

ACTOR'S CHOICE:  

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**Monologues for Teens**

Edited by Erin Detrick

**Playscripts, Inc.**

New York, NY

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Editor's Note: In some of the monologues in this book, dialogue or stage directions from the play may have been removed for clarity's sake.

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## INTRODUCTION

Finding the perfect monologue can be a complicated task. You need a strong, juicy piece of material that will highlight your talents—preferably a piece that hasn't been seen thousands of times already. Furthermore, to fully understand the context of your monologue, you need the play itself at your fingertips to help you prepare. Often that play is impossible to track down. That's where *Actor's Choice* comes in.

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On behalf of all the exceptional playwrights represented in this book, we hope that you enjoy these monologues, and that you get the part!

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# THE 1ST ANNUAL ACHADAMEE AWARDS

## (full-length version)

Alan Haehnel

*Norman receives a nomination for the best male actor (liar) at Achadamee High School. This monologue shows him at work.*

**NORMAN.** I ain't afraid of you, man. No way I'm afraid of you. You want to fight me? I'll fight you. Don't you even think I won't fight you, man. Bring it on—any time! Right now? Uh, now's not actually a good time for me. A chicken? Me? You calling me a chicken? Is that what you're saying? Oh, man, you're not going to get away with that. Nobody calls me a chicken. Nobody. It don't matter to me that you're taller by five inches or that you outweigh me by a hundred pounds. Don't even think it bothers me that you're three times Golden Glove champion and that you've been invited as a guest commentator for the Ultimate Fighting League. So what?

--End of monologue excerpt--

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# HAZARD COUNTY

Allison Moore

*Chad, a 17-year-old high school student, white. He is middle-class, wears slightly urban/hip-hop clothes. Speaks with a slight drawl, but nothing comic. He occasionally uses rap or hip-hop gestures. He explains why he bought a 1969 Charger and painted it to look like the “General Lee.”*

**CHAD.** People think it’s cool, I guess. I mean, it’s—you know, I’m out, and people know it’s me, they know right away “Chad’s pulling up,” whatever, because, you know, not everybody has a General Lee. So it causes a stir, a little bit of a stir. I like that.

*(Very exaggerated and slightly aggressive:)*

“The Chicks Dig It.”

*(Laughs.)*

Naw. I mean,

*(As before:)*

I mean THEY DO.

*(Pause. Then smile.)*

I’ve been working on it for about 4 years. My dad used to race stockcars. And we were out one day because he wanted to look at this ’68 Cutlass Supreme? So we go around back a this guy’s house to check out his set up, and there it is, ’69 Charger up on blocks.

--End of monologue excerpt--

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# OVER THE TAVERN

Tom Dudzick

*The year is 1959. 12-year-old Rudy Pazinski rushes into church and kneels in a pew. Oops, he forgot to genuflect. He jumps out of the pew, genuflects quickly and jumps back in. He makes a quick sign of the cross and folds his hands, pointing them to Heaven.*

**RUDY.** Please, please, please Dear Jesus, please make her ease up on me. I promise I'll learn my catechism and get confirmed and all that, but please, I mean, c'mon, look at that! (*Shows the stinging palm of his hand to heaven.*) Please just make her not so mean, that's all. And I'll be a soldier for you, I promise. Whatever that means, I'll do it. Thank you. (*Makes a quick sign of the cross, gets up, then suddenly kneels again.*) And the spaghetti! (*Quick sign of the cross.*) The spaghetti! Please don't let Daddy forget the spaghetti tonight. Please, please, that's very important. The spaghetti. Don't let him forget the spaghetti. Okay? The spaghetti. Very important. So, it's Sister Clarissa and the spaghetti. Thank you.

--End of monologue excerpt--

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# SCIENCE FAIR

Jeanmarie Williams

*Jethro, a 15-year-old high school “burn-out,” presents his science fair project to a panel of judges. He indicates a display of three different broccoli plants, marked “Okay,” “Big,” and “Dead.” He has a violin.*

**JETHRO.** Resolved: if you talk nice to broccoli, it will grow better and produce more vitamins and make it more nutritious. For my experiment, I decided to measure the effect of different qualities of sounds on three broccoli plants. Broccoli, as you know, or maybe not, well, anyway, broccoli contains an electrical charge, which, if stimulated, produces better broccoli. Well, like, you couldn't really make a lamp out of it or anything, I tried that last year, but, okay, if you stimulate it in the right way it will produce bigger florets, more vitamins... Yeah. So, yeah, this is my broccoli.

*(He stares out at us.)*

*(Then he remembers to continue.)*

Okay. So here's the thing about it. You should notice that these plants all look different. One is big and healthy, another is just okay and the other one is pretty much dead. *the plant. It's rather beautiful. He stops and looks at us.)*

--End of monologue excerpt--

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# AT THE BOTTOM OF LAKE MISSOULA

Ed Monk

*Pam is a sophomore at a college where she has transferred after her family is killed. She is talking to Jim, another student who has noticed she is in pain but doesn't know why, he has just asked if she needs help. Just before she saw her family for the last time, Pam's sister asked if she could borrow Pam's CD player.*

**PAM.** You want to help me!? OK, you can help me! My whole family was killed by a tornado four months ago. My Mom, my Dad, my brother and sister and the baby. All dead. *(With self-loathing.)* And I wasn't there, cause I needed some peace and quiet. I didn't want to spend an extra *day* with them. So here I am, I got all the money I'll ever need and all I do is spend all day in stupid classes learning useless information. I don't know why I keep going, I guess I'm hoping I can learn something to make sense of it. But there's nothing, it's all the same, it's junk and a bunch of noise ...And...I pray and I...I don't know...I have this bottle of sleeping pills they gave me after it happened, and every night I can't get to sleep and I sit there and think about taking the whole bottle. But that's a sin, isn't it? Isn't it? So I can't do that and I don't know what to do.

--End of monologue excerpt--

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# CIRCUMVENTION

Anton Dudley

*Moments before telling her best friend that she is backing out of the class trip to Mexico, Anna (17), takes a private moment to understand her fears. Strangely, she has just taken a bath with an underwater camera and a mermaid doll.*

**ANNA.** Don't laugh at me. I still play with dolls. Not lots of dolls or stuffed animals or anything but. Just this one.

*(She reveals, from behind her back, a Barbie-sized mermaid doll, which she clutches in her hand.)*

She's not like any of my other dolls. Partly because I don't really have any anymore. But when I got rid of them, around the time I started high school, I kept this one. I don't really know why. I never played with her all that much when I was younger. She wasn't very pretty, I thought. Because of her long leathery tail; she never fit in at the doll tea table, or in the doll SUV, and she couldn't wear ball gowns, and she never got any looks from the Kens or my brother's GI Joes. I mean, can you imagine what their children would have looked like?

--End of monologue excerpt--

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# A FREE MAN IN PARIS

Brooke Berman

*Isa, a teenager living with her terminally ill mother, takes a drive with her best friend.*

**ISA.** Parents are so random. Parents are like, “But where are you going?” I mean, my mom can be great. She was really great a lot when I was...you know. Before she was...you know. But I mean now she’s like... I don’t know, she can be great. But she can also be like this totally false being, just pretending to be whatever she thinks a Parent is. And the thing is, she’s completely spaced out and self involved. But then, like she checks into The Parent Thing, and she’s a mess. Like, things with—you know, her health, whatever—get bad, and she kinda forgets about me for a while. And then, she remembers she’s a mom. And this is when you don’t want to be around. Because once she remembers, she has to do something to makes herself feel like a mom.

--End of monologue excerpt--

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# GORGEOUS RAPTORS

Lucy Alibar-Harrison

*Kaballah, a sixteen-year-old high school outcast, escapes her life through an ongoing fantasy about being a dinosaur. Here we see Kaballah's entrance into her fantasy world for the first time. Her eyes are closed in a rapture of Raptordom.*

**KABALLAH.** It's morning in Pangea. An azure mist rises up out of the ferns and subtly blends with the scarlet hues of—burgeoning sun. Raptor rises.

*(KABALLAH rises slightly from her crouch.)*

She surveys the sparse and chlorinated landscape. Awwwwk! A danger has been spotted in Raptor's midst! She flexes her razor sharp claws and stiffens her wings. Her immaculate eyesight focuses in on—oh, God! It's a Testosteronous Pimple Beast! This is but a temporary problem. Bum-ba-da-duuuum. With one fell swoop, Raptor is upon him. "Ahhhh! Ahhh! Curse you, Raptor!" But Raptor only cackles. "Awwwk-awwk-awwk-awwk!" She buries her beak into the navel of the Testosternous Pimple Beast and sucks up his intestines like twinkie filling! "Sssssssk."

--End of monologue excerpt--

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# KID-SIMPLE: A RADIO PLAY IN THE FLESH

Jordan Harrison

*Moll, 16, addresses Garth, 16, who has just broken her heart and stolen her greatest invention ever. Garth, it turns out, is really a sinister shapeshifter called The Mercenary.*

**MOLL.** I will get you for this, Garth. The world will have to go without new inventions for some time, because all my ingenuity will be directed toward your undoing. I will get you for messing with my machine and my sanity. All of CREATION will get you. You will be FOOD. A plane will drop you over the unforgiving Serengeti with a faulty parachute, an empty canteen, no sunblock—and when one of these circumstances fells you, you will finally do some good on this planet as recycled material. Your meat will invigorate the ecosystem, your stumpy remains will feed the beasties of the earth...

--End of monologue excerpt--

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# LANGUAGE OF ANGELS

Naomi Iizuka

*Kendra remembers the night Celie vanished in a cave.*

**KENDRA.** It was dark that night, it was so dark. There was some candles we brought along, to make it all spooky like, shadow light, fire light, but once you got beyond the opening, once you got inside, there wasn't no light. Celie was talking out loud. I remember it was funny to me, what she said. I thought it was the funniest thing in the world. I forget what it was, what she was saying.

It could've been some tiny thing—

It could've been nothing at all—

After that, I don't know. I forget. I try to put this all behind me. I'm not the same person I was then. I don't even hardly know who that girl was anymore.

Celie was—

She was nice.

--End of monologue excerpt--

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# MISS KENTUCKY

Allison Williams

*Shayleen, a teenage beauty pageant contestant, is inadvertently locked out of the convention center after stepping outside for a cigarette. In the alley out back, Shayleen implores her mother to understand that she just wants to be a normal girl.*

**SHAYLEEN.** Just as pretty when we're comin' out of the shower with our hair in a cap, but not like this. They put on those dresses and those banners and their helpers and their tape and shine up their teeth just like me, but there's somethin' else they're putting on. Somethin' hard. I don't mean they're mean, exactly, 'cause they're all real friendly and nice, and they really mean it, but they're meaning it as hard as they can. It's like this force field of nice-ness that's stickin' out about three feet from their body.

*(Pause.)*

I guess that sounds pretty silly.

--End of monologue excerpt--

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