

## LITTLE MOZART

by Jan Peterson Ewen

Monologue for a BOY or GIRL, age 8 – 12

I finished practicing the piano, Mom. Can I go outside now? (*Slightly insulted.*) No, I wasn't just playing around. That was me *practicing*. I had a little trouble figuring out the song this week. The rhythm was trickier than usual. Quarter rests and dotted half notes! They even threw in a triplet at the end! (*Responding.*) That *was* the best I can do and I *was* trying. Look, Mom, I think your expectations of me have gotten way out of hand! I am *not* a little Mozart and I think it's pretty clear that I never will be. You need to revise your dreams a little or you may end up being very disappointed. Here's how I see it. I will learn to play Yankee Doodle, Old MacDonald and Silent Night, but you may have to be satisfied with that. I don't know where you ever got the idea that I had any actual talent. No one in our family plays the piano. *You* don't play the piano. How many generations do you think the musical gene had to skip before it found me? You're living in a dream world, Mom. I don't mean to burst your bubble, but maybe you better wakeup before you suffer some real disappointment. Next week is my recital and you're going to have to brace yourself. I don't recommend that you invite any of your friends. Grandma and Grandpa? Okay. They're happy with anything I do, but that's it, no one else. And you might want to accidentally forget your video camera cause it's going to be brutal. Sorry, Mom. I'm just telling you the honest truth so you can plan your exit strategy now. I'll be playing a lovely little piece called 'The Train Trip' and I'll be lucky if it doesn't end up sounding like 'The Train Wreck'. I promise you, I will practice and do my very best, but I want you to be prepared, just in case. Maybe I should consider learning a different instrument. Something a little less complicated - like the bongos. What do you say, Mom?