

“Letting Go of Superiority: The Pageant Girl”

by
Paul Neil

What In this monologue, former big-city teenage pageant queen tells how small-town life taught her a lesson in humility.

Themes: Pride, Humility, Surrender, Friendship, Bullying, Love, Lent

Who Carol- female, 14-17

When 1954

Wear (Props) Carol is wearing casual clothes for a teen girl of the 1950s, along with a tiara, and a sash. Her hair should be 1950s style. She needs a low-ish stool or chair so that she can demonstrate how to sit properly.

Why Proverbs 11:2

How Think through the events that happened as you're preparing to play this role. Give her some history, thinking through her life up until this point. How and why did she become a pageant girl? What sort of family does she come from? What's her relationship with them like? What's her temperament like? What's her relationship with God like? With her community?

Giving her a life beyond what we see here will help you tell this story. You'll know better how to carry yourself, how to sit, how to speak. You create the character based on the information you're given in this monologue, and the more you understand her, the more depth you'll give to this story.

Time Approximately 7 minutes

Lights up. Carol is standing onstage in front of her chair or short stool.

Carol: Good day to you. *(she curtsies and continues elegantly)* In case you were not aware, that is the proper way for the 1952 Junior Princess of the Charlotte Ladies League Fall Cotillion to greet someone. And this is how she should sit.

Demonstrates sitting very properly.

Now, you may not know about the Cotillion hosted by the Ladies League, but just in case, all you NEED to know is this: for the young upper class ladies of Charlotte, North Carolina, it is the most important night of the year. By the time we got to go, my best friend Norma and I had our heads stuffed with how to be polite guests, how to introduce ourselves properly, how to compliment someone sincerely, and how to dance in a ballroom. Oh— and how to sit. We even got to practice some of it when all of the executives from Father's work came to our house for the Christmas party. But that night when I was crowned at the Grand Cotillion, it was the bee's knees! I was on cloud nine all the next day.

But I fell from that cloud pretty hard and fast. The very next night, Father sat me and my brother down and spilled the beans: His bank assigned him to open a new branch in the bustling metropolis of Zebulon, North Carolina, population one thousand four hundred and seventy-six. *(shakes her head)* I was in shock.

Six weeks later, wearing my nicest school dress, I walked into Zebulon High School for the first time. Let me tell you, it was like the parting of the Red Sea. I didn't belong there. I knew it, they all knew it. The clothes the girls were wearing... I can't say they'd gone out of fashion...because they never had been IN fashion. Some of them had been made out of flour sacks. No one spoke to me in class. I sat by myself at lunch. Even the teachers seemed stand-offish. I tried to be nice... I really did. Only one girl even smiled at me.

After a week of shunning the undesirables, Marlene found me. She'd been gone for a week with her dad to New York City. He owned a manufacturing plant right outside of town where a lot of the other kids' dads worked. Her family had money, like mine. She was so excited, she'd been living there three months and had no friends.

Imitating Marlene, very snobbish.

"Oh, Carol Ann, you don't need those HICKS for friends. You and I will have each other! Let them go home to their farms and their shacks."

Marlene and I lived on the same street, so we walked home together. It took us past a bunch of small houses. I was looking at them, trying to

imagine the people who lived there...thinking about how I ended up here, how I didn't belong, how I'd never be happy, about our fancy house back in Charlotte and all the socials and parties I'd miss for the next four years...meanwhile Marlene is jabbering on about all the fun stuff we can do, and about having sleepovers when...

BOOM! This HUGE dog covered in mud bolts out of a yard toward us. Marlene and I just froze in our tracks. The girl who smiled at me in school that day came running behind him yelling "Buster! Buster!" But she couldn't catch him. He was so friendly, jumped right up on Marlene and then me. We were instantly covered in mud and slobber. Marlene was shrieking...I couldn't make a sound...

The girl grabbed Buster by his collar and pulled him back...but then he did that whole body shimmy thing...and all THREE of us were showered with mud droplets.

That was it, Marlene started bawling. And me? I started laughing. It was the whole situation...and the look of horror on the other girl's face. But then SHE started laughing, and then Marlene was so mad and confused and still shrieking. It was quite a scene!

The girl, whose name turned out to be Rose, was so apologetic. She invited us in to clean up, but Marlene wouldn't have any part of it. And when I accepted, she just huffed and started walking toward her house.

Rose's house is so cute. Small, cozy, lived-in...her two younger sisters were so sweet. Rose loaned me a shirt and some overalls. Her mom said she could get the mud out of the dress, no problem. She called my mom...I stayed for dinner...and well...

Long story short, Rose and I are best friends. She invited me to church with her, her mom's our Sunday School teacher. That first Sunday, Miss Martin taught us all about the good Samaritan. And I realized that my sense of superiority...well I was just like the Levite! And I don't even know what a Levite IS!

Rose has literally been a Godsend, and she's someone I never would have paid attention to back in my safe place in Charlotte.

I think Jesus told that Good Samaritan story for me. Well, not JUST for me, but definitely for people including me...and for you, too. And maybe...just maybe...Buster, that big goofy mudball, was doing the work of the Lord that day.

Just because I have a tiara and a sash, I'm not better than anybody. God taught me that through Rose. Oh...one more thing. Rose and me? We're

PURCHASE
Lights out.

working on Marlene. After all...if it can happen for me...it can happen for her. Jesus is just that amazing.

SCRIPT

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