



**Sample Pages from
Competition Monologues Book Two**

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**COMPETITION
MONOLOGUES
— Book Two —**

EDITED BY
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Competition Monologues Book Two

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MONOLOGUES FOR MEN



Dunno

PLAY: Tick Talk

GENRE: Drama

TIME: 1:15

DESCRIPTION

Tick Talk examines the difficulties some teens have communicating. In this moment, Dunno's silent frustrations with life, school, and family all come to a bubbling head. He confronts his best friend Fine and tries to push her away before he collapses.

ACTING HINTS

The hardest part of this monologue is the silent action, where Dunno goes from a ball of fury and frustration, to sinking to his knees in despair. Don't rush this moment. There's a lot of emotion here. Remember too that this is the first time Dunno speaks these thoughts aloud. It should be hard for him.

Make sure you vary the tone. Do not yell from beginning to end! Dunno says 'I don't know,' three times at the beginning, and 'Why' three times at the end. Don't run them together. Think about what he's saying with each repeated phrase. Choose a different subtext each time.

Would you go already? Get out of here. Leave! I don't want you here! You don't know me. No one knows me. You don't know anything!

He turns away pacing, back and forth, back and forth, not looking at FINE. He lets out a cry of frustration and anger. He finally collapses to his knees at the edge of the stage and buries his face in his hands.

I don't know. I don't know. I don't know. I don't know anything. I don't know what I want to be or do. I don't know why my parents hate me. Everyone hates me. I hate me and I hate that I hate me. I've got a hurt like a fist in my chest and it never goes away. Every morning

Dunno

I wake up and it's there and I don't know what to do about it. Everything is pushing in, and pushing in and I wake up and the hurt in my chest and I can't breathe. And if I don't do something to get this hurt out of my chest...

When do I know what I want? When am I going to be able to explain myself or be myself without it being wrong? I don't know what's wrong with me. Why does everyone think there's something wrong with me? Why? Why? Why?



Tommy

PLAY: Hairball

GENRE: Comedy

TIME: 1:05

DESCRIPTION

Tommy is in trouble again for pulling Candace's hair. He muses on his particular addiction.

ACTING HINTS

It's very much an absurd piece, as no kid would go into this kind of philosophical diatribe on hair pulling! It's important for the character to be sincere. Let the humour come from his serious thought on the subject, not on you trying to be wacky about the subject. I would suggest that Tommy almost come across as a Ph.D. student.

(pouty, very much a kid, stamping his feet) I don't know why I pull her hair!

He turns, gets very philosophical and less kid-like.

I can't say I think about it much. It's rather instinctual. See hair. Pull hair. See hair. Pull hair. Why, oh why does there have to be more to it than that? I don't suffer from any hair pulling trauma in my family. I never saw my fragile mother sobbing into a handkerchief because of the aftermath of having her curly locks tugged savagely. It's just there. It's hair. Candace sits in front of me. She's always wearing pigtails. Do I have to draw a diagram! See hair! Pull hair! *(pause)* Although, I must admit, if I'm being completely honest with you Ms. Green, that there are few things in my young short life that give me much more satisfaction than pulling hair. I check if the coast is clear. There's a twitch in my

Tommy

fingers. The moment before, as I agonize once again over doing something so terribly wrong, that feels so terribly right.

Perhaps I'm not well after all. Perhaps there's is something quite wrong with me that knows I should not torment Candace Finley-Pratchit day after day after day and yet I do. Lock me up if you must and throw away the key. My name is Tommy Marsh. I am a hair puller.





MONOLOGUES FOR WOMEN



Darcy

PLAY: Moving

GENRE: Drama

TIME: 1:00

DESCRIPTION

Darcy is 16 years old. She is preparing for a date with a much older man, much to the dismay of her friends. They think he's too old and she's moving too fast. Finally Darcy has had enough and tells her friends just what she thinks.

ACTING HINTS

Darcy is a character who's always moving forward. She reveals feelings here she's never said out loud – not even to these girls who are supposed to be her best friends. There is an anger here and a desperate desire to get away. Are these logical feelings? Decide if Darcy is a character who is in control, or out of control. How does that affect her physical and emotional action?

Maybe I'm special, ever think of that? Huh? Maybe he likes me. Me. Maybe we connected and he's got crap parents too and he knows what crap parents can do to you when they try and run your life till you can't see straight. Maybe that's why he's going out with me. Maybe age has nothing to do with it. You think I'm moving too fast? You have no idea what you're talking about or what any of it means. Maybe I should be sitting on the front porch sucking on a popsicle and holding hands with some cutie who blushes when you say his name and never looks you in the eye? Moving too fast? You bet I am. If I could move faster I would. If I could fly right out of here, you wouldn't see my feet. I'd be gone. The less time I have to spend in this house, this place, this town, this stupid sixteen-year-old body, the better. The sooner I get out from under everybody's thumb,

Darcy

everybody's expectation, the better and you can as sure as hell believe I won't look over my shoulder. Not once. I'll be gone and I won't look back.

Beat.

What about you? I don't know. What about you? I never said anything because I knew you wouldn't listen. You're not moving fast enough. None of you.



Tamara

PLAY: Wait Wait Bo Bait

GENRE: Comedy

TIME: 1:55

DESCRIPTION

Tamara has been waiting all day by the phone because a boy has said he was going to call her. The waiting has made her a little crazy.

ACTING HINTS

There's lots of room here for physical and vocal gymnastics. Take this monologue to the extreme. Twitching, laughing, lots of changes in volume and tone. It's better to think that the character has truly gone crazy because the boy didn't call, rather than to 'act' crazy.

When Dylan asks her out decide whether she initially plans to turn him down and changes her mind, or if she is for it from the get go. How does she say the last line? With glee or with a little bit of menace?

TAMARA is curled up in a ball behind a chair. From behind the chair, a hand emerges. The hand is held like a puppet, using the fingers and thumb as a mouth. The hand can be bare or covered by a sock, to make a sock puppet.

(from behind the chair so that only the hand can be seen – it's as if the puppet is speaking) Where's Tamara? Where's Tammy? How come she's not sitting by the phone anymore? What's the matter with Tammy? Could it be that's because she's lying on the floor in a pit of despair? (the puppet shakes back and forth) Oh no. Not our Tammy. She'd never lie on the floor in a pit of despair just because she waited all day and all night for a boy to call and (yelling) HE NEVER DID. (the other hand comes up to clamp down on the puppet) Oh. Oh. Inside voice. No need to shout.

Tamara

Suddenly the phone starts to ring. The hand looks down at the ringing phone.

What's that? Is that the phone? I do believe that's the phone. But who could it be? It couldn't be Dylan. Noooooooo. That would be too precious. Make a girl go absolutely crazy bonkers and then call. That would be a treat.

TAMARA appears from behind the chair. She sits in the chair. She looks somewhat disheveled. She tries to fix her hair. She takes a deep breath and picks up the phone.

Hello? Loony Bin Incorporated. Who? Tammy? Hold on a sec I'll get her. *(she stares into space humming for a second, then goes back to the phone.)* Hello? Yes this is she. Why, Dylan! Dylan Blankers-Wallace. It's Dylan Blankers-Wallace I've got on the phone. Isn't that a treat. Isn't that precious. Why no! There's nothing wrong with me. Nope. I'm like fresh bread. Fresh bread rising in a pan, that's what I feel like Dylan Blankers-Wallace. I feel like a big ole loaf of fresh bread. Is there something you wanted? Is there a reason for this ever-so-timely call? A date. You want a date. Next weekend. 7:00. A movie! Isn't that precious. Oh I love movies. Well, Dylan Blankers-Wallace let me tell you something. Let me give it to you straight. Let me lay it on the line for you.

Tamara

I would... I would like to say... I just want to... Yes!
Yes! I would love to go on a date with you. I would love
to see a movie with you. I would love to go out next
weekend at seven o'clock. Just one thing. Don't be late.
I'm a girl who doesn't like to be kept waiting!



Melissa

PLAY: Among Friends and Clutter
 GENRE: Drama
 TIME: 1:45

DESCRIPTION

Melissa describes how she has moved on from her childhood friends.

ACTING HINTS

This character is desperate, after a chance meeting with an old friend, to justify her actions. That's the emotional key to the piece and the connection between character and audience. In the speech you will also have to take on the different voices of the three friends. Give each a specific vocal tone and a specific gesture to allow the audience to see the differences.

(sing song) “Friends forever, Friends for life. Friends through good and bad. We’ll be friends forever more, the best we ever had!” *(to audience)* We said that chant every day for three years. *(calling out as JANA)* “Phone me when you get home?” *(as CAROL)* “I got it! I got my sister’s lipstick!” *(as SUZE)* “What are you wearing tomorrow?” *(to audience)* We lived in the same neighbourhood. We spent all our time together. We wore the same clothes. We tormented the same boys. *(calling out)* Tommy, Tommy four eyes, glasses seven stories high! *(as JANA)* “I’m so glad you’re my friend.” *(as CAROL)* “You’re the best friend I ever had.” *(as SUZE)* “Forever!”

(to audience) Why is forever so short when you’re eleven years old? *(as JANA)* “Why did you talk to Mona Ferguson?” *(as CAROL)* “You always liked red.” *(as SUZE)* “What are you wearing?” Jana moved away. *(calling out as JANA)* “Write me!” Carol became popular.

Melissa

(*snoobby, as CAROL*) “Oh. Hi.” Suze just disappeared. (*as SUZE*) “Oh look, we’re not in the same class this year.”

Nobody really has an explanation. Ok, maybe some people have an explanation, I don’t. It just sort of happened. I felt sort of guilty... (*as SUZE*) “Melissa? Why haven’t you called me?” And then it’s gone. Wearing the same clothes. Tormenting the same boys. It happens all the time. From every single day, to once a week, to a phone call, to a Christmas card.

It happens to everybody. Why should I feel guilty? Why should I feel guilty when I walk down a certain street in a place that I don’t usually go? And I catch someone’s eye? And it’s her. Popular Carol. I mean, she wouldn’t even talk to me in high school. Only she looks like she hasn’t eaten in a couple days, or slept, or washed. I catch her eye for a fraction of a second. But long enough to know it’s her. And long enough to turn my head and walk right on by.

(*as CAROL*) “We’ll be friends forever!” I just... I just... walked right past her. Like she never existed. And every fiber of my body was screaming at me, “Go back and talk to her.” But I didn’t. I just kept on walking. It happens all the time. Right? (*calling out*) “Friends forever, Friends for life. Friends through good and bad. We’ll be friends forever more, the best we ever had!” (*sadly to audience*) It happens all the time.



Persephone

PLAY: Circus Olympus

GENRE: Comedy

TIME: 1:15

DESCRIPTION

Circus Olympus brings several Greek myths to life. Persephone is taken to the Underworld by Hades because she picked a special flower.

ACTING HINTS

Persephone is the epitome of the ‘flower child.’ She’s very laid back and doesn’t worry too much about anything. That should come across in the physical action of the character. Having said that, the one thing Persephone does fear is her mother, Demeter. Demeter is quite fierce and Persephone’s not kidding when she says, “Mummy would get upset.” There should be true hesitation on Persephone’s part. Think about what would happen to her if her mother caught her picking flowers.

What is Persephone doing when she lists off the flowers? Think of her physical and emotional action. The character LOVES flowers. Does she get more and more excited as she goes along? When she says ‘Whoa what a rush’ at the end of the list, what does she mean? You shouldn’t just stand there and recite the list. Make this list an embodiment of the character.

Hello there flower. Aren’t you pretty. I’ve never seen a flower like you before. And I know all the flowers: *(she straightens up and counts off the flowers)* daises, azaleas, blue bells, magnolias, roses, snap dragons, tulips, violets, wisteria *(she takes a deep breath)* zinnias, impatiens, iris-ss-sisses, gardenias, forget-me-nots, columbines, pansies, carnations, dandelions, baby’s breath, ivy, *(she takes another breath)* hyacinth, hydrangea, honeysuckle, hibiscus!

Persephone

(she staggers a bit) Whooo! What a rush! But you don't look like any of those. You would look so pretty in my scrapbook. I collect flowers.

Realizing she has spoken out loud, she claps a hand over her mouth and looks around in a panic, scared her mother overheard her. Seeing she's safe, she takes a deep breath and focuses back on the flower.

Shhhh. *(whispering)* It's a secret. I'm not really supposed to 'cause when I pick the flowers they die and mummy gets upset, and it's not good to get mummy upset, *(starting to get upset, she paces)* 'cause she loves the flowers and I do too and I try not to pick too many because when you pick the flower you can't enjoy the flower and I do enjoy the flower. I do, I do, I do, I do, I do!

She freezes and gets a puzzled look on her face. She bends down again to the flower, which has said something.

What's that little flower? You want me to pick you? You want to come home with me and be part of my collection? Are you sure? *(she reaches forward)* You are such a pretty flower. *(she pulls back)* I shouldn't. Mummy would get upset. *(she leans forward)* But maybe, I could hide you and then mummy wouldn't find out and then she couldn't get upset and I wouldn't get in trouble. *(she pulls back)* I don't like getting in trouble. What's that, little flower? You want me to pick you? Now? Ok!





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