

# THE HOMECOMING QUEEN

A TEN MINUTE MONOLOGUE

By **J.J. Jonas**

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**CAST: one female**

***(AMY lifts a blue satin box to a table before her, opens it, and lifts a rhinestone crown out with great reverence as SHE is speaking and then elevates it to her own head and rests it there. If done in contest, this should be mimed.)***

Diamond tiaras weigh heavy on the head, dotting the halo with astral punctuation...glimmering, gleaming, baptizing the bearer with slim aperture and the responsibility of the scepter.

Becky Winsor wore the crown in our halcyon days, our very own haiku princess, adored by teachers, revered by parents, worshipped by boys and fathers who had grown bald wishing their offspring had sprouted golden curls. She was vanilla candy and strawberry cream poured into a cheerleader sweater one size too tight. She wore unstained cotton panties in the way the regal wear ermine. She was never less than perfect, for she was high royalty and all her blood was surely blue. Many claimed her friendship and yet she treated them all with equal acquaintance...just a little distance...not too close...don't touch the princess.

When our boys' dreams of romantic conquests erupted, we all knew they were about Becky Winsor. She was the only girl in our class invited to the prom her freshman year. She wore white chiffon, garnished by gardenias and was asked to dance by the football captain and the school principal. Everyone knew she was destined for glory's purse, a star on the horizon. Rhinestones were thrown like petals in her path.

And I hated her.

I despised Becky Winsor, every haloed golden curl, and every dark eyelash that never needed the kiss of mascara. Those chiseled cheekbones with natural blush had never known Clearasil or Lava soap, and I knew from the locker room's all-seeing eye that she stuffed.

So when I stood beside her on the stand on the fifty yard line in our senior year and watched her Vaseline smile accept the crown, the homecoming tiara, the coveted rhinestone prize, I held her hand and waved, a first runner-up banner pinned smartly at my hip.

I wrote the obligatory congratulations note my mother made me, and I vowed revenge.

I would steal that self-assured smile if only for a moment...someday. Someday I would wear that smile and claim right to the royal tiara she bore.

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