

Monologue Mania!

Diary of a Wallflower

By Craig Sodaro

FEMALE / 30s to 40s / Present day

About the play: High school junior Charlotte Walden is convinced that she's virtually invisible. Madison Truesdale's popular clique doesn't know she's alive. Even her one friend, Gabby, doesn't always notice or listen to her. And her mom is rarely around since she's working long hours. Is it any wonder Charlotte begins to write in her diary? At least "Dear Diary" will listen! Through the trials and tribulations of everyday high school life, this lighthearted look at Charlotte's ups and downs will have your audience both laughing and crying. As Charlotte embraces her wallflower status, she also gradually learns that there are people who care, people to whom she becomes more and more visible day by day. Through her work on a class assignment, she finds a new role model who says she was just like Charlotte growing up. Empowered with hope for the future, she sheds some of her disillusionment, and realizes that she's not alone. In fact, she never has been.

About the scene: Ms. Walden is not the best with her words when it comes to comforting her daughter. With Charlotte about to go to her first school dance, Ms. Walden takes a walk down memory lane to revisit her own first dance. But despite her best efforts, this little pep speech does not put her daughter at ease.

* * *

MS. WALDEN:

You know? I still remember the first big dance I went to. It was a winter dance with snowflakes hanging from the gym ceiling. Wait a minute... I think it must have been a spring dance because I'd sprained my ankle that winter falling on the ice... so, yeah, it was a spring dance and I think those snowflakes were actually daisies or something. Maybe they were roses, and the theme was "Everything's Coming Up Roses." Anyway, I remember I had the neatest pair of fashion boots and a turquoise bubble skirt with a wild blouse that was off one shoulder. I looked just like Cyndi Lauper! Or was it Marie Osmond?

CONTINUED on the NEXT PAGE>

Monologue Mania!

Diary of a Wallflower

(continued)

Maybe a cross between the two of them. And my date was, let's see... Alan. Alan Freeman. No, wait a second. It was Freddy Allman. He came and picked me up in his red Camaro. Maybe it was gray, but I guess that doesn't matter. The thing that matters is that we danced all night long. Well, at least until Freddy got dizzy all of a sudden and had to sit down and put his head between his legs.