

Drama Monologues

Eye Contact

Your crush is in study hall with you, you try to bring yourself to talk to him but don't have the nerve.

Oh-my-gosh! He's looking at me! He can't be looking at me!

It's impossible. I'm nobody, and he's really, really, really somebody! There is no way he's looking at me. Nope. Uh-uh.

OK, just look casual. Yup, I'm just reading. Just doing my homework like everyone else here in study hall. Same ol' routine. Now slowly look in his direction... He' is looking at me! Oh, man why did I do that? Now I look like a dork! OK, calm down. Just thumb through the book. Now look super interested in this page. Good – very convincing... Now, just take a little teeny, tiny peek to see what he's doing.

Holy smoke, I think I'm going to faint! What do I do now? Do I wait till he says something? Maybe I should do something to let him know that...well...that it's OK with me if he has something to tell me. I mean, what if he's waiting for some kind of a sign that I'm...sort of...interested?

I know! I could ask him if he wrote down the math assignment. Yeah! No wait...there's no talking in study hall. Wouldn't you know it! This is the most major opportunity of my life, and I'm forced into silence. OK, I've got it! I'll write him a note!

There's got to be some paper in here! The bell! Wait! Where did he go? Man, another moment ruined by the bell!

Female Monologue

Chipmunk Emergency

You just ran over a chipmunk while riding your bike. You try to convince the receptionist to let the vet examine him.

No Miss, I don't have an appointment, but I've gotta see the vet right away! ...No, my dad's at work and my mom's doing some food shopping. Please! This is an emergency! ...Would you quit asking questions? I'll tell you everything *after* you get this little guy in to see the vet! Look, I think he's dying!

...Oh, man, I don't believe this. What do you mean the doctor only treats domestic animals? You mean dogs and cats have more rights than wild animals do? That's...that's so unfair! It's prejudice – that's what it is! What makes a guinea pig more important than a squirrel? Huh? Look, that woman has a hamster in that cage! I've got a teeny, tiny chipmunk! What's the difference? I have a mind to go home, put my gerbil in a show box, put this poor chipmunk in its cage, and call it a domestic pet! Only by then it'll be dead, lady, and it'll be your fault!

...Don't tell me to calm down. I'm responsible! Don't you see? I ran over this little chipmunk with my bike, and I've got to save it! I swear I didn't even see it! I felt this horrible bump and hear the highest, most pitiful squeal you can imagine. I'll probably hear that noise in my sleep for the rest of my life!

Please Miss, every moment we argue is another minute that the doctor could be using to treat this little guy. Who would it hurt just to let me talk to the vet? Mrs. Hamster-owner, would it bother you if I went ahead of you? Mr. Man-with-the-poodle, can I please go first? See Lady? They don't mind. Come on, I'm begging you. What have you got to lose?

(Beat.) a pause written to indicate that the other person is speaking.

A License to Date

Jordan has asked April to go out with him to the movies. She is so excited. The only problem is that they need a ride. Here, she tries desperately to get her sister to agree to drive them.

April: Guess what? ! Jordan asked me out! I'm so psyched! We're gonna go to the movies tomorrow. There's just one thing. His brother can't drive us because he has a date. So, I was wondering...(Beat) Oh, c'mon Linda! I've been waiting for Jordan to ask me out for like my whole life.(Beat) Okay, so three weeks-but it feels like my whole life! All we need is a ride.(Beat) Oh, I already did. Mom can't take us cause she has her Pottery & Emotions class. Please? I'll do your chores tomorrow?(Beat) All week?! What do I look like Cinderella? Then I guess that makes you my ugly step-sister. Kidding- I'm kidding! Okay, I'll do it. But promise me you won't tell Jordan how much I like him. (Beat) Well, if you do, I'll tell Mom you broke her Happiness frog.

The Horrors of Holidays

It is the day after Thanksgiving. Kara's friend asks her how her holiday was.

Kara: How was it? It was awful! I hate Thanksgiving. It's like one of those holidays designed to make people miserable. My brother wouldn't shut up about all this dumb football stuff. And my little sister started crying cause she wanted pizza. Pizza! Actually, I can't blame her. I mean, who invented the jello mold anyway? It would be okay if it was just cranberry. But no, it's like this law that you have to put all kinds of disgusting fruit bits in it. Meanwhile, my aunt kept asking, "Sooooo, do you have a boyfriend yet?" Like I'd tell her even if I did. And my mom was running around, refusing to sit and eat. I think she must have always dreamed of being a waitress. Then my grandma announced she's suffering from gas. Who's she kidding? We were the ones suffering! Everyone pigged out and then lied around watching TV and feeling sick. So I figure, the reason we're giving thanks is that we only have to do this once a year!

Female Monologue

The Hypochondriac

Marlene's best friend is a hypochondriac and she's driving Marlene crazy with her latest fear.

Marlene: So you have a bump. It's an itsy, bitsy, teeny, little bump. Enough with the bump! You know, you're going to turn into an old lady if you keep this up. First with the shooting arthritis, then the case of the ingrown hair, now it's the infamous bump! You are driving both of us crazy! Let it go. Your hand is normal. Trust me. Look, my hand looks exactly....Oh my God, I have a bump too! You bumped me! Get the medical book. Hurry up, it could be spreading!

Daylight Savings

Gillian hasn't had any luck finding a job. Her friend puts in a good word, and her boss agrees to hire Gillian. Gillian has just found out the good news.

Gillian: You rock! You are the coolest! No, you are beyond cool You are like mucho, excellent, get-down-and-Kiss-your-boots cool. I can't believe you got me the job! I can't believe it! You are so amazing. Man! So when do I start? *(Beat)* Tomorrow? Yes, yes, kickin'! You, I love. What time do I have to be there? *(Beat)* 7"30? Like 7:30 a.m.? Like, in the morning 7:30? Are you crazy?! I never see that hour unless I'm coming home from a party. You expect me to be awake after that? Oh my goodness. What have you done?! I can't do this job! You're gonna have to tell them no. Yes, you. I mean, it's your fault. You're the one who suckered me into this job. You're the one who said, "Sure, she'd love to do it." I never agreed to that. Man. And I actually thought you were my friend.

Female Monologue

There's Gotta Be A Better Way

Faith works at McDonald's. She is having the day from hell. To make matters worse, she has been pestered twice by the same customer. When the customer complains for the third time, Faith loses it.

Faith: Ma'am, I replaced the first burger free cause it "didn't taste right" to you. And the second burger cause you said it wasn't cooked enough. Now you're telling me that this burger is burnt? ! You have got to be kidding me. Where do you think you are? This is McDonald's! We ain't serving no sirloin steak! \$5.25 an hour and I gotta put up with the likes of you. I'll tell you what. Why don't you come back here, take my greasy apron and my stupid, ugly hat, and stand back here in 128 degree temperature and cook your own burger till you're satisfied. Oh, and hey, don't forget you gotta smile nice for all the customers while you're sweating to death and the French Fry boys are whispering perverted jokes!! No? Doesn't sound like a good old time to you? Well then, I highly suggest you take that burger back to your little table, eat it, and think about how lucky you are that I didn't smush an apple pie in your face. Have I made myself clear? Thank you. Have a nice day.

Female Monologue

The Gravity of Graduating

Cindy's friend is upset because she spilled Hawaiian Punch on her dress at school. Cindy is not very sympathetic because her day was even more disastrous.

Cindy: That is nothing. My Science exam was today. I had my alarm and the coffee pot set to go off at five. I had to cram. But when I woke up, it was seven o'clock! You should have seen me. I was brushing my teeth with one hand, putting on mascara with the other, and reading my Science book with my free eye. I ran out the door with only one shoe on. I'm hobbling to school, eating my Pop tart, memorizing, "Power equals Energy over Time, Power equals Energy Over Time." My energy is way up, I'm on time, I have the power to do this! I plop down in the chair. I look down and the test booklet says, "The U.S. Constitution!" I studied for the wrong test! The wrong test! So I'm sorry you spilled Hawaiian Punch on your dress, but I'm about to fail the 11th grade!

Crawling to Paradise

Tracy has had a major crush on Robby for "a long time." Tracy's best friend has just announced that Robby asked her to the dance.

Tracy: Whoa. Hold it. Stop right there. I know you didn't say what I thought you just said. Robby asked you to the dance? Robby? As in my Robby? As in, Robby who I've been in love with since I could crawl? How can you do this to me? You're supposed to be my best friend! You know I have plans to marry him. *(Beat)* So what if he doesn't even notice I'm alive-that's not the point. The point is you back-stabbed me. You are unbelievable! You can't even – what? David wants to go with me? David, as in, tall, blue-eyed, major babe David? Get out! Really? How cool! We can double date! Oh my goodness, can you imagine?! *(Beat)* Of course I'm not mad at you. You're my best friend! You and Robby are meant to be. Really, you are. Besides, I've been in love with David since I could crawl.

Dancing on Eggshells

Alicia has been getting ready for the big dance. Earlier, her friend suggested washing her hair with eggs so it would be extra healthy and shiny. Her friend shows up, ready to go to the dance. Alicia is clearly upset and her hair is sticking out all over the place.

Alicia: What's wrong? You're what' wrong! I can't go to the dance now. Look at my hair! You and your big ideas! "Put eggs in your hair,. It'll make it all shiny and smooth." Right. I went to wash them out and they fried on my hair! *(beat)* It's not funny! You never told me I had to rinse with cold water! I tried scrubbing it out and it turned into scramble eggs, stuck in clumps all over my head! It took two hours to get most of it out, and I still smell like an omelet. What am I suppose to do – wear toast for earrings and make it a theme? Everything's ruined. There's no way I'm going to the dance with my hair sticking out like this *(Beat)* Okay, Okay. Fine. Try to put it up. Go ahead. Make me a big, old sticky bun.

Female Monologue

The Art of Schmoozing

To his great surprise, Andy, a young actor, runs into Robert DeNiro. He uses the opportunity to try to impress and befriend the film star.

Andy: Oh my God! Oh my God! You're Robert DeNiro! I can't believe this! It is such an honor to meet you. You are like my hero! I'm serious. *(Imitating DeNiro.)* "You talkin' to me? You talkin' to me? Not bad, huh? I'm an actor too. Did you see Confessions of a Feminist? I was the guy who got dumped in the very beginning! *(Beat.)* How about the Exterminator? *(Beat.)* No, not The Terminator, The Exterminator. I played the psycho-killer, mutant ant.*(Beat)* Hey, it's cool. They were nothing compared to your films. (Accidentally imitating Al Pacino) "I'm dying' over here." *(Beat.)* Huh? Pacino? Oh, yeah, yeah, I knew that – I was, uh, just joking with ya, Bobby. I hear` that's what your friends call you – Bobby. Anyway, I've always wanted to ask you this. Are you really in with the mob? *(Silence.)* Ya know what? Don't answer that. It's cool. I'll, uh, see you around.

Where Envy Lies

Keith is annoyed with a guy who thinks he's ultra cool. Here, Keith vents his disgust to a friend and tries to get him to agree that Mr. Cool is an irritation loser.

Keith: What a joke! Do you believe that guy? Mr. I'm a stud. And that, "Catch ya later boys." Boys? He's two years younger than we are. Who does he think he is? Slick, happenin' Granddad of the year? And those stupid sunglasses. Have you ever seen him – even once – without them plastered to his face? There could be a thunderstorm at midnight and he'd still have them on. Whew, man, I can still smell him. He must have that Polo bottle stuffed inside his pants. I'm amazed he doesn't pass out from chemical poisoning. But did you see those two babes with him? They were hot! What the heck do they see in him? I mean, if you were a girl, would you actually date him? *(Beat.)* Okay, I know he's all muscles, but c'mon. *(Beat.)* On a good day, okay, he can be kinds funny. What? *(Beat.)* Yeah, I guess he is pretty cool, isn't he? I hate that about him.

In Deep

Jake's Parents insisted on signing him up for the swim team. Terrified, he desperately tries to convince the coach that it's all some huge mistake.

Jake: Coach, I know it's the first day of swim practice and my name's on the list, but that's a big mistake. I never even tried out. Do I look familiar? *(Beat)* See! So I just wanted to let you know. See ya. *(Beat.)* What?! No way! Coach, I can't. I know my parents called and signed me up, but they were having a psychotic episode. Thank God they're okay now—back to normal. They even asked me to come and tell you it was a freak accident. You see, they forgot—I'm allergic to water. I can't even shower! Don't you smell my B. O.? I reek! Plus, I saw Jaws and I've been emotionally scarred ever since. I mean, if he could get into that shallow bay area, he could definitely find his way into this pool! Besides, I forgot my suit. *(Beat.)* Really? Why didn't you tell me it was that easy?

Caught in a Funk

Kyle's friend Tom recently got dumped by his girlfriend. Here, Kyle tries to cheer him up.

Kyle: Tom, you have got to get out of this funk. I know Christy dumped you and that really sucks. But you've gotta move on. She's just one girl---there are millions of 'em out there. C'mon, things could definitely be worse. Trust me, I know. Remember when I got hit in the eye with a golf ball and had to wear that patch? Everyone called me Popeye for months. Now that was devastating. Or how about when Wendy dumped me for my brother? Talk about suck-ola! That was betrayal times two! And just yesterday I found out that I failed English and I have to take the whole class over again. I flunked my own language! How pathetic is that? *(Beat.)* Well, that's great. I'm glad you feel better. Because I just thoroughly depressed myself.

Massive High

It is the day before Cody and his best friend start high school. Suddenly, his friend becomes quite worried. Here, Cody attempts to psych him up and rid him of his fears.

Cody: Nervous? Don't be nervous. What's there to be nervous about? We've been waiting to start high school for like ever. It's gonna be so awesome! Just think how many mega-babes are gonna be walking through those halls and in our classes! And we'll finally have bigger lockers and a decent gym and multiple floors! Just like a mall! And tons of people to meet, parties to get invited to, real football games, new teachers who don't hate us yet! New faces everywhere you look! It's huge! I mean, we probably won't even see each other *(Realizing as he speaks.)* the whole...day...long. *(Beat.)* You're still gonna eat lunch with me, right?

Subtle Warnings

Tina is going out on a date with Jeremy for the first time. When Jeremy arrives to pick her up, he is greeted by Tina's overprotective brother, Carl. Carl, in his own charming and subtle way, warns Jeremy not to mess with his sister.

Carl: So you must be Jeremy. I'm Tina's brother Carl. It's nice to finally meet ya. Tina will be down in a minute. You know how girls are. So, it's the big first date, huh? Where are ya taking her? *(Beat)* A party? All right. Sounds fun. Just between you and me, Jer, are there gonna be any drugs at this party? *(Beat)* Just beer? That's cool. Ya know, Tina is such a lightweight. One beer and she'll be puking all over you. Not a pretty sight. So, you better keep her away from the alcohol. For the sake of your clothes, ya know? Tina told me you play soccer. Tough game. I'd play myself, but I've been studing Karate for years. I'm a 3rd degree black belt now. *(Beat)* I love it, but sometimes I have to watch myself. Like say someone lays a hand onTina, for example. I could kill them instantly if I'm not careful. But otherwise, Karate's awesome. Well, it was cool meeting you. And hey, have fun on your date.