

BETWIXT AND BETWEEN

A Humorous Monolog

by
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(Enter the preadolescent girl. She may wear baggy jeans, a boy's lumber jacket three sizes too big, a beanie atop her head.)

As everybody knows, a birthday, no matter when it occurs, is a mighty important milestone. However, there is one birthday which seems especially significant--the thirteenth! I'd like to give my impression of a young girl, first on the day after her twelfth birthday, then the day after her thirteenth birthday.

(Staggering, as if being pushed from behind) All right, all right, Mother, you don't have to shove me. I can take a hint. Yes. I'll sit right down and call all my dear, darling relatives and thank them for the birthday gifts they sent me. Only every word will be a black lie. Honest-to-John, you would think at least one of them would have broken down and bought me a chemistry set. But oh no! What do I get? Bath salts, gold compacts, nylon stockings. Junk!--Oh, all right, Mother, I'll call them now. Look, I'm taking the phone off the hook--Now are you satisfied? Mother! Are you going to sit and watch me like a cat with a mouse? (Voice rises) I'll get all messed up. I won't say anything straight. Well, it's about time a person got some privacy. (She dials, using her little finger to dial snappily, as she whistles between her teeth. She leans back as she gets her uncle on the phone.)

Hullo? Uncle James? This is Anne. I decided to call you to thank you for the very nice gold compact. (Without enthusiasm) It was very nice. It was just what I wanted. Oh, yes, I got a lot of presents. Bath salts, nylon stockings--stuff like that. But everybody forgot about the chemistry set. Man, oh man, did I see a marvelous chemistry set downtown. I guess my mother didn't tell you, but I'm going to be a famous atomic scientist. Oh, she didn't. Well you know Mother. All she thinks about is brides. She's already trying to marry me off to this obnoxious boy next door. Well, I guess I better hang up now. Thanks again for the gold compact. Gee, if I had a chemistry set, I could make this test, see, and I could find out if the compact was really gold. That way I could tell if you got stuck. Ha! Ha! Okel-dokel. Good-by, Uncle James.

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