

TWEENER HALLOWEEN

by Jan Peterson Ewen

Monologue, Serio-Comic - Girl, Age 9-14

Okay, Mom, I've finally decided what I want my Halloween costume to be. I've thought long and hard about this and I've made my decision based on several important facts. Fact number one - I am no longer a little girl. I am now what is referred to as a "tweener". With that title comes a bigger Halloween responsibility. I have to step up my game, so to speak. No more darling little princess dresses or cute, fuzzy animal costumes. Fact number two - this year, my friends are transitioning from storybook characters to ghouls and vampires. Yesterday, I even heard mention of a battery-operated chainsaw. I know, kind of gross, but I don't want to be the only one on our street with rosy cheeks and glitter in my hair. How embarrassing would that be? Fact number three - zombies are *in*. Anything apocalyptic that drips with fake blood is super-cool. And a zombie costume is actually very adaptable and inexpensive. You can be a zombie *anything!* *Zombie-cowboy. Zombie-cheerleader. Zombie-Little Red Riding Hood.* Anything! And it's easy to do. You just take one of your old costumes, shred it up, add some white face paint, some black eye shadow here and there, and - *voila!* - you're ready to go! *(Slowly)* So, what I'm thinking is that we take last year's Sleeping Beauty costume and a pair of scissors, and we get creative. *(Pause)* What's wrong, Mom? You're looking a little pale yourself.