

Please choose one of the monologues below and film yourself in *landscape format* using phone or other device and email to virtualalt2020@gmail.com. When filming please check the sound so you can be heard and please make certain we are able to see you.

Please note you may choose to audition using any of the monologues below. Most monologues can be adjusted to fit either gender unless otherwise noted. Actors may be cast in any role based upon their audition. The monologues below are part of the actual monologues.

MONOLOGUE ONE:

SOPHIE (Either): Why? Why couldn't you have picked a different time to have this happen? Or how about never? I mean, you're God. You could've stopped it. So, tell me. I want to know. (Beat.) I know... you haven't heard from me in a while, but... I've been busy. You know, class president. Cheerleader. National Honor Society. (Beat.) Valedictorian. (Beat.) "We are all so proud of the hard work and dedication from our seniors this year, and we are extremely sad they have to go through this." Sad? How about mad! I am so mad! I have worked so hard for this! We have all worked hard for this! Since elementary, this was the goal! Graduation. The ultimate goodbye. That final bridge from high school to college. And it was our time. We get all dressed up like we're going to church, shining brightly like stars at night, slowly and meticulously putting on our gowns as if they were royal mantle. And we look good. Sharp. Crisp. Smart. Then we single file into the coliseum. Click, Click, Click. Pictures being taken throughout the room. And then we wait. We wait for our moment. Until finally, we walk the stage. Our parents beam with pride, and so do we. Click, click, click. There are so many pictures. And all those years were leading up to this. Kindergarten. First lost tooth. Recess. Spelling tests. Trading lunches. Sixth grade graduation. Braces. Pimples. Crushes. Telling secrets and sharing tears. Dances. Football games. Running down the hallways laughing. Pressing in. Cramming for tests. And thank God, passing tests. And, click, click, click. Friends taking pictures of friends. And remembering all of those times.

MONOLOGUE TWO:

JOSH (Male): Mrs. Evans can't figure me out. She's this super old lady who lives across the street from me. And when I say old, I mean old! And did I mention unfriendly? Yeah, that too. But now... (Takes another bite.) She doesn't know what to think about me. I know what she used to think about me. "Disrespectful teen." Why? I'll tell you why. Because I drilled holes in the muffler of my car. (Smiles proudly.) Oh, yeah. It's loud and powerful. So, picture this. Loud music, loud muffler... yeah, bringing it home. Sometimes, before leaving the house, I rev it up. Oh, yeah, I let it go! Mrs. Evans, well, she slams her door shut, but not before glaring at me and shaking her head. "Hey, old woman, wanna see me do a donut right in front of your house?" Yeah, I'd like to show her who's all that! Call me the bad teen in the neighborhood if you want to. I don't care. But I've gotta be careful. Because my dad, if he catches me driving too fast, he'd pull the keys from me. But I can still make some noise, can't I?

MONOLOGUE THREE:

JORDAN (Either): I need a break! (Closes eyes and takes a deep breath for a moment.) I wish we didn't have to wear a mask. It's hot. Hard to breathe in. Feels claustrophobic. And no one out there looks

human anymore. You don't know if they're smiling or scowling at you. So, you're only left with their eyes. But their eyes avoid contact. It's as if they're afraid to look at you in fear of catching something. "Look, I don't have it! So, you can look at me, okay? Just look at me! Aren't we supposed to be in this together?" Yeah, well, you should try stocking groceries all day where the mood is grim, the speech is mumbled, and the people are rushing in and out like little ants grabbing their food as quickly as possible. Funny. They're afraid to come in here for twenty minutes in fear of catching it, but I'm in here all day long. Look! I don't have it! But if I dare walk past you, you push your cart away from me as fast as you can. "Hey, I'm not going to breathe on you!" Welcome to the weird world of COVID-19. People jump away from you. Refuse eye contact. And if you study their eyes, they look scared and lonely. Well, I'm done with this! I'm sixteen and I have my entire life ahead of me. This is not living! This is running. So, look at me! Look at me in the eyes! Do you see who I am? Do you? There's more to me than just being a sacker at City Market. This guy (or "girl") has dreams. And, believe me, my dreams are not spending my life putting your eggs, bread, and cheese into plastic sacks!

MONOLOGUE FOUR:

LAYLA (Female): Mia, you came! I didn't think you'd come, but I'm so glad you did. Just sit there in your old spot. It's still nice up here, isn't it? Just like when we were in the 4th grade. (Taps the floor.) And still sturdy, too. Except for the ladder. It's a little rickety now. But... my dad did a good job building this treehouse, didn't he? Remember how we begged him for it? "Please, please... we need a special place for our girls club!" A girl's club of two. Me and you. Layla and Mia to conquer the world! (Small laugh.) Remember how we used to blow bubbles from up here? For what seemed like forever? Then, we'd watch them float through the air and try to guess when they'd pop. And scream when they did. (Picks up a bottle of bubbles.) I still have some up here. Here. (Reaches out to hand a bottle to Mia.) We'd be so covered with this slippery mess dripping all over our hands. But we didn't care. And we never... ever... fought. But then in junior high, we drifted. Different interests. New friends. I know it wasn't you. It was me. But it was in high school where I turned on you. I mean, I didn't want to, but it seemed exciting, like a rush, to be with this new group of popular girls. Tara, Meagan, Ashley... We stuck together like glue. They were my new girls club and they demanded nothing but loyalty.

MONOLOGUE FIVE:

RYAN (Either): Okay, thanks. Bye. (Hangs up.) That was all a total lie. I could've opened up and told her/him how I was really feeling. But no. I faked it good. "Yeah, I was having a few issues with depression, but I've worked through it. Feeling great now. Joined everyone at the dinner last night. Made some plans to go camping in a couple of weeks. It was great! Yeah, I'm feeling great!" Guess I forgot to tell my online counselor that it was all a lie. Am I feeling better? No. Faking it? Yes. My parents... being observant as always... saw that I was struggling. Aren't we all? Okay, I admit it. I'm depressed. But I denied it. Said it wasn't true. (Moves closer to the camera.) And I wouldn't admit it to anyone. Would you? (Beat.) Look, I'm not a crybaby... it's just... I'm missing so much. It's the sports. Baseball. Being outdoors, pitching for the Tigers. Hearing my dad in the stands, "Focus and fire!" Dad knows just the sound of his voice... the same voice I've heard since I was ten years old... will help me throw fireballs up to 88 mph. (Mimes throwing baseball.) As players, we have a sense of whose voices

are what. We hear what we need to hear, and we pay attention to what we need. My dad's voice is one I want to hear. "Focus and Fire!"

MONOLOGUE SIX:

CASEY (Either): Dad, I'm sorry we can't come to the hospital and visit you. I hate this. I know, you hate it, too. But don't worry. We're all doing good. Even Mom. She cleans a lot. You know, with bleach. Every surface, handle, doorknob. I think it helps her. Keeps her busy. And Timmy, he just plays as if everything is normal. Running through the house in his Superman cape. Jumping on the furniture. Mom yelling at him to stop. He doesn't understand. Dad, we can't wait for you to come home. And as soon as you do, I'm making you your favorite dessert, Lemon Meringue Pie. And hopefully it won't turn out like it did last time. Remember? On your birthday. What was supposed to be the crowning glory for my pie, whipped clouds of pure delight, became a runny mess that spilled out all over the table. It was terrible! But you... you got a spoon and ate it off the table like it wasn't even a big deal. You said, "Come on, everybody! Grab a spoon! This is great!" But it was a disaster.

MONOLOGUE SEVEN:

ISABEL/ISSAC (Either) : Disappointed. That's my word. A form of sadness. A feeling of loss. A painful gap between expectation and reality. You know, teens want to do everything in life with exclamation points. But instead, we're mourning the memories we counted on. Prom, award programs, signing yearbooks. Oh, and this little tradition I was looking forward to on the last day of school. So, when the bell rings at the end of the day, last class, last day of school, we all run into the hallway, pull all the papers out from our notebooks, and throw them in the air! (Demonstrates with a few papers nearby.) Papers fall on the ground everywhere! Like snow! Masses of snow. Everyone is laughing, kicking the papers with their shoes, singing our traditional song... "Schools out for summer!" It's great! And the teachers don't get mad because it's a tradition. They probably did it, too. I suppose the only person who doesn't like it is the janitor. But... I heard the principal stays late to help sweep up the mounds of tossed papers. It's a tradition. Yeah, I want to be happy, but it's hard. I miss school. I miss my friends. And I miss my favorite teacher, Mrs. Sheppard. I want to walk into her class and see her smile. She's always smiling.

MONOLOGUE EIGHT:

BAILEY (Either): Stop! Just stop! Why can't you just stop? (Puts hands over ears for a moment.) Seems to me that if you hated someone that much, you'd just call it quits. And why not? Everyone else does it. Except... who wants their parents to divorce? No one. But still... if all you're going to do is fight, what's the point? Forget home sweet home. Yelling, screaming, blaming, slamming doors. And if it weren't for this pandemic, I'd move out. Then, if they wanted to, they could battle it out all they wanted. All day and all night. Knock yourselves out! As long as I don't have to be here to listen to it! But... I can't leave. None of us can leave. Stupid quarantine. So, I barricade myself in my room, so I don't have to witness the constant fighting. (Mimics parents.) "I didn't forget to pay the mortgage, they forgot to send a bill!" "How could you not notice that it didn't show up? It's not like we have an extra grand sitting in the checking account every month?" "Shut up! Just shut up! We needed groceries." "You mean, you needed more clothes to cram into that overstuffed closet!"

MONOLOGUE NINE:

MADISON (Female): Hey, Janae. I'm glad you're here. What would we do without Skype? Yeah, well, I think I'm going to lose my mind. I'll tell you what's wrong. My sister. Mom goes to work every day and expects me to babysit. I know, she's six and it's not like I have to change her diapers, but still... she's not my responsibility. I should be in school. She should be in school. I'm not a substitute mommy, here! So, don't get me wrong, I love Jaci... but I've had it up to here! (Holds up a doll.) This! This is what she wants me to do 24/7. Play dolls! I never even liked dolls when I was a kid! Give me a stuffed animal. A horse, a tiger, a cheetah, but no dolls. I'm not into dolls. But my six-year-old sister is. (Puts doll up to camera. Mimics Jaci.) "I think my doll has the virus. Look, she's coughing. We have to take care her temperature."

MONOLOGUE TEN:

PHOENIX (Either): Go get it, Harvey! Get it, boy! (Deep breath.) It feels good to be outside. Guess I have been cramped up in my room too long. I do need some fresh air. The sun feels good. Even though this isn't what I'm supposed to be doing. Nope. I'm supposed to be cleaning my room right now. Why? Because Mom says my room looks like a pigpen. I'm like, "So? It's my room." (Retrieves the ball.) Good job, Harvey. (Throws the ball.) And get this. Last night, I heard Dad talking to Mom in the kitchen. He said, "Beth, you need to pick your battles." I'm listening, thinking, "That's right, Dad. You tell her! Because my room is off limits". Then I heard Dad say, "Honey, it's not worth the fight. There are bigger problems going on in the world than a cluttered bedroom." Yeah, Mom, like a Pandemic! And you're worried about my room being a little messy? It's not that big a deal! (Picks up the ball and throws it.) Go get it, Harvey.

MONOLOGUE ELEVEN:

PEYTON (Female): There's a pandemic. Stay inside and hope for the day life returns to normal. (Waves play script.) But it'll be too late. The one-act play competition has been suspended. They might as well say canceled because it's not going to happen. Ever. I have all the lines memorized. All for nothing. The part I dreamed of. The part I prayed for. The audition I put my heart and soul into. Yeah, auditions were tough. Every girl trying out wanted this part. And somehow, I got it. I still remember when they posted the cast list outside the drama room. Mr. Wilson has this tradition of posting it as soon as the last bell rings, then he disappears. I guess because he doesn't want to hear any outbursts of joy or disappointment. So, there I was, standing at the very back, behind everyone else who had rushed to see if their name was on the list. "Did I get in? Did I get in?" they'd ask, searching the cast list. I heard shouts of joy and saw head drops and walk away. I couldn't see the list from where I was standing. I was too far back. I waited my turn for what seemed like forever. My heart was beating pretty fast. Excited and scared. Mostly scared.

MONOLOGUE TWELVE:

RIVER (Either): Grounded! I'm sixteen years old, and I'm grounded! You'd think I was twelve! Okay, I admit it, I procrastinated doing my online schoolwork. Hey, we're out for spring break, which never ended, so... "Due to the pandemic, classes will not presume." Perfect! Hello, extended spring break... which turned into early summer break. I'm okay with that! Sleeping all day, playing video games all night... It's good! It's all good! At least it was. Okay, so to be honest, I know I was supposed to continue my schoolwork as if... As if? But it wasn't as if! I'm a people person so for me to be isolated in my room doing online worksheets, quizzes and reading alone... Are you kidding me? I mean, I know you read alone, but I like to be around people. People my own age who get me. Alone in my room all day doing online studying? No way! This is pure torture!

MONOLOGUE THIRTEEN:

ALLISON (Female): Hi, Logan! Wow! I love your tux! You look so sharp and handsome and... wow! I love how your vest and bow tie matches my dress. If only we could stand next to each other for some pictures. But Mom said she'd come out later and take some. Maybe I can crop them, so we look closer than we are. (She twirls in her dress.) Thank you! You really like it? Good. I'm glad. You know, I shopped for weeks looking for the perfect dress. Should I tell you that? Well, it's a girl thing. Girls do that. And when I saw this one... the way it flows, I knew it was the perfect dress. And... And here we are standing in my front yard. Prom 2020, here we are! Did you see? Dad strung lights around the house and Mom put ribbons and flowers around the trees. Your mom was here earlier, too, putting all those little bows in the hedges. It looks so pretty. Oh, and thanks for sending this corsage to my house. I love it. Oh, see that little table over there? Mom made punch and set out fancy glasses. And cookies. Shall we? (Picks up a punch glass and takes a sip.) It's good, isn't it?

MONOLOGUE FOURTEEN:

MORGAN (Either): (Throws a piece of bread.) I always liked feeding you. Mom would bring me to the park almost every weekend when I was a kid. At first, I was scared of you. I thought you were going to bite me. So, I'd run away and hide behind a tree. Mom would just stand there laughing and feed you while I watched. She would talk to you, too, like I'm talking to you now. But finally, I figured out you weren't going to hurt me. Maybe a little peck here or there because you got too anxious for the bread, but it never hurt. Now... this is how I relax. (Throws bread.) Earlier, Mom and I had this big fight, and... I don't know. I guess I said some things I didn't mean. I mean... I was mean. "You can't control me! You can't force me to stay here! I'm sick of this house! Sick of these walls! And I'm sick of you! So, I'm leaving, and you can't stop me! I'm leaving! Do you hear me? I'm leaving!" I went to my room and slammed the door. I