

ACCEPTANCE

A TEN MINUTE MONOLOGUE

By Carolyn West

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****For contest purposes, envelope may be mimed. A male can also perform this monologue with no changes in the script, other than changing feminine pronouns in the stage direction.***

CAST: one male or female

AT RISE: BOBBI, a high school senior, holds an envelope in her hands!

This is it. I can't believe it. Here in my hands. This is the one. From Jularid. This is the letter that decides my future. Will I live the life of an accomplished actress in New York City? Or will I stay here in quiet desperation, without even the gumption to try out for community theatre productions? This letter decides it all.

(SHE is about to open the letter, but stops herself.)

I can't open it. I can't face what might be inside. I mean, I want to know if they accepted me. But if they didn't...

For 12 years I've worked for this. I kept my G.P.A. up. I performed in every school production. I read plays and books on theatre history. I saved my money from summer jobs and baby-sitting so when I got to college, I could devote all my time to school and not worry about spending cash. I applied only to Jularid. It's the only place I want to go.

What if my audition wasn't good enough? But it was good. I know it was. It was the best performance I've ever given. I was nervous, but I kept my cool. I didn't fidget or giggle. I even made that joke about always playing the lead... Oh no! What if I came off as smug? What if I offended one of the teachers? I think I may have. I meant it as a joke, but I'm sure it sounded smug. How could I be so stupid? One small slip of the tongue and my life is ruined. Where's a pile of sand? I need to stick my head in it.

How could those professors do this to me? They should have known I was nervous. The way I kept giggling and fidgeting. It was obvious. You'd think they'd cut me some slack. But no. I say one little

thing and they made a snap judgment that affects the rest of my life. Those professors think they're so high and mighty, but really they're just a bunch of...

Oh wait. I haven't read the letter yet. They may not have rejected me. I just have to open the envelope and find out.

(SHE holds the envelope up to the light and tries to see through it.)

They say you can tell if a college accepted or rejected you by how thick the envelope is. A thick envelope has the acceptance letter plus information on the school, numbers to call, starting dates, addresses to send checks to. A thin envelope just has a rejection letter. This envelope isn't really thick, but it's not exactly thin either. It could say, "Welcome to Juliard. Look for more envelopes from us in the coming days." Or it could say, "Get lost sucker."

What if it is "Get lost"? What will I do? There aren't many options. I'll have to go to community college and get my associate's degree in early childhood education. I'll be a nursery school teacher. That's not so bad. I like kids. I'll spend the rest of my life wiping noses and checking for lice. It'll be very rewarding, I'm sure. And at night, when I go to sleep, I won't even think about the life that could have been.

The life of an actor. The excitement of landing a part. The chance to delve into a character, to make it a living, breathing human being. Then up on stage, in front of an audience. I raise my eyebrow and they laugh. I turn my face away in shame and they cry. At the end of the performance, a standing ovation. They love me. They truly love me.

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