



Theatrefolk

Original Playscripts

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Choosing A Monologue

Here are two monologues. One is a good choice for a competition and the other is less so. Which is which and why?

Sweep Under Rug by Lindsay Price

COUNSELLOR KELLY: Counsellor Kelly here on C-I-T-Y with the evening announcements for Blocks 7A through E. I'm so excited to announce the upcoming plans for the tenth annual Bobby Sue birthday celebration! I can't wait! Can you believe it's been ten years? "A Bobby Sue in every home that needs one" has been the motto from the very beginning. We see no reason to change it. When you have a Bobby Sue to tell you what to do, life gets better! Employment is way up; crime is way down. Just the way we like it. Yay! You guys are so good. We're so proud of you! To help celebrate ten successful years, we're going to have an extra special celebration. Party hats and noisemakers for everyone! Just remember to treat them nicely, we'll be collecting them at the end. We'll do a count down, just like New Years Eve, and we'll all sing together. Won't that be fun? And then, very exciting, a confetti cannon! And then we'll hold a lottery to see who gets cake. I know, I know, I know. Yes it would be great if we could give everyone cake. But in these times, it's just not possible. What can we do? You don't have to eat your piece if you get one. You can always share. That would be such a good thing to do!

Deck the Stage by Lindsay Price

SHELLEY: You don't get off that easy. Sit down! I haven't even started. Sit down. *(She holds the picture in front of his face)* Ask me who's in the picture. Ask! That's my dad. Pretty handsome guy don't you think? Ask where he is. Ask where he is! Come on, you wanted to talk; ask where he is. I don't know. Isn't that funny? Isn't that a scream? I don't know. Two years ago he went to work on Christmas Eve and he never came home. Don't be. He stole money from his company and ran away with the boss' secretary. Merry Christmas! That's our nearest guess anyway. No one knows for sure because there hasn't been one word. Not one. Not a letter. Not a telegram. Not a postcard. Not an answering machine message. Nothing. He left us with debts up to our ears, and we didn't even get a goodbye. How's your dad? Is he alive? Does he talk to you every day? Well good, 'cause let me tell you, around here there isn't much talking. Around here, we bounce from apartment to apartment and my mom tries to keep working but she's not very strong. My dad knew that. And he left. So you'll have to excuse me if I'm cold, or distant, or pretentious. But my mind's a little full 'cause I only got three hours of sleep after working the night shift at the 7-11. And I could really give a crap about Christmas because all it means is that my father didn't love my mother and he didn't love me.