

Audition Monologues for Teens

4 Monologues for Teens - Pick One to Read

1. MY SIDE OF THINGS, by Joseph Arnone

CLARA: I don't think it's me most times because talking to you, when I try to get my point across to you and get you to see my side of things, it's like trying to convince a donkey that it's a dog. Just not possible. Maybe that's not the best analogy but you are so hard to talk with and sometimes, sometimes I even think you are so stubborn just to be stubborn; just to spite me and all I'm trying to say is that sooner or later we will reach a point where that is what it will be...it will always be this stubborn arrangement between us and I don't want that. I really don't.

(beat)

I'm not so sure you do, either. I rather think that you want to get along and let pride or ego or whatever it is that seems to stand between us, come to an end. Right? Is it so hard for us to let things go and try and talk things out?

2. A WALK IN THE SUN

Alderon doesn't want to bite the woman he loves and turn her into a vampire for all eternity.

ALDERON: Suck your blood? (beat) It's alot more complicated than that Kyra. (beat) It's a curse you don't want. You think it's power? You think being immortal is special? (beat) I understand that you want to be with me forever and I do love you...deeply, but I have been around a long time and I have had many great loves...sorry to tell you this but I'm telling you because it is the only way I can protect you.

(pause.)

Maybe I'm going about this the wrong way. It's never been easy for me. One would think I would be wiser by now but the heart always blinds the mind. (beat) I shouldn't have done this! I shouldn't have! I want you to hate me. PLEASE, hate me, Kyra...hate me for the rest of your normal life.

(he motions to leave, then stops)

I love you...I've always loved you but I won't make you like me. The day I do that is the day I take a walk in the sun.

(he leaves)

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Monologues For Teens, Written by Teens:

3. MY SISTER'S SONG

By: Payton Doerksen, Carman, Manitoba, Canada, Age 13

Genre: Dramatic

Description: A young woman overhears her sister singing alone at night.

Amanda sits on her sister Isabel's bed.

I don't mean to eavesdrop on you, but the walls are so thin. I can't help but listen. I hear you singing at night and it's very calming, but also kind of sad. It reminds me of an angel ringing a bell in the moonlight. It's both soft and light, Isabel. I know you hate me for listening and that I'm just an annoying little sister, but I love listening to you. I love you. Sometimes I wonder if something has happened to you. I wonder and I wonder, and I know that you say it's just my imagination. But your voice sounds so sad sometimes that it frightens me. There are stories in your songs. I know you have a right to privacy and you don't have to tell me anything. But you would, wouldn't you? Just please don't yell at me again. I hate it when you do that, or when you stop talking to me. The only thing worse than yelling is silence. We're sisters. We're blood. And with things are the way they are, we're sometimes all each other has. I guess we don't have to talk about it anymore, but please don't stop. It helps me fall asleep...the sound of you singing your heart out.

4. CHICKEN

By: Kielle W., Age 16, Chesapeake, Virginia, USA

Genre: Dramatic

Description: A teen wishes to overcome his/her fears.

I'm in the bird watching club at school. I've adored the little rascals since I could say the word. I even memorized the state bird for every place in America! They're just impossible not to admire. Birds are so much freer than any person I know. There's no one to hold them back and tell them what not to do. Birds aren't stuck in moldy, rundown apartments. Birds don't stop themselves from flying wherever they want because they're scared. No, I imagine that birds are brave. Much braver than me, that's for sure. See, that's why I wish I had a pair of wings. I want to feel free. I want to scatter brightly colored feathers for little kids to find in parks. Sparkle up their day a bit. Mostly, I want wings so that I could take flight. Leave behind my problems and soar into the sky. It's why I love to go out on the roof. The wind blowing in my hair, the sun shining its beautiful rays down upon me. I pretend I'm flying for hours when I'm up there. Sometimes I linger on the

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ledge, arms spread as wide as an eagle. And I know one step is all it would take for me to finally, truly fly. One little step but... I never do. I always get scared and go back inside. Chained to the ground by everything I've got going for me. One day though, I'm gonna fly. I just need the courage to take that first step.