

GLASSES

(STANDALONE MONOLOGUE)

BY BARRY M. PUTT, JR.

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JANETTE, an awkward eight-yearold girl sits in a chair scanning the room nervously. She looks out into the hall.

JANETTE

Mom. Mom. I wish they'd let you sit in here with me. It's scary with the lights so low. Don't they have enough money to pay the electric bill? I can't believe Mrs. Jordan told you I had to come here just because I got an 'F' on that test. I studied real hard. I just had trouble reading the board. This chair they make you sit in looks like the electric chair that was pictured in my history book, doesn't it? I hope they don't turn it on! Naomi from school told me they do awful things to you with the machines in here. From the looks of them, I think she might be right. The big, square one near the counter looks like it could grab a hold of your eyes if you get too close. There's one by the door that has a long piece of metal sticking out of it. I bet that's what they use to poke your eye out. They're not gonna use that one on me! Marky told me the eye doctor loves turning kids into four-eyed nerds. I hope he doesn't do that to me. No one will talk to me then.

(listens closely)

Someone's coming.

(to eye doctor)

He-- Hello, sir. I'm Janette Morton. That's my-- Do you have to close the door? . . . What's that huge thing you're moving up to my-- Ah! Please, sir. It's pushing me so far back in the chair I can't move. (adjusts herself) That's better. (looks at chart) All right.