

Monologues for Ages 15 - 18

The Boy At the Edge of Everything
By Finegan Kruckemeyer

SIMON:

And before Ms Chester said that...

I thought that Space, was just space. Like, if there's a star there and a star there, then between it is space – just a bit that hasn't been filled yet. Like in our closet where the sleeping bags used to be, but Mom threw them all out 'cause Louie got head-lice in one – only we couldn't remember which one.

And I got to thinking about how, if there really are places the Universe hasn't been yet, then there must be an edge – a place at the Edge of... Everything. And maybe it'd be possible one day for humans to go there (for this human, say). To travel somewhere far, far away, and just... stop.

And just be calm, and quiet, and a bit bored maybe – with no swimming or music practicing or taekwondoing. And for the first time in what feels like ever just... do nothing. Just exist there, all by yourself, and let the Universe grow in front of you – while you just sit, and... be.

Big Love
By Charles Mee

THYONA:

You are a twit.

I'll tell you something, Olympia.

You're the kind of person who ends up in the bottom of a ravine somewhere.

I'm trying to save your neck and you don't even get it!

Do you think I like feeling this way?

Do you think it feels good to feel bad all the time

Do you think I wouldn't rather just be a nice, happy well-adjusted seeming person who can just take it as it comes and like it?

But I can't just not be honest.

Do you think that makes me happy?

To spend my whole life on earth

The only life I'm going to have feeling angry?

The Importance of Being Earnest
By Oscar Wilde

MISS PRISM:

Lady Bracknell, I admit with shame that I do not know where the baby is. I only wish I did.

The plain facts of the case are these. On the morning of the day you mention, a day that is for ever branded on my memory, I prepared as usual to take the baby out in its perambulator. I had also with me a somewhat old, but capacious hand-bag in which I had intended to place the manuscript of a work of fiction that I had written during my few unoccupied hours. In a moment of mental abstraction, for which I never can forgive myself, I deposited the manuscript in the bassinet, and placed the baby in the hand-bag. Do not ask me, Mr Worthing, where I placed the bag.

I left it in the cloak-room of one of the larger railway stations in London.

The Brighton Line.