

Monologue Mania!

Rememberin' Stuff

By Eleanor Harder

MALE / Teens / Present day

About the play: Remember your first day of school? Your first date? The time your dog ran away or when your best friend suddenly wasn't your best friend anymore? Memories, whether good, bad or painful, make us who we are. When a group of high school drama students is given the assignment to share their memories with each other, the result is an eclectic collection of hilarious, heartfelt, serious, intense, and inspiring scenes.

About the scene: Rick tells the rest of the group about his birthday one particular year when he was turning six and it fell on Thanksgiving. This monologue gives the actor an opportunity to use four different voices of varying age. Besides being the teenage Rick and the six-year-old Rickie, the same actor is also his own mother and father, saying their lines in their voices.

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RICK:

Thanksgiving. I remember Thanksgiving, all right. My birthday's in late November, and sometimes it falls right on Thanksgiving. (*OTHERS groan.*)

[...]

Yeah, but when I was little, see, I figured everyone everywhere who was celebrating Thanksgiving was really celebrating my birthday. And I remember one year (*Starts tying a large white napkin on himself as a bib.*) the whole family and all the relatives were there for the big turkey dinner. And I started yelling (*Now as six-year-old, RICKIE.*) "I don't want turkey! I hate turkey! It's my birthday and I want a hot dog!"

And then my mom said, "We don't have any hot dogs, Rickie. Now you know you like turkey."

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“No, I don’t! I want a hot dog! I want a hot dog!” And then I threw my spoon across the table and hit my cousin Suzi, who was a real pain. It only hit her on her arm, and it didn’t hurt her, but of course she hollered like mad. Then everybody looks at me like I’m maybe gonna grow up to be a serial killer or something. And my dad says, “All right, young man, go to your room! Right now!”

(Shrugs.) So I did. And, well, as I was sitting in my room alone, listening to everybody happily eating their turkey dinner, I came to the unhappy realization that Thanksgiving was not a celebration of my birthday after all. *(Removes napkin bib and grins.)*