

# All the Things I Want to Say

## Monologues for Teens

By Daniel S. Kehde

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### **ABOUT THIS COLLECTION**

Here is another monologue collection written by the ever-popular Dan Kehde who, because of his full-time work with teens in theatre, can give an honest voice to their thoughts and emotions. These serious, and at times, humorous monologues tell the stories of more than 20 teens and their struggles to cope with a variety of issues. In "Will's Excuse," a student pens his own unique version of the "dog-ate-my-homework" excuse – a classic of which even Shakespeare would be proud! In "Notes From a Best Friend," a student faces feelings of grief and guilt after her best friend commits suicide. One touching monologue shows the prejudice against those overweight, while two other monologues give insight to the aftermath of 9/11. From joyous to sorrowful and everything in-between, this collection is a wonderful resource.

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## THE MATH WIZ

Do you know what's cruel? Do you? It's when your parents tell you, "If you try hard enough, you can be anything you want to be." And I know why they say it -- so we won't give up on ourselves -- but it's like Santa Claus, isn't it? Sooner or later you get old enough that you know it's all a lie. Except, I don't know whether they won't accept that I'm old enough, or they won't accept that it's all a lie, but they still keep trying to pump it into me. "If you try hard enough, you'll get an "A" in trigonometry." Uh. No. Maybe if you'd try hard enough, I could live in South Hills with the rest of my friends? Uh huh. Grounded.

And I really don't know how to get through to them.

"Mom, Dad. I know you've tried to raise me right. I know you've always done what you think is best for me. And I really don't want to hurt you. But I think you really ought to know "I CAN'T DO MATH. SO LAY OFF!"

You see? I don't think it's going to work. And it's not like I'm a bad student. I've got a "B" average. A nice solid "B" average. And that's with my math grades included.

"You've just got to apply yourself."

You see? If I had no hands, would she be telling me, "I know you can eat your Cheerios, you just have to apply yourself"? Look, I all but flat-lined the Stanford Nines. Flat-line up here ... flat-line down there. Guess which was which? Doesn't that tell them something?

"You've just got to try harder .... "

No. I will take my calculator with me to the grocery store for the rest of my life; leave me alone. I really don't understand the difference between a sine and a tangent, okay? My brain just doesn't work like that.

"How do you know if you don't try?"

I'm in the tenth grade. I've had math for ten years. I couldn't do it ten years ago, and I still can't.

"You just give up too easily."

Do you see? Do you? What does it take? So, I thought, maybe I'd put it in a poem. Here. Check it out.

*All the Things I Want to Say*

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I don't smoke  
Or have sex  
And I'm not a drug addict  
I simply can't do  
All these high  
Mathematics ...

That's all I have so far. Look, I spent like two hours trying to find a rhyme for trigonometry, you know?

"Well, you just didn't try hard enough." You see? I can hear them saying that about this stupid poem too. It's like it kind of spills over onto everything else so that .... I was playing softball last spring. Yeah. I'm pretty good. First base. And I hit a long ball to left, and the girl out there makes a great catch and I'm out. And I can hear in my mind, "If you'd only tried harder, it'd gone over the fence." And right away, I start to feel bad. Like the great catch was my fault somehow. Understand?

I got an "A" on my history test. No big deal. I always do. I do stuff like history and English and most of science -- as long as it doesn't involve math -- really well. Only, you know you begin to think after awhile, if this is easy to me, what would happen if I really tried, you know? What would I get then, huh? A super "A"? Would I get to teach the class? But even then, you know, I probably wouldn't have tried as hard as I could anyway. So then, what's the use. No matter how hard I try, I probably won't have tried my hardest -- I don't even know what that is. So why bother at all? It's not worth it. And that's not right, but that's how I feel sometimes.

Next year's the SATs. It won't matter what I score. I should have tried harder.

The End

## **FIRST KISS**

I touched a heart tonight. Oh my. Can we dance? He was terrible. I was terrible. He didn't know how to take my hand. At first. He held my wrist. I felt like I was 6 and crossing the street with my mom. I looked at him, and he wanted to let go, but he didn't know how to do that either ... without making me feel like I was rejected. So I reached over and took his other hand. He looked like he'd won the lottery. And I looked up at his eyes and he smiled.

I never thought he'd like me. He ... we never even talked to each other before tonight. His locker's on the same floor. Down beside my homeroom door. I see him every day. I guess I noticed him. Just a quiet guy. Doesn't talk much. Seems friends with everyone. He wouldn't let go of me. Tonight. We danced every dance. And when the band took a break, we went outside and looked at the stars. It was cold. It's October, already, but we could see our breath. And he took his coat off and put it around my shoulders. It smelled so good. I like the smell of Polo anyway. But it was kind of mixed with this smell of new wash, and cinnamon, and him. I can still smell it. In my hair. And we talked ... a little, out there. But mostly we just ... were, together, still holding hands ... feeling like we belonged to each other ... like that moment out under the stars somehow touched eternity. Corny, huh? I guess. He walked me home afterwards. It's only a few blocks, but the way the wind was kind of barely moving the leaves, and that smell of smoke in the air, and his hand in mine, I wish it would have been miles instead. How could you ever want a night like this to end? How could you ever feel any more alive than right now? And he kissed me. It was so easy. He leaned down and we kissed. He tasted like spearmint gum. Polo and spearmint gum. I will remember that forever.

I can't wait for Monday.

The End

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