

## **NSC SOLO COMPETITION**

### **ACTING LEVEL 3**

#### **Suggested Monologues**

*Feel free to choose one of the suggested monologues below, or any other monologue that is 60-90 seconds in length. If selecting your own choice, please make sure the content is appropriate.*

CHARLIE - You're a Good Man Charlie Brown

FIRE KID - 4 A.M: Fire Kid

HELENA - A Midsummer Night's Dream

HESTER WORSLEY - A Woman of No Importance

LUCY - Invisible Friends

NAKIA - Mirror of Most Value: A Ms. Marvel Play

ORLANDO DE BOIS - As You Like It

PUCK - A Midsummer Night's Dream

TEENAGER - Coming Home

# Charlie

## You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown

*based on The Comic Strip "Peanuts" by Charles M. Shultz  
with book, music, and lyrics by Clark M. Gesner*

***Charlie Brown is a loveable, kind boy with zero self-confidence. Here, he sees the "cute little red-headed girl" and wonders if she will notice him.***

There's that cute little red-headed girl eating her lunch over there. I wonder what she would do if I went over and asked her if I could sit and have lunch with her? She'd probably laugh right in my face... it's hard on a face when it gets laughed in. There's an empty place next to her on the bench. There's no reason why I couldn't just go over and sit there. All I have to do is stand up... I'm standing up! I'm sitting down. I'm a coward. I'm so much of a coward, she wouldn't even think of looking at me. She hardly ever does look at me. In fact, I can't remember her ever looking at me. Why shouldn't she look at me? Is there any reason in the world why she shouldn't look at me? Is she so great, and I'm so small, that she can't spare one little moment? SHE'S LOOKING AT ME!! SHE'S LOOKING AT ME!! (*He puts his lunch bag over his head.*) ...Lunchtime is among the worst times of the day for me. If that little red-headed girl is looking at me with this stupid bag over my head, she must think I'm the biggest fool alive. But, if she isn't looking at me, then maybe I could take it off quickly and she'd never notice it. On the other hand...I can't tell if she's looking, until I take it off! Then again, if I never take it off, I'll never have to know if she was looking or not. On the other hand...it's very hard to breathe in here. (*he removes his sack*) Whew! She's not looking at me! I wonder why she never looks at me? Oh well, another lunch hour over with... only 2,863 to go.

# Fire Kid

## 4 A.M.

by Jonathan Dorf

*Fire Kid is dressed for bed but awake at 4 A.M. and is staring out a window when they see a fire start in a car across the street. This monologue is a from a play by Jonathan Dorf about a group of teens that all awake at the magical hour of 4 A.M.*

I was awakened by a "boom" at 4 A.M. At first, I thought I just dreamt it, but then I see some lights seeming to dance against my wall when the blinds flutter from the fan. I look outside and it turns out a car is literally on fire across the street. The flames are shooting 15 to 20 feet in the air, with new little explosions – and more booms – that send the flames shooting higher each time it hits a new pocket of gasoline or something flammable. I swear I can feel the heat in my room. I call 911. I tell them what's happening and where, and then I hang up. That's it. I want to stay on the line. I want them to say, "Stay on the phone until help arrives," but it isn't my car. They don't even ask for my name. I'm just out. All of them having their private emergency, and I'm no longer a part of it.. Some tiny piece of me – just for a second – wishes I started it, because there would be police and reporters and... I could still be part of it. I don't really wish I'd started the fire. I'm not the kind of person who starts fires or even wants to start them, except when I was in fifth grade and I set an ant on fire with a magnifying glass... But don't they see? I'm not asking for a lot. Just a gesture. So maybe staying on the phone with me would tie up the line. Maybe some little kid's dad is having a heart attack, or a woman is giving birth on her kitchen floor or a motorcycle lost an argument with a 16-wheeler and someone at the scene needs to be talked through CPR. Of course I'm not as important as that. But maybe when the fire truck gets here – and the good thing about living 6 blocks from from a fire station is it takes two minutes for them to get here – maybe a little nod to my second floor window, maybe a "thanks, kid" under your breath... I'd feel a little included and maybe just a tiny bit less alone.

# Helena

## A Midsummer Night's Dream

by William Shakespeare

*In Act 1, Scene 1 conniving Helena laments her inability to woo Hermia's suitor Demetrius. Her desire for beauty, as if changing her appearance to match Hermia's will make her worthy of love.*

How happy some o'er other some can be!  
Through Athens I am thought of as fair as she.  
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;  
He will not know what all but he do know:  
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,  
So I, admiring of his qualities:  
Things base and vile, folding no quantity,  
Love can transpose to form and dignity:  
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;  
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:  
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgement taste;  
Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste:  
And therefore is Love said to be a child,  
Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.  
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,  
So the boy Love is perjured every where:  
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,  
He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine:  
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,  
So he dissolved, and showers of oaths did melt.  
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:  
Then to the wood will he to-morrow night  
Pursue her; and for this intelligence  
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense:  
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,  
To have his sight thither and back again.

*End.*

# Hester Worsley

## A Woman of No Importance

by Oscar Wilde

*Hester is an American in a room full of upper-class English ladies. She is quick to point out the faults and hypocrisies within the English upper-class, although she does not cross the line into becoming overly rude.*

We are trying to build up life, Lady Hunstanton, on a better, truer, purer basis than life rests on here. This sounds strange to you all, no doubt. How could it sound other than strange? You rich people in England, you don't know how you are living. How could you know? You shut out from your society the gentle and the good. You laugh at the simple and the pure. Living, as you all do, on others and by them, you sneer at self-sacrifice, and if you throw bread to the poor, it is merely to keep them quiet for a season. With all your pomp and wealth and art you don't know how to live—you don't even know that. You love the beauty that you can see and touch and handle, the beauty that you can destroy, and do destroy, but of the unseen beauty of life, of the unseen beauty of a higher life, you know nothing. You have lost life's secret. Oh, your English society seems to me shallow, selfish, foolish. It has blinded its eyes and stopped its ears. It lies like a leper in purple. It sits like a dead thing smeared with gold. It is all wrong, all wrong.

# Lucy

## Invisible Friends

by Alan Ayckbourn

*Lucy is an ordinary young teenager, absolutely fed up with her family who are too pre-occupied with their own lives to bother about her place in the school swimming team. In protest Lucy resorts to her childhood fantasy friend, Zara.*

This is my room. No one is allowed in here except for me. I'm a very tidy sort of person. Which is a bit extraordinary in this house. I think I must be a freak. I actually like to know where I have put my things. This is my bed. And this is my desk. And up there on the shelf are my special, most favorite books. Actually one of the reasons that I keep it tidy is because my very, very special friend, Zara, also likes things tidy. Oh yeah, I should explain to you about Zara, shouldn't I? You may have heard my mom talking about my invisible friend? Well, this is Zara. Zara, say hello to my friends. And won't you say hello to Zara, she did say hello to you. I invented Zara when I was seven or eight. Just for fun. I think I was ill at the time and wasn't allowed to play with any of my real friends, so I made up Zara. She's my special friend that no one else can see, except for me. Of course, I can't really see her either. Not really. Although sometimes I – it's almost as if I could see her, sometimes. If I concentrate very hard it's like I can just glimpse her out of the corner of my eye. Still... Anyway... I've kept Zara for years and years, it's been almost ten years now, actually. Until they all started saying I was much too old for that sort of thing and got worried and started talking about sending for a doctor. So then I didn't take her round with me quite so much after that. But she's still here. And when I feel really sad and depressed, I sit and talk to Zara. Zara always understands. Zara always listens.

# Nakia

## Mirror of Most Value: A Ms Marvel Play

*by Masi Asare*

*Nakia is speaking to her friend Kamala, providing support for Kamala, acknowledging the challenges of navigating school, culture, and growing up.*

Nice try. Don't act all surprised. I didn't know you had a thing for him! I mean, the two of you were always really close, until whatever fight you had last month. But I didn't put it together. It makes perfect sense. But listen to me, Kamala, you are a strong independent human, and you do not need a man. I know you've internalized all of these messages from society that say otherwise, but I'm here to tell you that you are beautiful just the way you are. And courageous and smart. You don't need some boy to tell you that! Let's just go out for ice cream after school, you and me. We can watch rom-coms if you want. I will hold back from pointing out the oppressive way that women are portrayed in those movies, the ridiculous idea of love at first sight, finding your soul mate just 'cause you spill coffee on him or trip over his dog's leash or lock eyes in a crowded room with perfect lighting. I mean, seriously, how idiotic— I won't mention any of that. I'll watch and suffer in silence, if that makes you feel better. Really. 'Cause that's what friends do. I'm here for you.

# Orlando de Bois

## As You Like It

by William Shakespeare

*In Act 1, Scene 1 Orlando reflects on his lack of fortune or prosperous future while confiding in his servant Adam, blending sincerity with sadness at his older brother's behavior following their father's death.*

As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion  
bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns,  
and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his  
blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my  
sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and  
report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part,  
he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more  
properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you  
that keeping for a gentleman of my borth, that  
differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses  
are bred better; for, besides that they are fair  
with their feeding, they are taught their manage,  
and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his  
brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the  
which his animals on his dunghills are as much  
bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so  
plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave  
me his countenance seems to take from me: he lets  
me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a  
brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my  
gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that  
grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I  
think is within me, begins to mutiny against this  
servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I  
know nowise remedy how to avoid it.

# Puck

## A Midsummer Night's Dream

by William Shakespeare

*At the play's end, Puck directly addresses the audience. He's asking for forgiveness for the magical chaos they have just experienced.*

If we shadows have offended,  
Think but this, and all is mended,  
That you have but slumber'd here  
While these visions did appear.  
And this weak and idle theme,  
No more yielding but a dream,  
Gentles, do not reprehend:  
if you pardon, we will mend:  
And, as I am an honest Puck,  
If we have unearned luck  
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,  
We will make amends ere long;  
Else the Puck a liar call;  
So, good night unto you all.  
Give me your hands, if we be friends,  
And Robin shall restore amends.

# Teenager

## Coming Home

*monologue by Kyle Higgins*

*An older teenager/young adult gives their testimony.*

*(They glance around, a little nervous but smile warmly, addressing the audience.)* I've been wrestling with this for a while. Talking about my faith, about Him, it's not something I've been good at lately. Not like when I was younger. Back then, I was the kid who always knew scriptures by heart, whole chapters! People would see me at Bible Bowl and shake in their boots. I prayed and listened for him constantly, I would even go right up to strangers on the street and tell them about Jesus. I thought, "Yeah, me and God? We're tight." *(They laugh to themselves.)*

But... some things change. Or at least, I did. I stopped praying, stopped listening, even stopped believing for a while. It's not that I wanted to—at least, I don't think I did—but as I got older the world got louder, busier. Life was more complicated. There were days when I'd catch myself and think, "Do I even know God anymore?" It wasn't that I stopped believing He existed, but more like... I stopped believing He cared. *(They pause, reflecting for a moment.)*

I know some of you have been there, too. Maybe you're sitting here right now, thinking, "Yeah, I get that." Because life gets heavy, right? School, friends, family... the world. It all starts pressing down, and you wonder, "Why isn't God helping? Where is He?" I thought that. A lot. So, I stopped trying. I told myself, "It's fine. I can figure this out on my own." And for a while, I believed that. *(Beat)*

But here's the thing—I wasn't okay. I wasn't fine. I was lost. And it wasn't just about the tough stuff in life; it was me. I felt like I had wandered so far off the path that I couldn't find my way back. And the worst part? I thought God didn't want me back. Like, I'd messed up so much, distanced myself so far, that He was just...done. *(Beat)*

But then something happened. I was sitting alone, just, you know, thinking. And for the first time in a long time, I prayed. Not because I felt strong or faithful, but because I had nothing else. I said, "God, if You're still there...please, just show me. Show me that You haven't left me."

And right then—right in that moment—I felt it. Not in some big, dramatic way. There were no fireworks or voices from the sky. But there was a warmth, a

peace. I can't really explain it, but it was like a hand on my shoulder, just, steadyng me. (*They touch their shoulder lightly as they speak, making it real.*) It was like He was saying, "I never left. You just stopped looking." (*Beat*)

That's when I realized something. I'd been running, hiding, thinking I was too far gone. But God? He wasn't chasing me down in anger or frustration. He was waiting. Right where I left Him. And all I had to do was turn around. (*Beat*)

So yeah, this is me, coming home. And you can come home, too. It doesn't matter how long it's been or how far you've wandered. He's not keeping track. He's just waiting with open arms, ready to say, "Welcome back. I've missed you."

And I promise you, there's nothing like being home.