

Theatre Arts Camp Teen monologues (ages 14-18)

FINDING MOTHER

Don't you get it? It's not about you...it's about me and finding out where *I* come from. I want to know why I look the way I do and act the way I do...I think it's important that I find out about those things, don't you?

I just want to meet her and talk to her. I'm not trying to replace you. I would *never* want that. *You* are my mother. And as far as I'm concerned you're the only mother I'll ever have. But this woman...she can tell me things about my background...things that even you don't know...and if I don't talk to her now, I'll always have these unanswered questions in my life.

Please don't be mad or upset and try to understand how important this is to me. This woman gave me life—but she also gave me up...don't you think I have a right to know why?

I love you, Mom. You have to know that. But you also have to let me do this. You know that it's the right thing to do—and you've always taught me to do the right thing.

THE CHATTERBOX

I *love* talking! It's my favorite thing to do. I can't help it, Mrs. Manning—I love to chat and talk about what's going on and I don't have ADD or anything—I just can't seem to help myself most of the time. If I have something to say, I want to say it, ya know?

I really don't mean to be disrespectful and interrupt during your class. I *love* your class! And when you say something particularly interesting, which you do all the time by the way, I get really excited and I want to add my opinion and discuss the idea even more. Actually, I think talking is a good quality. I mean, what if I just sat there and never said a word? That would be awful. It's much better to be a talker than a nontalker, don't you think? I will admit that maybe I have a tendency to talk a little too much—but I just have a lot to say.

So, you see, Mrs. Manning, the worst thing you could possibly do is give me detention in the library. Because you have to be quiet in the library, and if I have to sit *quietly* for one hour, I think it might be hazardous to my health. I think I might explode!

THERE'S GOTTA BE A BETTER WAY

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! \$8.80 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 'til you're satisfied. Oh, and hey, don't forget you gotta smile nice for all the customers while you're sweating to death! 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.

MY IDOL, MY ENEMY

I failed my history exam, okay? Are you happy? Now you can tease me as usual and run off to Mom and Dad to brag again. It won't be anything new to them. All I ever hear is, "Paul got straight A's. Paul made the Honor Society. Paul got a scholarship. Why can't you be like him?" Well, I can't. I study and study and I try so hard, but I'm not as smart as you. I never will be. Why do you have to rub it in? Don't you realize I've spent my life trying to be as good as you? Trying to keep up. I'm so jealous of you I can't stand it. And all I do is disappoint Mom and Dad all the time. I'm the stupid kid—the screw-up, and you're the perfect one. I wish so bad that just once they'd be proud of me. That somehow, some way, they would love me as much as they love you.

SUPERHEROES

Okay, so you say that Superman is not human. But if he's not human, then why do we call him the "Man of Steel?" We don't call him the "Alien of Steel." He's a man. A super *man*.

The thing that's confusing is that Superman isn't an *earthling*, but that doesn't mean that he can't be human. 'Cause when he lived on Krypton, he was a Kryptonian, which is sort of like an earthling...he didn't have any superpowers on his home planet, only when he came here. The yellow sun of earth gave him powers, but when he was hangin' at home on Krypton, he was a totally regular guy, like us. His super powers make him a super human. But he's still *human*. 'Cause...like...he has feelings and crap like that. Only humans can have emotions. Plus he's in love with Lois Lane. Only humans can be in love.

Do you get it? Do you understand now? He's human.

Cool. Then you agree with me. Good. Okay...now...what's going on with Batman?

BEYOND WONDERLAND

What are you doing here? Wait—let me guess. You haven't heard from me in a week so you thought you'd better show up to make sure I'd still be thinking about you. Don't look at me like that. You know exactly what I'm talking about. I'm so sick of your games. I drive all the way out to see your show and you sneak out of the theatre without even saying hi. You weren't looking for me like you claimed because you would have seen me—I was there. Then you don't text me for days. And just when I'm about to say the heck with you, you message me like nothing ever happened. I have feelings, ya know. I'm not a toy for you to play with when you get the urge to be entertained. I hate you right now. And I hate me, too. For being dumb enough to *still* not be able to get you out of my head. Don't. Don't say anything. It'll just make things worse. And I can't handle anymore. I can't.