

NO MORE TEEN STEREOTYPES

By Kelly Meadows

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NO MORE TEEN STEREOTYPES

A Comedy Monologue

by **Kelly Meadows**

SYNOPSIS: There's a fine line between being yourself and conforming to stereotypes. See our speaker unravel, then ravel up again in a funny, fast-paced monologue that captures the essence of self-conflict.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 female)

SPEAKER (f).....A High school student striving for both individuality and acceptance at the same time.

TIME: Present day.

SETTING: Bare stage.

PROPS

- Cell Phone (optional)

SOUND EFFECTS

- Text alert (optional)

COSTUMES

SPEAKER – Her attire should show some effort towards conformity yet expresses her individuality, but perhaps confusing the two.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

The delivery is important here in that the character always makes sense but gets caught up by either talking too fast or realizing that she's just confused. She's not confused about what she's saying in the moment, but about the bigger issues she's talking about. Really internalizing the script so it doesn't sound like she's "thinking too hard" will make it more fun and more effective. Plus have some fun with how she's easily distracted. The different characters are mainly other students, so make sure to find a way to differentiate between them in how they speak, move, their attitudes, etc.

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SPEAKER: I just want to be like all the other girls. Like all the other girls. Each and every one of them...the way they do their hair, their makeup, the boys, the music, the food, oh, and the sparkly clothes. And the sparkly glasses. I want to be my own person and not be a teenage stereotype. I want to be like those girls. No, not those girls, those other girls. The girls who aren't like everyone else but are naturally just like themselves, yet fit in. I want to be like them.

Are you confused? Because I am. I just want to be me.

I used to envy other girls that were – well, popular. They were popular with all the wrong people, but popularity doesn't care who votes for it. It seemed like all their conforming was paying off, and the independent-minded girls had to make their own way through that never-ending tunnel we so often mislabel as secondary education.

Popular? What a derogatory term. But I wanted it, so I thought I'd just go to the source. I went to Eugenia, the queen of popular, and I said, "You're bratty and spoiled and overbearing but everyone seems to like you, so what's your secret?" And she gave me lessons on how to be just like her.

(As Eugenia.) It's like superstardom: lots of luck combined with stabbing the right people in the back. As you climb the ladder you have to step on who you have to step on, and if it doesn't work the first time, grind your foot until you're on top of the heap. Kind of like I did with you and you didn't even know it! *(Giggles.)* I'm not going to give you too many lessons because I don't want you to take my spot. Not that you could, but with a bit of social education, you could probably be at least a little more popular than you are, not that you could. But, you might. Oh...no. *(Fake sympathy.)* Sorry.

Well that was ugly, so...I switched to something else. Just be me. Like the advice everyone gave me all my life until I took it, then they said, "Act your age!" So I said, "You first but why you'd want to act that old I'll never know," and wow that got me in trouble, but I'm not that stereotypical teen that thinks old people are ...old. But if you're

old you're old, and if you don't like me acting my age, then you shouldn't either.

So I didn't mind being like me, as long as I was just like everyone else, once I figured out what everyone else was like. I just wanted to be like me, but not this me, and... (*Losing her train of thought.*) Are you confused? Because I am.

Then it dawned on me why older people were set in their ways. They finally figure themselves out and that takes seventy five years so after that, who wants to change yet one more time?

OK I'll say it. It really bothers me when people talk about "kids today" and how stupid we are, and how stereotypical we are, and how all we want to do it look at our phones and text and...

SFX: Text alert.

Oh, wait. That's Rose. She is such a dork! Wait a minute.

Gets cell phone out and texts something back. Puts cell phone away.

Where were we? Oh that's right about how I'm tired of people acting like I'm obsessed with my phone...

SFX: Text alert.

Not now! Wait a minute. (*Gets cell phone out and looks at message. Puts cell phone away.*) She says the dumbest things!

With an embarrassed smile, she realizes she's played into her own issue, catches herself, and moves on.

Next item: Prom. Homecoming. (*Sarcastic.*) The big dance! Decorate the gym with crepe paper and suddenly every girl has to buy a new dress and shake it like she just doesn't care in a dress she can't afford to get dirty, but oh...we care...we care...well...they

care, because I don't care. I'm not the person who cares. It's not a dance, it's a cavern of anxiety.

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