

MONOLOGUE – TEXT GIRL FROM *THS PHNE 2.0*:

THE NEXT GENERATION

by Lindsay Price

Use this monologue for your next IE!

Play	THS PHNE 2.0: THE NEXT GENERATION by Lindsay Price
Stats	Comedy - Simple set - 30 minutes
Casting	2M+3W, Easily Expandable
Description	Communication has come a long way, baby. Are <i>you</i> 21 st century savvy? Text girl tries to decipher her boyfriend's text message.
Get the Play	www.theatrefolk.com

Hv goo dy. Hv goo dy. (*spelling it out*) H-V, G-O-O, D-Y. Hv goo dy. He wants me to hv goo dy. (*she sighs*) I would like to formally announce the death of the English language. It just died. On my cellphone. (*she points*) There. Doornail. Dead.

She blows out 'taps' through her lips before running over to her phone and holding it up to the audience.

This is a text from my boyfriend. Hv goo dy. My mother has a shoebox in her closet of notes and letters and postcards and things written on napkins that dad wrote to her over the years. She has tangible things that she can take out of her closet and wave in front of my face to show me how great a guy dad was at one point, and just because he yells over the improper lining up of the recycling bins doesn't mean he's a freak. (*she changes tangent*) Why must the recycling bins be lined up grey, blue, green? Why is it a major tragedy when the bins are not lined up grey, blue, green? When I am bringing down the existence of life as we know it because I forgot to line those stupid freaking bins up grey, blue, green?

Continued Over...



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The Fine Print

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My mother can show me a birthday card my dad sent to her when she was twenty years old that seriously melts my toes. Not because it's my dad, don't be gross. Because it's a good old fashioned love note from a guy to a girl. On actual paper. I have no note. I'm supposed to have love. I have no note. I have dots on a screen that spell out Hv goo dy. My mother has notes. I have a decided lack of vowels.

And what does this mean exactly? Hv goo dy. Am I supposed to have a good day or a goo day? As in a day filled with goo? As in gooey pus? Does he want me to have a toxic pus filled day? Is this a bizarre boy way of breaking up with me? Is Dane, my boyfriend, and I'm already extremely weirded out by the fact his name is Dane, I'm going out with a guy named Dane, is Dane trying to use as few letters as possible to give me the big kick off? Is that what Dane is doing?

You know I see his mother, Dane's mother, sometimes and she a pretty together woman, she works in marketing, and I seriously want to ask her why, why did she... I stare at Mrs. Eckart and I'm dying to ask 'why did you saddle your kid with such a retarded name?' (*she slaps herself on the wrist*) Sorry. That just came out. I'm really trying not to use the word retarded. I know it's a bad word. I know. But sometimes, you have to use the bad words to get your point across.

Sometimes you have to use WORDS. Full words. Words, words, words! Not short forms, not acronyms, WORDS! Have a good day. Is that so hard? I do not want to LOL I want to Laugh out loud! I do not want to say B-F I want to say Boyfriend! I do not want my word love shorted! My lovely word Love, has no passion, no spark, no joy, no nothing in L-U-V. I hate L-U-V! Just as much as I hate being told to HV GOO DY!!!

She takes a deep breath and looks at her cellphone.

Am I taking this too seriously? 🐾