

Monologue's for LAMDA specification:

Scene 2 (Own Choice): Interpretation and Technique

The own choice scene(s) must be selected from a published play or screenplay or a published collection of solo or duologue scenes or be adapted from the dialogue of a published novel. They must not be set in the *LAMDA Acting Anthology – Volume 3*.

The scene(s) must be a minimum of two minutes and no more than three minutes in performance time. The learner(s) must announce the title, author and character prior to the performance. A legible copy of the scene should be provided for the examiner.

Knowledge

The learner(s) will answer questions on the following:

- the appearance of the characters
- how the characters are feeling in each scene
- the location of each scene.

All students must select a solo monologue to perform for the LAMDA exam:

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12 Years Wise

A female monologue for teens

by Gabriel Davis

Published in [*Best Contemporary Monologues For Kids Ages 7-15*](#) Applause Acting Series

Performed in [*Broadway Artists Alliance Summer Session 2015*](#)

I'm twelve. Yes, I'm only twelve. I don't know everything you do. But I need you to listen to me. Because I think I know something here..

I know when you yell at mom its usually because you think you 're right and she's wrong. But if mom's crying because you're yelling about how wrong she is then I think you're even more wrong ..

I'm only twelve. As you like to remind me. You know more stuff. But I know there must be a better way to make your point than to stick mom with it until she cries. Maybe you could soften your point.. Like I did with Jackie ..

I didn't tell you or mom this but... Jackie took my favourite dress without asking. The one I was going to wear my first day back at school. And went to a sleepover and got grape soda all over it. It's ruined. I wanted to yell at her. To tell her right in front of you and mom how insensitive she was and how she's a bad sister because she didn't think of me at all and how she is totally selfish...

But the last time I did that she didn't talk to me for a week and ...No instead I downloaded that funny movie about the school dance she was dying to see and we watched it and laughed and when we were both really happy together then I told her quietly, privately in her room about how excited I'd been to wear the dress my first day back at school and what I loved about it. She said I was just telling her to make her feel bad.

I said ... I said I was just telling her because I wanted her to know how I felt. Because I wasn't sure she knew. And she said... she kinda knew but not how MUCH it mattered to me. So when she finally apologized, I knew it was real not because you or mom made her. But because she loves me.

So I'm saying...maybe instead of yelling at mom when she gets home..Maybe you should take her on a really nice date instead.

I'm just saying... Do you want Mom to be nicer to you ... Or do you just want to be "right"? It's up to you, dad.

"PIGGY PRINCESS" from the play "Flowers in the Desert" by D. M. Larson ISBN-13: 978-1530169085

PAULA

I've always loved taking care of animals. Horses, cats, dogs, and especially pigs. Momma Nell, one of my foster mothers, used to call me that, her little piggy. And I did look like a little piggy that's for sure. I was plumper than a Buddha doll.

Momma Nell used to dress me in pink too. I love how she let me call her Momma.

And pink still is my favourite colour. One time Momma bought me this most beautiful pink dress for a school dance. It was all sparkly like pink diamonds. Are there pink diamonds? And the dress had these big old puffy shoulders like Cinderella. I felt like a princess for the whole ride there. I shoulda just turned and gone home cause that was the best part... The boys at the dance said so many mean things to me... they laughed at me... I laughed too... I wanted them to see me laughing... like I wanted to be the joke... I decided piggies shouldn't try to be petunias.

(Smiles, then looks thoughtful and sad)

Momma Nell was the best foster mother I ever had until she got sick. Too sick for me to take care of anymore. I wish they woulda let me try a little longer. I wanted to be there for her like she was for me.

(puts on a smile)

But I sure know how to take care of animals. That's what I love to do now. I'm like St. Francis of A-sissy.

(Sighs)

And I would sure love to be a saint like Francis, then all this suffering would be worth while.

END

MEGAN: I think you’re ready to hear a little story about a girl named Megan who didn’t have a very good time in high school. I’m referring to myself when I say Megan, it’s me Megan. I know you look at me now and think, boy she must have breezed through high school. Not the case Annie. This was not easy going up and down the halls with. They used to try to blow me up. People used to throw firecrackers on my head in high school. Firecrackers, literally, not figuratively. They called me a freak. Do you think I let that stop me? Do you think I went home crying to my mommy, "Oh, I don't have any friends." I did not. You know what I did? I pulled myself up, I studied hard, I read every book in the library and now I work for the government and have the highest possible security clearance. Don’t repeat that. I cannot protect you. I know where all the nukes are and I know the codes.

You would be amazed, a lot of shopping malls. Don’t repeat that.

I have six houses. I bought an eighteen wheeler just cause I could. You lost Lillian. You got another best friend sitting right in front of you if you’d notice. You need to stop feeling sorry for yourself. I do not associate with people that blame the world for their problems cause you’re your problem Annie, and you’re also your solution. You get that?

Megan exhales, winded.

I know you do, I know you do. Come on, bring it in.

SCENE - THE MUMMY GIRL (JANEY) by D. M. Larson

JANEY

(Janey's face and hands are wrapped up in bandages)

This is me, the mummy girl. Mummy dearest. I want my mummy! I just had to get those jokes out of the way for you.

So... I'm sure you're wondering what happened to me. I'm telling everyone I got plastic surgery - but not to make myself more beautiful - I'm removing my nose cause everyone here stinks! I hate it here.

I have a pretty good reason for my bad attitude too. The kids here think they are so funny that they thought they'd push me face first through some glass. They wanted me to get a good look at their trophies in the big trophy case outside the principal's office. They think I'm jealous because I was staring at their trophies. They thought I was wishing I got a touchback or home down or whatever they call them. Or maybe they thought I wanted to be some bubble-headed cheer girl wanting to score with the guys. Oh, come on. Why else do they wear those short skirts?

Actually I was standing there and wondering why there can't be drama trophies - or charity trophies like best server in the soup kitchen. But no, the awards go to all the tight pants and short skirts. Bravo society! Bravo! Way to glorify the important things in life.

Beautiful people stink. That's why I want my nose removed. Their souls are rotten and I am tired of smelling their stench.

END OF MONOLOGUE

This monologue is from the published play "The Bullied, Bungled and Botched" ISBN-13: 978-1518661082

Angus, Thongs, & Full-Frontal Snogging

Sunday August 23rd

11.30 am

I don't see why I can't have a lock on my bedroom door. I have no privacy. Every time I suggest anything around this place people start shaking their heads and tutting. It's like living in a house full of chickens dressed in frocks and trousers. Or a house full of those nodding dogs, anyway I can't have a lock on my door is the short and short of it.

'Why not?' I asked Mum reasonably (catching her in one of the rare minutes when she's not at Italian evening class or at another party).

'Because you might have an accident and we couldn't get in,' she said.

'An accident like what?' I persisted.

'Well you might faint,' she said.

Then Dad joined in, 'You might set fire to your bed and be overcome with fumes.'

What is the matter with people? I know why they don't want me to have a lock on my door, it's because it would be a first sign of my path to adulthood and they can't bear the idea of that because it would mean they might have to get on with their own lives and leave me alone.

2.00 pm

Uncle Eddie has gone, thank the Lord. He actually asked me if I'd like to ride in the sidecar on his motorbike. Are all adults from Planet Xenon? What should I have said? 'Yes, certainly, Uncle Eddie, I would like to go in your pre-war sidecar and with a bit of luck all my friends will see me with some mad, bald bloke and that will be the end of my life. Thank you.'

4.00 pm

Jas came round. She said it took her ages to get out of her catsuit after the fancy dress party. I wasn't very interested but I asked her why out of politeness.

She said, 'Well, the boy behind the counter in the hire shop was really good-looking.'

'Yes, so?'

'Well, so I lied about my size — I got a size ten catsuit instead of twelve.'

She showed me the marks around her neck and waist; they are quite deep. I said, 'Your head looks a bit swollen up.'

'No, that's just Sunday.'

WISHING

From the published play ["The Ghosts of Detention"](#) by D. M. Larson

(PENNY is the school drama leading lady)

PENNY

Have you ever made a wish? I make them all the time. I watch for the first star each night... "Star light star bright, first star I see tonight... I wish I may, I wish I might, have the wish I wish tonight..." I always make the same wish, but I can't tell what it is. Then it might not come true. I really want it to. It would change my life. I go to wishing wells with lucky pennies... Those pennies you find that people have lost... Unlucky for them... Lucky for me... Then I toss them in the wishing well in front of the old museum. And I toss them in the fountain at the mall... Each time making my wish. Have you ever wanted anything that badly in your life? So badly that you can't imagine your future without it? I would be so sad if my life wasn't different... If things didn't change... If I was still stuck here... In this life. But I won't stop wishing... I can't... I don't want to be left with nothing... zero... give me some meaning... and make this suffering worthwhile.

Danny the Champion of the World by DAVID WOOD, adapted from the book by Roald Dahl. Danny, 9, is very close to his father, who runs a small garage. Danny's mother died a few years ago. Tonight, He has woken up to find his dad missing (later, we find out that he has been poaching pheasants). Here, Danny ponders the situation. SCENE Outside, sitting on the steps. TIME - The present.

Danny: I don't get it. What's Dad up to? Where's he been? He left me on my own. Why won't he talk about it? He's never done it before! Maybe he has, and I've never woken up before! No, he wouldn't. Would he? Not Dad. He's a great dad. Since Mum died he's had to look after me all on his own, cook the meals, do the washing. He's a great dad, he really is. He teaches me things. Like grasshoppers have their ears, guess where?...in the sides of their tummies. But crickets have ears in their legs! He takes me hunting for birds' nests. We found a skylark's once, on the ground in a field, with six tiny eggs, all brown and white. But you mustn't touch them or their mother might abandon them. We made a kite out of some sticks and an old blue shirt. It's got a proper tail and a long string and it flies brilliantly, as long as the wind doesn't drop. Dad's great at making things. Last birthday he built me an amazing car out of bike wheels and old soapboxes. I whizz really fast on it, shooting down the hill. He's a great dad. He smiles with his eyes. All twinkly. You know how some people smile at you with their mouths (He demonstrates.), but their eyes stay the same. That's not twinkly. Dad's twinkly. (Pause.) He wasn't so twinkly tonight, though. More like shifty....What's he up to?