

'DENTITY CRISIS

By Christopher Durang

JANE: When I was eight years old, someone brought me to a theatre with lots of other children. We had come to see a production of Peter Pan. And I remember something seemed wrong with the whole production, odd things kept happening. Like when the children would fly, the ropes would keep breaking and the actors would come thumping to the ground and they'd have to be carried off by the stage hands...And then the crocodile that chases Captain Hook seemed to be a real crocodile, it wasn't an actor, and at one point it fell off the stage, crushing several children in the front row...You remember how in the second act Tinkerbell drinks some poison that Peter's about to drink, in order to save him? And then Peter turns to the audience and he says that Tinkerbell's going to die...but that if everybody in the audience claps real hard to show that they do believe in fairies, then maybe Tinkerbell won't die...We all clapped very hard and very long. Suddenly, the actress playing Peter Pan turned to the audience and she said, "That wasn't enough. You didn't clap hard enough. Tinkerbell's dead." Then everyone started to cry...the ushers had to come help the children up the aisles and out into the street. I don't think any of us were ever the same after that experience.

ALMOST, MAINE By John Cariani

HOPE: The last time I saw him, he asked me a very important question, and I didn't answer it, and that's just not a very nice thing to do to a person...Well, he asked me to marry him. But I didn't answer him. That's why I'm here today. To answer him. I mean, I didn't answer him in the first place because I didn't have an answer at the time...I told him I'd have to think about it, that I'd think it over overnight and that I'd be back before the sun came up with an answer. And then I left. Left him standing right...there...I didn't make it back with an answer before the sun came up...or at all. I just...went off into the world, and that's not an answer, and I think—I think he thought I'd say, "Yes." But I know now you can't do that to a person. Especially to someone you love.

PICASSO AT THE LAPIN AGILE

by Steve Martin

SUZANNE: It all happened so fast! Picasso knocked on my apartment door and when I opened it, I said, "What do you want?" He said he wanted my hair, he wanted my neck, my knees, my feet. He wanted his eyes on my eyes, his chest on my chest. He wanted the chairs in the room, the notepaper on the table; he wanted the paint from the walls. He wanted to consume me until there was nothing left. He said he wanted deliverance, and that I would be his savior. And he was speaking Spanish, which didn't hurt, I'll tell you. Well at that point, the word "no" became like a Polish village. Unpronounceable. I held out for seconds. Frankly I didn't enjoy it that much when all was said and done.

MARTIAN GOTHIC by Don Nigro

SONIA: Sometimes, Mr. Nofsinger, I perform cute experiments with static electricity, make little Susie's hair stand on end, that sort of thing...I also do a number about how plutonium at our nuclear power plant is so safe you can hold it in the palm of your hand. It's true, you can, really, if you don't mind having a hole in your hand the size of a half dollar. That way you can cry into your hands and still see the men coming to take you away...I tell the public that "You have no doubt heard from certain members of the lunatic fringe wild charges about the dangers of such plants." Now, Mr. Nofsinger, I don't want to be tacky here—I'm not sure I could be tacky if I wanted to—but most of these people have even less functioning brain matter than my sister, and they're not nearly as good looking.

TRUE STORY by Allison Williams

THE GEEK: Nobody gets surprised by TV...Except when Marcy was babysitting and she was trying to get the Play-Doh out of the back of the widescreen TV where the little monsters put it when she was microwaving their Tater Tots—Tater Tots? What the heck is a tater tot? Only in the U.S.A. would we eat food that has been—and I'm quoting from the package—extruded. No wonder the American race is doomed. Are you in America? Then you're overweight! (*Cracks self up.*) OK, microwaving their Tater Tots and the kids shoved Play-Doh, red Play-Doh in the back of the TV and there was also a terrible rainstorm. And when Marcy was trying to pry it out—with a plastic knife, she's not stupid—lightning struck the tree next to the house! Which fell on the house as well!...Marcy had suffocated under the weight of the TV, which fell on her when the tree shook the house. We were all pretty surprised by that TV.

SMASHING by Brooke Berman

CLEA: NO TALENT? How can you say no talent? I'm going to pretend you didn't say that. Ok, the tabloids say, Madonna: Has She Gone Too Far? But I say, Is there such a thing? Is there such a thing when you are Madonna and the world is your oyster because you never let anyone tell you who to be or what to do what your limitations are? No. No. There is no such thing. Get into the groove. Open your heart. Express yourself, don't repress yourself. Music makes the people come together. Yes. We do have a lot in common. We have a bond. We're both from Detroit. And that's not all. The list goes on and on. Loads of very creative people come from Detroit. Like Madonna and Diana Ross and me. And cars are made there. So you see. We are deeply connected by our Root Geography. And , OK this sounds fantastic but it's true—we were tigers in another life and she scratched my eyes out. It's OK thought.

FLESH AND BONES by Kathy Coudle King

BILLI: Give up chocolate? Don't you see what you're asking me? You're asking me to give up the one constant in my life. The one dependable support system in this damned, unpredictable world. You act like this is some small modification, like closing the toilet seat. This is a colossal alteration of the very fiber of my being. Why not just take me out and shoot me? That would be humane. That—would be merciful....Chocolate is spiritual sustenance, too. Chocolate and I go way back. It was over hot fudge sundaes that Debbie Pulaski comforted me after my first break up with Larry Sullivan. It was with double fudge cake that you relayed the news that Debbie was dating Larry. And it was during a fudge-making party that you, Debbie, and I celebrated the triumph of sisterhood and the dumping of Larry. I could tell you stories of pot brownies and hot August nights with melted Hershey's kisses, but why get into it? Suffice it to say, if you take away my chocolate—I will die. Or at least suffer severe DT's. I guarantee, it won't be pretty.

DOG SEES GOD: Confessions of a Teenage Blockhead by Bert V. Royal

SALLY: Metamorphosis. Transformation. Evolution. Change. Evolution. Change. Changing evolution. I am a teenage caterpillar. I know of these things. For soon, I'll spin a cocoon. And from the silklike craft that I will create, a magnificent creature will emerge. No. Not a butterfly. For butterflies are a dime a dozen. Destined to flit about for a day or so, then drop dead. Or have its wings ripped off by a demeted child. Or have its body pinned to a piece of cheap foam core and matted underneath a cheap frame and hung in the bathroom of an elderly woman who reeks of Preparation – H and Vicks VapoRub. (Beat) This will not be my fate. This CANNOT be my fate. I will become a platypus. It's not impossible. It's just never been done before. It's only a matter of time, you see. If I stay in my cocoon longer, I'll change from a butterfly to a swallow and then from a swallow to a duck and then from a duck to a platypus. It's all just a matter of time. And time I have. I will wait to become a platypus. I will be an extraordinary creature.

PROOF by David Auburn

CLAIRE: Hal, are you out of your *mind*?

You're the reason she's up there right now!

You have *no idea* what she needs. You don't know her! She's my sister, Jesus, you fucking mathematicians: you *don't think*. You don't know what you're doing. You stagger around creating these catastrophes and it's people like me who end up flying in to clean them up.

(Beat.) She needs to get out of Chicago, out of this house. I'll give you my number in New York. You can call her once she's settled there. That's it, that's the deal. I don't mean to be rude but I have a lot to do. (Beat.) Don't worry, I understand. It's very sweet you want to see Catherine but of course you'd like to see the notebook too. Relax. I don't care. Take it. What would I do with it? I think you're a little bit of an idiot but you're not dishonest.

Someone needs to figure out what's in there. I can't do it. It should be done here, at Chicago: my father would like that. When you decide what we've got let me know what the family should do. (Beat.) Don't thank me, Hal. It's by far the most convenient option available. I put my card in there, call me whenever you want.

THE TRIANGLE FACTORY FIRE PROJECT

By Christopher Piehler and Scott Alan Evans

BERTHA:

There will come a time

When your time will end, you golden princes.

Meanwhile, let this haunt your consciences:

Let the burning building, our daughters in flames

Be the nightmare that destroys your sleep,

The poison that embitters your lives,

The horror that kills your joy.

And in the midst of celebrations for your children,

May you be struck blind with fear over the

Memory of this red avalanche

Until time erases you.

THE SEAGULL by Anton Chekhov

NINA: You've been working too hard; you've lost any sense of your own significance. You may not like yourself; but the rest of us love you! If I were a famous writer like you, I'd sacrifice my entire life for my readers, but I'd have the satisfaction of knowing I was the only image of happiness they had! And they would draw my chariot through the streets! (Beat.) If I could have that, I'd put up with rejection, poverty, disappointment; I'd be willing to live in a garret and starve; maybe I wouldn't even like myself...just as long as I was famous! Really spectacularly famous! Ohhh! I feel dizzy...

THE SEAGULL by Anton Chekhov

MASHA: I'm telling you all this because you're a writer. Maybe you can use it...I'm very brave...I made up my mind to tear love out of my heart, tear it out by the roots. How? I'm getting married. I'm going to marry Medvedenko. Why? You love someone, it's hopeless, you wait years for something to happen...(Beat.) So I'm getting married. No love involved, just lots of responsibilities...Make me forget the past. Besides, it's a change...(Beat.) My schoolteacher isn't all that smart, he's poor but he's a good man, and he loves me very much. I feel sorry for him. And I feel sorry for his old mother. (Beat.) Well, I wish you all the best. Don't think too badly of me. I'm very grateful to you for being so nice to me. Send me your books and be sure that you autograph them. Only, please don't write "Best wishes" or anything. Just write: "For Masha, who doesn't know where she came from or why she goes on living." Goodbye.

No Comparison

In this dramatic monologue, Cordelia lets out some of her frustration here in this monologue towards her best friend Sophia.

CORDELIA: Why you always blaming me, Sophia? What the heck? You know, it's not my fault all the guys want me? Heck, I don't even want to go near them. I'm not into guys.

What do you think is worse? You walk around all day thinking you're cursed. (imitating her) "Oh, I'm cursed, oh so cursed, life is soooo bad. Poor me, poor me, poor miserable me!"

I'm sick of it. What is that nonsense? It's gotten old, Sophia.

You think you have problems? Your problems compared to mine are nowhere near what I go through daily. You try to be me for one day and I bet your head would spin right off your shoulders.

My family doesn't even know I like girls. You think it's easy to carry around this secret for the last God knows how long? Not knowing if you're insane or what!

You're the only person that knows the truth and I want to tell my family and my other friends but I just don't know how. I know they won't except me the way you have and I don't want to hurt them, Sophia. I don't want to break their hearts.

So, I got issues. You, your issues are no big deal because one day you will find a man who will love you and take care of you and keep you warm at night and protect you and just treasure you. And that's great. That's great to have that comfort. And you will have beautiful children, I'm sure and life will be wonderful.

So please, stop complaining about meeting losers because I rather be in your shoes if I could be.

Contents Flammable

MONOLOGUE

Dramatic, Contemporary

Author Joseph Arnone

Play "Contents Flammable"

NORA: I memorized the side of the bottle. I wanted to be clear to myself as to what I done and repeating that phrase to myself, reminds me of how horrible a person I am. I just couldn't quit the damn smoking. Had a habit of leaving my cigarettes lit when I'd put them down and forget 'em. My daughter, always used to play with my hair spray bottles. She would spray and then brush her dolls hair. Ha Ha, so cute she was. ...One day she was playing in the bathroom, while I was getting ready for work. Anyway, I was smoking my cigarettes and decided to put it down on top of the sink in order to fuss with my hair. Then the phone rang, the babysitter and I was distracted. That's when my baby daughter sprayed her hair bottle just right which caused the cigarette and the hair spray bottle to ignite and catch fire to the bathroom towel and to my daughters pretty face... When I saw her...I screamed...Went to put the fire out...I put my hands all over her tender face while she kept screaming my name...(sighs) I panicked. I pulled her out of the bathroom, then back in the bathroom. I dunked her head into the toilet to put out the flames. She was coughing and... The rest is history. My daughter is blind because of me. Because I smoked cigarettes, because I was stupid. Now my baby daughter is gonna be blind for the rest of her life and I did that. I took those beautiful blue eyes she had and singed them forever....FOREVER...

Mind Reader

MONOLOGUE

Comedic, Contemporary

Author Thalia O.

Okay I know this might sound crazy but just hear me out. You see the thing is... OK don't freak out but, I can read your mind! Ahh I know crazy right. Like seriously I don't know how this happened, it just did I guess. Oh my god... uhhh I know what you're thinking. Man, I knew this would happen, you think I'm going insane aren't you? OK you do know that I just told you I can read your mind so basically, I know what you're thinking, as in I know you're thinking I'm a total lunatic but I'm not, trust me. I can totally prove it to you, but then that means I'll have to read what you're thinking out loud and I wouldn't want to expose you like that, but then again, you're asking for it. Like seriously, don't try me because I will do it. (Pause) All right don't say I didn't warn you. Basically, I know you have a crush on me. Ha! You didn't expect that did you... Yeah, I didn't either. It explains a lot actually. Like seriously, no wonder you're always so clingy, no offense. Anyways I'm truly flattered but I mean, it ain't going to happen.

The Not So Perfect Child

MONOLOGUE

Dramatic, Contemporary

You hate me, don't you? I am never good enough for you. No matter what I do it's not as good as my sister. I always have to hear how she would have done it better. Or how she already did it better. Why does she want to ruin my life? She just wants to blot me out like I was some sort of mistake... I'm just a copy... A copy of a copy... Not as good as the original... Not as good as you. You are so perfect... Everyone around me is so perfect... And there was nothing left over for me... I am the leftover failures... I am the fatty waste you toss to the dogs. Everyone hates me! Why does everyone think I am so horrible... Probably because I am. A horrible creature doomed to walk this earth and suffer... For you. I'm hurting... Hurting so bad inside. Cut off from everyone ... Punished for some past life wrongs... What did I do in a past life to deserve this... Or am I paying for the sins of my father... And mother... Am I your sin? Or do I remind you of some sin you want to forget? Or I am a disappointment that keeps disappointing. I even disappoint myself. I will never be my sister. I don't want to be her. I hate everything about her! But I don't want to be me either. Sometimes I want to fade away... Become a shadow... Fading away... Forgotten... Maybe if you forget about me I won't make you so sad anymore.

Vote For Me

MONOLOGUE

Comedic, Contemporary

Author Sami Taylor

Class of 2020, I have something I need to say to you. Vote for me. Not for President, I don't even think I'm old enough for that. For the Student Council, I mean. I wanna be your class president cause like prom sucked last year. And I think you all know I throw a killer party. A vote for me is a vote for a better prom. Also, the guidance counselor, Ms. Beiste, said that if I want to get into college, I'm gonna need extracurriculars like Student Council, so here I am. Apparently, my GPA is record-breaking which is a good thing, but apparently not enough to get into the college of my choice. Without the curriculars, you know. But yeah, so vote for me. I'm supposed to tell you why I would be a good fit for the job but let's be honest. You're gonna vote for me anyway. Why? Cause I'm popular, and I'm running unopposed. But just to fill the time, I guess I'll go ahead and tell you another reason why I'm eligible. I babysat a lot last summer and I feel like I was a really good leader. I got the kids to go to bed, only a couple hours after their bedtime, and I supervised when they cooked my dinner. So. Yeah and also, it's true that I ran for Student Council last year but there was a miscommunication. Apparently you can't just run to be Student Council, you have to run for a certain position. So, I guess you could say I'm ambitious. Oh, well. Time's up. So remember, vote for me for President. Of Student Council not the government...obviously.

Supernatural Computer

MONOLOGUE

Comedic, Contemporary

Author Ian Shin

I know! Alexa is always listening. But you want to hear something even more strange? My computer has been speaking to me. No, I'm serious. (pause) Yes. That computer right there. It happens at random times, like at night when I'm in bed and looking at my phone. At first, it was just saying things like "turn off your music," or "turn off your light." But then it started to get more complex; it started asking me to do favors for it. Like it told me to buy this new computer game and have it shipped to the house. Of course, I didn't do it because it's a computer. What's it going to do to me? Well, the next day, my room was a complete mess and something smelled like it died in here. And on the screen, it said, "You should have done what I asked." That was the last time I messed with my "supernatural" computer. The next day when the computer asked me to order it food, I didn't question it and ordered that food right away. I ordered it from my house, but it never arrived. The doorbell never rang, and my app told me that it arrived. I don't know where it went. Maybe the app and the computer are working together. Wait. Did you hear that? Shhhh. (pause) You heard that, right? See, I'm not crazy. It just asked me to write a three-page paper about the civil war. (realizes something) Wait a minute. My little brother is supposed to write an essay about the civil war. Oh, he is so dead! (yelling) Jackson!