

MONOLOGUE SUGGESTIONS

The following are monologue **SUGGESTIONS** for the high school theatre assessment. When choosing the two monologues for assessment, **you may choose to do monologues other than the ones listed below.**

Remember, all monologues must be from produced plays.

Below are 5 monologue suggestions for women and 5 for men.

MONOLOGUE SUGGESTIONS FOR WOMEN

The five typed monologues below are from *Praying for Rain*, *Spark*, *The Moonlight Room*, *Star-Spangled Girl*, and *10 Ways to Survive the Zombie Apocalypse*.

Play: *Praying for Rain*

By Robert Lewis Vaughan

Character: ERIN-17

(Marc, who is mentioned in the monologue was once a jock and has changed drastically after a severe motorcycle accident)

ERIN.

What's next, Mom? What does he have to do to make you see that he's no good? You know he still hangs out with those idiots... with Jim and Chris. Maybe there wasn't a gun and they were just gonna take that kid's money. But maybe there is a gun and he'd have done it, too. I just know it, and so do you. He used to be nice and everything. I guess. He was hard to get to know. It's kinda like two Marcs: Marc before he got hurt and Marc after he got hurt. Before he got hurt, he was okay, and you'd get close enough and you'd deal with it 'cause we were all on teams, and e was kind of there, but after he got hurt... I don't know. I thought it was kind of weird, but ... I mean, we all wear our team jackets, you know? Tony miller still wears his even though he quit playing football, but . Marc always wore his jacket. He always wore it, like he was just a little more proud of it than anybody else. I noticed that after he came back to school ... and he couldn't play anymore ...he never wore his jacket again. And ...it's like, since then, I don't know. I still ... I don't want to have anything to do with him and I think they should have just kicked him out. What's he going to need a diploma for anyway? He's not going to use it.

Play: *Spark*

By Caridad Svich

Character: Ali- 18

(Lexie, who is mentioned by Ali in the monologue just returned from a five-year tour of duty in a war. Ali is talking with her older sister Evelyn who she lives with.)

Ali.

You go round all high and mighty, but when Lexie shipped out, I remember you prayin' to all the saints in heaven that she stay there a long time. Wanted her gone. Far, far away, 'cuz you hated she always did better than you. She'd win some prize at school? You'd be all weirded-out. She made a real decision with her life? You didn't know what to do with. 'Cuz she's just like Daddy. Lezie is just like Daddy and Daddy was a piece of trash. Piece of trash for leavin' us, piece of trash 'cuz Momma got sick after he left, piece of trash it was his fault she up and died, 'cuz if he hadn't left maybe she wouldn't have gotten sick in the first place. And Lezie got his eyes and Lezie got his spirit and Lezie a soldier too, and that just puts you out like hellfire. But you know what? Lexie's more than you. Come day of judgement? Book gonna show she done right. And you, with all the powerful decency you say you got Nobody's gonna remember you. Nobody's gonna say "oh that Evelyn, she's a golden child." Your name drop in the bucket? Good riddance. That's what people will say. Nobody but nobody's gonna sing at your grave.

PLAY: *The Moonlight Room*

By Tristine Skyler

Character: Sal

Sal.

What do you know? Your mom's with someone. She's happy. My mom barely goes out. She says she'd rather stay home and clean the apartment. I'm not even allowed to have friends over because they'll interfere with her depression. And she doesn't want to wash her hair. Sometimes she goes a whole week. I tell her that if maybe we had people around she would start to feel better. But she doesn't listen. She'll sit there watching IJeopardyI and bad-mouth my dad. The same speech I've been hearing since he left. On and on and on and on. And then when he comes over to pick me up, she puts on lipstick! She doesn't wash her hair, and she has on the same outfit she's worn for three days, but she puts on lipstick! I swear one night I'm going to go out, and I'm just not going to come home. *(They sit in silence for a few beats. Sal becomes embarrassed.)* I just don't want to have to call her. *(Pause.)* You don't realize how

lucky you are. You do whatever you want. You could come home tomorrow and it's fine. I come home tomorrow and I'm on the back of a milk carton.

Play: *The Star-Spangled Girl*

By Neil Simon

Character: Sophie

(Sophie is from the South and just moved next door to Norman Cornell who has fallen in love with her and keeps leaving gifts for her)

SOPHIE.

Mr. Cornell, Ah have tried to be neighborly, Ah have tried to be friendly and Ah have tried to be cordial... Ah don't know what it is that you're tryin' to be. THat first night Ah was appreciative that you carried mah trunk up the stairs... The fact that it slipped and fell five flights and smashed to pieces was not your fault... Ah didn't even mind that personal message you painted on the stairs. Ah thought it was crazy, but sorta sweet. However, things have now gone too far... Ah cannot accept gifts from a man Ah hardly know... *(Puts Basket on the Table)* Especially canned goods. And Ah read your little note. Ah can guess the gist of it even though Ah don't speak Italian. This has got to stop, Mr. Cornell. Ah can do very well without you leavin' little chocolate-almond Hershey bars in mah mailbox-they melted yesterday, and now Ah got three gooey letters from home with nuts in 'em-and Ah can do without you sneakin' into mah room after Ah go to work and paintin' mah balcony without tellin' me about it. Ah stepped out there yesterday and mah slippers are still glued to the floor. And Ah can do without you tying big bottles of eau de cologne to mah cat's tail. The poor thing kept swishin' it yesterday and nearly beat herself to death... And Most of all, Ah can certainly do without you watchin me get on the bus every day through that high-powered telescope. You got me so nervous the other day Ah got on the wrong bus. In short, Mr. Cornell, and Ah don't want want to have to say this again, *leave me ay-lone!*

10 Ways to Survive the Zombie Apocalypse

By: Don Zolidis

Character: Sam

SAM:

Now you might think to yourself: What can I do, one person, against an army of unstoppable zombies? We've seen them. We know how many there are. A lot. I mean, so many zombies that they can literally walk over each other to climb up skyscrapers. I don't need to tell you that that's a lot of zombies. And yes, we're likely to die horribly and then rise from the dead and join them in a tidal wave of nightmarish destruction that will sweep over the planet. That's a likely scenario. Hopefully we won't feel too much pain. Probably will. Probably be excruciating. You know when you go to the dentist? This is going to be a lot worse than that. This is going to

be like a million dentists poking you at the same time. I know what you're thinking: How will all those dentists even reach me? But let's say they're tiny dentists. But their needles still hurt as much as regular sized needles. That's probably in the same range of the amount of pain we're likely to face when the zombies tear us limb from limb. What was I talking about again?

MONOLOGUE SUGGESTIONS FOR MEN

The five typed monologues below are from *Scooter Thomas Makes it to the Top of the World*, *Rabbit Hole*, *Moontel Six*, *Fences*, and *10 Ways to Survive the Zombie Apocalypse*.

Play: *Scooter Thomas Makes it to the Top of the World*
By Peter Parnell

Dennis.

Leslie?...Leslie Pinkus?...Are you still out there? I know you can hear me, because I can hear you. I can understand if you don't want to come out again, I mean I probably wouldn't either, but I just want you to hear what I have to say. Just listen to the sound of my voice, Miss Pinkus. Okay? Because the thing is, ya see, I know you won't believe this or anything, but the truth is I never woulda tried to do what I did with you if it hadn't been for a stupid crazy insane bet I made six weeks ago with my idiot friend Dennis Wright. Anyway, I'm sorry when I kissed you I tried to put my tongue down you throat. I'm even sorrier it missed and got stuck in your braces. It wasn't too pleasant for me either. I hope we can still be friends and maybe write letters to each other after we go home tomorrow. Okay? You can stop crying and come out of the bushes now, Leslie. Or if you want, I'll go away. Do you want me to go away? I just don't want you to have to walk back through the woods alone, that's all. See, I've got a compass, so I'm sure we won't get lost. I know not to walk in circles Leslie. So why don't you come out now. Or if you want, pretend like I'm not even here. Okay? Just pretend like I'm not even here. LESLIEE! All right, Pinkus, if that's the way you feel about it, I'll just go away! And I hope you get lost in the woods and get eaten by a grizzly bear so nobody else ever gets to put their tongue down your throat ever again because nobody would ever want to, anyway! Nobody ever ever! Nobody nobody nobody...

Play: Rabbit Hole

By David Lindsay-Abaire

Character: Jason

(Jason is talking to the mother of the toddler he accidentally hit with his car over a month ago.)

Jason.

So, I don't see any photos anywhere. The one in the article was nice. Him at the beach. I used to have a shirt just like that one. The one he's wearing in the picture. (Beat) I might've been going too fast. That day. I'm not sure, but I might've been. So... that's one of the things I wanted to tell you. (Beat) It's a thirty zone. And I might've been going thirty-three. Or thirty-two. I would usually look down, to check, and if I was a little over, then I'd slow down obviously. But I don't remember checking on your block, so it's possible I was going a little too fast. And then the dog came out, really quick, and so I swerved a little to avoid him, not knowing, obviously... (Beat) So that's something I thought you should know. I might've been going a little over the limit. I can't be positive either way though.

Play: Moontel Six

By Constance Congdon

Character: Seven

(This is a play about a colony of genetically altered teens who leave in order to find a home of their own)

Seven.

I'm going to help you understand how it happened. You see.. When you lose one sock, it leaves behind its mate. Or partner. Let's call it "partner." So you wear the next pair and you lose one of those. Because it's actually more likely that you'll lose one of a matched pair than one of an unmatched pair because you rarely wear an unmatched pair because most people are less likely to wear and then wash the unmatched sock, unless they are us who have stopped washing them altogether, so the odds are even greater that the next sock to get lost will be the part of a pair. Are you with me? ... It's important, Meema. It's important to understand how the world works... Let's say you have ten complete, but distinct pairs of socks, meaning each pair differs from another, then it will be over 100 times more likely that the result will be the worst possible outcome... The best possible outcome would be seven complete pairs left. Drawing two socks at random even from a drawer full of complete pairs is most likely to produced nothing but two odd socks. And, here's the interesting part- if you draw two socks at random from a drawer full of complete pairs of socks you are going to, probably, get two odd socks... Facts make up the world, so probability is a religious experience. For me... you know what's really

strange? The odds of two lost socks finding each other is astronomical, but to make pairs from a random collection of odd lost socks, well, that's unheard of. That's all i'm trying to say.

FENCES

By August Wilson

Character: Cory

(Cory is talking to his father Troy, whom Cory knows spends most his time drinking with friends and cheating on Cory's mother.)

Cory.

I live here too! I ain't scared of you. I was walking by you to go into the house cause you sitting on the steps drunk, singing to yourself. I ain't got to say excuse me to you. You don't count around here anymore. Now why don't you just get out my way. You talking about what you did for me... what'd you ever give me? You ain't never gave me nothing. You ain't never done nothing but hold me back. Afraid I was gonna be better than you. All you ever did was try and make me scared of you. I used to tremble every time you called my name. Every time I heard your footsteps in the house. Wondering all the time... what's Papa gonna say if I do this?... What's he gonna say if I do that?... What's he gonna say if I turn on the radio? And Mama, too... she tries... but she's scared of you. I don't know how she stand you... after what you did to her. What you gonna do... give me a whupping? You can't whup me no more. You're too old. You're just an old man. You crazy. You know that? You just a crazy old man... talking about I got the devil in me. Come on... put me out. I ain't scare of you. Come on! Come on, put me out. What's the matter? You so bad... put me out! Come on! Come on!

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those dentists even reach me? But let's say they're tiny dentists. But their needles still hurt as much as regular sized needles. That's probably in the same range of the amount of pain we're likely to face when the zombies tear us limb from limb. What was I talking about again?