

MONOLOGUE — JOSIE

Play	<i>Somewhere, Nowhere</i> by Lindsay Price
Stats	Comedy, Simple Set, Two Acts
Casting	3M+13W, Expandable to 5M+15W+7 Either
Description	Josie prepares to run away from the small town she hates so much.
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JOSIE: My idol! (*she kneels at FEE's feet*)

Teach me! Teach me what you know. You have to. You've been there. You've done it.

Sorry. Sorry. My head. (*she makes a spinning gesture with her hand*) Whoo! Fastfastfastfastfast! My brain is going a million miles a minute. I can't catch up! I've done this thing and I'm not sure at all what to do about it.

(*she stands*) I'm excited. (*pause*) And terrified. (*pause*) And excited and terrified, back and forth, back and forth. I don't know which side to land. I don't know what to feel or what to do and there's the lack of sugar. In general. Not now. Now I am on a boatload of sugar. I am on a sugar rush like you would not believe! But in general, my grandmother doesn't allow sweets in the house. You never know how much you miss sugar until someone takes it away. And when I left the house (*pause*) I emptied out the change jar and spent the whole thing on chocolate bars. So I am on a sugar rush like you would not believe!

Sorry, sorry, I said that, but it's true cause I ate them all which would be way less pathetic if this were Willy Wonka and there was the potential of a golden ticket but there's no ticket, nothing but a stomachache and a sugar rush like you would—

Sorry! Sorry. Sugar. Whooooo.

Today was the day. The end. The straw that broke that camel's back. Who knew camels had such weak backs? Today, today, I left school. I drove out to 3rd line. I sat in my car. I may have had a cigarette. It's not a crime. Not really. *(she thrusts out four fingers)* FOUR people called my grandmother on me. FOUR tattletales felt it necessary to inform my grandmother about my activities. The Nelson sisters called her separately, except their calls were like three seconds apart so you know they were sitting side by side, cackling with glee over it all. *(she imitates someone cackling with glee)* Can't a person skip school and have a smoke without the whole world knowing?

It's like everyone here is waiting for me to do something bad. Or get involved with insider trading, which, as poetic as that would be, daughter falls down same well as parents, is practically impossible since I don't even know what that is. So if I'm not doing anything near as bad as that, why am I being spied on? Why, why, why??? I thought I could stick it out. How bad could it be in the middle of nowhere? It. Sucks. Bad. I hate everything and everyone in this stupid crap-ass town. I've had it. I am out.