



Hi Playwrights!

Thanks for taking the time to read some incredible monologues by past winners of the Young Voices Monologue Festival, in partnership with InterAct Theatre Company.

A few things to consider as you read:

Some of these monologues contain mature themes, subject matter, and language.

Use your discretion when reading them, or when writing your own monologue. A core value of Philadelphia Young Playwrights as an organization is that we do NOT censor a student's choices in regards to content or word choice, but we do encourage you to think as all playwrights do about how the content of your piece will impact your audience.

Pay attention to the stylistic diversity of these monologues. They run the gamut. Some are comedic, some are dramatic – some have elements of both. Some are poetic; others are very conversational. Some are quite lengthy; other monologues are only a single page. Some include lots of stage directions, which give an actor suggestions and details for how the playwright wants the monologue to be performed. And some have no stage directions at all. **Again: the artistic choices are yours and yours alone, so think big about the story you want to tell and the best way to tell it in monologue form.**

Last: monologues are meant to be performed, not read. Keep that in mind as you read, and do your best to imagine an actor reading these lines. Who is the character in the piece? How old are they? What do they look like? Where would this monologue take place? It may even be helpful to grab some friends and read through the monologues out loud together, to hear them come alive/off the page.

We look forward to reading YOUR monologue soon!

- Philadelphia Young Playwrights

My Princesa

By

Antonia Rodriguez

Constitution High School, Grade 10



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My daughter's name is Princesa. She attends French Latin High School. She is a very respectable young lady.

A couple of days ago, I dropped her off at school and a young man yells out, "Ayo chica, when you gon' quit playin' and come to my crib yaam' sayin'?" right in front of me. My daughters eyes met mine and she gives me "the look". She knows exactly what I'm about to do to this kid... whoop his ass.

Her birthday was yesterday. She threw a party and was kind enough to invite her friends over. They were mostly boys. I let it slide.

I've been noticing that Princesa has been on the phone with a different boy each night; Josh, Michael, George, Patrick, Etc.! I don't know what she's saying word for word but I hear talk of pulling "all-nighters" and loud laughter. What is so goddamn funny at 2 o'clock in the morning on a school night! 'Cause they sure as hell aren't talking about schoolwork. I wanna know.

All I want for my baby girl is to have respect and some brains. Why won't boys respect her? Is she not explaining that she's not one of those loose girls out here? Does she not show authority? Or does she let boys treat her this way? It is my duty to protect my baby girl from any and every bad thing in the world. Boys equal BAD! I'm putting an end to all of my questions and finding the answers.

Nothing in her and Antoinette's conversation. Nothing in her and Julie's conversation. I see only girl's names. I guess she's smart enough to delete messages if there is something to hide. I give up. *(Pause.)* Pictures.

What is this shit? Oh hell naw! Princesa? Princess my ass. If her mother was still here mann (exaggerated).

(Goes to pray to his wife): Fe, our daughter is out of control. She has a very explicit picture of herself and I don't even wanna go into detail with that. I'm sure you already know. Now I know going through her phone wasn't right but she's been acting out since you've left us.

It's been hard on the both of us. But I never thought it would come down to all this. I thought I raised her right. I need your help. Please.

(Stays in the praying position for 15 more seconds. Princessa's phone suddenly rings. He looks at the phone. He picks up) Is this the asshole my daughter is sleeping around with?! Don't answer that, just listen! My daughter is a young lady and you will treat her as such!...Matter of fact, delete my child's number. If I find out that you're contacting her in any other way, I'm gonna find you and whoop your good for nothing wannabe street boy ass! (Person on the other end of the line responds. There's a pause)... Oh no, Baby Girl is this you on the line? I'm sorry, but.. I seen the picture. *(pause.)* On your phone.



ADDICTION

By
Charmira Nelson

Constitution High School, Grade 11

Charmira Nelson
3.3.12

ADDICTION

“you are my sunshine my only sunshine
you make me happy when skies are grey”
I'm always here for you
especially through those times
when you need someone to understand you
or feel your pain

Just tuck me between your lips and dangle me when you
breathe
my kisses curl up in your tongue, while I move inside your body
I like slowing your nerves down and numbing the the areas where it hurt

(Giggle) you can't get enough of me

im the reason you live everyday. We give each other life

what... what you say?
your sick
sick of what
me!
well what I do ?
give you what?
oh that's impossible

your what??
your leaving me
oh no baby you can't leave me
You said you was gona leave me many many times
but you never did, and you never will

I just wanted someone to love me for me
I was`nt intending to harm you

but you did this to yourself

I was`nt always this way
don`t you remember?

I was born in the southern soil `of Virginia
Blistered slave hands picked me when I grew green and glorious

They layed my lime skin in the sun till I turned a beautiful brown and dellicate
Dry and easy to break
Easy to share

They tucked my shredded body in wooden pipes

breath me in easy

Sloooooow and sudden
My smoke rose smelling sweet and soothing

me and my lovers had a real kinna love
They held me in, rather than cough me out
Look at you! cover your mouth!
You did this to yourself

Don`t you remember that day

Those slave hands did`nt touch me

It was these metal claws that drew me from the ground
And they carried me to a hostile home
With silver moving machines
(machine noises)
I felt cold

my bright sun did`nt glaze me with the nutrients I wanted
because it was`nt there anymore

instead it was a grey and cloudy sky full of depression

they force fed me this black seasoning, that taste like some rara shit

it taste like something deadly or unreal

I was angry and eager, bitter and lustful
all at once

and then they had the nerve to dress my sexy brown body
In some tacky ass tissue paper

placed this ugly orange hat on my head
called it my butt

From that point on
I never felt myself.. again

so you see
it`s not my fault your sitting here looking like a corpse
It`s your`s

my life ended when those silver machines
Man made me into this minion monster

I was`nt the real gal that sweet talked my lovers into loving themselves anymore
Now im a fake, a big phony that...bamboozled you into loving me more than your own reflection

Red lipstick placed on my forehead I mean butt, that's a sign that you love me right

So don't tell me I'm the problem

you made me this way
I'm just paying the price

(sigh)

“you'll never know dear how much I love you
please don't take my sunshine away”
I love you. I love you to death

SMH...

By
Eunice Kelome
Philadelphia High School for Girls, Grade 10



Neva, I was supposed to take a test in English yesterday. I had absolutely NO time to study for it and all I could do was cram minutes before the bell rang. My brain was throbbing! I tried asking random people for answers but that didn't work out because the only person who knew any of the material was Marry and she NEVER cheats! Marry is so selfish! With her straight A's, and her perfect attendance and her stupid volunteer hours! Freaking hate her. Well any way, I couldn't cheat because I left my notebook at home, but that old thing probably just has a bunch of doodles in it. When I got the test, I almost cried because the material was so new. Like, when did Ms. Colman even announce a test? Man, I should have skipped! My brain nearly crashed. It was a major grade and I knew absolutely nothing! I couldn't guess, I couldn't cheat, and I couldn't be excused, so I did the only thing that could possibly get me out of the situation; I faked a seizure in the middle of the test! I remember watching an episode of *House* where this guy had a seizure. It looked pretty cool so I decided to act one out too. It was on short notice so it wasn't as believable as it could have been, but it was pretty good! I foamed at the mouth and started vibrating. I rolled my eyes into the back of my head, opened my mouth really wide, and passed out on the classroom floor.

It was one of the scariest, most heart wrenching things Ms. Colman ever seen. She rushed to my side and screamed "Eunice! Are you Okay? Someone call the ambulance!" At that moment, I knew I was going to be in huge trouble if I didn't get back up and take the test, but then again, she would know I was faking it the whole time. Then I would have to be sent down to the office and written up for disrupting class and fraud. So I decided to keep the act going. I stayed on the floor until the school nurse showed up. My eyes were still shut, but I could recognize the smell of Nurse Wilson's cheap Axe Woman's Body Deoderizer from a mile away. Well, when she tilted my head up to check if I was breathing, I slowly woke up and faked amnesia.

Next thing I know, I was rushed to the hospital! I was surrounded by nurses and being taken into the ER on a stretcher. Neva, I felt like I was having an anxiety attack! My heart was racing! I thought to myself "How will I get out of this?" and then it dawned on me that I could get out of this situation the same way I got out of the test! Well, no, maybe not another seizure. Instead, I could just run out when no one was looking. I knew it was a dumb idea, but I had no other choice but to run, so when the doctors left after hooking me up to these crazy machines to monitor my brain waves, I pulled the cords off of my body and ran straight out the door. I ran as fast I could all the way home in hopes that know one would notice a 5'7 teenage girl, sprinting across the avenue, wearing a hospital gown!

So today I went to school. Ms Colman took pity on the situation that happened the day before and told me I could take the test tomorrow. That was awesome! My plan actually worked! Everything was going to be fine: until the hospital called. The doctor told my parents and Ms. Colman I faked the whole thing and sent me an \$800 bill. I ended up taking the test today and flunking it. (Smh...)

“COOL!” DAD

By
Thien To

South Philadelphia High School, Grade 12



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(The stage is empty with only a chair and light bulb hanging at the center. The hint of a little light comes up from up stage left. The actress enters slowly with a bucket full of laundry and stoops to switch the light several times. The light is still not on. She turns intending to run away. She calls out.)

Daddy, Dad! The light is broken! Ah, still on the toilet. Take your time, Dad!

(Hesitatingly steps across the stage, takes the chair and stands up on the chair, reaches out her hand to the light.)

This basement has been dark for two months.

Cool, ha, dad. We saved \$15 on the Peco bill, again.

(hears a door click)

(Turns to look terrified around and continues with the light)

(Twists and turns the light)

Don't you know that I'm scared of ghosts? I watched a scary movie and did not sleep for two months.

How would you know that when you don't talk to me at all?

Each day, I only see you from 6-8. 6 o'clock, I come home from school or work and greet you.

You just glance at me and continue to talk on the phone with grandfather in California.

You rant about how low your salary is in America, and how in Vietnam, you didn't even have to work and you still had money to spend every month. You never stop complaining about your situation wherever you are. Does complaining make our life better? I have been hearing you complain since we were in Vietnam. I am tired hearing About how in Vietnam one hour's wage can't even buy you an ice cream cone. "O Vietnam, luong lam mot tieng dong ho, kong du de mua mot que kem. You never worked there, how did you know? How much do you earn per hour now? Six dollars? That's a lot of ice cream. You should be happy. So why are you so tired? Don't say you're not. If you're not, you could help us clean the house and play checker with me, instead of grumbling to your old man.

Then, you complain about us. You tell every single person in your clan that we are lazy; we stay on the computers all day. Do you know that we do our homework on them?

You say that the scholarship that I won last year was too easy to get. Do you know how hard I worked to get it? No, you

don't know anything. What kind of daddy are you? Does saying I'm ugly and stupid make you proud? You say I'm not smart? You drink half a gallon of milk per day to become what, American? You're lactose intolerant! I guess it's in our genes to be dumb, Dad.

It really annoys me when you knock on the bathroom door, and kick me out of there when my hair is soaked with shampoo just so you can use the toilet. My hair turns sticky and itchy every time I wait for you. Do you know that, Dad?

No, you don't know and will never know. You don't know about me. You don't know about America. And you don't even know about yourself.

(Get a light shock on her hand) Aahhh!

(Jumps down the chair)

Awwww. (murmurs) What the f***?

(one by one stuff the laundry into the machine)

Dammit. Dammit, dammit, dammit. What the hell? What am I doing here?

When I was 13, you took me home under the heavy rain with your old motor cycle. You should have stayed home and let me wait till the rain stopped pouring. Then your motor cycle got broken. You gave your rain coat to me, you pushed me on the motor cycle home. The rain kept shooting its freezing arrows on you. The wet soil reached out its muddy hands to hold your feet back. You were wearing your old flip flops. I couldn't stand how painful it was to you. Did the water soak into the cracks of your feet? I was so happy that we were home safe. I cried. Everything was OK

You made a decision to bring us to America last year. Leaving our beautiful house, friends, kin, and the life that we were used to.

Now we live in a much smaller house. You have to work all week. And we can barely communicate in the new language. I understand that you were startled and disappointed with this huge change. You wanna run away from your problems by complaining to grand father and ignoring us. Please talk to me dad, You only see me two hours each day. Please talk to me; don't talk to grandfather. I love you, dad. I love you. I love you in my own way, ever since, ever since I was a little girl when we were in Vietnam.

Trust me, dad. I'll work as hard as I can to be successful here.

Someday, the only thing you have to say to your dad is that you're proud of me.

(The main character raises her hand to the light. All the light comes up at the main character at the center of the stage)

F.A.T.

By
Kya Johnson

Little Flower High School for Girls, Grade 11



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Oh my God!

(Running out of breath)

I can't do this! What am I even doing here? Why am I killing myself over other people's opinions of my body? Some of them actually matter, but not all of them. My friends and my family love me the way I am. He is the only person complaining about my luscious lady lumps. Eww, now I feel all sweaty and disgusting. I hate this stupid treadmill! Come on Fatty McButterpants. Yup, that's what he calls me. Two more fries and I'll be 300 lbs! I can do it. Yes, that's the spirit. I can work off all the fatty foods I've been eating all my life. And, hey, in no time I will look like a model. Oh my gosh, only 5 minutes and I'm ready to quit. Just give up. Stupid treadmill is probably broken anyway. It only reads half a mile and yet I feel like I've run a marathon. Oh my God, those inconsiderate pricks. Those selfish bastards brought a cheeseburger into a fitness center. It smells so damn good! The grease is dripping someone better catch it before the carpet soaks it up.

(Laughing)

What am I doing? What is wrong with me? Am I seriously fantasizing about eating a cheeseburger?

Okay focus Z, focus. Remember why you are doing this. He doesn't like thick women, he wants a paper-thin runway model. You have to be everything that he wants in a woman. But, why? Why am I doing all of this to impress some stupid guy who probably wouldn't change a thing for me? I don't even love him. I can still remember us going out to the movies that night; the theater was full. He had the nerve to ask me if I could fit my ass into the seat! I laughed it off like it was nothing, besides that's what everyone else there did. He makes me feel like I am nothing, like I am a worthless piece of dirt. I don't even love him.

And to tell you the truth, he ain't even all that and a bag of chips. Umm...a bag of chips. To hell with it, I'm hungry. I starved myself all week! I need some damn meat! Carrots, lettuce, and broccoli, how can I survive on stupid plants and vegetables? You know what? I don't need to lose no weight. I mean look at me, I am beautiful and I know it. I wasn't meant to look like anyone else. I know that some men like a little meat to hold on to. What the hell was I thinking? Letting his childish comments on my figure affect the way I feel about myself. I am a strong, intelligent, proud Nubian queen. I am as I should be. I am the way that God made me. My womanly curves accentuate my body, my masterpiece. You know what, I'm tired of this, I will strive like a model, with my curves like a bottle and no matter what I will always be proud to be F.A.T. Fabulous And Thick baby.

ORANGE PAPER

By
Branden Hall

Science Leadership Academy, Grade 10



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The orange paper stapled on my door shocked me. I looked at the orange paper and read it five times. Then to make sure I read it five more times. We were getting evicted and there was nothing to do about it. I live with my mom and my brother and sister. We have very little money since I only work part time because of school and my mom is too lazy to work. She says she'll look for a job soon or the job market is hard but I know the reason. And she knows the reason. My brother and sister know the reason. And my neighbors know the reason. She's given up. She doesn't care if she lives or dies she doesn't care if her kids starve to death. My mom has lost her mind.

It's been like this since my dad died but that doesn't matter because that was then and this is now. We are being evicted and there is nothing I can do. "Felix, Felix!" my sister yells. She doesn't need to know any of this so I rip the paper off quickly and stuff it in my pocket. I need to keep what's going on with the house to myself. My little sister has her hair braided with colorful berets clipped on to them. They are not perfect since I did them myself but she doesn't seem to care. She is only eight so I don't want her to be sucked into the world that I'm in. The world where all you think about is where the next meal is going to come from or if you'll have to give your meal to your siblings. I wish my mom had done that for me. No I was basically born into this world that few people know about. I have to go to work for four hours then I bring home dinner, four double cheeseburgers and four fries. My mom doesn't eat she just stares at the ceiling or her wedding photo? How can she be so docile? Doesn't she know we are in trouble? She must've seen the notice so why isn't she freaking out like I am? Why isn't she showing any emotion? Why is she just staring at her wedding photo? I start getting angry so I walk out the door with my fries. The /salt somehow soothes me and keeps me from making any crazy decisions. I also think of my dad when I eat fries since it was him that got me hooked. It reminds me of a time where I didn't have to worry about food and my dad took care of everything. I remember a time when my parents and I were all happy, but that was then and this is now. I walk back in and take a big breath (breath). My brother is in his room but my sister is in the living room playing with her dolls. I hear glass break and I look over my sister I see my parents wedding photo on the floor. My mom finally does something she yells at my sister.

My anger reappears and I'm out of fries. Nothing is controlling my anger and her yelling was getting louder. How dare she yell at my sister! She hasn't token of my sister in years now she thinks she can yell at my sister! My fist, are clenching and I feel like I'm going to throw up. I step in between of my mom and sister. I tell my sister to go into her room but she is still in shock from the yelling. My mom is yelling at me now asking who am I to tell my sister what to do. My mom is now targeting me but this is more physical. She's push and slapping and calling me all kinds of names until I snap. I push her on the couch and tell her to stop; I tell her that I'm the one taking care of this family. "Did you even notice we are being evicted!!! We could be out on the streets in days and it's your fault!!! Do you even care about us?" but I know the answer. I know what she is going to say but instead of words she hits me. Maybe it was all the stress from the eviction or maybe it was the built up anger but before I knew it I hit her back. She's shocked and I'm shocked but I'm surprised by what she does next. She leaves, she gets up and leaves. As the door slams I turn around to see my brother and sister looking at me in fear. Why? I'm the one who has been taking care of them me not my mother. Now that she has left nothing has changed I am still the one who has to get up at 5:30 am so and iron my siblings clothes. I am still the one who has to go to work for hours after school. I am still the one paying the bills. I look at their faces and I know that they have just been brought into the world that I've lived in for years. The world of fear.

Leaving Something Behind

By
Julian Simmons
Arts Academy at Benjamin Rush



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(Computer is standing in the middle of the stage, looking concerned, semi nervous)

Hey Ethan! How's your day been? Good? (Pause, eyes widen, looks down at feet) (Excited) Whoa, Ethan, what's in the box? A new mouse? (Pause) Wait, is the box...empty? Why is it.. (Pauses, sudden realization) No. You are not putting me in there. You are NOT putting me in there! Eth-(Defensively, backs away) Ethan, let's just TALK about this, for a second, PLEASE, okay? (Calms down slightly, nervously) I mean, Jesus, dude, you're my best friend! I'm YOUR best friend!

(Sympathetically, but slightly defensive) I was there for you when no one else was. You were just a kid, and you had a hard time making friends with others...you were awkward, scared, and lonely. You were pretty much on your own. (Calmer, persuasively, pacing) Then I came along: and soon, I became more than any friend you ever wanted. Here in the living room, we quickly started spending all of our time together, hours upon hours playing video games and listening to all your favorite songs, and just exploring the Internet! We spent entire weekends and summers together doing just that! We got really close that way, and you started to open up more to me. You gotta know that this isn't the right choi-

(pauses, then slaps the air back, scared) Ethan, what the hell? I'm trying to REASON with you! Stop trying to block me out! Don't you think that I'm worth more than you're trying to sell me f-(Pause, really pissed off now) No, go ahead, check your text messages. (Pause) Is it from one of your "new friends", now that you're suddenly hot shit? You think you're something now that you've finally learned how to SAY HI TO PEOPLE? (EXPLODES) Well let me tell you right now, Ethan, you're not SHIT! You're the same, awkward, socially fucking retarded whiny little BITCH I've met back in 2010! For two years, almost THREE now, I've been dealing with you, being THERE for you, and you go to highschool and you just plan on ditching? (Yelling) HEY! LOOK at me! You can't just forget me! Who did you come to when you got rejected by that girl? What do you do on your days off, anyway? Be social with your "new best friends?" No, you're here with ME, sitting in that cheap ass chair, playing video games, listening to that awful music of yours! And all the issues you have, I know, because you told me! Let's check your Google history: (Puts hand to temple) "how to be more confident",

“how to not be a pushover”, “how to be yourself”, “what to say to a girl”, the pity party goes on for MILES, Ethan! (Pause, quieter, concerned) And what about the porn, Ethan? You remember that? (Pause) Do you do it out of loneliness, out of your own insecurities? Or do you just blame your hormones? Regardless, day in and day out, you sat here and did that lonely, pitiful shit right here in front of me. (Sits down) But I gave you what you wanted. (Beat)

(Loud again) And besides me, you’re not close to ANYBODY, because you don’t know HOW to get close to anybody, and no Google search could EVER teach you how! You’re not anyone’s ANYTHING! (Losing it) And-and even if, even IF there was someone who WANTED to be close to you, you wouldn’t know what to do. You’d panic and come running back to me. (Pause) You’re PATHETIC. (Quieter) Look at these other boys your age: do they have this problem? No, they don’t. So what’s yours? What’s your issue? Huh? (Calmer) If I’m gone, more than just a computer is leaving. I am your best friend, your ONLY friend! These “new friends” of yours? They don’t even care like I do. If they decide that they don’t like you anymore, and I’m gone, where will you be?

Voice of Violence

By
Kayla Anderson
Little Flower High School for Girls, Grade 10



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Most people don't understand what I am. And those who do... wish they didn't. I am the driving force behind every shooting, stabbing war and fight. I can ruin lives, or end them completely. I am the original weapon of mass destruction. Nuclear bombs envy my path of warfare. I have been in every war since the beginning of time, and have always been there to glory in the aftermath. I am the cause of the mother's grief and despair after her son was killed for his I-Pod, just walking. That's all he was doing. But I ruined all his aspirations, and felt no remorse. I am the drunken rage of a husband coming home to his pretty wife. I love to see her shiver and pull away when he touches her, because she knows what he can do. She can feel the bruises all over her body still throbbing, hurting every time her heart beats.

I am the hatred behind the child's eyes, who lost his brother, in a drive-by. Do you see how he rebels? It's because I tell him to. He can see my face every single night while he sleeps. He can relive that moment again and again. He can see his brother next to him. They were going to see their Daddy for the first time in 10 years. He can hear the music pumping out of the car as it turns the corner and prowls next to them. His brother looks over. He thinks to himself, "They won't do nothin', they just mad my brother don't roll with them no more. Finally got himself outta that before it was too late." But he didn't realize, I was in the car, too. He can still see the fear in his brother's face as he falls. He can still feel his brother's blood on his hands. He will thank me later.

I am the bullet that ended a 4-year-old's life. I am the center of the gang who shot him. My power is limitless. I have no god. I am my own god. I have no reason for a particular religion. You can be my victim if you are Christian, Jewish, Muslim, or anything else. I am Caucasian. I am Black. I am Hispanic. I am Asian. I am everything in between. I am from every country, every city of the world. I can live and thrive inside any person, any age. The best part is, most people don't even realize I am there until it is too late. I am the blood spilled for a lost cause. I live to hear their screams, pleading for help praying for something else. But I have no mercy. I can infiltrate any government, any system, and group. I am a slave master. I am the Angel of death. I am a holocaust.

I am the voice inside the teenager's mind that says, (whispering) "Go ahead, and pick up the gun." He tried to fight it. But I can always find a way to convince him. The next thing he knows, he's got a gun in his hand, and he feels like a god. He remembered all the kids who picked on him in school. He remembered the guy who jumped him for his money. Why should they get away with hurting him? But he thought it wasn't right. That's where I came in again. Whispering in his ear, I made him feel comfort in my word, "You know they deserve it. Just do it. Aren't you man enough? Can't you prove you're better than them? You know why? Because you have something they don't have... so just do it." Then, he continued his day like any other, only different, because he had my words purring in the back of his mind. He had my words, and his gun. The next thing anyone knew... bang... bang... It's all over. Blood everywhere, people flying for the door, screams, crying. I am victorious again. I never lose. And my reign only grows. I am formless. I am immortal. My name is Violence and this is my manifesto.