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# COMPETITION MONOLOGUES

EDITED BY  
*Lindsay Price*



*Competition Monologues*

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Edited by Lindsay Price

**Puzzle Pieces** by Krista Boehnert

All other monologues by Lindsay Price

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# **MONOLOGUES FOR MEN**



## Troy

### PLAY: Puzzle Pieces

*by Krista Boehnert*

### GENRE: Drama

TIME: 2:00

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### DESCRIPTION

Troy talks about his parents' divorce.

### ACTING HINTS

Decide on Troy's emotional state for the monologue. Is he bitter? Is he surprised this is happening to him? Is he angry? Is he sad? Is he distant? Has he been repressing his feelings about the divorce until this moment? Is there a specific place in the piece where his emotions boil over unexpectedly?

---

Twenty years. Twenty years they've been together and now they're calling it quits. Au revoir. Pulling the plug. So long sucker. And for me, it's the most bizarre thing because I don't ever remember my parents arguing with each other. In fact, they were always pretty quiet. They didn't really talk to each other at all.

Not until recently that is. Now they're talking a lot, about everything. They argue about whether at the family Christmas party in '89 Uncle Roy was really drunk or just pretending to be. They argue about where their first official date was and what the other was wearing. They argue about who will get the house, the kids, the car. They argue about whose fault it is that the marriage is over, and who knew it was going to end first.

And Mom blames Dad for having a girlfriend. And Dad blames Mom for never letting him know she loved him.

## Troy

My sister and my mom both blame me just for being a guy and tell me I'm just like my father. And I blame my parents for acting so juvenile and using their kids as pawns in their game to "equally split the shared assets."

I look around at school and for the longest time I was the only kid whose parents hadn't divorced. And now, I look at all the couples in the street and think, "How long will it last?" Two years? Ten? Twenty? Can you ever be sure when you fall in love it will be forever? Will you wake up one morning after twenty years and decide you want someone else?

My parents have moved from big complaints to little ones. He slurps his soup. Always has, always will. It is so embarrassing. Her makeup takes up all the counter space in the bathroom. A guy can't even find a spot for his toothbrush. And somewhere, in all the fighting, they forgot that at one time they did love each other. Thought it would last forever. Had two kids to show their love for each other.

And now, the house is full of things marked his or hers, a couple of devastated kids, and two wedding bands sitting abandoned on their night table. Twenty years reduced to that.



## Nicholas

PLAY: The Canterbury Tales

*from the original by Geoffrey Chaucer*

GENRE: Comedy

TIME: 2:40

---

### DESCRIPTION

This monologue comes from the Miller's tale. Nicholas tries to trick John into thinking a flood is imminent.

### ACTING HINTS

The tone of this piece is very much tongue-in-cheek. Nicholas is attracted to John's wife, Allison, and is trying to think of a way to get her alone. Nicholas feels he's much smarter than John and John falls for Nicholas' story hook, line and sinker.

Allow Nicholas to use a "conspiratorial" tone as he shares his ridiculous news.

---

*NICHOLAS sits slumped on the floor, staring into space.  
He gives a deep and heavy sigh.*

Alas. Shall all the world be lost again so soon?

*He sits up suddenly and speaks to JOHN.*

I must speak with you in private. Are we in private?  
There is a thing that touches us all and I will tell no  
other man but you.

*He looks around to make sure they are alone.*

John. My host. My life and dear. Swear to me that you  
shall tell no one, NO ONE, what I am about to share  
with you. On your life! For if you tell another soul you  
will be utterly lost. If you betray me, vengeance will rain  
down upon you and make you mad. Do you understand  
me, John?

## Nicholas

I do not lie John when I say I have found in my astrology, when I have looked into the bright moon, that on Monday next, at nine o'clock at night...

*He stops and looks around again.*

On Monday next, at nine o'clock at night there shall fall a rain so wild and fierce it will rival the rains that fell on Noah! In less than an hour the whole world will be wet from this hideous shower. All mankind shall be drowned. All mankind shall lose their lives. Now you know why I sit here without a wink of sleep, nor a morsel of food can I eat. *(he sniffs his armpit)* I could bathe though.

Is there no way to save ourselves? There is, John.

*NICHOLAS looks around and moves to the other side of the stage.*

*(whispering)* But you must not follow your instincts. You must not act on what your logic tells you to do. If you follow my instructions you will not be sorry. If you follow my advice to the letter and not deviate from it one inch, I will save you and *(he gives a little cough)* Allison and me.

Go right away into your house and fetch three wooden buckets, one for each of us. See that they are large enough so when the time comes we may float away. Then, you must gather food and drink enough for one day. *(thinking quickly to come up with a reason why they only need food for one day)* Oh... I'm fairly sure the water will drain away quite quickly. Remember! There is no logic here! Remember! No one must know about this. Not your serving boy, nor you maid. Do not ask

**Nicholas**

me why there is such secrecy. Unless you want to make yourself mad, you'll follow me to the letter.

When you have the three vats, hang them from the roof as high as you can, so no man will see what we are doing. We all must be in (*he coughs again*) separate boats. That is the most important part of the plan. Remember - do not use logic. And one more thing. Once the time has come and we are in our makeshift boats, none of us may speak a word. Not a word, John. Do you understand? You are such a wise man, John. I knew I would be able to count on you. Now go and godspeed.





# **MONOLOGUES FOR WOMEN**



## Jillian

PLAY: Skid Marks: A Play  
About Driving

GENRE: Comedy

TIME: 2:00

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### DESCRIPTION

Jillian confronts her car.

### ACTING HINTS

Approach this piece with a light tone. If Jillian gets too angry or manic then the piece loses its comic edge. She should be frustrated and exhausted and a little loopy over what she perceives to be a rebellious car.

---

Herman, I want you to listen up and listen good. We're going for a drive and you're not going to give me any grief. You're going to start properly. You're not going to stall. You're not going to make those knock, knock, cha-ping noises like last time. I know you were just doing it to spite me 'cause I took you to the mechanic and the mechanic said there was nothing wrong! So there's no point in making knock, knock, cha-ping noises. I'm on to you now. I know the little game you're trying to play. But who's in charge here Herman? Who's got the keys? Is it Jillian or Herman? Jillian or Herman? JillianHerman?

I could put you in a no-park zone, let you get towed and never collect you. How'd you like that, huh? I could take you to the wrong side of town and leave you all alone with the windows down and the keys in the ignition. That wouldn't be nice would it? Would it? So you just better behave yourself from now on.

## Jillian

No more knock, knock, cha-ping noises. No more chugha-ka-sloughing. No more wheeza, wheeza, humpa humpa znack znack znack when we're going up hills. No more flashing the oil light when the oil is full and fine. I HATE that. And absolutely no more spitting gas when I'm filling the tank. Oh I can hear you snickering, Herman, when I'm standing there covered in gas but it is so not funny. Not funny.

Repeat after me please. I will not spit gas on Jillian when she is trying to fill the tank. (*she listens*) Don't mumble! (*she listens*) Thank you. There. I'm glad we had this little talk. I hope we can continue working on our relationship and put this little difficulty behind us. All right then. Let's drive.



## Tamara

PLAY: Wait Wait Bo Bait

GENRE: Comedy

TIME: 2:00

### DESCRIPTION

Tamara is waiting to hear from a boy who said he'd call. She has been going crazy in her room waiting all day for the call.

### ACTING HINTS

Make sure the piece is performed with tonal variety. Tamara should alternate between serenity and insanity.

Is this the first time a boy has ever told Tamara they'd call her? Why does she wait? What's so special about the boy? What led Tamara to give the boy her number?

*(singing a made-up melody into a hairbrush microphone)*  
 Oh Mr. Phone. Why don't you ring? Why don't I hear you sing in the night? Oh Mr. Phone. One ding-a-ling is all I need to make it right. *(speaking as if to a Vegas night club audience)* Thank you. Thank you very much, I'm here all week. You know, just before I go, I'd like to send out a little word. Just a little word out there to all the guys in the world. *(singing)* To all the guys in the world. If you meet that special girl. Don't make her wait by the phone. All alone. 'Cause that's not nice. She might curse you and wish that you had lice. How'd you like that? Have to shave your head and buy a hat.

*(speaking)* Thank you. Thank you very much. Try the buffet. All you guys out there in the world. Could you do us gals a favour? It's just a simple, teeny, tiny, little thing. If you don't want to call a girl then don't ask for her number. Sounds easy, don't you think audience?

**Tamara**

Don't ask for her number. Don't look her in the eyes and say "I'm going to call you." Don't say it. Don't say those five little words. Would that be so hard? I don't think so. "I'm going to call you." Five little words that make girls all over the world cancel their plans and sit in their rooms going absolutely mental waiting for stupid boys to call. I know my life would be a lot better off if I had never heard them, isn't that right audience? Ah, you're a beautiful crowd. (*singing*) For centuries girls have waited for that invitation to the ball. 'Cause a stupid boy has told her, "I'm going to call." For centuries girls have believed but over and over and over and over and over and over and over and over again we've been deceived. When will we learn? When will we ever, ever, ever, ever, ever, ever, learn?

(*speaking*) Thank you. Thank you very much. Tip your waitress! Our next act is Gammy Sam and his trained seal, Jo Jo. Jo Jo can play *You Light Up My Life* on the castanets. Let's hear it for Jo Jo!



**Karen**

PLAY: The Bright Blue Mailbox  
Suicide Note

GENRE: Drama

TIME: 0:50

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**DESCRIPTION**

Karen reveals why she is always in a good mood.

**ACTING HINTS**

When Karen presents this monologue is she in her “happy” public persona, or is she in her “serious” private persona? Whichever you decide will inform the way you do the piece.

Is she scornful of people who always think she’s in a good mood? What kind of thoughts does she write in her journal?

---

I don’t get depressed. I’m a happy, well-adjusted person. Everyone says so. “Karen, you’re always in a good mood.” “Karen, you’re a breath of fresh air.” “Karen, you’re a ray of sunshine.” I’m never depressed. According to everybody.

I have a journal. I write it in every day. Sometimes twice a day. I try to get everything out and onto the paper so that no one has to look at me and say, “Karen, you don’t look so good today.” Sometimes it works. Sometimes it doesn’t. Sometimes I have to fake it. No one ever notices. (*She laughs*) I should be an actress. I’m really good at it. (*pause*) Depressed? Me? Never.





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