**Monologue #1 (Male)**

**That's MY Dad!**

I guess I must have been about eight. I couldn't have been much younger. It was the first time my Dad took me to a real Major League ballgame. I guess I must have eaten one too many hot dog or too many nachos, because I suddenly really had to go to the bathroom. I wasn't sure my Dad would let me go by myself, but we were within one run of tying the game and he didn't want to miss anything. I was thrilled. When you're eight finding the men's room by yourself is a real grown-up adventure. Even the word "MEN'S room" was exciting. But I think deep down I was a little hurt that he wasn't more worried about me. I mean who knows what kind of weirdos might have been in that men's room?

Anyway, there weren't any weirdos. But when I got back to my seat, this GUY was in it. This total stranger was in my seat, and he was talking to my Dad. And my Dad had his arm around the guy's shoulder--not in a weird way, but you know, like guys bonding. And they were laughing. My dad used to put his arm around my shoulders like that! The men's room was up a level from our seats, so I saw them before they saw me. And all I could think was, why is he talking to that guy? That's my seat! That's MY Dad!

I couldn't move. I just stood there in the middle of the stadium frozen. I thought I'd been replaced. I wanted to scream, "No, Dad! I'll be a better son! Whatever it takes, I'll do it! Dad!" But I couldn't. I just stood there. I guess I was crying.

This guy in a blue shirt came up and tried to find out what was wrong, but I couldn't tell him. How could I tell him I was dumped by my DAD? So he kind of pried open my fingers, where I was holding my ticket, and saw where my seat was. He sort of pushed me along and we got down to my seat.

When we got there the guy stood up to let me sit down, and I saw who it was. "Hey, look who's here," my Dad said. "It's Mr. Allen! What do you know--he's a huge baseball fan just like you!"

Mr. Allen was my gym teacher. I've hated gym class ever since.

**Monologue #2 (Male or Female)**

**Ever Wish You Could Control Your Dreams?**

Ever wish you could control your dreams? You know--you go to sleep and dream about whatever you want? Sometimes I think I could really FIX things if I could just dream them right. I guess that sounds pretty stupid. Like last week I had this huge test in Chemistry. I really like Chemistry, but there's so much to remember. I tanked. And I KNOW that stuff--that's what makes me so mad. Who cares, right? It's just a stupid test. But I'm the one who's supposed to be so smart. My Dad wants me to go to medical school, and I guess I do too, but who needs the pressure? I mean, doesn't he have a life of his own? If I turn out to be a moron, what's that to him? "My son, the Honor Student. My son, the Doctor." Can't he talk about sports like everybody else? The first thing he says to me when he gets home: "So, how'd the test go? Another A, right?" I told him we didn't get the test back yet.

So that night I dreamed I aced the test. In my dream I remembered every stupid element. I could see the protons and electrons and neutrons spinning around like little solar systems, and I could recognize every one. I think I was flying among them for a while, like with a jet pak or something. Or maybe I WAS and electron. That part of the dream is sort of fuzzy. But the thing was, I KNEW IT ALL. I woke up before the dream was over, so I never saw my grade on the test, but I know I aced it. I had the stuff cold. And the funny thing was, the dream made the real test okay. I mean, I still got an F and all. I still probably can't get an A for the semester no matter what I do on the next test, but I'm okay with it. Look, I KNOW Chemistry. Hey, for one thing, if I didn't, how could I have dreamed all that stuff? I just had a bad day.

The next morning I told my Dad I flunked the test. He gets all quiet for a minute, but then he goes, "Well, you'll do better next time, right?" He didn't even freak.

I bet he still tells his buddies on Friday that I aced it, though. It's kind of pathetic when you think about it.

**Monologue #3 (Male or Female)**

**Arrest Us for What? Wearing Big Pants?**

I'm skating on the sidewalk and this guy tears out of his shop like I'm the Unabomber or something and actually tries to shove me off the pavement.  
  
"Get a job, you punk!"  
  
Who's he think he is? Get a job. I'm not doing anything to you. As far as I can see, this isn't your sidewalk. I've been here all day and I haven't crashed into one person.  
  
Maybe if he worried less about skaters scaring off his precious customers and more about not selling garbage his store wouldn't be going under. Maybe if he checked his blood pressure once in a while he might live longer. I know one thing: The next time he tries to push me off his stoop, he's gonna wish he kept his hands to himself.  
  
Get a job. Get one yourself. You'll need one when your lease comes due and your landlord kicks you out so he can open a yogurt bar or something. This is the same guy who threatened to call the cops on us last week. I wish he HAD called them. What are the cops going to do--arrest us? For what? For wearing big pants? There's no law against skateboards.  
  
Call me a punk. I wish he did call the cops. I wonder what the penalty is for a grown man assaulting a juvenile. Not that anyone would've come anyway. The cops are too busy rolling bums and eating donuts to mess around with "skate punks" who might actually fight back. Skate punks! What's that about? Just because we skate, does that make us juvenile delinquents? I have a B average in school, I don't smoke or drink, and I never cut class in my life. I don't even sneak into the movies. They don't like the way we dress, so they assume we're criminals or something.  
  
My Dad has pictures of himself in the sixties, with long hair and beads and stuff. He looks like a freak! And he's PROUD of it! They're all proud of it. Compared to them we look normal.

**Monologue #4 (Female)**

**Confused Teen \*Humorous\***

*Both Angie and Harmony are in their early teens. Angie's going through some physical changes, inside and out, and like any other good teenager, can't associate these changes with life's little obstacles.*

Angie: What's going on Harmony? I don't get it, why is it when you become a teenager everything gets so confusing? I mean, what are they doing, spiking the make-up? Is there some unwritten law that when you become a teenager you move into the realm of insanity? If I remember correctly, that's about the time everything started getting nutty. Think about it...I'm supposed to wash my face BEFORE I exercise to prevent build-up. No, I'm supposed to wash my face AFTER I exercise to prevent break-outs. I'm NOT SUPPOSED to eat chocolate because it causes pimples. Wait, I'm SUPPOSED to eat chocolate before I take a test, because it's great, "brain food." I'm SUPPOSED to have lots of foods hat are rich in iron to help my circulation. Hold on, now, I'm NOT SUPPOSED to have a lot of iron because it prevents my body from absorbing calcium properly. Wow, if I can survive being a confused teenager, I think I can pretty much survive anything! (Change of heart) Let's get out of here, I'm hungry!

**Monologue #5 (Female)**

**Down the Tubes \*Disappointment\***

*Cynthia is confiding in her older sister, before she faces the grim job of telling her parents the bad news, that she won't be following the family footsteps by graduating Valedictorian.*

Cynthia: Well it's done, I've passed the point of no return...I can't believe this has happened! All my life, I've been great in school, I've always been a leader, almost always the first in my class...until now. I don't know what got into me. I'm so angry at myself; I knew I should have studied harder. Ever since I was a little girl, I've dreamt of delivering my Valedictorian speech at Graduation...just like Mom, just like you, just like most of my cousins...now, my shot at being Valedictorian is pretty much over. I feel awful; I feel like I've disappointed everyone, including myself...Why didn't I try harder, I should have paid more attention to my grades. My Dad would tell me, "I know your smart sweetheart, I know you feel like you've got it nailed, but it wouldn't hurt to do just a little extra credit to pad your average." But noooo! I was too smart for that...You know most kids would have celebrated the grades I got, but not me, it's like I broke some sacred chain!...Well it's finally over, and there's nothing I can do about it, but cry a little tear and get on with life. But you know what's ironic?...As bad as I feel right now, it's like a giant load has been lifted off my shoulders...it's like I'm ...........FREE!

**Monologue #6 (Female)**

**Bandana Mania \*Humorous\***

Jayna's new friend Stephanie, has just moved in next door. Jayna has been going to the same inner-city high school all her life, while Stephanie came from a nice, quiet, middle class neighborhood on the outside of town. Stephanie's a nice girl, her parents just divorced, lives with her mom. They lost there house and are renting a little studio place above the neighbor's garage. Jayna is giving her friend some fashion tips for her first day of school.

Jayna: Stephanie, are you crazy! You can't wear that around here...Where do you think you are, the "St. Mary's School for Girls", cutie, you're downtown now. You can't wear that bandana around your ankle, like some little fashion accessory! You'll get us both killed! (Beat) Yeah it looks great...but sorry...you're not wearing it. You'll see a lot fo kids around here wearing bandanas on their heads and it's not because it goes with their shirt. They are like signs of association and sources of pride, or somehting like that...oh, and good luck if you DON'T happen to be familiar with, "The Code". Oh man, and heaven forbid you put a wrong color on, or wear it because it's cute...you could get yourself messed-up! Yesterday, I thought I'd have a little fun and wear that bandana my little brother gave me, with the good ole Red, White, and Blue, United States Flag printed on it...You should have seen the looks on their faces, they didn't know whether to throw me a peace sign or beat me up...but you can forget about it, I'm not wearing enough under arm deodorant to try that stunt again today, so please, just take it off!

**Monologue #7 (Female)**

**My Real Father \*Anticipation\***

*Trina, a well loved and happy teen, is living with her foster parents. She's talking with her foster mom in the kitchen about meeting her biological father for the first time. Like any teen in her predicament, she has always been curious.*

Trina: (Pacing the floor) Mom, I don't know if I can do this. I don't know if I'm ready to meet this man that I've never known. Gosh, what if he hates me? (Points to herself) I mean what if he thinks I'm ugly? I just know he's not going to like me...Oh no! What if I don't like him? Whaaat if he comes through that door, right, and our eyes meet and the feeling's not there? (Beat) Yeah, he's my father, but not like Frank is. Frank is Dad, this guy...I mean Ben, is just a father, right? I mean he and my biological mother decided they couldn't hang with having a kid at such a young age so they gave me up. And I'm cool with that, I think. It's just that I really don't know what to expect from him. I mean the letters he sent where cool and all, but they were just words on paper. (Shakes her head) I don't even know why I bothered looking for him, I'm eighteen now I should be getting ready for college and not sweating the old stuff. I mean my biological mother couldn't deal with it when I found her. She's got her own life now with her own kids, the one's she actually wanted. I'm just a bad memory she's trying to erase. (Beat) What do you mean I don't understand? Mom, she doesn't want to know me, and she sure doesn't want her husband and kids to know that she had a bastard kid when she was sixteen. So, what if, my father feels the same way? Rejects me like she did? I should have never contacted him. I'm setting myself up big time, I just know it (Pause) He's here isn't he? Okay, I'm ready to meet him!

**Monologue #8 (Female)**

**Grandma's House \*Whining\***

*Shannon has lots of plans for her Saturday, and one of them, Doesn't include going to Grandma's house. On the other hand, Dad's really into it, and tries to get his daughter to understand the importance of visiting Grandma, and to appreciate her, while she's still around.*

Shannon: Oh Daaaaaaad!...Do we have to go to Grandma's house? I don't know what makes you think going to Grandma's house is so much fun, you get up early and polish the car like we're going someplace cool, like the beach..Is it just me, or does her house smell like an old antique store couch...Yuk! And besides that, I'm the one she latches onto, to listen to all her old stories...well, I'm sorry if I can't appreciate her "WISDOM" right now...and Dad, let's face it, even you can admit the lady's a little bit crazy. One day I was going into the kitchen to get myself a drink and I heard her talking to somebody, I didn't want to disturb her, so I was really quiet. She was asking Grandpa how much salt he'd like in the stew,.....and he's been dead for ten years! I mean, come on! And another thing, I'm sorry, but her cooking is awful too...and OH!...OH!...and what was that disgusting stuff she made us last time for supper...BOILED OKRA?...That's just wrong! It felt like a hairy clam going down my throat. It took me three or four sips of Coke after each bite to get it down, and stay down....eeeeew I can still taste it! Dad can't we just skip this visit? I mean, Christmas is only four months away. I'm sure she wouldn't mind if we just called her.....Pleeease

**Monologue #9 (Male)**

**Tommy Boy \*Humorous\***

*Tommy is a Sophomore in high school. He's a nice looking teen, who loves to be around his friends. He is outgoing, except when it comes to girls. Tommy's talking to his friend Ivan after school while waiting for the bus.*

Tommy: Dude, you'll never believe what happened to me today. It all started when I woke up this morning. You know usually I press the snooze button about four or five times...but today was different, when I heard the alarm, I just sprang out of bed and said to myself, "Today is going to be a great day!" I don't know why I said it, but I was feeling great! I got in the shower and found myself humming a cool song I heard the day before. While I was combing my hair in the mirror, I noticed that not only was it a great hair day, but my skin seemed different too....alive and glowing, and no it wasn't that new acne cream I'd been using...it was LIFE! So instead of dragging around, I threw on my clothes and headed out. When I got on the bus, the girls seemed to look at me differently. I thought maybe it was my confidence, or the hair, but then I thought who the heck cares, they were looking at me! So I looked back at them and they giggled. I was on top of the world! I went and got a seat in the back of the bus...then it came to me, I had a presentation due in first period... I wasn't about to let that ruin my day. I knew the material and I was on a roll. A few moments later, walking down the hallway, it was like a movie, almost every group of girls turned to look at me, it started to become really spooky actually. My next thought was, with my luck, I should be playing lottery. I got to my first period class and sat down. It's almost like I could feel Jamie, that hottie that sits behind me in class, staring at the back of my head...It felt great! And of course, I was called first to read my presentation to the class, so I strolled up to the front of the room with a gleaming smile...I actually winked at this girl who snickered at me in the front row...man was I getting bold! I couldn't help myself though, this never happened to me before, it was like a dream, and right when I was getting ready to start my presentation, the teacher called me aside...I thought I'd gone too far with the winking, but decided not to lose my cool and casually stroll over to her to recieve my reprimand. Dude, when she started talking to me, my stomach dropped to my feet, like I was on a fast roller coaster ride, and I could feel my face turning as white as a ghost. It was like the whole day flashed before my eyes. Well I thanked the teacher anyway, turned away from the class, swallowed my pride and zipped-up my fly.

**Monologue #10 (Male)**

**Me and Mom \*Touching\***

*Danny and his Mom move from town to town like gypsies, always looking for the greener grass. Danny has gone to five schools in the last four years, and each time they move, it gets harder for his Mom to make ends meet. It's finally starting to eat away at her pride and self respect*.

Danny: Hi Mom, how's work? Do you think we're going to stick around this time? I sure hope so, I feel like I'm starting like this school..Hey I made you some supper...would you like something to drink with it? (Beat) Great! (Timidly) Hey Mom? You know, since we've been moving around, I hadn't really had a chance to make any friends, and I was wondering if I could borrow twenty dollars this Saturday, to take out this girl I met a couple of days ago at school. I haven't really asked her out yet, but she seems pretty nice. She actually took the time to get to know me. I figured maybe you could spare a little, since we don't go out all the time. (Beat) What! Why not! Well how about ten?....Not even ten dollars, it's NOT like I ask you for money every day!....I don't get it, have I done something wrong? Have I disappointed you in some way. I mean, it's not like I sit around on my butt all day watching television or ditch my chores...I go to school every day, maintain a 3.2 grade point average, while moving all over the darn state, and after school, I go to work washing dishes five nights a week at that greasy restaurant....I never complain and I never get paid!....And you know why?....Tell me mom, why don't I have any money?! Because I give it all to you, I don't see a red cent...and to tell you the truth, I don't think I've ever remember cashing one of my own checks...they go straight from my hand to yours, I never get a penny!...I'm sick of begging for my money, I'm sick of having to help you make ends meet!....It's over, you hear me! Just give me two more years, when I graduate I'm out of here!....GONE FOR GOOD!...NOT COMING BACK!...DO YOU GET IT! I want to cash my own checks!....When I'm hungry, I want to buy myself a hamburger, and if I see a girl I like, I want to be able to take her out....I think I deserve that, I think I deserve to enjoy life like everyone else! I hate you and I'm tire of helping you live out your pathetic life! (Beat) What!...Well say SOMETHING (Pause) Mom....Mom....Mom I'm sorry...Did you hear what I just said? I'm sorry...Please, just don't cry I can't take it. Mom you know I would never really leave you by yourself....I got a little angry...I'm sorry. Hey, why don't we go to the store and rent a movie instead, and I'll pop up some popcorn...Wouldn't that be fun? We could rent one of those comedies that you like...I love you Mom...I'm sorry.

**Monologue #11 (Female)**

**Perfectly Frank \*Lightly Humorous\***

*Amy and her friend Doug are in Study Hall together getting ready for the big math exam the tomorrow morning. You can tell that Amy is a little tired and cranky, and the math homework seems to have taken her over the edge. Doug lends a sympathetic ear*.

**Amy:** You know something Doug, it seems like every person I know is trying to be perfect. They're all working out to get that perfect body, shopping to find those perfect clothes, saving money to buy that perfect car, all this while trying to maintain straight "A's" so they can get into the perfect college. Then we get to college...and how many years do we have there?...Yeah, another four years to make tops in our class, while balancing sports, activities, and part time jobs to try to have that perfect resume for our applications. And I suppose you're wondering why we need a perfect resume?...Well let me tell you. So you can get that perfect job, make lots of money and be successful. (shakes her head) Oh and then there's dating....we can't leave that out. Going out with the right guy gets you into all the right parties, not to mention improving your chances for being nominated for the Homecoming and Prom royalty. It can make or break your high school experience. Some of my friends are even perfect enough to be Runway Models, you know the ones, they suck in their cheeks and prance down the runway with their "I disdain you little people" look on their faces. The other night, while I was up at 11 p.m. finishing my homework, (pushing the point) "because I'd just gotten home from work after volleyball practice," so I got frustrated and looked up the word "perfect" in the dictionary. You know something, it's ironic, that we're all striving for an idea that comes somewhere between "penguins" and "pinball". Doesn't that strike you as being stupid, life is just to precious to waist. I'm ready to have some fun! (pause) Well you just going to sit there, why don't you give me your opinion on the matter. (beat) Yeah, Please, and be perfectly honest.

**Monologue #12 (Female)**

**Fun Memories \*Excited/Light Humor\***

*Katherine (Katty) and Kristen used to be best friends when they were little girls. Kristen and her mom moved out of the neighborhood when her parents got a divorce. Katty and Kristen kept in touch for a while, but with each of the families moving around so much, for whatever reason, the phone calls and visits would get farther and farther apart. It finally ends up that they live in suburbs at opposite ends of the city.*

**Katty:** Hello? Kristen?...(screaming/excited) Kristen! Oh my gosh I can't believe it's you! Where do you live now? How's your mom?(beat) She remarried? How do you like him? Really?(beat) Well, as long as he's nice, you'll get used to him. So how have you been? It's so nice to here from you. (beat) Writing? Oh don't worry about that, I know your parents divorce really upset you. It's just that we didn't know where you went, it's like you disappeared for five years....Oh it's so good to hear from you again! (reflecting) Remember all the funny things we used to do when we were little girls? Like telling scary ghost stories, remember we would get ourselves so afraid, that we wouldn't go to sleep until dawn the next morning...and remember the time we put make-up on our Barbie dolls, not realizing we used permanent markers. Or how about the time we played Talk-Show Host in my Dad's garage. I still have a copy of that tape we made. You should hear it, it's really cute! (beat) Oh yeah! And the secret hide out...we made gourmet mud pies and actually tried to eat them! Oh, but my favorite was when I spent the night over at your house, and we used to do modeling shows for your mom and dad! Remember how they would clap and give us prizes...your mom used to get so into it. After we were done she would make a big bowl of popcorn and watch movies all night. (beat) You go horseback riding? Do you wear those funny pants and boots? That's so awesome, I've always wanted to do that! (pause) Wow I can't believe it's you....Do you have a boyfriend? (beat) Cool, so do I...His name is Doug. He's SO cute! (beat) Right now! Really! Sure...is your mom going to bring you over?...Sickness!!!!

**Monologue #13 (Female)**

**National Velvet**  
  
*Against all odds 14-year-old VELVET BROWN has won the Grand National, disguised as a jockey. Now, after the initial excitement, a film company want her to appear in a film with her prize-winning horse, the Piebald. VELVET is an inspired lover of horses. She is described as 'delicate and spiny... feather-weight... with short pale hair, large protruding teeth, a sweet and a mouth full of metal'. Her trainer, Mi, when looking closely to decide if she could pass as a boy, declared her chest to be 'flat as a pancake'. Setting: The Brown family's cottage living room.*  
*Time: The Thirties.*

VELVET: Wants the horse? Can't have the horse. *(Firmly.)* Piebald on the films! He seems to forget! *(Proudly.)* That THAT'S the horse that won the National... I'll go. It won't be half as bad for us all to go and see me doing things on the curtain an' the band playing an' us sitting looking. But the Piebald! He doesn't know, he wouldn't know. He's out there in that field, steady and safe. He believes in me. I wouldn't let him in for a thing he couldn't understand. He's not like a human. He doesn't know how to be funny... *(Tears coming now.)*... and he SHAN'T LEARN!... *(Still sobbing.)* I've read about horses... horses that has won... an' they write about them nobly as though they were statues... Now how can you write about a horse nobly if it goes on the films?... I don't mean in the papers... not in the papers... *(Gulping, pulling herself together.)* Mother lights the fire with those! In books! Big books! Roll-of-Honour Books where they put down the winners and call them the Immortal Manifesto... Now, how can they call him the Immortal Piebald if he goes on the films?! *(Hysterical.*) ME! That's nothing! I'm nothing! If you could see what he did for me!... an' when I asked him again he doubled it! He tried near to death, he did... I'd sooner have that horse happy than... than go to heaven!

**Monologue #14 (Female)**

**Wrong and Ready**

Oh, my gosh. I think I’ve just come up with the best theory. Teenage life sucks. That’s it. I mean, once you hit 13, your life just goes (rocket). All the adults are like "I loved being a teenager!" Ha, sure. Well, I’m sorry but this isn’t "Sunshine 70’s" anymore. They’re just trying to make us feel better. And the little kids are like "I can’t wait to be a teenager! It would be so fun much to be older!" Haha, no you don’t. No, you really don’t.

Okay, first of all, you’re in Middle School when it all starts to happen. For some weird reason, it seems like when you’re a teenager, all your friends start to turn on you. I mean, at first they’re like "Hey, best friend!" and you know, you do the regular things like hang out and stuff. And then once you leave, they go around gossiping "Oh, my gosh, did you know that Gretchen made out with Justin at movies... oh yeah, it was definitely tongue," (what expression) I don’t even know a Justin! Then, there’s puberty. Actually, I’m not even gonna get into that.

And then there's high school, the black-hole of all teenage life. Once you get there, everything starts to fall apart. First, everyone expects you to be this pencil thin stick or you’re considered "fat", but when you are that thin, they just go spreading around that your anorexic! And all through high school, it’s nothing but college this or college that, and the college-councilors are not much help about it. They’re like "You fail! You lose! You fail at life! You better memorize the phrase 'You want fries with that?'! Grrr! I hate them! I wish they’d die!!!! (Sigh) Where was I? Oh yeah, life sucking. You know what, I'm tired of complaining. So, I just say two things to say: Adults, you’re wrong, and kids, get ready.