

MONOLOGUE

Play	<i>The Gift</i> by Lindsay Price
Stats	High School, Full Length
Casting	4M, 12W, 5 Either
Description	<p>Kymberdee has gone through a transformation. Her family life has been turned upside down and because of that she has changed from a selfish materialistic hollow human being to someone who puts people ahead of things. She's changed her name, her friends, her outlook.</p> <p>But what are the events that have lead to this transformation? And when given an opportunity to return to her materialistic friends, has she changed enough to resist?</p> <p>Inspired by the short story <i>The Gift of the Magi</i>.</p>
Get the Play	www.theatrefolk.com

MS G is a young drama teacher who has reached the end of her rope.

MS G: *(being jostled by students back and forth who are tugging at her, trying to get her attention, all talking at once)* Now, now. No need to shove. Let's do a group meditation. Perhaps some downward dogs? OK, stop shoving, stop yelling in my ear, if you're not going to stop shoving and yelling I'm going to have to get angry and I don't want to get, OK, now you're really making me – **THIS IS NOT MY HAPPY PLACE!** I know yoga death grip moves and I'm not afraid to use them! Stop talking! *(beat)* All of you, take a step back. Get back, get back. Sit down. That's better. Now breathe. Do it! Now, now, now! *(beat, retains cheery voice)* Breathe in...and breathe out... In... and out... Now. We can have a conversation like civilized human beings, or we can do this like animals, **WE ARE NOT ANIMALS!** As I was saying, *(she takes a breath and lets it out noisily)* I know that you, my stubborn, stubborn, little souls, can participate in our big blue marble like civilized, rational human beings. Because ladies and gentlemen that is what we are, yes? We are a wonderful, advanced society with a love of theatre. That's what this is all about, yes? That's what all this lawless pandemonium is about, yes? Not a mad dash grab for **five minutes of media fame. None of you would be so shallow as that.** This maelstrom of unrepentant chaos is about a love of the theatre and presenting the best work possible to me, your favourite teacher. *(beat)* Now would be the time to say, "Yes Ms. G." *(The response is less than enthusiastic. She slumps)* I give up. Do what you will. Except the pyrotechnics. I will be in the corner rediscovering my love of teaching through an extended child pose. Disturb me at your peril.