



## THEATRE MONOLOGUE SUGGESTIONS

### Male Suggestion Monologue

#### **SINGLE CRUTCH**

Genre: DARK COMEDY

Gender: MALE (FEMALE)

Setting: OUTSIDE A HOUSE

Age range: 10-20 years old

Description: *Ben is a boy of about 14, who is in the marching band at school. A bully has stolen one of his crutches, and he now speaks to a friend, Mike.*

BEN

I've been practicing my clarinet all morning and I really thought I was gonna get in this time. I know marching band is competitive, especially for the hockey team, but I had a good feeling about it all morning. Fifth time's a charm, my mom said.

(pause)

Then that guy who wears all the jewelry stole my crutch.

(pause)

My mom said it was okay for me to practice my song outside, since it wasn't raining and I was only playing marches. But he ran up to me from across the street. He was yelling something like, "shut the hell up!" or something. And he knocked my stand over and grabbed one of my crutches. I tried to run after him, but I'm not very fast on one crutch. I didn't let him get my clarinet though! I had to toss it under the picnic table, and I'm sure I broke the reed, but at least I saved it. Anyway, now I have to sort of hop and walk to get anywhere. I don't think I can make it to the gym on time with only one crutch. And since you have that crutch you used in fourth grade when you were Tiny Tim, I was wondering if I could maybe borrow it. I know you want it to stay in mint condition, but I won't mess it up. I'd have to bend over a little, since it's a kiddie crutch, but my mom said I have a strong back. I don't mind.

(pause)

Hey, you're the reason my leg is broken anyway.

#### **Female Monologue Suggestion**

Un-Chatty Cathy

*Un-Chatty Cathy*, the short play, appears within the collection [3-Short: A Trio of Plays](#) by Gabriel Davis. Available in print and digital editions [here](#). Abridged 2 minute version of this monologue is featured on [StageMilk](#) for use in audition.

(Speaking to a Zachary)

Hello, hi ... hello. I'm a, um, I'm ... I'm Cathy. I'm ... not a chatty Cathy. I'm sort of the inverse of that. An un-chatty Cathy.

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It's the first time I've heard me talk too. I mean, the first time I've heard me talk to you. To you in particular. Did you even know my name was Cathy? That I sit behind you in homeroom? Really? I've never seen you look back. I've seen your back, but not you looking back.

Oh God. So I'm taking this public speaking class, and now here we are, in public, speaking. But I was hoping it'd be more private. Could you ... excuse us, Patsy? Thanks.

In public speaking class, they say, tell a story, some anecdote that let's your audience know who you are. When I was six, I was a proud bluebird of the Camp Fire Girls of America! As a bluebird, I had to sell mint thins door to door. When my older brother heard, he started laughing. He told my mom, "How is she supposed to sell them if she never makes a peep?"

I could feel my eyes getting a little wet, and I think my mother saw because she said, "They're going to find her so adorable, she won't have to make a peep! And you're going to take her."

My mother got me dressed in my official bluebird outfit - a little white button up short sleeve shirt, a knee length blue skirt, knee high white socks, white Mary Jane shoes, my hair in pigtails and my bluebird pin. She wrote out a little introduction on an index card, "Hello, my name is Cathy and I'm a bluebird. How would you like to purchase some mint thins to benefit the Campfire Girls of America?" And she included all the details they needed to order the cookies. "See, she's armed with cuteness and the right words." She smiled at me, patting my head, "Now fly, my little bluebird, nothing can stop you now!"

My older brother sighed and took me door to door. He'd wait at the end of each walkway, and I'd make the long walk myself to the front door. My legs would shake. When someone opened, usually a mom - I'd find myself unable to speak. But I had my words. I'd hold out the card and each strange mom at the door would read it, smile, and buy my mint thins. I sold every box.

I wanted to tell you that story, because ... sometimes you have the words, but it's too hard to get them to come out of your mouth. See ... I know you were going to ask me something ... but then Patsy told you I think you're ugly, because you have acne and the medicine isn't working. That I'd never go to the dance with you. And that I think you smell like old socks.

Well, I didn't say that and I'd rather not say the following out loud so I wrote it.

(Holds up a large index card. "Patsy is a jerk" and then another "You're cute" and then another "Be My Dance Date")

Well ... what do you say? I have a blank card, and a pen, if that'd be easier for you.

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