

Child Monologue

Look at my friends out there. Skating, riding their bikes...playing...There's Bryce racing down the road...Man! I wish I could be out there with them.

But no...here I stand, practicing my violin. . . . *She plays a few notes.* It's just not fair! Why do I have to give up fun to do this? My mom makes me . . . every day. Practice, practice, practice . . . while they go to the park or hang out with friends or . . . *She picks up her violin again and plays, this time kind of angrily.* Sometimes I just do this...*crunch and squeek on the violin...* maybe if I do this enough mom will come in and tell me I don't have to play anymore. *She stops, takes a breath and stares at the music.* But sometimes when I'm happy I hear this song running through my head. It's hard to be sad when you hear Mozart running through your head. *She picks up her violin and begins playing. She's really beginning to enjoy the song . . . She stops and looks up sheepishly...* Okay, so I enjoy playing . . . I really do. I know the harder I work, the better I'll get. I know I have to spend time in here alone with my violin if I ever want to play in an orchestra...But . . . it's just hard sometimes, you know? It's just hard. *She picks up her violin and practices some more. She walks off the stage playing as she goes.*