

Monologues

Teenage

Gender: N/A

Age: Child/Teenage

Description: When a young man heads off to university, it has a big impact on everyone, including his younger sibling.

“Why? There are so many other options! Why did you pick the school that is half-way across the country?” He didn’t answer. When summer was almost over and the time had come for him to leave, I couldn’t handle it. He was standing at the door, all packed and ready to go. I watched him as he said goodbye to my mom and dad. I was so overwhelmed that I just zoned out. Then, it was my turn to say goodbye. When he approached me, I looked up to see puddles of tears forming in his eyes.

Gender: Female

Age: N/A

Description: A character talks to a younger version of herself (or himself).

This is me. (Shows the picture.) Sometimes I take out this picture and talk to her. I tell her about what's going to happen in her future, and I tell her that I miss the past. I tell her that I miss the days when I didn't have to go to school. The days where I would just eat and play all day. I tell her that I miss all the attention I used to get from people., the times when I didn't even think to worry what other people thought of me. I didn't judge myself and my imperfections then, I was happy.

Gender: N/A

Age: Teenage

Description: A student panics while taking a test.

The white clock on the wall is mocking me. Counting down the minutes until I fail this test. It makes no sense. Hey, why aren't there any posters hung up in Ms. Daniel's room? I've never noticed that before. I need something to take my mind off this paper in front of me. This paper that will destroy my GPA. I'm grinding my teeth. I never grind my teeth. Wow. Look how interesting this pencil looks when I twirl it. Why is the second hand on that clock moving so slowly? And how is everyone else still working on this test? I can't make sense of it.

Gender: N/A

Age: Teenage

Description: A teen expresses the frustrations of being vertically challenged.

Last night my world was shattered. I realized that my younger brother, Colin, is taller than me. He was like "Ha, ha. I'm taller than you, little hobbit." Shut Up

Colin! No one understands the daily struggles of being short. People use your head as an armrest, like ALL the time. I'm not an armrest, I'M A HUMAN BEING! People also assume you're like 5 or 6 years younger than you are. When I went to the Ferris wheel, they asked if I wanted the twelve and under ticket. TWELVE AND UNDER!!!! I'M SIXTEEN.

Gender: Female

Age: Teenage

Description: A teenager accidentally sends a very personal text to the school gossip.

Oh-My-God, OH MY GOD! I did not just accidentally send a text to Sky about the fact that I have a crush on Gaston. Oh no, this is bad, this is really bad. I'm going to die! Gaston is semi-popular and he is definitely going to find out. Why does Sky have to be such a gossip with her amazing looks and gorgeous hair, although she is still a "four eyes", but I guess I can't say anything (*points to glasses*). Ugh, I am literally going to die.

Adult & Teenage

Gender: N/A

Age: N/A

Description: The Pied Piper threatens the townspeople if the Mayor doesn't pay him.

What do you mean you aren't going to pay me? I just got rid of those rats for you. They won't be back for a long time, if ever. So, where's my money? What? This is a joke, right? I have a family to feed you know. You need to pay me now! I just single-handedly went from town to town playing my flute and had an army of rats following me. I got rid of them all, every last one! If it wasn't for me, then you people would have gotten a horrible plague that would have killed almost everyone.

Gender: Female

Age: N/A

Description: A character talks to a younger version of herself (or himself).

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Gender: N/A

Age: Teenage/Adult

Description: A pessimistic person describes life

I don't get sleep but when I do, it's always nightmares. I sit in a pit of an infinite amount of skulls, trying to remember their faces. I'm not scared, sad, angry or happy. Nothing makes sense and yet it doesn't have to. Pain is make-believe,

destiny is fulfilled and life is had. I've left little memory in this expiring world. What's so great about life? Seriously. Happiness is a fleeting moment. Money? That's pathetic. Our passions will never change anyone or anything.

Gender: N/A

Age: Teenage/Adult

Description: A person misses a family member.

We were in the middle of dinner. There was this- pretentious classical music playing, a store-bought smoked ham, Dad and Lori holding hands under the table like freaking teenagers, and I looked over to see which of us was going to call bullsh#t on all of it, and you were nowhere to be found. You got this call from Elena and disappeared. And I sat there by myself.

Gender: N/A

Age: N/A

Description: A person apologizes for using their sister

I know it's a lot for you to come all the way here, and then for me to basically ask you sit on your hands until I need you. I know that was selfish. But I was afraid if I told you everything, then you wouldn't come. And I needed you to come. Because I'm scared, and freaking out, and I need my little sister who always knows the best way to handle stuff to help me with this.

Gender: N/A

Age: N/A

Description: A person reminisces on the loss of a family member

I would give anything for you to remember how much you hate it when I leave the dishwasher full without running it. When I balance a soda like it's Jenga in the recycling can instead of emptying it. How I spatter the mirror every time I brush my teeth. How do you not remember loving me?

Gender: Female

Age: Adult

Description: A woman describes a consistent pattern of irresponsibility to her partner

We said no gifts because we can't afford any gifts. And you have never, ever understood anything like that. Never. Because everything is always going to be "fine", isn't it? It's fine to use the land as equity. It's fine to get the stainless steel appliances. "Sure, Bill. The tile can wait 'til next week. That's just fine." And that is why they called in the loans. That is why the business failed. That is why we are in this mess to begin with.

Gender: Female

Age: Adult

Description: A mother inquires her child on her absences at school

I went to the typing instructor and introduced myself as your mother. She didn't know who you were. Wingfield, she said. We don't have any such student enrolled at the school! I assured her she did, that you had been going to classes since early in January. 'I wonder,' she said, 'if you could be talking about that terribly shy little girl who dropped out of school after only a few days' attendance?' 'No,' I said, 'Laura, my daughter, has been going to school every day for the past six weeks!' '