



MONOLOGUES

This monologue is from a Stage Partners play, free to read in full at yourstagepartners.com.

Identity Play; or Who You Are If You Think You Are

by Jason Pizzarello and Jon Jory

||

My parents are forcing me to get a job this year. I'll admit, I am not pleased. But it builds work ethic, and character, and other things. I get it; I'm not a brat. It just doesn't feel like the fairest thing considering none of my friends will have jobs and my free time is already seriously compromised by school...and extracurricular activities that shall go unnamed.

BUT here we are. So I get this job application, at a local dining establishment, which offers a discount and other perks... I'm filling it out with no issues 'til, like a high-speed wreck, I am brought to a dead stop. Bam!

First it says blah blah blah. Have you ever had a job, been arrested, caught tuberculosis, that kind of stuff. But then, I turn the page and Kaboom! "Name an experience that changed your life." Wow, huh? And I mean, I really wanted this job 'cause the pay was decent and the schedule was flexible. I'm not using this as an excuse, really— I wanted the job!

"Name an experience that changed your life." I'm seventeen years old, I barely *have* a life. It's basically a giant change in my life if I remember to floss. See, but my problem is, who am I to begin with right? How do you figure that out because to go from A to B, you have to know what A is. You don't define A, you can't define B... Does that make sense? I'm still defining A. I haven't left the station.

So I figure the easy way out of the question is to name something charitable-like, like going somewhere after they have a flood and how that made you a better person. But the problem is, I did that, the flood thing. I went down to Texas with my dad and we helped out for ten days—I drove a truck collecting blankets because I know how to drive a truck. After the ten days—yeah, I felt pretty good, even though I got strep throat. So I got back with all this changed goodness in my heart and two days later I stole a car. Well it was my sister's car but that's a longer story. Plus I was a jerk to my boyfriend [or girlfriend] and I talked way, way, way too much—and other stuff. It would be, y'know, pushing a point to say I had become Mother Theresa.

So how do I answer the question—shoot now I forgot the question—ummm— no, no, I got it: "Name an experience that changed your life." Bam! So to review—or frame, or state, or something: my problem is my life has never been changed. Which is bad news, right? At least in terms of having any extra cash this year.

So what did I write down on the application in the big space after "What experience has changed your life"? I wrote...birth. Just that. Because that's by far the biggest thing that has changed me so far. And get this, they didn't buy it. Frankly, I think too much was expected of me.

(Beat.)

Pg. 1 of 2



MONOLOGUES

This monologue is from a Stage Partners play, free to read in full at yourstagepartners.com.

I'd like to change my answer. To the question: "Name an experience that changed your life," even though I think it's kinda deep and maybe even intrusive to ask that on a part-time job application at a fast food restaurant. A management position maybe I could understand, not for literally flipping burgers.

But I realize my answer about the only life changing event was "being born" was a little... snarky. I didn't mean it that way. Really.

I just meant it was significant. Being born. Obviously. Everyone is born, that's true. So is it significant? I think, yes, it is. Of course it is. It's a miracle that's why they call it the 'miracle of life.' Something out of nothing.

But being born is a gift, and maybe sometimes we curse being alive when things aren't going well—or the way we expected—it should still be recognized as a gift. So while being born might not have been an experience that changed my life, realizing that being born is significant changed my life. I've been up thinking about this, and maybe I didn't sleep last night at all and maybe running on fumes has something to do with my revelation—but I'm just feeling extremely humbled to be alive at this present moment.

How does that make me a better applicant? I don't know. I'm grateful for the opportunity. I don't want to waste it. Which is maybe not something I could have always said about myself.

How does this realization about myself change who I am? I don't know. To be honest, I haven't become who I think I am yet. I'm still not there. But I'm on my way. I'm becoming me. I'm a project still in development. It could be said, by wiser folks than me that...that I'm almost born. So stay tuned.

That's all.

Thanks for your consideration.

(Beat.)

I didn't really want to work at Burgersmash anyway.

IDENTITY PLAY; OR WHO YOU ARE IF YOU THINK YOU ARE by Jason Pizzarello and Jon Jory

Length: 35-40 minutes

Cast Size: 10-30+ actors (suggested casting: 5F, 5M, 5 any)

Genre: Dramey

Synopsis: A series of comedic and dramatic vignettes exploring who we are and who we want to be. With endless choices and expectations, do our actions define us or do our intentions? What about our words? What about the way we dress, the friends we keep, or how we act online? Is who we think we are different than how other people see us? In such a complex, face-paced world, it's vital to slow-down, reflect...and laugh.

Pg. 2 of 2