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Needa Pen

a monologue for either gender
from the play *The Apple*
by Jimmy Brunelle ©2003

MOOCHER: Needa pen needa pen needa pen. You don't like me you don't like me disdain disdain disdain. Janitors are mean mean mean, the ones at school, hated them, scary scary scary, lurking in the hallways, waiting to prey upon unsuspecting students who finally got a pass to go to the bathroom after asking the teacher a million times, there they were waiting waiting waiting, pretending to be mopping as you walked down the empty hall and when you passed them they'd look up with a toothless evil grin and say "if it ain't the good little citizen, the A student, the teacher's pet, well let me tell you, you're gonna be one of us someday, one of us, so ask your mom for a mop and start practicing", and they'd cackle cackle cackle and I'd run run run to the bathroom and couldn't even go, and I'd try try try for minutes upon minutes without success and I get back to class way too late and get detention and then my parents would ground me and my so-called "smart" friends dropped me because they thought I was a delinquent and so I went through my last six years of school completely isolated from my peers even though I was smart enough to get over 1400 on my S.A.T.'s and it's your fault, Mr. Janitor, you you you, now I needa pen needa pen needa pen I prefer a "clicky!"

PLAYWRIGHT'S CONSENT

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Before performing, please say that this monologue was written by Jimmy Brunelle.

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