, appears mortified, and then continues bravely.)*** This point of view is aptly described in the following quote by Dr. M. Robert Gumer who said... ***(panicked look of having forgotten a line)*** This point of view is aptly described in the following quote by Robert...um...Dr. M. Robert Gumer who...who said... OK, wait. I know this...who said...Man, I knew this so well last night! Honestly, I must have rehearsed this twenty times in front of my mirror before I went to bed and...and I knew every single line. ***(trying again)*** This point of view is aptly described as...as... ***(The character screams for a loud, long duration in frustration.)***

(Exploding) Oh NOW you're looking at me? Yeah you, judge lady. ***(The actress should not look at the actual judge but at a fictitious judge in the audience area.)*** For the last few minutes you've been staring at the posters behind me! I realize that diagrams of an army of sperm swimming after one puny, little egg are far more interesting than I am! ***(Listens)*** Oh, don't give me that. I'm not blind! I'm busting my butt

up here, trying to impress you... and your eyes are glued to the Sex Ed show behind me! You know, there ought to be a rule about which rooms are allowed to be used for these stinking forensics contests. Like – no rooms may be used that could be distractions for the judges. Or the only people who may judge are those who have already been taught about the birds and the bees! Oh, NOW you look at me? I'm more interesting NOW? No, don't say a word. Don't you dare interrupt me! I still have my allotted time. I still have – what – about five minutes? Don't even try to take my time from me. It's mine! MINE!

I worked so hard – so darn hard! I spent hours writing and rewriting my original oratory. And when my pain in the butt coach edited the piece like a scribbling maniac, I rewrote even more! Then, I memorized and memorized for weeks. It doesn't come easily to me like Clarence Darrow over there. Yeah, that **(Do not point at an actual competitor)** kid over there, the one who went first. Who does he think he is anyway – with his perfect suit and his preppy tie? And his “thus's” and his “hense's”? I mean **(exaggerating “please”)** pah-leeze! I bet it was a snap for lawyer-boy to learn his original oratory. But me? I worked my tail off! You listened to preppy-boy, though, didn't you? You didn't resort to gawking at sperm posters during his speech! And every single, stinking competition, you judges pick somebody like Clarence Darrow over there because he's so squeaky clean...so lah-de-dah! Why not pick somebody who has had to sit through millions of these stupid contests and watch everybody win except her? Huh?

Oh I know, I know. **(exaggerating like talking to a baby)** “It's not if you win that matters; it's how you play the game.” Bologna! You want to tell me that all of these people are here to sit for hours, to sweat like pigs, to listen to their stomach acids churn, to watch an endless train of people recite their boring speeches...because they like to “play the game”?

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