

MAKING THE GRADE

by Jan Peterson Ewen

Monologue for Teen, GIRL or BOY –

Psst. Hey, I'm over here. *(He waves a ten-page report, cautiously, in front of him.)* I told you I'd be here and I've got the goods. *(Pulls it away suddenly as if someone has grabbed for it.)* Eh-eh-eh! No you don't. Not so fast. Don't you even want to look at it first? I spent a lot of time on this. Where's the twenty dollars? No way! I don't take credit. Cash only. I thought you had to have this by first period tomorrow to pass your class? Well, I did my part. *(He holds up the report, proudly.)* The Economic Growth of Venezuela in the Twentieth Century; *(He leafs through the report.)* cover page, illustrations straight from Google images, content from Wikipedia, charts, maps, graphs, bibliography, footnotes. I even did a table of contents. It took me a week! Hm, maybe I should be charging more than twenty dollars for all this work. What were you doing last night while I was putting the final touches on this masterpiece? Playing video games? Why didn't you just do the report yourself. You could have learned something and saved twenty bucks. *(Considering the situation.)* You know, under the circumstances, I think I'll just hang on to this for another day. *(Reacts.)* I can't help it if you forgot the money. I'll meet you back here tomorrow before first period and next time, Einstein, bring *fifty* dollars. That's right, fifty! *(He smiles.)* I think I'm going to start myself a little college fund. *(Reacting.)* Hey, if you want to pull together a report of your own tonight, then be my guest. I'll just keep this beauty till next quarter and sell it to some other lazy guy. Shouldn't be too hard to find one. So, it's up to you. I'll be here tomorrow, either way. Now, you'd better run along or you'll be late for your next class.