

# MONOLOGUE — JUSTICE

Play	Box by Lindsay Price
Stats	Middle School, Vignette Play, 35 minutes
Casting	3M, 6W, 9 Either
Description	<p>Sometimes we choose the way the world sees us. Black box - indestructible. Jewelry box - plain on the outside, shiny on the inside. Sometimes our box is defined by others - our parents, our friends, our enemies. A box built by others can feel small, confined, impossible.</p> <p>How do we handle the boxes imposed upon us because of our gender? Our race? From peer pressure? From parent pressure? Do we have to live with our box for the rest of our lives? Can we change?</p>
Get the Play	<a href="http://www.theatrefolk.com">www.theatrefolk.com</a>

*Justice explains why she can't get excited about Thanksgiving*

JUSTICE: Everything is upside-down at my house. People keep leaving when they shouldn't and not leaving when they should disappear. Nothing is the same day-to-day. Last week I went downstairs and the furniture was gone. And she sat there, eating cereal on a milk crate like everything was alright. "It's fine. Eat your cereal." (*getting loud*) There's no furniture. This is not all right. What are you going to do about it? (*regaining control*) "It's fine. Eat your cereal." Everything is fine to her. Maybe if she keeps saying it things will magically... I don't know. Yesterday I came downstairs and she was eating cereal, on a milk crate with a black eye. (*beat*) Everyone in school is talking about Thanksgiving. "I can't wait—my mom makes awesome stuffing. I haven't seen my cousins all year! Football, Football, and more football..." I don't remember the last time my sister and I had Thanksgiving. There's no one to do that for us. She says holidays are for suckers. (*imitating*) "Holidays are for suckers and I'm gonna take advantage of every one." (*looks around*) How do I explain my life? The cafeteria is filled with noise. The hallways are filled with drama. My mom is sitting on a milk crate with a black eye. This is my box.