

LIFESCRIPTS

By JJ JONAS

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****This script is written primarily to be used as a monologue with many voices for the actor. Below are the voices used, as this script also works well on stage with five characters.***

CAST: NATHANIEL, FATHER, OTHER VOICE, 1ST VOICE, 2ND VOICE

(A boy not only has to face the finality of his parents' divorce, but the fact that his FATHER has started a new family.)

NATHANIEL

I always thought life should have a soundtrack. You know, so you could know what to expect. I mean, if you hear ***(imitating the soundtrack to Jaws)*** you know to get the heck out of the water, obviously. You hear ***(theme music to Psycho)*** and you don't just stand there cowering behind the shower curtain, right? You'd get in your best defensive stance and take somebody down! Just think, you would never have to worry about meeting the right girl because as soon as you saw her and she saw you, the violins would start to play and everything would go into slow motion and you'd suddenly be teleported into a field of wildflowers or something, running into each other's arms. But when we're born, nobody gives us a script—it's all improvisation—without a cue, without a clue, without a soundtrack. And you're likely get caught in moments without a line and no exit . . .

My parents divorced when I was little and my mom and my two little sisters and I moved back to Texas to live with my grandmother. My dad lived in Colorado, so we didn't see him much. When he would visit, I could hardly wait for us to get out of the house away from all the women—just us—just the guys. I mean, my mom is great and my grandmother's okay most of the time and well, little sisters are just

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something you learn to live with, but man, I just wanted to get out and away from complaints about the toilet seat being left up or feminine hygiene product wrappers in the waste paper basket. I just wanted to be with my dad all alone—just the men. You guys know what I mean. I love women, but geez, you can only handle so much of seeing your grandmother in a bra, okay? It's enough to scar you for life. Not even Victoria's Secret can save you after that. I dread the day that my two little sisters finally hit puberty. Can you imagine? Three women with PMS and one with hot flashes all at the same time? I was seriously thinking about joining a cult about that time.

(NATHANIEL digs down in his pocket and removes a movie ticket stub.)

Remember that movie, *My Girl*? You know, the one where Macaulay Culkin gets attacked by some bees and dies? Yeah, you know, the Home Alone kid—***(imitates the hands on cheek “auuuggghhhh”)*** I cried my eyes out. But not so much for Macaulay. I think it was for me. I think it was for all that I thought I had lost.

It was during one of my dad's visits. My mom had taken me to the movie theater where I was supposed to meet my dad and go see *Star Trek VI*. But when my dad got there, there were other people in the car—his new wife and two new stepdaughters. I didn't really like that from the start. I mean, this was supposed to be our “guy time” together. It got worse. When we went up to the box office to buy our tickets, his new wife suggested that we all go see *My Girl*. “You don't mind, do you Nathaniel?” she asked me. “I think *Star Trek* would be too scary for the girls.” I glared at her, but I didn't argue. I had learned pretty early in life that “You don't mind, do you?” could be easily translated into “That's the way it is going to be and if you make a fuss, you are going to look like the

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bad guy,” even if she and her daughters were the ones cutting in on my time with my dad.

I had waited a whole year for this. She and her two girls had my dad all the time. Why did she feel like she had to intrude on what little time we had to share? I saw my dad's hopeful plastic grin and just mumbled, “No, that's okay. I can see the other one some other day.” I could see him sigh with relief and he patted me on the back and we went inside.

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