

Girl Monologue – “Moving”

(As the scene begins, GIRL is tearing up pictures and tossing them in a trash can.) I’m throwing away all my pictures, trashing my whole life. Oh, this one is me and Melissa at the beach. What difference does it make? I don’t have a life any way . . . not any more. Dad came home today and said we’re moving. I don’t want to move. Every time I get a few friends, every time I start to like school . . . We move again. North Carolina, Florida . . . this time it’s somewhere in West Texas. Who cares? Nothing matters anymore. *(Begins to cry.)* It’s not fair. This is my life, too. How can they do this to me? Mom says next summer I can come back and visit. She doesn’t understand. Things change. By next summer, everything will be different. Everybody will make new friends. They’ll all be going to high school. I won’t fit in anymore. *(Cries again.)* Oh, I hate this. I’m not going, and they can’t make me. I’ll move in with Missy . . . stay here and finish the year. Her mom wouldn’t care. I’m over there all the time anyway. We’re just like sisters . . . better than sisters! Whoa, imagine no little sister tagging along, messing up my room. I could stand life without Julie for a while. *(Becoming more hopeful)* And then I could be here for the spring dance and the track meets . . . and the eighth-grade graduation. Maybe they could come back for that, and I could go visit during spring break. It’s not like we wouldn’t see each other, and maybe then . . . maybe . . . *(Flops down realizing the truth.)* Maybe I better just forget about it and pack my stuff, ‘cause no matter what I say . . . about Julie, about my parents . . . they’re my family and I couldn’t stay here without them. *(Starts packing.)* Here’s another picture of Missy at the fifties dance. The poodle skirt is her mom’s. We had so much fun that night. She spent the night, and we climbed out my window onto the roof and watched the sun come up. We talked all night about everything. *(Long pause)* Maybe she can come visit me this summer. I know Missy. She’ll never write, but maybe we can call. *(Continues packing. Emotion builds as she tries again to convince herself.)* We don’t have to stop being friends just because we don’t live close. And when we go off to college, we can still room together like we planned. Nothing has to change if we don’t want it to. *(Long pause. She begins crying as curtain closes.)* Oh, It’s not fair. I don’t want to move.