

WHY I HATE MY SISTER

By Kelly Meadows

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WHY I HATE MY SISTER

A Ten Minute Comedy Monologue

By Kelly Meadows

SYNOPSIS: The family is all agog over budding young writer Collin Hightower, whose latest work, “Why I Hate My Sister,” is going to be performed in the upcoming forensics tournament – by none other than his “hated” sister Karla. All her protesting can’t keep her father from forcing her into it. Will she actually get around to reciting the piece, or is the story behind it, including their Auntie Copenhagen’s argument with a goldfish, much...more...interesting?

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 female)

KARLA HIGHTOWER (f)..... High school aged.

AUTHOR NOTES

The speaker, Karla Hightower, is at a tournament, introducing her monologue to the judges, but gets carried away explaining why she’s doing this, and never actually gets around to doing the piece. This piece is one of several inspired by fictitious titles used in the author’s monologue, “Long Titles are Great But How Am I Going to Remember it for the Forensics Tournament?” Now they’ve all come to life!

KARLA HIGHTOWER: The monologue I'm going to perform for you today was written by my younger brother. (*Annoyed with the title.*) "Why I Hate My Sister," by Collin Hightower.

(*Explaining why she is doing this piece.*) Collin's twelve, and he always wanted to be a writer. He used to write cute stories about bunnies and turtles, but that hare-tortoise thing doesn't sell anymore so he reinvented himself as a satirist. He asked our dad if he could write my monologue for the forensics tournament. I said no. OK that's wrong. I *screamed* no loud enough to scare the cat next door right out of the litter box, but dad overruled.

Dad's a tournament judge who's "big in theater." He could never get the good roles in high school, so it's up to me to make his dream come true. If there's a part he wants me to have, I'd better audition, and I'd better get cast.

I reminded him that Collin's monologue had to be published to be eligible, so Dad put it in print. (*If desired, wave around a script booklet.*)

Collin says he wrote it about his *other* sister, but we don't have an "other sister." So either Collin has an imaginary sister that lives up here (*Points to her head.*) or there's going to be a lot of trouble when mom finds out.

You probably think I'm going to recite some soupy saccharin sitcom where he hates his sister because she's a role model in the community and how could he ever measure up? She eats right, plays a mean contrabassoon and inspires everyone towards charity, humility, and philosophy. I mean, who wouldn't hate a sister like that? I would. But as you will soon discover, Collin Hightower doesn't have that sister.

Collin's a boy "that age" and we don't always get along. And that's why Dad insisted that I should learn his monologue...if not for the stage, then at least to show Collin that I loved my brother and respected his feeble attempt at the written word.

"It's not a monologue, it's a diatribe," I complained.

(As *COLLIN*.) "But it's not about *you*, Karla," he whined. And laughed.

(As *DAD*.) "If he says it's not about you, Karla, then it's not about you, Karla," Dad said. And laughed.

"Then how come the sister in the monologue does everything that I do, only to be held up to mockery and skullduggery?"

From now on, when I put turmeric in his breakfast cereal, I'm going to say that it's not his bowl. When I forget to pick him up from soccer practice, I'm going to say that I thought his *other* sister was supposed to do it. The sibling rivalry is intense. We're even in competition with siblings we *don't* have.

"I think we should turn it into a positive," said my Aunt Copenhagen, my father's sister who was always about not taking sides, especially when I was right and Collin was wrong. "If that's how he perceives you, maybe it's time for you to spend more time together and get to know each other better."

"I don't think it's time for that at all," I responded.

"I think it is, and I'm going to facilitate," she insisted. "This weekend is family time."

Collin Hightower had listed several reasons as to why the writer of the monologue didn't like the sister described therein, reasons only a 12-year-old could find amusing. Mind you, Mozart wrote opera at that age, so talent can exist in a 12-year-old. But it's very very very very unusual.

(Quoting from the monologue.) "My sister is a poopyhead, is reason number one. But along those lines, the reasons she's a poopyhead are numerous and multiflorous, and like the abundance of previously unseen and undocumented flora and fauna in the Brazilian rain forest, there are always new and undiscovered reasons that poop up when you least expect it. I acknowledge that being a poopyhead is a particularly burdensome task, especially to the extent that my sister practices it and the expertise with which she carries it out."

(Considers what she just said.) I think someone helped him with the vocabulary.

"I did no such thing," my father lied.

(As COLLIN.) "Now stop being a poopyhead and continue."

"Collin, you're the multiflorous poopyhead!" I said.

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