

LEMONADE

a monologue

by

Ginger Lazarus

DIALOGUE SAMPLE

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I have an idea. How about...how about I play you one of *my* songs? A song I wrote all by myself. ...You bet I write songs all by myself. That's what I used to do—that's what I *do* when I'm not here with you guys. I write songs and play them on stage for audiences. Pretty cool, huh? Now, when you're a professional singer/songwriter—like me—and you're about to play a new song for an audience—that's you—you introduce it by telling a little story about how the song came to be. So I'm going to tell you the story of how *this* song came to be. It's brand-new. I wrote it late, late, late, late, late last night.

Strums the opening chords while she speaks as if she's about to start the song any second.

The thing is...every once in a while I drink a smidge too much...lemonade. Last night I went out to a...lemonade stand to get a little refreshment and talk to the other girls. It's girls-only lemonade stand, you see. It's sort of like...a girls-only birthday party, or a girls-only sleepover. ...Don't worry, Artie, there are boys-only lemonade stands too. All in good time. So in this bar—lemonade bar—there was this woman playing guitar and singing. ...That's right, a folk singer, just like me. She was playing something like this:

Impersonates a waifish folksinging style

Baby, baby, you renew me
You've recycled my little plastic heart
Baby, baby, you see through me
You're my precious, precious work of art.

Hey, that's right, Tanya—she *did* suck! Wanna know something funny? That was her *best* song. Wanna know something else funny?

Plays a riff to indicate rising dramatic tension.

She used to be my *girlfriend*.

You know, we were girlfriends. Good friends. Like, uh—Zora and Heather, right? ...Come on, I know you are. So what if Heather spent all last week playing with Jasmine—you're not still mad, are you, Zora? Jasmine's best friends with Sheila now...look, they're even holding hands. ...Girls can so hold hands, Tenzin. This is a progressive Quaker school; we can hold hands with anyone we want. ...Zora! Stop pouting! Your problems haven't even begun, believe me. Now, listen up. I'm trying to tell you something. This singer and I—Jenny is her name—we used to be best friends. And then one day, you know what she did?

Another dramatic riff.

Broke my guitar. Came in one day and sat down on it. Totally on purpose. Crack. You know why she did it? (*conspiratorially*) She said I loved the guitar more than I loved her.

...Yes, Sheila, we should have *talked* about it. That would have been much better than her breaking my guitar...and my throwing all her clothes out the window. I guess we aren't as mature as you all. Isn't that right Nelson—thank you for NOT taking off your pants at this time.

Anyway...I thought, at least I still have my music. That's what made Jenny like me in the first place—or so she said. And since I liked Jenny so much, I wrote a lot of songs for *her*. In fact, while we were together, I wrote more songs than I ever wrote in my whole life. It was like a song fountain turned on in my head and spouted songs all over the place. And they were *good*. They were the ones everyone wanted to hear me play. Some chicks—women—learned all the words so they could play my songs to *their*...students. How cool is that? Just like I teach you Dar Williams' songs. *I* was as cool as Dar Williams. ...You would be, too, Dorothy, if you stopped eating that tissue.

And then, Jenny decided she didn't want to be friends anymore. And the songs stopped. Just like in the summer, when you're playing in the fountain and the water suddenly shuts off for no good reason? No more songs. Not only that, but you know those songs I wrote for Jenny? When I tried to sing them, they tasted like vinegar and liver and Brussels sprouts all mixed together. Blech.

So, I stopped playing at lemonade stands. And when you're a professional singer and you stop playing at lemonade stands...you stop having any money. That's when I started teaching here. Remember? ...Thank you, Tanya; I probably did seem weird at first. The truth is, I was kind of sad that I wasn't playing concerts anymore—but, on the bright side, I got to be here with you guys and teach you all my favorite songs, right? Got to save you from all those down-home ditties and sea chanteys and ho-hum English country ballads. Spiced things up a little, in spite of the censorship—I mean, curriculum.

So here we are, back at the lemonade stand. I've had several lemonades. I've got a really good...sugar buzz. Jenny's playing her "music." And I'm thinking, it's awfully strange that Jenny broke my...guitar because of my music, and then all of a sudden she decides she's Miss Folk America. ...Oh, listen to that, she stole one of my riffs! How ironic. Who knows what ironic is? ...Shayna? ..."Like rain on your wedding day"? I'm sorry I asked. But it really doesn't matter, because as we all heard, she sucks. Now, any minute she's going to see me, and what do you know, I spill my gosh darn lemonade all over the place. Then, out of nowhere, these beautiful fingers settle on my shoulder and this voice says, "What a drag. Let me buy you another." Her name is Consuelo.

END OF DIALOGUE SAMPLE