

SHORT CONTEST MONOLOGS FOR TEEN WOMEN

A Collection of Six Monologs

by
Kelly Meadows



Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

Toll-Free 888-473-8521

Fax 319-368-8011

Web www.brookpub.com

CAUTION: Professionals & amateurs are hereby warned that *Short Contest Monologs for Teen Women* is subject to a royalty. This play is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, Canada, the British Commonwealth and all other countries of the Copyright Union.

RIGHTS RESERVED: All rights to this play are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion pictures, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

PERFORMANCE RIGHTS & ROYALTY PAYMENTS: All amateur and stock performance rights to this play are controlled exclusively by Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. If necessary, we will contact the author or the author's agent. PLEASE NOTE that royalty fees for performing this play can be located online at Brooklyn Publishers, LLC website (<http://www.brookpub.com>). Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. You will find our contact information on the following page.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

AUTHOR CREDIT: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this play must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this play. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the play. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this play is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice:

Produced by special arrangement with Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

(<http://www.brookpub.com>)

TRADE MARKS, PUBLIC FIGURES, & MUSICAL WORKS: This play may include references to brand names or public figures. All references are intended only as parody or other legal means of expression. This play may contain suggestions for the performance of a musical work (either in part or in whole). Brooklyn Publishers, LLC have not obtained performing rights of these works. The direction of such works is only a playwright's suggestion, and the play producer should obtain such permissions on their own. The website for the U.S. copyright office is <http://www.copyright.gov>.

COPYING: from the book in any form (in whole or excerpt), whether photocopying, scanning recording, videotaping, storing in a retrieval system, or by any other means is strictly forbidden without consent of Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

TO PERFORM THIS PLAY

1. Royalty fees must be paid to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC before permission is granted to use and perform the playwright's work.
2. Royalty of the required amount must be paid each time the play is performed, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.
3. When performing one-acts or full-length plays, enough playbooks must be purchased for cast and crew.
4. Copying or duplication of any part of this script is strictly forbidden.
5. Any changes to the script are not allowed without direct authorization by Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.
6. Credit to the author and publisher is required on all promotional items associated with this play's performance(s).
7. Do not break copyright laws with any of our plays. This is a very serious matter and the consequences can be quite expensive. We must protect our playwrights, who earn their living through the legal payment of script and performance royalties.
8. If you have questions concerning performance rules, contact us by the various ways listed below:

Toll-free: 888-473-8521

Fax: 319-368-8011

Email: customerservice@brookpub.com

Copying, rather than purchasing cast copies, and/or failure to pay royalties is a federal offense. Cheating us and our wonderful playwrights in this manner will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Please support theatre and follow federal copyright laws.

SHORT CONTEST MONOLOGS FOR TEEN WOMEN

A Collection of Six Monologs
by
Kelly Meadows

TABLE OF CONTENTS

| | |
|--|---------|
| 1. <i>The Woodblock</i> | Page 7 |
| 2. <i>Prom Date</i> | Page 9 |
| 3. <i>Unwanted Flowers</i> | Page 11 |
| 4. <i>Three Cheers for the Moose</i> | Page 12 |
| 5. <i>Vivian</i> | Page 14 |
| 6. <i>Deadbeat Dad School</i> | Page 16 |

The Woodblock

by
T.G. Sullivan

CAST: one female

Yes. You heard me right, officer, I said I feel nothing. Nothing.

I did feel the splitting of his skull. When I did it, I mean, I felt that. It was like chopping firewood on the woodblock. I mean, in a way. There was this cracking sound. Like at the woodblock. But soft and squishy inside. Not like wood. Not like firewood at all.

Will my dad be here soon?

But I swung without time to reconsider. That's what my dad says. Don't act on impulse, without time to reconsider. But I had to. I had no choice. Will my dad be here pretty soon now?

I heard the sounds. That's why I went out back in the first place, I mean something wasn't right. Was NOT right. I had no idea Maddie was even home, so I was confused at first when I saw her. Them. When I saw him....on....Maddie. I heard the sounds and that is why I went outside. I need to speak with my dad about this. Is he on his way?

I knew she was scared and I saw blood. I never had time to reconsider. No time. I went to the woodblock and grabbed the axe. He was just ON her, I mean, he was big and she was crying. No...whining, I think. And he was ON her. I never felt so helpless as that. My god, officer, she is my little sister. Where was I when all this started? Right in my house, is where. Right there inside. I wasn't protecting Maddie. I swear to God, I never knew I had a reason to.

END OF FREE PREVIEW

Prom Date

by
T.G. Sullivan

CAST: one female

I'm still a little unclear on exactly how it happened. All I know for sure is - if you have a John Garret *and* a John Garnett at your school, pay attention when the phone rings. I'm SURE he said John Garnett when he called me. Wishful thinking. Whatever. So the next thing I know I have a date to the prom with the hottest guy at school...John Garnett! So I thought.

I thought it was sweet how he seemed so shy on the phone. Didn't say much, just asked me to go...and where I would like to eat first. Okay, I'm thinking PROM with John Garnett? So I choose the restaurant to be SEEN at!! The Pompous Peacock. Sure, he says, sounds like fun. So the next day in the cafeteria, I see him walking my way...and then I realize he's playing it cool...not coming up to talk about prom or anything. So I give him a little wink, and decide to keep the whole thing a big surprise...ya know, follow his cue.

It's prom night. My big night...everyone will die when they see ME on the arm of JOHN GARNETT - Mr. Everything. The doorbell...my big moment. Mom's got the camera. Dad's on video detail. I'm strategically positioned a third of the way down the stairs, pink satin trailing behind me...babies breath in the hair...perfect nails. My brother opens the door.

That's when the horrifying impact of my mistake hit me full in the face...I nearly fell down the stairs tripping over my bottom lip.

JOHN GARRETT!?! How could this be??? What kind of sadistic beast could allow this to happen? When is the last time I cleaned my ear wax out??? No wonder he was so shy on the phone. I didn't even know he TALKED!!!

Okay. Composure. I somehow manage to get down there. Is that hair oily or oily hair? “Go on, Jill, give him your wrist,” mom says as she shoves me in front of the creature in the powder blue tuxedo. Sticking out both arms, I was thinking, “Go ahead, cuff me...lead me to my doom.” He selected an arm and I was wrapped with roses. Didn’t help the situation.

END OF FREE PREVIEW

Unwanted Flowers

by
T.G. Sullivan

CAST: *one female*

David, I’m going to stay right here until you speak to me. I’m not going anywhere until you open up. Just come out with it, please.

Look, I’ve had it with your silence. I can tell there’s a lot on your mind, and I want you to let me in. You’ve *obviously* done something. Is it another woman, David? Why else would you keep bringing me flowers?

If you aren’t going to speak to me, then listen to me. I feel like I haven’t gotten through to you for some time now. I know it’s been hard with me traveling so much. I appreciate your support, I just haven’t shown it all that well.

I love my work. I love the travel, the location shooting. You know this. David, in spite of how you may feel after these past three years, I don’t love my work more than I love you.

END OF FREE PREVIEW

Three Cheers for the Moose

by
T.G. Sullivan

CAST: *one female*

All right, people, listen up. I am just as important to this squad as any of you. I may not be out there in the little cheerleading uniform, but hey, that is not my choice!

How was I to know that this year Ms. Steiner would decide to turn in the little antler thingy and replace it with this ridiculous moose suit?

Well, guys, I am *not* the moose! I am the mascot. Last spring when we all tried out to be the mascot, it was like every other year we’ve always had. The mascot wears the cheering uniform but with the antlers. Okay, no big deal, kind of cute. I had no control over the generous gift from the school board of this stupid suit. I had no idea I would be appearing at each and every game as freaking Bullwinkle! And, I had no idea that you, the cheerleaders, would ignore me at school.

And who in their right mind would have come up with the whole anonymous mascot plot? I mean, surely none of you believe any of us do this job with the hopes of not being noticed! I don’t recall any recent cheerleaders wearing paper bags over their heads.

It’s not like I was born with some great need to work my tail off for this school, but not be seen by anyone. And Krissy, the next time I pass you in the hall and say “hi”, DO NOT answer with “Do I know you?” That is not what Ms. Steiner meant by the anonymous mascot. I attend every single practice, just like you, and we roomed together at cheer camp, so no more “Do I know you?”!

END OF FREE PREVIEW

Vivian
by
T.G. Sullivan

CAST: one female

Huh? Who's there? I know you're there. I can see through walls. I know who you are. You can't keep me here, you know. No one ever has. As if you didn't know that. I can see through ceilings. Sometimes I lie on my back and look at the clouds. Shapes. Shapes. Shaaaapes. I have special powers. Once, I turned one of those shapes against you people, didn't I? *(laughs)* A Pegasus, huh? Remember? Rememberrememberrhymeswith November. REMEMBER? Flew right through the ceiling, and flew me away. But you found me, oh yes, you did. Brought me back here.

I have very sensitive hearing. So WATCH WHAT YOU SAY.

Last time I got out a new way. Oh, you didn't like that. Not at all. At alllll. *(laughs)* Never saw it coming. Guess you never thought to check the drains, did you? Did you, you freaking DOCTOR GENIUSES? Now, I suppose you know why I stopped eating. Secret's out. Slipped right through. Right through the drain. Slipped right through, diddly do.

END OF FREE PREVIEW

Deadboat Dad School
by
T.G. Sullivan

CAST: Though a male may actually play this part, this is intended as a tongue-in-cheek part for a woman. Either way, a powerful point is made in the midst of the play's humor.

Gentlemen, please take your seats, we are about to begin the session. There are a few scattered seats up in front. Thank you. Allright, and welcome to the Dead Beat Dad's symposium, session B. Oh, I see there aren't enough chairs, so can you hear me all the way in the back of the hall, there?

Fine. Now, let's do a quick review of the first session, shall we? *(writes on overhead or chalkboard)* Number one: Ex-wife asks why the child support is late...Yes, you toward the back....Very good *(writing)* "I'm doing the best I can". And remember, men, this answer will cover you in a number of different areas.

Next answer. You sir...Okay, wasn't in our last session, but I like it! *(writes)* "I'm having some medical issues and I'm falling behind on my bills." Oh, yes, a good one, indeed. And there's time for one more...who else?Precisely. *(writes)* "Business is down" and, for good measure, we'll add...say it together men... "I'm doing the best I can". *(chuckles)*

Now, we'll move on to the section titled "This is why I can't come to the _____", and we'll draw a line here, doesn't really matter, each of you can fill in his own blank.

Someone toss out an example.... Yes, good one! The dreaded ballet recital! Now, a good standard answer is "I was really looking forward to the recital, but I'm going to have to work on my car -that's the only day my mechanic could help me for free." And men, don't leave out the "for free", that reinforces your lack of finances.

END OF FREE PREVIEW