

THE ACTORS ROOM

Monologue Package For Teens

GENDER NEUTRAL MONOLOGUES

Core Values

Description: An unemployed person captures the frustrations of job hunting, rejection, and the struggle to prove your worth without the "right" experience.

Comedic

I've been applying to probably two jobs a day for the past four months probably. But, um, they wanted experience for all the jobs, and I don't have experience. I mean, I'm in school, and I thought that was experience, but it's not apparently. And everywhere I went they were like, "Can you do excel?" "Can you do powerpoint?" And it gets to the point where I can't even get a job at Bed Bath & Beyond! Like, literally, I tried to get a job at the Bed Bath & Beyond near Union Square, and I had an interview, and I thought it went pretty well, but they never called me back because they said I didn't have enough experience even though I had a lot of experience at selling and making sales. I worked at the art gallery for over three-and-a-half months until it closed, (which was not my fault, the owner was a weirdo) but they said that selling art was different. It was a different kind of skill-set from home-goods, and they were worried I had a hard time adjusting in terms of skill-sets, and I was like, "Well, that's not true." and they were like, "Well, we think it is true." and I was like, "Well, there are a lot of skills that I have that could be very valuable to you." and they were like, "Like what skills?" and I was like, "Like my personality, I have a really good personality, and I'm personable, and I can talk to people from all walks of life, and I went to a good college, and I'm smart, and if you teach me how to sell home-goods, I can sell home-goods, I swear to G**!" and they were like, "Well, we disagree." and I was like, "Well, you're totally wrong." and they were like, " Well, actually, you're totally wrong, and we're the ones who get to decide, so yeah, don't call us, we'll call you."

Sorry I'm Late!

Description: A student explains why they were late to school.

Comedic

I know I'm late for class, but you would not believe the morning I've had! Last night, I put all my clothes into the washer and dryer since most of them were dirty. To my surprise, they were all shrunken about three sizes after taking them out of the dryer!

I only had my pajamas I slept in, so I wore them, as you can see. Then, when I went outside to get into my mom's car, and the car door wouldn't open. I put my hands onto the freezing car window and saw that the keys were inside of the car! My mom freaked out. So I had no choice but to walk to school. As I walked down the street, I heard something come from a nearby alleyway. Out of curiosity, I went to see what it was. Let me tell ya, big mistake. There were about ten, no, about twenty ferocious street cats staring me down. I slowly backed away, but it was too late. They chased me down the alley. About five jumped onto me and attacked me. This is why there are a ton of scratches on my body. See? By some miracle, I was able to escape. I thought to myself, how can this morning get any worse? Trust me, it did. I was a block away from the school when I went to the coffee shop right around the corner and got some hot chocolate. It was then that I realized that I was about to be late for class. So, I hurried to get out of the shop, and of course, I tripped and spilled the hot chocolate all over the place. My backpack, my pajamas, my shoes, were soaked! I tried to wash off as much as I could in the bathroom, but it's still there, as you can see. So, that's why I'm late. I'll try not to let it happen again. What? It's daylight savings time? Oh. I'm an hour early? Oh, never-mind then. (Student turns and sheepishly sits down at their desk.)

I Hate Performing

Description: A student describes their day at school.

Comedic

(Pacing back and forth.) Oh, why did I even sign up for this class? I didn't know we'd have to practice auditioning. It's not fair. Everybody will be looking at me, judging me. If I do one thing wrong everybody is going to notice, and laugh at me, and I'm going to be so embarrassed. The lights will be beaming in my eyes and my hands will start shaking like crazy. My throat will get really dry and I'll stutter like there's no tomorrow. I'll fidget and play with my hair. I'm so nervous, what if I suck? What if I'm horrible? What if people start throwing things; or worse, tell everybody about my performance, and how much I sucked. I'll be embarrassed everywhere I go. I'll have no escape. People are always going to remember me as the person who couldn't perform, the person who can't ever talk in front of a crowd. I don't want to do this, I hate performing. If I was confident I could just stand on that stage and nail it, but I'm not. I'm terrified, in fact I'm petrified. I would use any excuse in the book to not have to perform. I know what you guys are all thinking, just pretend to be sick. Well, unfortunately I've tried that already and they didn't buy it. Use a doctor note, well I tried that one too, and as it turns out I'm not very good at forging signatures. They didn't even buy the dead pet excuse. You know what; actually maybe I can do this. I've practiced for hours. I know all my words. All I've got to do is go up there and perform it the way I know I can, the way I've rehearsed it dozens of times in the mirror, and if I do that I'll be fine. In fact, I'd be better than fine, I'll be amazing. I just have to stay calm and relaxed. And the point is just to have fun, right? I don't have to be the best, I just need to do the best I can. Alright, I can do this. I'm ready. Hey, I'm... I... I... I can't do this.
(Walks off-stage.)

No Cell Signal

Description: A student tries to carry on a phone conversation with terrible cell service
Comedic

(Student is speaking into a cell phone and pacing about the space; leaning over, crouching down, standing on tip toes, shouting, etc. Actor can come up with a variety of challenging and funny physical antics and facial expressions.)

Hello? Can you hear me now? What about now?...Dangit. Leslie? Leslie? Are you there? Oh, okay. (freezes in place) It seems to be working fine. You can hear me, right? Cause I can hear you. Ok. I've stopped moving. (pause) Yes, this is my new iPhone. My mom just bought it for me. I thought my last phone was bad. This one is worse. The cell reception is horrible. I swear, I have to run all over the place, pushing people aside in order to get a signal. What's that? Oh, yeah. Yes, I can hear you now. It's important?... Well, go ahead. (pause) Wait, what happened?!!! I didn't catch that last part. Leslie? Leslie. What did you say? You did what? Dangit. (resumes pacing, etc.) Can you hear me now? Shoot. What about now? Ok go ahead, I can hear you. You're where? Hello? Ugh! (practically throws phone) Leslie? Leslie! Okay, I'm walking until I get a clear signal. (pacing, pacing) Let me know when you can hear me. I said. LET. ME. KNOW. WHEN... Dangit. Geez Lousie. Ugh (to self) I'm going to drop this phone in the toilet 'on accident' when I get home. Are you there. Yes. I'm still here. Yes, I can hear you. And you can hear me? Finally! (stops moving) So, what happened? YOU KILLED PATRICK AND YOU WANT ME TO HELP MOVE THE BODY? (someone nearby speaks to her) Hold on. (covers phone with hand) What? Where am I? (looks around then talks into the phone while running offstage) Oh my God, I'm in the library!

The Test

Description: A student panics while taking a test.

Comedic

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 never noticed that before. I need something to take my mind off this paper. This paper that will destroy my GPA. Oh my god...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 dock moving so slowly? And how is everyone else still working on this test? I can't make sense of it. I read the novel, but this question doesn't make any sense. Look at Hanna. Furiously scribbling. I hate her. She knows the answers to everything. Ms. Daniels is reading a book. Really? At a time like this, she is just sitting there reading? She's mean. Whoa. There's the bell. My paper is still blank. I think I'm going to have a heart attack. Great. Everyone's getting ready to go. I'd better turn in my paper. But really, what's the point? It's blank. I guess I'll just turn it in. Wait, what? Ms. Daniels is going to grade our papers right now? How can she do that? I think I'm going to turn to stone. She's making everyone sit back down. Why is she shuffling through the papers so fast? Wait, she stopped on one. I think it's mine. Here we go. My heart's pounding through my chest. She's going to announce to everyone that I've failed. Wait, what? I am the only one who passed? It was a test to see if we could read directions, and it said not to write anything down? Ha! Take that, Hannah! Take that, clock!

Secret Love

Description: A teen makes a confession about their secret love.

Comedic

There is something that I've been hiding from everyone I know. It has been on my mind a lot so I want to get it off my chest. I know this obsession may be overboard, but it is a part of me. It's been bottled up inside of me for too long because I wasn't sure what people would think. I have a forbidden love, the kind of love that is not supposed to exist. Some say that this love isn't natural, but it is everything I need and more. Many people say that it has to be a man and a woman that fell in love, but to those people I say that love wins. I love the warmth that my love gives me; it is very sweet and comforting. I cannot achieve this kind of love with anything else. There is no breaking me apart from my beloved. I don't care what anyone else thinks anymore because I have found love. So, this is me announcing my love to the world; I love pancakes. Pancakes love me too. The connection that I share with pancakes cannot be compared to anything else. This is not lust; this is pure love in its purest form. If you look at my eyes whenever I see a pancake you may notice that my eyes twitch. Pancakes understand me for who I am; they complete me. The soft and chewy cake is all I need in my life; and now the world knows that I am proud to be a pancake lover!

The Things at School You Hate

Description: A student describes their day at school.

Comedic

How was my day? Well, imagine this. You're in the classroom and the one kid you absolutely detest, walks up to you and asks to borrow your pencil. Of course, your first thought is, "Eww! No way am I loaning you my pencil, freak." Only, something takes over your mouth and you hear yourself actually say, "sure." You can't take it back. It's out there and now you have to give it to him and so you do. At the end of class, you remember you loaned the troll your pencil. You only have two pencils so you have to get it back or your mother will nag you for losing it and costing her a small fortune in school supplies. You take a deep breath, approach the troll, and ask for your pencil back. The troll grunts something unintelligible and pulls your pencil out of his pocket. You are horrified. What used to be a brand new No. 2 pencil, has been clearly mauled by Troll teeth. You reach for it and realize it is covered in something sticky. Troll spit. You want to scream, "What is wrong with you? That was MY pencil you ate, Jeffrey Dahmer! That's disgusting!" Instead, you drop it back in his trolly, swollen hand and say, "uh, you can keep it." In your next class period, you slip a piece of chewing gum in your mouth. Unfortunately, the weird kid next to you saw you do it and now he wants a piece. You tell him no and hope he gives up. He doesn't. In fact, he says that if you don't give him a piece, he's going to tell the teacher. You're already on thin ice in this class so, you pass him a piece while also giving him the stink-eye. This alerts the obnoxious kid sitting behind you who loudly says, "Oooh! I want a piece!" You firmly mouth the word no over your shoulder and turn back around. Obnoxious boy pauses a moment and then says, "Fine. I'll just tell everyone you eat your boogers." In frustration, you offer him one, hoping no one else is witnessing the exchange. They don't. What they do see is a weird kid and obnoxious boy blowing gargantuan bubbles during class. Before you know it, everyone is asking where they can get a piece. Needless to say, you're officially out of gum, unless you count the piece stuck to the bottom of my shoe. So how was your day?

Hear Me Out

Description: A teenager explains his/her reasons for being upset to a therapist.

Dramatic

I don't see why I'm here. I'm not the one who needs a therapist. Yes, I'm stressed out, and maybe I've been a little emotional lately. You would be too, if you lived at my house. All they do is argue. Doesn't matter if it's a big thing or a small thing. I mean, the other day, they argued about how to cut the toast. Mom had cut it straight across and dad said it should go on the diagonal. Then my mom said that she wasn't his mother and it was time to cut the apron strings. Whatever that means. When they realized I was in the kitchen, my mom flashed me her fake smile and passed me a plate of toast. I said I wasn't hungry. Next thing, she'll think I'm anorexic. So what if I stay in my room? It's peaceful there with my earbuds in. Music makes me happy. I've been thinking about learning to play an instrument. I made the mistake of mentioning this to my parents. Right away, dad offered to get out his old trumpet. Mom said that he should shut up and let me decide. Then dad told mom that she didn't have to be such a witch about it. I said I was finished with dinner and asked to be excused. And mom all of a sudden acted concerned and felt my forehead to see if I was sick. I went to my room and I could tell they were still arguing. They were doing that thing where they were trying to keep their voices down, but it's totally obvious. They weren't always like this. I mean, they used to be in love. If you ask me, they are the ones who need therapy. I mean, am I missing something here? (laughs) Thank you for saying that. I really mean it, I do. Most people don't take teenagers seriously. (pause) Do you play an instrument? Oh, the cello is nice. But I was thinking more like drums. Drown out the noise.

Bullies

Description: A character reflects on how everyone has vulnerabilities, and they take advantage of that knowledge to subtly expose others' weaknesses

Dramatic

Here's what I've figured out: everyone's got a weak spot, something they hope that no one will notice. Me, I notice. But I don't always talk about it. Sometimes just enough to let them know I could talk about it. But that's for the dangerous ones, the ones who could hurt me. Some, I'm not afraid of. Them, I'll talk about. They're my examples. Here's a for instance. Buster, who everyone's afraid of? He sees a doctor. A special kind of doctor. Do I know what kind? No. I just know his office is by the cupcake shop, the pricey one downtown. One day my mother went there and left me in the car. Who do I see but Buster, being dropped off at the building next door. It's only doctors. I checked. Mind doctors, mostly. So a few weeks later, out of the blue, he starts in on me. "What's your problem?" I say. "Those cupcakes got you wired?" He stops cold. "Cupcakes? What the - ?" "You know, like they sell at that place downtown." You should have seen his face. Dead white....

Grand Cayman

Description: A character is exploring the moral boundaries of professional killers.

Dramatic/Comedic

There are plenty of people in this world who kill for money. They track people down and kill them like rabbits. Of course, some people kill for pleasure, but I'm not talking about them. I'm talking about professionals. You guys have been around the block once or twice. You've probably met people like that. It's not surprising that these people exist, considering the evolutionary history of our species. What I find interesting is what the limits are. Where such a person would draw the line. Maybe one sort of assassin would only kill men, but another wouldn't mind killing women. Or another might draw the line at children. And there's probably some who don't mind killing people but would never hurt a dog. And then some people would do anything for money, kill anybody, even a friend, even their own brother. What's really interesting is where exactly a person would say, I'll do this, but not that. I'm not talking about risk factors. That would certainly be a legitimate consideration, but that's just good business. I'm talking about moral reservations, whether it's about killing a woman or a child or how many people at once, or about killing a member of their family. Or would they have reservations about their immediate family, but knocking off a third or fourth cousin or an in-law would be okay? Or would it be okay to kill anybody as long as you've got a uniform on and somebody told you to? Do you see what I'm getting at here? Here's an example. You guys are friends, right? Let's just, for the sake of argument, presume that you're friends. You might get on each other's nerves once in a while, but you guys have been working together a long time, say. Maybe you even grew up together in the old neighborhood—Brooklyn or Jersey or Cleveland or wherever. So you're close. You might not want to admit it, but you take care of each other. You rely on each other in dangerous situations. You've even killed for each other, at one time or another. So my question is, say, if some hypothetical person offered one of you an obscene amount of money, would he be willing to kill the other one?

Mind Tricks

Description: *explores how one deals with strange thoughts and erratic behavior within ourselves.*

Dramatic

Sometimes I feel like I'm not normal...what is normal anyway, right? I guess, like everyone else. I get stupid thoughts sometimes. I keep them to myself because I don't want anyone thinking I'm a weirdo. I wonder if everyone gets strange thoughts but just don't want to admit it. I think we all get strange thoughts. You want to know what kind of thoughts I get? (beat) Well, I can't tell you cause, it's too embarrassing. It is. I just can't. I mean, you ever have a thought where your mind just wanders off into some unknown world and it captivates you for a minute or two and suddenly you snap out of it because you realize that it's a messed up thought? That's as far as I want to go with it, with what I'm telling you cause it makes me feel funny discussing this but do you, honestly; do you ever—does your mind ever play tricks on you?

MONOLOGUES FOR GIRLS

The Crucible

Description: The Crucible is based on the Salem Witch Trials and the hearings that took place to prosecute a great many innocent women accused of witchcraft. Set in colonial Massachusetts between February 1692 and May 1693, the town's inhabitants begin to turn against each other for their own manipulative reasons and in some cases to save themselves. At this moment, Mary is sharing a fictional account of her interactions with another woman, whom she hopes will be tried for witchcraft as a result of her story.

MARY WARREN: I never knew it before. I never knew anything before. When she come into the court I say to myself, I must not accuse this woman, for she sleeps in ditches, and so very old and poor. But then- then she sit there, denying and denying, and I feel a misty coldness climbin' up my back, and the skin on my skull begin to creep, and I feel a clamp around my neck and I cannot breathe air; and then (entranced) I hear a voice, a screamin' voice, and it were my voice and all at once I remembered everything she done to me! (Like one awakened to a marvelous secret insight) So many times, Mr. Proctor, she come to this very door, beggin' bread and a cup of cider-and mark this: whenever I turned her away empty, she mumbled. But what does she mumble? You must remember, Goody Proctor. Last month-a Monday, I think-- she walked away, and I thought my guts would burst for two days after. Do you remember it? And so I told that to Judge Hathorne, and he asks her so. "Sarah Good," says he, "what curse do you mumble that this girl must fall sick after turning you away?" And then she replies (mimicking an old crone) "Why, your excellence, no curse at all. I only say my commandments; I hope I may say my commandments," says she! Then Judge Hathorne say, "Recite for us your commandments!" (Leaning avidly toward them) And of all the ten she could not say a single one. She never knew no commandments, and they had her in a flat lie!

A Raisin In The Sun

Description: This play focuses on the Youngers, an African-American family living on the South Side of Chicago in the 1950s. When the play begins, the family is about to receive an insurance check for \$10,000 from their deceased father's life insurance policy. Each member of the family has an idea as to what this money should be used for. Beneatha tries to convince her brother and mother to use the money for her medical school tuition.

BENEATHA: When I was small... we used to take our sleds out in the wintertime and the only hills we had were the ice covered stone steps of some houses down the street. And we used to fill them in with snow and make them smooth and slide down them all day... and it was very dangerous, you know..., far too steep... and sure enough one day a kid named Rufus came down too fast and hit the sidewalk and we saw his face just split open right there in front of us... And I remember standing there looking at his bloody open face thinking that was the end of Rufus. But the ambulance came and they took him to the hospital and they fixed the broken bones and sewed it all up... and the next time I saw Rufus he just had a little line down the middle of his face.... I never got over that... What one person could do for another, fix him up - sew up the problem, make him all right again. That was the most marvelous thing in the world... I wanted to do that. I always thought it was the one concrete thing in the world a human being could do. Fix up the sick, you know - and make them whole again. This was truly being God... It used to be so important to me. It used to matter. I used to care. Yes - I think [I stopped). Because it doesn't seem deep enough, close enough to what ails mankind! It was a child's way of seeing things - or an idealist's. You are still where I left off. You with all of your talk and dreams about Africa! You still think you can patch up the world. Cure the Great Sore of Colonialism - (loftily, mocking it) with the Penicillin of Independence - ! Independence and then what? What about the crooks and thieves and just plain idiots who will come into power and steal and plunder the same as before-only now they will be black and do it in the name of the new independence WHAT ABOUT THEM?

The Little Foxes

Description: A home in the South, the spring of 1900. The Hubbard siblings, Ben, Horace and Regina, scheme to outwit each other in a business deal that could make them very wealthy. The brothers need \$75,000 to complete a cotton mill and they hope the money will come from Regina's ailing husband, Horace. He is set upon by his greedy wife and her greedy relatives. Soon realizing that the brothers have stolen bonds from him, he informs his wife that, in his will, he has left the bonds to her with stipulations. She cruelly recounts their unhappy married life, causing Horace's heart condition to act up, then refuses to get his medicine, which results in a heart attack that kills him. Alexandra, their 17 year old daughter, eventually sees her mother for who she really is, and in this final moment of the play, decides that she needs to leave her and the family for good.

ALEXANDRA: Mama, I'm not coming with you. I'm not going to Chicago. I mean what I say with all my heart. There is nothing to talk about. I'm going away from you. Because I want to. Because I know Papa would want me to. Say it, Mama, say it. [Say no] And see what happens. That would be foolish. It wouldn't work in the end. You only change your mind when you want to. And I won't want to. You couldn't [make me stay), Mama, because I want to leave here. As I've never wanted anything in my life before. Because I understand what Papa was trying to tell me. (Pause) All in one day; Addie said there were people who ate the earth and other people who stood around and watched them do it. And just now Uncle Ben said the same thing. Really, he said the same thing, Well, tell him for me, Mama, I'm not going to stand around and watch you do it. Tell him I'll be fighting as hard as he'll be fighting some place where people don't just stand around and watch. Are you afraid, Mama?

Eleemosynary

Description: This play examines the delicate relationship of three women: a grandmother, Dorothea, who has sought to exert her independence through strong willed eccentric behavior, Artie, her daughter, who has run from her overpowering mother, and Echo, Artie's daughter, who is incredibly smart and equally sensitive. After Dorothea (who has raised Echo into her teens) suffers a stroke, Echo is forced to reestablish contact with her mother through extended phone conversations, during which real issues are skirted and the talk is mostly about the precocious Echo's unparalleled success in a national spelling bee. In the end, Artie and Echo come to accept their mutual need and summon the courage to build a life together, despite their fears after so many years of estrangement.

Echo: Uncle Bill hardly remembers you, you know that? I asked him what you were like as a little girl, and he couldn't even say. He remembers Grandma even less. He didn't have one interesting thing to say about her – about Grandma. To them, she's just a woman who lived a big, embarrassing life. They all think they've saved me just in time. Not just from Grandma – from you, too. (A beat.) So I started wondering if they weren't right. Maybe the smartest thing would be to forget you completely. And Grandma. After all, what did I ever get from the two of you, except a good education? You especially - what were you ever to me, except a voice on the phone now and then? And I looked around the new room where I was staying, and it was real nice and... blank, the way a thing is before you put any time into it. I thought, I could live a whole new life here. I could invent a whole new me. I could be Barbara if I wanted to, not Echo. I could fit in. I could live without the one thing I wanted. But I kept hearing your voice. That voice on the other end of the phone, hiding behind spelling words, making excuses - or so energetic sometimes, so... Wishing. I don't even remember what you said, just the sound of it. Just a sound that said, "I love you, and I failed you." I hate that sound. And I will never settle for it, because no one failed me. No one ever failed me. Not Grandma and not you. I am a prize among women. I'm your daughter. That's what I choose to be.

Eleemosynary (Part 2)

Description: In this moment, Echo is competing in the National Spelling Bee, determined to win, both the bee and the love and adoration of her mother and grandmother. Note: she is simultaneously talking to herself and participating in the bee.

Echo: Glunch. G-L-U-N-C-H. Glunch. (She opens her eyes, looks anxious, then smiles. She speaks quickly.) I knew I was right. Glunch is such an easy word - spelled like it sounds. But you always have that little moment of doubt that maybe you thought the right letter, but you said the...(Interrupting herself) What's he getting? What's his word? el. It's not fair, (Suddenly outraged.) He guessed! He guessed and got it! He didn't know it and he guessed. I could kill him! (Suddenly her public self.) Yes, Ma'am I'm ready. (Listens for the word she must spell.) Palinode? (A huge grin on her face, as once again we hear her thoughts.) Palinode - great! I love that word.

That's the easiest word there is. Thank God! Thank God - I deserve it. I've had too many hard words, and he's guessed on too many. Palinode - a poem in which a poet takes back something he said in another poem. (Public again.) Palinode. P A-L-I-N-O-D-E. Palinode. (Again she looks anxious until she receives confirmation that she is right. Her grin is almost totally malicious.) This can't go on forever, buddy. I'm going to crack you like an egg. What's his word? Ovoviviparousness? I know that! I know it. It's the quality of being ovoviviparous. Why'd he get it?! He's guessing! I know he's guessing! Dear God, please let me win! Please! I want five minutes. Just five minutes when all the lights are on me, and all the pictures are being taken of me, and for five minutes I'm the most famous (child) in America, and Mom and Dorothea see it! And after that you can wash me back into the ocean with everybody else. I don't care. I'll just be one of the rabble, hoi polloi, the clamjamfry, the.... (Her public self again.) What? Excuse me, could you repeat the word? Clamjamfry? (Overjoyed.) I don't believe it! She asked the exact word I was thinking of! (With machine-gun precision.) Clamjamfry. C-L-A-M-J-A-M-F-R-Y. Clamjamfry. (Awed by her own abilities.) I know everything in the world!!!

Our Town

Description: The play focuses on the fictional town of Grover's Corners and its inhabitants. Emily and George are now teenagers and realizing their interest in each other is changing. In this moment, Emily is angry with George because he's not been paying much attention to her. But when he apologizes and explains he never meant to upset her, she's the one left feeling guilty.

Emily: I'm not mad at you. But, since you ask me, I might as well say it right out,
George. (to the teacher) Oh goodbye, Mrs. Corcoran. (back to George) I don't like the whole change that's come over you in the last year. I'm sorry if that hurts your feelings; but I've just got to - tell the truth and shame the devil. Well up to a year ago, I used to like you a lot. And I used to watch you while you did everything - because we'd been friends so long. And then you began spending all your time at baseball. And you never stopped to speak to anyone anymore - not to really speak - not even to your own family, you didn't. And George, it's a fact - ever since you've been elected captain, you've got awful stuck up and conceited, and all the girls say so. And it hurts me to hear 'em say it; but I got to agree with 'em a little, because it's true. I always expect a man to be perfect and I think he should be. Well, my father is. And as far as I can see, your father is, There's no reason on earth why you shouldn't be too. But you might as well know right now that I'm not perfect - It's not easy for a girl to be perfect as a man, because, well, we girls are more - nervous. Now, I'm sorry I said all that about you. I don't know what made me say it. Now I can see it's not true at all. And I suddenly feel that it's not important, anyway,

The Fifth of July

Description: Kenneth Talley, Jr. is a paraplegic Vietnam veteran living in his childhood home with his boyfriend, Jed. At the beginning of the play, he is due to return to his former high school to teach English, but has decided not to. Visiting Ken and Jed are Ken's sister, June and her daughter, Shirley, as well as their longtime friends, John Landis and his wife Given. John is visiting to purchase the Talley House for Gwen to convert to a recording studio, so that she can have a career as a country singer. Unbeknownst to anyone but June, John and Ken, Shirley is John's daughter, and his visit has as much to do with a desire to gain joint custody of Shirley as it does with the house. In this moment, Shirley expresses her desire to be someone of great substance and commits whole heartedly to the possibility.

SHIRLEY: "(Quietly determined.) I'm going to be the greatest artist Missouri has ever produced. No- the entire Midwest. There have been very famous people - world famous people - Tennessee Williams grew up in Missouri, He grew up not three blocks from where I live now! All his formative years. And Mark Twain. And Dreiser! And Vincent Price and Harry Truman! And Betty Grable! But me! Oh God! Me! Me! Me! Me! I am going to be so great! Unqualified! The greatest single artist the Midwest has ever known! A painter. Or a sculptor. Or a dancer! A writer! A conductor! A composer! An actress! One of the arts! People will die. Certain people will literally have cardiac arrests at the magnitude of my achievements. Doing something astonishing! Just astonishing. I will have you know that I intend to study for ten years, and then burst forth on the world. And people will be abashed! Amazed! Astonished! At the magnitude. Oh, God! Look! Is that she? Is that she? Is it? IT IS! IT IS SHE! IT IS SHE!
AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! (She collapses on the floor. Slowly getting to a sitting position; with great dignity) She died of cardiac arrest and astonishment at the magnificence of my achievement in my chosen field. Only Shakespeare, Michelangelo, Beethoven, and Frank Lloyd Wright have raised to my heights before me!"

Brighton Beach Memoir

Description: The story of Brighton Beach Memoirs follows almost 15-year-old Eugene Jerome as she grows up in 1937 Brooklyn. Eugene learns about girls, family, relationships, and the impending war. Eugene makes many witty observations about life and the need for family throughout the play, as he interacts with his passionate, quirky Polish-Jewish relatives. Nora is Eugene's cousin, beautiful and ambitious, a 16-year-old girl with dreams of Broadway. She's often resentful of her younger sister and troubled by the death of her father.

Nora: Oh, God, he was so handsome. Always dressed so dapper, his shoes always shined. I always thought he should have been a movie star...like Gary Cooper...only very short. Mostly I remember his pockets. When I was six or seven he always brought me home a little surprise. Like a Hershey or a top. He'd tell me to go get it in his coat pocket. So I'd run to the closet and put my hand in and it felt as big as a tent. I wanted to crawl in there and go to sleep. And there were all these terrific things in there, like Juicy Fruit gum or Spearmint Life Savers and bits of cellophane and crumbled pieces of tobacco and movie stubs and nickels and pennies and rubber bands and paper clips and his grey suede gloves that he wore in the winter time. Then I found his coat in Mom's closet and I put my hand in the pocket. And everything was gone. It was emptied and dry-cleaned and it felt cold...And that's when I knew he was really dead. Oh God, I wish we had our own place to live. I hate being a boarder.

This Is Our Youth

Description: A girl tries to work through her relationship

Dramatic

But honestly, Warren? I really don't care who you told, or what you told them, because people are gonna think whatever they think and you know what? There's nothing I can do about it. (BEAT and REALIZE) I should just really listen to my instincts, you know? Because your instincts are never wrong. And it was totally against my instinct to come over here last night, and it was definitely against my instinct to go out with you, but I did and it's too late. And now my Mom is totally furious at me, I probably ruined my friendship with Valerie, and now like Dennis Ziegler thinks I'm like, easy pickins, or something – ! And it's not like I even care what he thinks, OK? Because I don't actually know him. Or you. Or Valerie, for that matter! So it doesn't really matter! I've made new friends before, I can make more new friends now if I have to. So let's just forget the whole thing ever happened, you can chalk one up in your book or whatever – and I'll just know better next time! Hopefully. OK?

Joyce

Description: A teen expresses her anxieties of taking a driver's test.

Comedic

Taking your driver's test may be anxiety-ridden, but what lies beyond can often be more troublesome. It's easy to ace your driver's written test. Nothing to it. All you have to do is memorize all of this crap about speed laws and signs and how to make a left turn and stuff. Like making a left turn is this big deal, right? Duh. To make a left turn, you turn left. Everything you need to know about driving is in this cheap little booklet with stupid cartoons like my idiot brother draws. You'd think the state could afford better. Anyway, memorizing the book is nothing. It's the actual driver's exam that gets me uptight. Of course I have to get this examiner who has no sense of humor whatsoever. And he's big. Like ten feet eleven. Was like riding next to the World Trade Center. And he's super grouchy. He's like, "Turn left. Turn right. Look over your shoulder. Move over to the center. Stop." "Please" is not a word in this man's vocabulary. Hey, you're nervous enough already without some sweaty gorilla in dirty jeans barking at you like you're low-mental. And he had bad breath, too. And it was cold, so I couldn't put down the window. Was like riding around in a garbage truck. Try not inhaling for fifteen minutes. When he asked me to park, I freaked. My friends never had to park, so I just figured I was cool. But this mountain of halitosis asks me to park. Hey, I don't know how I ever did. Just luck, I guess. Whipped right into the space on the first try. Good thing he didn't see that my eyes were closed. After we get back, we pull into the parking lot, where the nerd sits going over his checklist. He's making these little marks and circles and is like "Hum, ah, hum," under his breath. I was certain I flunked. I had this vision of walking everywhere for the rest of my life. (shudders at the thought) After what seems like forever, he goes, "You passed." Wow. I couldn't believe it. Man, was I ever relieved. Guess the goon wasn't such a goon after all. So now I've got my license and I'm gonna be on wheels in our new SUV. Everything's cool except for one thing: I have to pay for my own insurance, which is out of sight because teens have this habit of crashing into stuff while changing CDs. So I took a job at Burger King in order to pay the stupid insurance premium. Know what? I found out that there's something a whole lot worse than taking your driver's test. It's called WORKING!

Benita

Description: A teen comes up with a series of code words and phrases to signal to her mom when it's time to come home from a party.

Comedic

(Talking to her mother.)

We need a code word, Mom. That's what our health teacher said. A code word or, better, a code sentence to use when you call your parents from a party, and you don't want to seem uncool, but you need to communicate that it is way time to come home. Mom! Think about it. When somebody pulls alcohol out of the fridge instead of Pepsi - that kind of code. I've got a couple of ideas. How about, "You're taking Dad where? To the emergency room?" No, Sabrina's mom works at the hospital. I'd get busted. How about this: "You got a kitten! I've got to come home right now!" Aw, Claudia would beg to come, too, and see I was lying. Wait. I got it: "Uncle Ernie did show up tonight by surprise?" Yeah, I Can say Uncle Ernie is my long-lost relative that you're making me come see before he leaves at sunrise the next day. Perfect! Ok. Let's practice. Mom. Have you been listening? This is a two way street, if you want me to stay out of trouble. Isn't that what you want? So come on. Pretend the the phone is ringing. Now say, "Hello." Hello?

Darcy

Description: A teen challenges the expectations placed on her, expressing frustration with her circumstances and a strong desire to break free from her restrictive environment and the judgments of others.

Dramatic

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. I'd 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 everyone's thumb, everybody's expectations, the better. And you can sure as hell believe I won't look over my shoulder. Not once. I'll be gone and I won't look back. I don't know. What about you? You're not moving fast enough. None of you.

A Confluence of Dreaming

Description: Morgan confronts her mother after discovering a sexy email her mother has written to a man via the internet.

Comedic

Mom, don't confuse reality with the internet. I know how tempting it is, because I been there done that already. Confused reality with the Land of Oz. It happens to everybody when they first get online. You're going along lahdeedah in your normal Kansean existence when out of nowhere this technology descends on you like a tornado. You get swept up in it and it takes you where IT wants to. Then before you know it, you find yourself in a strange place called a CHATROOM with all these wild characters and you keep getting drawn further in by the promise of what's down that yellow brick road. You're thinking this is great, I get to wear the magic ruby slippers and chat with all these cool people and you start to think, hey, this is where I can make all my dreams come true. Face it Mom, you're addicted. I don't blame you. Given the choice between Oz and Kansas who wouldn't take Oz. Oz is a colorful place inhabited by happy mindless munchkins where everybody sings and dances. There's a funny well meaning scarecrow, a harmless cowardly lion and a weepy tin man. Kansas is gray, boring, predictable, and the roof leaks. But there's also flying monkeys and violent trees and a wicked witch who would kill you as soon as they look at you so you have to stay awake when you're crossing that field of poppies because not everything is what it seems. For one thing there's a nerdy guy behind the curtain, he's a geek, more than a little strange, and he's working his smoke and mirrors hoping you stay focused on the image he's projecting on the screen because he has absolutely no power. It's your willingness to be deceived by him that makes him powerful. Look behind the curtain. That's all I'm saying.

Let's not Talk about Men

Description: Gwen is talking to a married friend about how and why she hates men.

Comedic

Today I hate all of them. Especially the ones I don't know. Them most of all. Because soon I'll know them and they'll do something to make me hate them. But since I don't know them, I don't know what that horrible thing will be. I won't be prepared. And because I'm an idiot, I'll think that everything will be different with them. Because they're new. And I don't know them. At least if you know them, you kind of know where the land mines are. You're married. That's a whole different minefield. Dating. Gack. You think you're blithely strolling through the park but it's really the demilitarized zone and poorly defined at that. Then POW! One misplaced reference to some movie that reminds him of his last girlfriend! No warning. Kaplooey! Or one too many "Does this make me look fat" Wham! I just hate them. In fact, I don't even want to think about them. Just once, I'd like to get through a day without even mentioning them. Let's make a pact. For this brunch, let's not talk about men!

The Divorce

Description: A teen works through her feelings about her parent's divorce.

Dramatic

(Sits in disbelief after hearing the news her parents divorce)

What? (pause) What do you mean you're getting a divorce? No, (pause) no this can't be happening to me. (shaking her head.) Can't the two of you work things out? I mean how bad could it possibly be? (beat) (turning to her mother) It's you right? it's your fault it always is. You're always riding Daddy, nagging him. I hear you. Maybe if you weren't such a nag then he wouldn't be leaving. (beat) Why shouldn't I, Daddy? She should know the truth. If she weren't always on your case then we wouldn't be having this conversation! (beat) I can't believe you're doing this to me! (jumps out of chair in anger) Do you know how embarrassing this is going to be for me at school? Everyone thinks we're happy. Im' always telling people how in love you two are and how I want to have that same kinda love. (pause) What am I going to do? I mean really? I'm going to have to change schools. All of my friends' parents are still married, you know. (pauses as the inevitable sets in and begins to sob) Please tell me what's going on, Daddy. Tell me why you're leaving. Tell me what's wrong. (The father attempts to hug Jamie but she pulls away) No--no don't touch me. Don't touch me! How could you do this to me? Huh?How could you? I Don't want you to touch me. I don't want to be comforted, Dad. Wait! (openly crying now and begging) Please don't go, Daddy. I promise I'll do better. I'll go easy on the shopping. I won't bug you about the silly stuff. I'll do the chores without tripping out...I'll do anything. Mom, why is he leaving? (beat) No--no I don't want to hear that okay? There is no such thing as "making it work out for all of us" okay. There is no such thing. Stop trying to lie to me I'm' not a child! This is the worst possible thing that could happen and I will never.. NEVER forgive either one of you ever again! (storms out of the room).

Seven Minutes in Heaven

Description: Margot is having a party at her house to introduce her friends to her boyfriend, Mike. As she speaks, the fantasy of her future unfolds before her.

Comedic

After college? Oh. We'll get married. It won't be a very big wedding. Just our family and our closest friends, on a beach somewhere. California maybe. My mom will cry the whole time. She'll be embarrassed afterwards when she looks at the pictures and her eyes are red and her make up is streaky. Mike will go to medical school and I'll go to law school. Afterwards Mike can start his own private practice. The worst part of his job will be telling a family bad news, and on days like that, he'll call me and I'll come home early and I'll hold him as tight as I can, and kiss him hard and say, look at me, Mike. Shh, Mike. Look at me. It's ok, Mike, you did everything you could do. I'll work at a firm just down the street from Mike's office, and some days, if we're not too busy, we'll meet up for lunch or just a cup of coffee or just to say hi. At night, we'll find little jars and fill them up with ten million fireflies. I'll hold my knees like this. Like I'm holding them right there. We'll go for a walk and he won't be late, and I'll act as normal as I can, and I'll wear his necklace until it breaks off and turns back into dirt and I won't say anything. You'll have three kids. Two of them will be yours, and then the last one you'll adopt. You'll name all of them after your favorite characters in your favorite books. You'll fill up jars with green apples and necklaces, and when you get old, you'll retire and put together all of your savings and buy a little cottage somewhere far away, where nothing else is, except for sheep and grass and the weather. You'll read books all day long and take walks for an hour on the last day, on Tuesday, the last day, and make fires in your fireplace and cook dinners from scratch and wait for your children and your grandchildren and your great-grandchildren to visit you. You'll have bony little fingers and the skin will hang off of your arms so you can see the blue veins underneath, like ropes. I'll have age spots on my hands and Mike's eyesight won't be great, and my arthritis will get worse, and then one morning, we won't wake up.

Seven Minutes in Heaven (pt.2)

Description: Phoebe talks about her childhood and the inner wounds that she has learned to cover up so convincingly.

Dramatic

Phil Marnell has a scar. It's tiny. You wouldn't even really see it unless you knew it was there and you were looking for it. It's from chicken pox and it's on his left temple and it's a little dot like somebody stamped him with a dot when he was born so that they would always be able to find Him. When I was ten, my dad quit his job so he could find out what he really wanted to do, and it started to look like what he really wanted to do was watch TV in his boxers and drink Diet Rite. My mom would come home at seven and I would be in my room and they would fight. My mom would yell and my dad would cry, and then my dad would yell and my mom would cry, and then my dad would curl up in a ball and rock himself back and forth and say the word, "please," over and over, until it didn't even sound like a word but more like a sound that an animal might make. I used to sit in my closet on a pile of dirty clothes and push myself against the door and I would wait for everything to stop. Sometimes my mom would leave and she wouldn't come back for a few hours. Or a few days. Sometimes my dad would say sorry and they would make up and we all had dinner together and Dad put pants on and everybody smiled, and those times were the worst. Sometimes I would sit there in the dark and I would imagine I wasn't really there or that somebody far away was dreaming of me and what if they woke up. Sometimes I would take my fingernail and I would stretch it across my chest very slowly, so that the skin would begin to split and a little inch of blood would open into my shirt and then everything would get quiet and I didn't cry and I wasn't scared and I felt alone and emptied out and like maybe I would never die, but even if I did it would be ok. (Beat.) My dad would just keep saying, "please," until my mom left the room and then he would say, "love isn't free, Betsy. It costs you. It always costs you. It always costs you." It always costs you.

Antigone

Description: Antigone is talking to her sister Ismene who is afraid of breaking the law.

Dramatic

What further dishonor could I bring upon our family? We pay for our parents' sins. I am not afraid to die by honoring the greater law of the gods. You fear punishment for disobeying the laws of man. I fear punishment for violating the laws of heaven. Polyneices, our brother, lies unburied on the battlefield. Birds and animals ravage his body. I will obey the higher law and give him the honor and rites decreed by the gods. I will not insist that you help me bury Polyneices. If you do not have the mind and strength to aid me, I will act alone. Your choice is to live; mine is to die, for I have no illusions that this act will go unpunished. My tomb will be my bridal bed. I will not know the joys of marriage and children. I will die before my time, but I will die unafraid and unashamed.

MONOLOGUES FOR BOYS

Dust In Our Eyes

Description: Dean gives a heartfelt message to his best friend Paula about how he wants to live a life full of purpose and meaning.

Dramatic

You gotta just stay true to yourself. This world, it almost seems that it wants to fit us into some sort of ABC path. I don't know about you but growing up and living life to pay my bills is a real hard way to live. I wanna live with purpose, that's what I've been thinking about a lot lately. I wanna do things that matter to me and others. You know, my brother Darren, he's a d'k like your sister Kyra, no offense, it's like he wants to be my enemy and I'm his only brother...anyway, he's got everything figured out for himself, he's going off to college, wants to be an engineer, buy a house, have a wife, kids, barbecue and boat and all those things are all well and good. But I don't know, I'm not really into that kind of figured out patterned life...I mean, how many people do we know have fit that lifestyle? Right? And it's like, then what?? What comes next? You raise your kids and they too will go to school and follow the same patterns, you retire, get old hopefully and turn to dust...that's it. That stuff scares me. I wanna take risks. I wanna find something I can do in my life that will make me so damn happy I won't have to be miserable one day while going to work, unlike my Pops, there isn't a day that goes by where he's not moaning about his job, he comes home and drinks himself into oblivion and my mother, God bless her, she puts up with it, but deep down she isn't happy either, cause she never did the things she wanted to do for her...you know why? Cause she followed the same stupid pattern we all trap ourselves into. Right? She wanted to be an artist, a painter...I found some of her paintings up in the attic one night and they were freaking amazing, I don't know much about art or anything but Paula, these were good! Just as good as those paintings we study in art class, you know, in those books and whatever, she's just as good as that stuff and it made me wonder WHY? Why didn't my mom go after it? I know that's what she wanted to do cause she's talked about it on occasion nonchalantly. I don't want to be like that in my life. I don't want to sit on my talent, if I have any, I'm still searching, but when I find it I am going for it. I'm not going to sit on my hands and watch my life go by, live out some crappy pattern and die inside...life's too short, either live it or waste it and I aim to live it.

Deadly Lying

Description: A young sibling grapples with the consequences of keeping secrets about their older brother's dangerous behavior.

Dramatic

The first time I saw my brother drink, I was eight. He's older than me, and he never lets me forget it. The first time. I saw him steal some wine from my parents' liquor cabinet. He drank a bunch. And then poured grape Kool-Aid in the bottle so they wouldn't know. He told me not to tell, and I didn't. When I was nine, he got this guy up the street to buy him a six-pack of beer. He offered me one but I said, "No." He told me not to tell, and I didn't. Last year, when my parents went up north to see my grandmother, my brother came home drunk. His friends drove him home. He was too messed up to drive. Dad called and asked if we were all right. My brother told me not to tell Dad that he came home drunk. And I didn't. Well, last night my brother got drunk again. But this time there wasn't anyone to drive him home. So he drove home by himself. He crashed the car into a telephone pole. His neck is broken, and the doctors don't think he'll ever walk again. I should have told someone my brother was drinking. I was trying to be a good brother. But it turns out I wasn't.

A Bright New Boise

Description: An honest look into Alex's relationship with his dad

Dramatic

That's your plan, not mine. And even if I do that, go to school and major in music, then what? You think I'm gonna, like, be the next fucking big thing? Okay, so I make a few albums, do some performances, probably wind up teaching, and that's like the best case scenario. I'll probably just fail completely, come back to Boise, and end up working at this fucking Hobby Lobby—working at this fucking store, for the rest of my life. And what's the alternative? Believing in what my dad believes in, believing in some magical guy up in the clouds who created us for fun I guess, a guy who is going to come pretty soon to kill us all. These are my two options in life, and they are fucking meaningless.

The Other Side of Chasm

Description: Chad talks to his only friend Lia about the great divide he feels when it comes to privileged high school kids.

Dramatic

You know that party Russel had last week? The one I wasn't invited to...I walked over to his house cause I was curious, I wanted to see it with my own two eyes, what it was like to be in with the crowd. I snuck into the side of the house, past the bushes. And through the fence I saw all of you having the best time...music, barbecue, diving in the pool, drinkin', laughin'...it was like watching another world and yet I knew all of your faces. I saw your face and even though we're friends it was like I was seeing you for the first time. You didn't seem like you at all. You seemed, I don't know, in your natural element, where you belong...you were accepted and I realized on my walk back home that I wasn't and that sooner or later you and I, this friendship we supposedly have, is gonna thin out and end. You know why? Cause there's no sound I can ever make that's loud enough for any of you to take notice of...what I do, who I am, doesn't matter...never will because that's just the way things go when you're on the other side of the chasm.

See Me As A Stranger

Description: Gordy reveals a dark realization about himself that may have light at the end of the tunnel if he finds his way.

Dramatic

I got confused. I was walkin' along the tracks and all of a sudden I blanked out, like, I didn't know who I was, where I was, I didn't know what I was doin', where I was goin' or comin' from...I just was and I somewhat recognized the houses, when I looked at them I felt familiar with the rooftops and chimneys, but I couldn't place it in my mind. This lasted for a few minutes, I think...I searched my pockets but all I found was some bumble gum wrappers and there was this large broken mirror on the side of a dumpster and I stared into it and all I saw was some dude with a dirty sweater and jeans on...I didn't see myself and I screamed out, "Where am I?!" "WHERE AM I?!" And some homeless guy screamed back at me that I was in hell and that made me remember everything. Everything made sense to me again in a flash but now I'm left thinking that I was better off not knowing my life, that I wish I could erase it all...

Waste of Time

Description: Byron is a teenager who doesn't care much about school and instead wants to focus on building his own BMX business.

Dramatic

I can't talk to either of you without insults or threats. This is my life and I should be able to live it how I want to live it. I hate school! I don't care about geometry or biology or all the other crap they are trying to cram into my brain. It's useless information. All I'm learning is how to temporarily memorize stuff I have no interest in, in order to pass tests! I'm not learning anything valuable that I can use in my own life. It's bullsh't! Why can't I learn the stuff I want to learn? Why can't I follow my own interests? Why does everyone think I'm wasting my time? You both don't see what makes me happy, you just want me to follow rules and be miserable like everybody else. Right? So I can be some robot who gets in some assembly line and pumps out a lousy life. I'm different. You both call me stupid and I'm not stupid. You show no faith in me. I built all those bikes with my own brains and my own two hands. No one taught me. I taught myself! And you call me dumb? Just because I don't get straight A's like Tiffany or Jason. So what?! What have they ever done on their own? Nothing!

Floating On a Don't Care Cloud

Description: TJ watches as his older brother Jamie becomes consumed by pot use.

Dramatic

But Jamie don't you see? You might as well be dead. You're standing in front of me and you don't see me. You're not here. You're staring at this. (holding up the joint) You want this. You do this instead of school. You do this instead of trying to figure out what you want in life. You don't care about anything. You look at me but I'm not here. We used to be so close Jamie and now I'm at one end of a tunnel and you're at the other end and we're never going to be in the same place, the same time again. You might as well be dead. (she stands and crosses to JAMIE) So I'm going to need you to choose. I need to know for sure whether I should keep hold of the shreds of the guy you used to be. Should I hold tight or let you go? (holding up the joint) Pot. Or me.

Class Action

Description: A teenage genius reflects on the irony of high school values, the social challenges of being highly intelligent, and his ambition to find success and power in the real world.

Comedic/Dramatic

My name is Dennis Gandleman. Around this school I am the object of ridicule from most of the students, simply because I have an extremely high I.Q. It's 176. My father wanted me to enroll in a special school that deals with geniuses like myself, but Mother was firmly against that. She wanted me to have a normal education, and not be treated as some kind of freak ... Which is ironic, because that's exactly what is happening to me here. The whole concept of education is a paradox: High School is supposed to celebrate education and knowledge, but what it really celebrates is social groups and popularity. In a perfect world, a kid like me would be worshiped because of my scholastic abilities, instead of someone who can throw a forty-yard touchdown pass. Suppose could complain, and bemoan the unfairness of it all. But I am bright. I know something that the others don't ... Then, once we leave High School and enter the real world, all the rules change. What matters is power. Financial power. Power that comes from making a fortune on cutting-edge computer software. Software that I am already developing. (Pause.) Some call me a nerd. I call myself ahead of my time. See you on the outside.

Hall Pass

Description: A confrontation between hall monitor and slacker.

Dramatic

You go ahead and try. You'll find I'm pretty much unhurttable, Brady Cutter. You couldn't hurt me if you left me a bleeding heap on the floor. You gonna hurt me so bad? Is that what you're gonna do? You go right ahead. You think you're different, OLD friend? You think you can swing your way by with an easy wave and get what you want? You can't. And the sooner you learn that message baby, the better. I've met you a million times before in a million different empty-headed losers who love calling me dude. You go ahead and hurt me, it's happened before and it'll happen again. All you'll do is prove you're the same kind of monster I meet every day. You're no different. You're the same empty dusty shell of a human being and all you have ahead of you is a wasted life of nothing. You're nothing, Brady. You're no one and you're no one I would ever want to know. You're no friend of mine. Got it? Cat got your tongue, dude? Got nothing to say to me now, do you? Do you?! Say something!

The Unknown known

Description: A character ponders his life choices.

Dramatic

Jason, I want to ask you something. We've known each other a long time and we've seen each other through life's ups and downs. If you were to choose to go back, back to when we were young, back to when your hopes were still present and your whole future lay ahead, would you do it? Right now, if I told you that I knew how to time travel, would you go back to that night when you got drunk and ran naked into the pond behind my house? Would you make a different choice so that you didn't go through high school with the nickname Streak? What about the time that you lied to Elizabeth about never having dated Joelle and she found out and broke up with you...breaking your heart, really. Would you go back and be at least honest with her? I think about this a lot. Mostly, I think about Thomas, and how if I would have been paying attention at the river, he would still...he would...be here. Would you do it all over again and have a chance to reverse doing everything you've regretted? Or would you go forward and take the unknown future and be whisked away to a place where everything could be totally new. like a fresh start? Just stay here...and have that be enough.

Stereotype High

Description: Roland is at the movies about to go out with the girl of his dreams.

Comedic

Oh... my... gosh. My panic attacks are having panic attacks. I've wanted to go out with this girl since eighth grade after I saw her on stage in the Garfield Middle School production of Cinderella. I attended both nights and bought the DVD so I could watch it over and over again. And now, here we are, after I finally mustered the nerve to ask her. So what if it took me four years? I was sitting in Calculus, going on and on about her for the X-to-the-deriv-ative-of-an-infinite-domainth time when Stanley, my math partner in crime slams his mechanical pencil down on the desk and exclaims, "Gosh darn it, Ronald. If you don't ask her out, I swear to Pythagoras, I'm going to ask her out. And when she says yes and sees what I can do with a graphing calculator, causing her to fall madly in love with me, there will be major weirdness between us." Given that very serious threat—I mean, seriously, Stanley works a graphing calculator like Arthur wielded Excalibur—I was forced to rouse all the courage I could and do it. Honestly, I didn't think she'd say yes. I mean, why would she? She's the most beautiful girl in the world, and I'm... well... I'm me. I'm not the guy girls look at and go, "Oh yeah—I've gotta get me some of that." Not to mention the fact that even if they did, I wouldn't know what to do with them anyway. It's pretty pathetic, I know. I'll just have to wait and see if she makes initial contact. Just like in science: Every action has an equal and opposite reaction. I'll have the opposite reaction. Yes. I like that. Sounds like a plan! (he turns sees his girl and falls)

Alex

Description: Alex is about to break up with drugs.

Comedic

Look, babe, we gotta talk. (holds up the joint toward his face) We've been doin' this thing for... ya know... a pretty long time and... well... I think we both knew that at some point... ya know... that it just couldn't last forever. I mean, let's face it— we're just too different. (pauses as if the joint is responding) Of course, but you've got your life to live—so many parties and late-night pizza binges and, and me? Well, I've got my own thing to do. (pause) C'mon, now. Don't say that. You know it's not true. I've always loved you. It's just that... well... I'm tired of all the sneaking around. I mean, it's not like we can go places together. And let's face it—some of the people you hang with... um... to be honest, can be dangerous. And then there's your run-ins with the cops. That's not cool. Oh, I dunno... it's just that I'm gonna be goin' to college and— (pause) I know, I know. That's a great point. But see, I don't wanna be one of those guys. I actually wanna go to learn something, and I'm afraid that if you go with me, I'll be spendin' all my time with you instead of what I'm supposed to be doin', that's all. I hope you can understand that. (pauses, smiles) I knew you'd understand. Someday, we're both gonna look back on this and know we did the right thing. (pauses, then puts his head down for a few seconds before raising it back up) Hey. Whaddya say to one more time? Ya know, for the road? Our last time together? (pauses) You know what? You'll always be my girl.

Danny

Description: Danny defends his teacher and appeals to a friend for support and understanding.

Dramatic

Like he never did anything to me, okay? Like he was always straight up and down, no problems. (beat) C'mon, how do you know that? You don't. You're just repeating what you hear around school and what your parents say, and like that. What about your opinion, huh? What about what you think? (beat) BS, man, you're just repeating the buzz, the stupid, off-the-wall buzz that's floating around. And, besides, what the hell difference does it make? He's one hell of a good teacher, the only teacher in this place who doesn't get me into a giant head bob. In Pearson's class I stay awake because the guy has something to say, man, something to pass on, something he gets across because he makes history interesting, makes it live. So what the hell does him being gay have to do with anything? (beat) Aw, man. Like him being gay is gonna rub off on you, or something. Like this is really stupid. Pearson's been teaching here for over fourteen years and now, because he came out, everybody's all, "Wow! Gay! What a terrible guy. Better lock up the kids in the cellar so the big bad gay man won't get 'em." Double BS crap! Alluva sudden now, overnight, the guy's different. Hell, he's always been gay! And before anyone knew it, he was Mr. Fantastic Wonderful Educator, picked as the teacher of the year four years in a row. Now, overnight, the dude's garbage. Ask yourself, man, get inside your head, think! Don't go listening to a bunch of screwed-up, prejudiced fools who are so full of fear they're dangerous. Look, what we got here is people behaving without thinking because they're thinking with their emotions and prejudices, and because of this, they're about to kick out a guy who's a neat person and one helluva great teacher, a guy who's gone the extra mile for a lot of us and a whole bunch of kids over the years. Fourteen years he's been the best, and he's still the best. I'll take one of him gay to fifty of these boring, insensitive bastards who don't teach squat. Pearson's cool, and he needs our help now, our support. We gotta speak up for him, stand up and be real. Lemme ask you, who stayed late with you, after hours, helping you? Who's responsible for you getting a passing grade? Pearson, man, Pearson. So you can't let him down. We don't stand up for what's right now, what kinda adults we gonna make? (beat) Good. All right! (high five) That's what I wanted to hear.

More Than One Way

Description: A troubled teen expresses what he goes through, to his Principal Mr. Agnon while on the verge of being expelled.

Dramatic

Mr. Agnon...um...the things that I deal with everyday, it seems to always be happening to me and how do I know when it's big enough for me to get you. I don't want to bother you over every little thing that happens to me because then I think you will get angry at me as if it's my fault and I know, I know I'm no angel but I think it's all because of the fact that things started out wrong for me and ever since, it's always been a problem, like you said earlier, perception, people see me as some loser and over time that perception has only been cemented in people's minds...cause, I've tried, I've tried to show other sides of myself but I'm never looked at differently, it's like a curse I can't break and I guess I've sort of accepted the fact that I am this loser, troublemaker or whatever you want to call me, I've grown to become this character from everyone's mind because it makes everyone happy...I bring comfort in a way cause I'm labeled and I know I sound crazy but these are the things I'm dealing with and I just wanted you to hear it from me.

When Will I Be Enough For You?

Description: A day in the life of a person with ADHD

Dramatic

I get it. I'm a klutz. I talk way too much. I forget everything. I'm always "daydreaming" as you call it. But why not take a look into my world? I'm in class. Nothing makes sense! I look around at everyone else, and they all seem to be effortlessly paying attention. Why not me? I turn to my friend, and ask, "Can you help me? I'm so confused." She responds with four words I know I will be thinking about for a long time; "What don't you understand?" I'm finally home. I'm so tired, but it's frustrating because I didn't really do anything. Maybe if I had been busy, I could justify my exhaustion. I have to do my homework. But, all I'm doing is just reading a sentence. Reading a sentence. And then another time, I finally remembered to ask my teacher about the assignment. He rolls his eyes. "What have you been doing for the past two weeks?" Two weeks?!? Where did all the time go? What have I been doing? Well, nothing, but I can't say that... *(pause)* When will I be capable of functioning? I'm in my room, finally. I'm stressed. The project is due at the end of the week, and I have nothing. Nothing. When will I be able to comprehend this kind of information? You say, "Just focus. Concentrate. Try harder." *(Loudly)* OH THAT I COULD TRY HARDER! YOU CANNOT FATHOM HOW MUCH EFFORT I PUT INTO THIS. *(Quieter but with intensity)* I will never reach your standards. They're too high. I won't make you move them, they're there for a reason and I respect that. But it hurts so bad because I know that I will never reach them. I just have one question; When will I be enough for you?

After Juliet

Description: What happens after the deaths of Romeo and Juliet? What happened to Rosaline, Romeo's first love? *After Juliet*, imaginative, powerful, and poetic, resonates with a contemporary take on love and death, war and peace, as Juliet's cousin, Rosaline, who also loved Romeo, struggles to cope with the aftermath of the lovers' deaths. The Montagues and the Capulets are experiencing a tense truce while the trial of those implicated in the deaths proceeds. To complicate the situation, Benvolio, Romeo's best friend, loves Rosaline and pursues her, but she will not return his attentions because he is an enemy to her family and she seeks revenge.

GIANNI: Tea. There is no point even trying to make it without first warming the pot. They do it. People do it. Lemon? Milk? They say, brandishing a cold tea pot. The question doesn't arise. Why? Why would you make tea if you hadn't warmed the pot. Once the pot's warmed, with boiling water mind. Once the tea's spooned in, dry and black and perfumed with bergamot. Not blended, no shred of dust. I won't have sweepings from the floor that some chap's relieved himself upon. Once boiling water is added. While waiting in that delicious pause when the tea is giving of its essence. Then the question of lemon or milk can be addressed. With Earl Grey lemon always. But in the winter I would maintain it has to be lemon any way. Whether Darjeeling or Assam; lemon and not milk in the winter. Because. There is always a danger that the milk is contaminated. Turnips. That's the danger. In the winter time. There are those who feed their cows turnips.

Buried Child

Description: Amidst the squalor of a decaying farm, a family harbors a deep-seated unhappiness that has led to destructive suppressed anger and violence—all born of a long-hidden secret. The drunken, ranting Dodge and Halie, his alcoholic wife, fight their way through each grim day, accompanied by their misbegotten sons, Tilden, a hulking ex-All-American football player, and Bradley, who has lost a leg in a chainsaw accident. When Vince, a grandson none of them recollects, enters their world with his girlfriend, Shelley, Tilden is compelled to unearth the family secret, and the possibility of redemption finally seems plausible.

VINCE: *(Pause, delivers speech front.)* I was gonna run last night. I was gonna run and keep right on running. I drove all night. Clear to the Iowa border. The old man's two bucks sitting right on the seat beside me. It never stopped raining the whole time. Never stopped once. I could see myself in the windshield. My face. My eyes. I studied my face. Studied everything about it. As though I was looking at another man. As though I could see his whole race behind him. Like a mummy's face. I saw him dead and alive at the same time. In the same breath. In the windshield, I watched him breathe as though he was frozen in time. And every breath marked him. Marked him forever without him knowing. And then his face changed. His face became his father's face. Same bones. Same eyes. Same nose. Same breath. And his father's face changed to his grandfather's face. And it went on like that. Changing. Clear on back to faces I'd never seen before but still recognized. Still recognized the bones underneath. The eyes. The breath. The mouth. I followed my family clear into Iowa. Every last one. Straight into the Corn Belt and further. Straight back as far as they'd take me. Then it all dissolved. Everything dissolved.

Celebration

Description: In this allegorical tale, a young orphan travels to the home of the world's richest man, who has destroyed the garden of the Boy's orphanage. The Boy arrives during a magical New Year's Eve celebration. Among the curious revelers he encounters is a beautiful fallen Angel, who, before long, becomes the center of a ritualistic battle between Mr. Rich and the orphaned boy—each vying for her love. Ultimately, the youth overcomes his old, jaded opponent and rediscovers the promise of change and regains the lost garden of the orphanage.

BOY: You see, I'm an orphan. I worked inside the garden at the Orphanage. But then a funny thing began to happen. All of the people that I knew when I was younger began to disappear. At first I thought, "Oh well, they've all been adopted!" But then it wasn't just the other orphans. It was the teachers too. And the priests. Until finally there wasn't anybody left at all except me. —And then some men came with big machines, and they began to tear down all the buildings. They had a ball on a great long chain and they swung it—way, way out—above the trees and the garden. And then, when it came back, it smashed into the Face of God. . . Well, I ran over and I took the Eye of God—that was all that was left of the stained glass. Look, I'll show you! (*Gets "Eye of God" from his bag and holds it up. Music.*) I'm going to see the old man. . . He's having a party for New Year's Eve. I'm going to sneak in. I'm going to tell him what they did to the chapel. I'm going to make him stop tearing down buildings. We don't want a factory; we want a garden!