

Teen Audition Monologues for ages 13-18

Fried by Debbie Labeledman

(Comedic, Girl or Boy)

(MO has just returned from spending the entire day at the beach. He/She has been wearing a skimpy suit and no suntan lotion. Now he/she is suffering from the effects of an extremely painful, full body sunburn. Here he/she shares her pain with his/her best friend.)

Maureen/Moe-I can't move. I can't breathe. I can't even sit down. Why did you let me do this to myself? (Beat) Well I think you could take a *little* responsibility. You could have said, "Hey Mo, let me rub some lotion on you-you look a little pink." But you didn't say a word and now I am *so* fried it isn't even funny. So stop laughing! I'm serious, I can't move! I have to walk like a tin soldier. (Beat) I should never go to the beach. I can't be in the sun. I don't ever tan and now I look like a tomato. And in a week it's gonna be even worse because I'll start to peel and I'll look like a leper. Oh why am I so stupid, why? *(She slaps her herself on the leg in frustration and causes herself pain.)* Oh.....ow, ow, ow, ow, ow, ouch!!!! See! I can't even get emotional! Everything hurts. Every inch of my body hurts. Even the tip of my nose. Even in between my toes for goodness sake! *(She hesitates as she decides what to do and how to make herself comfortable)* I guess I'll go try to sleep in a bathtub filled with ice water. That should feel pretty good, don't you think? I'm gonna stay in there for a while too. I think I'll stay in there for a while too. I think I'll stay in there until next winter. Hopefully, I'll feel better by then.

Waxed Off by Debbie Labeledman *(Comic, Girl)*

(STEPHANIE has accidentally removed her eyebrows by using a product she purchased through an infomercial. She is in a state of panic because her date is going to show up very shortly. She tries to elicit some help from a friend.)

Stephanie-Man, I'm so stupid! I read the instructions, I did everything right. I don't understand how this happened. Is there anything you can do to fix it? Michael is picking me up in a less than an hour. *(Beat)* I already *tried* eyebrow pencil. It made me look like a clown. Do you think he'll notice? Of course he'll notice. I have NO EYEBROWS!! Maybe I could wear sunglasses all night. The really, really big ones that cover the entire eye. *(Beat)* What do you think I was trying to do? I was *trying* to save myself some money and wax them myself. That infomercial made it look so easy. The woman on the box looks so happy. See...it's like she's saying, "Here I am, so happy, so beautiful...I can wax my own eyebrows." You've got to help me. He's never going to want to go out with me again. I look like an alien! How did I get myself into this situation? Oh God...do you think they'll grow back?

Off the Court by Debbie Labeledman

(Dramatic, Boy or Girl)

(CHRIS explains to his father that he is not interested in playing on the basketball team his father is coaching and he would much rather be a musician.)

Chris-Look, Dad, I don't know how to tell you this...so I'm just gonna say it. I think it's great that you're coaching the basketball team. I think you'll be a great coach, but...I don't want to be on the team. *(Beat)* No! It has nothing to do with you! See, that's what I'm talking about. YOU want me to be on the team. YOU want me to be a great basketball player, but you never asked me what I want. I don't even like basketball. I'm not good at it and probably never will be. You've never asked me what I'm good at. Just because you're good at sports doesn't mean I am. And what I really want to do is study music. That's what I'm good at, Dad and that's what I want to do. I want to play piano, classical or jazz, any kind of music really. I just want to get really, really good at it. I want to be the best piano player there ever was and I want to compose my own stuff and play concerts and everything...*(Beat)* C'mon Dad, don't be mad. You wouldn't be proud of a child who was lousy on the court but think how proud you'll be when you see me playing at Carnegie Hall.

Shoe Thief by Debbie Labedman
(Dramatic, Boy)

NICOLAS recently stole an expensive pair of sneakers. When his mother confronts him and tries to persuade him to return the shoes to the store, NICOLAS refuses)

Nicolas-Ok...yes...I took the shoes! I left my old pair in the box and walked out of the store with the new ones on my feet. SO WHAT? No one even knew. No one even cares. There was no way that I could have paid for these. The cost over one hundred dollars. I don't have that kind of money and neither do you Mom. You should be happy that I'm not asking you to pay for them. *(Beat)* That store isn't gonna lose any money from one pair of ripped off shoes. Don't make me give them back Mom...I need them. You know I do. You said so yourself the other day. And you were complaining about how expensive they were, remember? Let me keep them Mom. I promise I'll never do it again. Just let me keep this pair and I'll never steal another thing again I swear! *(Beat)* Please Mom! Don't make me turn myself in!

"A THING FOR NERDS" by D. M. Larson

JENNY-Comedic

I've always had a thing for nerds. All kinds ... Geeky, Weirdo, Freak, Techie, Trekkie or Dork... you name it... I want to catch them all.. Sorry for the Pokemon reference... I am a bit of a nerd myself. Girl nerds are rare but we do exist. I hung out with nerd-lings as a kid. We played Dungeons and Dragons and I loved being dungeon master ...holding their fates in my hands. It doesn't matter how pretty you are, just the fact you're female and like something nerdy makes you very attractive to them. Other kinds of guys could care less about me... But to nerds... I was hot. The more I hung out with boy nerds, the more I realized the power girls have over them... There's nothing they want more than First Contact with the female of their species. But with great power comes great responsibility and I tried not to take advantage... Much.

And the best thing about nerds is that they give you their full attention. Pretty boys are too worried about their looks and compete for fairest of them all... With pretty boys there is always a fight for the mirror. With tough guys and jocks... They always want praise or worship. It's all about them and they turn romance into a competition ... (Does body builder impression)
Who is the lucky girl who gets me today?

Nerds are the kindest kind of guy. They have the best hearts... If you get past the over drawn comic book heroines and the overly aggressive Sci Fi babes... They really care about you and who you are. You get a nerdy guy's full attention. The rest of the world slips away and you're his entire universe, because no Death Star, Tardis or warp drive is more exciting than a girl who gives him the time of day. That's why I like these guys... I feel special... important... and not alone anymore.

NO WITNESSES by D.M. Larson

MOIRA-Dramatic monologue, Girl or Boy

I saw it... This terrible thing. It happened to this girl I don't even like. And no one knows who did it... Except me. Do I tell? It's between what is right and what will ruin your life. I don't even like her... She brings it on herself. Why does she have to be so... Weird? And if I tell... Everyone will turn against me... I will be like her..An outcast... Invisible. Is that how it happens... One little thing you do turns you into a leper? Social leprosy.

The right thing feels so wrong. I know I'm supposed to tell the truth but the truth will not set me free. The truth will ruin me... Keeping quiet will ruin her... And I don't know if I care. I guess that's what happened to all those guys who stood up for what was right... Gandhi shot, MLK shot, Jesus crucified... I'm no Jesus. I wonder if she could ever forgive me? She can get over it right? Forgive me... I don't want to be crucified.

The Rehearsal by Don Zolidis

(Jim is in a musical. Jim has been told he doesn't sing very well. He also has a crush on a fellow cast mate named Jessica)

Jim (to the audience)-Did you see that? She talked to me! And do you know what else? She knows my name, which means she's aware of my existence. I'm already halfway to marriage and kids and retirement. Maybe not quite halfway. Maybe a third of the way. (takes a moment)

I realize that sounds a little obsessive and insane. But I guess that's love, right? She works in the children's section of the library. I got a job in the other section. I know that sounds stalkerish but here's the thing: I feel better on days I see Jessica. I'm not even kidding. I feel lighter and sunnier and all around happier even if I just see her for a second. So I thought: I want to maximize the days I get to see her. So...so I'm gonna try to sing and dance. And make a complete fool out of myself. And maybe, who knows, she feels better on days that she sees me.

Before the show ends I'm gonna tell her how I feel. I'm terrified even thinking about it. I imagine if she says no I won't get to see her as much anymore. And that would be pretty awful.

The Audition by Don Zolidis

Carrie-My life is the most wonderful thing. My life is the (beat)...when I was ten years old I got cast in the school play. We were doing this play our teacher wrote about Winnie the Pooh. I was Tigger. Probably because I was pretty hyper. I even got to sing a song about Tiggers. I was so excited I stayed after school everyday and I learned my lines in the first week and every night at home I'd sing my song about Tiggers and how they were made out of rubber and everything. Our school didn't have a lot of money but my friend's mom made me a costume. And we had a lot of fun. And I felt really good about it. I mean, I felt...amazing. It was like my whole life I was looking for something I was good at, and then all of a sudden here it was, I was good at being Tigger. I couldn't run fast, I wasn't good at math, I couldn't even spell, but when I sang that Tigger song I was proud. So the day of the show came and I was backstage in my Tigger costume and I was really nervous, I had to pee like every five minutes, and then I went out there on the stage and the lights were really bright and I could see the outline of all these heads out there and I could hear them and I did my song-and I just put everything I had into it and I wasn't nervous anymore. I was happy and when I finished...the whole audience applauded for me. For me. I had never been applauded for anything my whole life. And then after the show all the parents were coming up and hugging their kids, even the kids who played trees, I remember this Dad came up and he was like, "You were the most realistic tree of them all." and everyone was there. And everyone was getting hugged and there were all these flowers. And I looked around for my mom and I kept looking around for her...and I kept looking. And then everyone decided to go home and I was still there. And I was still in that stupid Tigger costume. I asked her later why she didn't come to my show and she said, "What show?" (beat as she becomes overwhelmed with emotion) And I was really good too.