

ACTOR'S CHOICE:

Monologues for Teens

Edited by Erin Detrick

Playscripts, Inc.

New York, NY

Copyright © 2008 Playscripts, Inc. All rights reserved.

Any unauthorized copying of this book or excerpts from this book is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from the publisher.

Actor's Choice: Monologues for Teens is published by Playscripts, Inc., 325 West 38th Street, Suite 305, New York, New York, 10018, www.playscripts.com

Cover design by Another Limited Rebellion

Text design and layout by Jason Pizzarello

First Edition: April 2008

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

CAUTION: These monologues are intended for audition and classroom use; permission is not required for those purposes only. The plays represented in this book (the "Plays") are fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and of all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Berne Convention, the Pan-American Copyright Convention and the Universal Copyright Convention. All rights, including, without limitation, professional and amateur stage rights; motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording rights; rights to all other forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction not known or yet to be invented, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information storage and retrieval systems and photocopying; and the rights of translation into non-English languages, are strictly reserved. Amateur and stock performance rights to the Plays are controlled exclusively by Playscripts, Inc. ("Playscripts"). All licensing requests and inquiries concerning amateur and stock performance rights should be addressed to Playscripts (see contact information above). Inquiries concerning all other rights should be addressed to Playscripts, as well; such inquiries will be communicated to the author and the author's agent, as applicable. The Plays may include references to brand names and trademarks owned by third parties, and may include references to public figures. Playscripts is not necessarily affiliated with these public figures, or with the owners of such trademarks and brand names. Such references are included solely for parody, political comment or other permitted purposes.

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.

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Actor's choice : monologues for teens / edited by Erin Detrick.

p. cm.

Summary: "Collection of monologues from the Playscripts, Inc. catalog of plays, representing a variety of American playwrights. The source material for each monologue may be found on the Playscripts website, where nearly the entire text of every play can be read for free. Intended for teenage actors"--Provided by publisher.

ISBN-13: 978-0-9709046-6-9 (pbk.)

1. Monologues. 2. Acting. 3. American drama--20th century. 4. Teenagers--Drama. I. Detrick, Erin, 1981-

PN2080.A287 2008

808.82'45--dc22

2007050166

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.

We at Playscripts, Inc. have long looked forward to creating a book of monologues drawn from the 1000+ plays we publish. There's a wealth of engaging, dynamic monologues found within those plays—and we're thrilled to make many of them available to you now.

But here's what makes *Actor's Choice* truly unique: For every monologue, you have the option of reading up to 90% of the play it comes from, all from one source, and all for free. Simply visit the Playscripts, Inc. website at www.playscripts.com. No longer do you have to waste time searching for a script—the work's already done for you.

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

HOW TO USE THIS BOOK

Every monologue in this book is preceded by a brief description that introduces the context. If you'd like to read the play itself, we've made the process simple:

- Go to the Playscripts, Inc. website: **www.playscripts.com**
- Run a search for the play title.
- Click the *Read Sample* link and read away.
- If you'd like to read the entire play, you may order a book at any time from the Playscripts, Inc. website.

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--

**To read the rest of this monologue, order
Actor's Choice: Monologues for Teens now!**

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--

**To read the rest of this monologue, order
*Actor’s Choice: Monologues for Teens now!***

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--

**To read the rest of this monologue, order
*Actor's Choice: Monologues for Teens now!***

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--

**To read the rest of this monologue, order
*Actor's Choice: Monologues for Teens now!***

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--

**To read the rest of this monologue, order
*Actor's Choice: Monologues for Teens now!***

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--

**To read the rest of this monologue, order
*Actor's Choice: Monologues for Teens now!***

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--

**To read the rest of this monologue, order
*Actor’s Choice: Monologues for Teens now!***

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--

**To read the rest of this monologue, order
*Actor's Choice: Monologues for Teens now!***

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--

**To read the rest of this monologue, order
*Actor's Choice: Monologues for Men now!***

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--

**To read the rest of this monologue, order
Actor's Choice: Monologues for Men now!**

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--

**To read the rest of this monologue, order
*Actor's Choice: Monologues for Men now!***

You have just read a small sample of
Actor's Choice: Monologues for Teens.

You may order this book at any time at
www.playscripts.com