

FEMALE MONOLOGUES

C O M E D I C

Small Talk

COMEDIC

Angie is a short girl with a big crush on Danny, a basketball player at school. She decided to go watch his game in the hope that he'd ask her out. After the game, and totally humiliated, she goes to her friend Trisha's house.

Angie: Oh my God! Trisha, I'm so embarrassed! I went to Danny's basketball game today. I thought if he saw me there, he'd know how much I like him and he'd ask me out. He was definitely the cutest one on the team. Well, they won, so I ran to congratulate him. But all the guys on the team were crowding around and he didn't see me. So finally, I whistled real loud, and everyone stopped and looked down at me. I turned bright red! But Danny smiled, picked me up and twirled me around in a big hug! I was so excited!! Then one of the guys goes, "Hi there. You must be Danny's little sister." I thought I would die! I'm only two years younger than him — so what if I'm two feet shorter. Then this tall, blonde girl walked up to Danny and kissed him! Kissed him!! She wouldn't even be so tall if you didn't count her hair. I wanted to kick her, but I ran out instead. From now on, I'm going to watch the boys' Gymnastics Team. At least I could kiss one of them if I stood on my toes.

Award winner: Comedy Monologue Competition, International Modeling & Talent Association, Los Angeles 1999 Convention.

The Horrors of Holidays

COMEDIC

It is the day after Thanksgiving. Kara's friend asks her how her holiday was.

Kara: How was it? It was awful! I hate Thanksgiving. It's like one of those holidays designed to make people miserable. My brother wouldn't shut up about all this dumb football stuff. And my little sister started crying cause she wanted pizza. Pizza! Actually, I can't blame her. I mean, who invented the Jell-O mold anyway? It would be okay if it was just cranberry. But no, it's like this law that you have to put all kinds of disgusting fruit bits in it. Meanwhile, my aunt kept asking, "Soooo, do you have a boyfriend yet?" Like I'd tell her, even if I did. And my mom was running around, refusing to sit and eat. I think she must have always dreamed of being a waitress. Then my grandma announces she's suffering from gas. Who's she kidding? We were the ones suffering! Everyone pigged out and then lied around watching TV and feeling sick. So I figure, the reason we're giving thanks is that we only have to do this once a year!

Award winner: Comedy Monologue Competition, International Modeling & Talent Association, Los Angeles 2000 Convention.

A License to Date

COMEDIC

Jordan has asked April to go out with him to the movies. She is so excited. The only problem is that they need a ride. Here, she tries desperately to get her sister to agree to drive them.

April: Guess what?! Jordan asked me out! *(She squeals.)* I'm so psyched! We're gonna go to the movies tomorrow. There's just one thing. His brother can't drive us cause he has a date. So, I was wondering... *(Beat.)* Oh, c'mon Linda! I've been waiting for Jordan to ask me out for like my whole life. *(Beat.)* Okay, so three weeks — but it feels like my whole life! All we need is a ride. *(She lifts her hands like paws and pants like a dog. Beat.)* Oh, I already did. Mom can't take us cause she has her Pottery & Emotions class. Please? I'll do your chores tomorrow? *(Beat.)* All week?! What do I look like, Cinderella? Then I guess that makes you my ugly step-sister. Kidding — I'm kidding! Okay, I'll do it. But promise me you won't tell Jordan how much I like him. *(Beat.)* Well, if you do, I'll tell Mom you broke her Happiness frog.

The Perfect Guy

COMEDIC

Christine is at a dance, determined to meet the boy of her dreams. Suddenly, she is approached by a less-than-perfect guy.

Christine: I'm sorry but that seat is taken. I'm saving it for someone. He's the cutest, funniest, richest, coolest guy in the world and he's totally in love with me. *(Beat.)* No, it's not my boyfriend. You see, I don't know him yet. That's why I'm here at this dance. To meet him. To find him. Get it? *(Beat.)* How do I know it's not you? Well...I just know. Trust me. It's a girl thing. No offense, but I'm talking about my ultimate dream guy here. He has to have all of these really important, specific qualities. *(Beat.)* You have your own car? Wanna sit down and talk?

Dancing On Eggshells

COMEDIC

Alicia has been getting ready for the big dance. Earlier, her friend suggested washing her hair with eggs so it would be extra healthy and shiny. Her friend shows up, ready to go to the dance. Alicia is clearly upset, and her hair is sticking out all over the place.

Alicia: What's wrong? You're what's wrong! I can't go to the dance now. Look at my hair! You and your big ideas! "Put eggs in your hair. It'll make it all shiny and smooth." Right. I went to wash them out and they fried on my hair! *(Beat.)* It's not funny! You never told me I had to rinse with *cold* water! I tried scrubbing it out and it turned into scrambled eggs, stuck in clumps all over my head! It took two hours to get most of it out, and I still smell like an omelet. What am I supposed to do — wear toast for earrings and make it a theme?! Everything's ruined. There's no way I'm going to the dance with my hair sticking out like this. *(Beat.)* Okay, okay. Fine. Try to put it up. Go ahead. Make me a big, old sticky bun.

Award winner: Comedy Monologue Competition, International Modeling & Talent Association, New York 1999 & Los Angeles 2000 Conventions.

Barking Up Dates

COMEDIC

Sheri has a big crush on a guy from school. She went to a party where she knew she'd see him. It's the next day, and her friend is dying to know what happened.

Sheri: You should have seen me. It was great! As soon as I got to the party, I walked over and started talking to him. And I'm being real sweet and kinda shy, but still flirty at the same time, ya know? Well, I notice he keeps staring at my dress. Suddenly, I got all paranoid that the buttons had popped off and my bra was hanging out or something. So I fake a sneeze and peek down, and thank God, everything's where it should be. But he keeps on looking at it. So I say, "You like my dress, huh?" And he says, "It reminds me of my grandmother's tablecloth." I almost died! And it gets worse. Right then Kelly Johnson struts by and he winks at her and makes a motion like "call me." I lost it. I totally went off on him. I said, "You are rude and pathetic and it's no wonder you don't have a girlfriend! I wouldn't go out with you if you were the last breathing soul on earth!" And ya know what? It worked! We have a date Friday night!

Irresistible

COMEDIC

A friend has just asked for advice on how to get a guy to fall for her. More experienced, Samantha eagerly shares her secrets.

Samantha: It's not very difficult. If you really want a guy to find you irresistible, here's what ya gotta do. First of all, always send him the signal that you're interested. Guys are so afraid of rejection, you gotta help build their confidence. Whenever you see him walking by, give him the look. *(Beat.)* Yeah, the look that says, "I want you." It's all in the eyes. Like this. *(She demonstrates.)* Unless he's blind, there's no way he's gonna miss that message. Next, you have to get the walk down. Sexy, like you know you're the bomb. Watch, it's like the motion of the ocean. C'mon, try it. Like the motion of the ocean. Good! And here's a special secret. When you talk to him, stare at his mouth a lot. Go on, pretend I'm him. *(Beat.)* Don't stare like I've got food stuck in my teeth! Stare at it like you want him to kiss you. You'll drive him crazy, trust me. So who's this cute guy you're after? *(Beat.)* Brandon?! Act like that around him, and I'll kill you!

Award winner: Comedy Monologue Competition, International Modeling & Talent Association, Los Angeles 2000 Convention.

Crawling to Paradise

COMEDIC

Tracy has had a major crush on Robby for "a long time." Tracy's best friend has just announced that Robby asked her to the dance.

Tracy: Whoa. Hold it. Stop right there. I know you didn't say what I thought you just said. Robby asked you to the dance? Robby? As in *my* Robby? As in, Robby who I've been in love with since I could crawl? How can you do this to me? You're supposed to be my best friend! You know I have plans to marry him. *(Beat.)* So what if he doesn't even notice I'm alive — that's not the point. The point is you back-stabbed me. You are unbelievable! You can't even — what? David wants to go with me? David, as in, tall, blue-eyed, major babe David? Get out! Really? How cool! We can double date! Oh my God, can you imagine?! *(Beat.)* Of course I'm not mad at you. You're my best friend! You and Robby are meant to be. Really, you are. Besides, I've been in love with David since I could crawl.

Award winner: Comedy Monologue Competition, International Modeling & Talent Association, Los Angeles 1999 & 2000 Conventions.

The Gravity of Graduating

COMEDIC

Cindy's friend is upset because she spilled Hawaiian Punch on her dress at school. Cindy is not very sympathetic because her day was even more disastrous.

Cindy: That is nothing. My Physics exam was today. I had my alarm and the coffee pot set to go off at five. I had to cram. But when I woke up, it was seven o'clock! You should have seen me. I was brushing my teeth with one hand, putting on mascara with the other, and reading my Physics book with my free eye. I ran out the door with only one shoe on. I'm hobbling to school, eating my Poptart, memorizing, "Power equals Energy over Time, Power equals Energy over Time." My energy is way up, I'm on time, I have the power to do this! I plop down in the chair. I look down and the test booklet says, "The U.S. Constitution!" I studied for the wrong test! The wrong test! So I'm sorry you spilled Hawaiian Punch on your dress, but I'm about to fail the 11th grade!

There's Gotta Be a Better Way

COMEDIC

Faith works at McDonald's. She is having the day from hell. To make matters worse, she has been pestered twice by the same customer. When the customer complains for the third time, Faith loses it.

Faith: Ma'am, I replaced the first burger free cause it "didn't taste right" to you. And the second burger cause you said it wasn't cooked enough. Now you're telling me that this burger is burnt?! You have got to be kidding me. Where do you think you are? This is McDonald's! We ain't serving no sirloin steak! \$5.25 an hour and I gotta put up with the likes of you. I'll tell you what. Why don't you come back here, take my greasy apron and my stupid, ugly hat, and stand back here in 128 degree temperature and cook your own burger till you're satisfied. Oh, and hey, don't forget you gotta smile nice for all the customers while you're sweating to death and the French Fry boys are whispering perverted jokes!! No? Doesn't sound like a good old time to you? Well then, I highly suggest you take that burger back to your little table, eat it, and think about how lucky you are that I didn't smush an apple pie in your face. Have I made myself clear? Thank you. Have a nice day.

Award winner: Comedy Monologue Competition, International Modeling & Talent Association, New York 1998, Los Angeles 1999, New York 1999, & Los Angeles 2000 Conventions.

Baby Mine

COMEDIC

Monica recently spent her college money on an operation to have her ears pinned back. Her older brother (or good friend.), Joey, is upset with her and can't understand why she'd do something so stupid. Here, Monica tries to justify what she's done.

Monica: Okay. Remember Dumbo? Cute little elephant, sweet as can be, right? HUGE EARS! And what did they call him? Dumbo! (Beat.) I know he flew at the end and became a star, but that's just the Disney-happy-ending-thing. Big ears are not attractive, Joey. Think about it. When was the last time you thought, "Man, I'd love to date a girl with nice legs, and ears that stick out to Timbuktu?!" Admit it — you never have. No one has — unless they've got some weird ear fetish or something. So I got my ears pinned back. Big deal. I know that money was supposed to be for college, but think how much I'll learn, since now, I can hear people talking for miles behind me!

Award winner: Comedy Monologue Competition, International Modeling & Talent Association, New York 1998 Convention.

Psyched Out

COMEDIC

Kama's boyfriend has just told her that he wants to break up. Kama uses her psychology to try to change his mind.

Kama: No, you're wrong. You don't really want to break up with me, you just *think* you do. Trust me. I've been psychologically in tune since birth. What's really going on is that somewhere deep inside of you, you feel you're unworthy of being loved. I bet that has to do with your mother. Anyway, when someone like me gets close to you, cares about you, it pushes that button. You think I'm going to hurt you and your impulse is to run away. But what you really want is to scream, "I want you to love me for who I am! Accept me with all of my faults and insecurities!" That's your problem. You're afraid of rejection. (Beat.) Hey, wait! Where are you going?

Award winner: Comedy Monologue Competition, International Modeling & Talent Association, Los Angeles 1999 Convention.

Daylight Savings

COMEDIC

Gillian hasn't had any luck finding a job. Her friend puts in a good word, and her boss agrees to hire Gillian. Gillian has just found out the good news.

Gillian: You rock! You are the coolest! No, you are beyond cool. You are like mucho, excellent, get-down-and-kiss-your-boots cool. I can't believe you got me the job! I can't believe it! You are so amazing. Man! So when do I start? *(Beat.)* Tomorrow? Yes, yes, kickin'! You, I love. What time do I have to be there? *(Beat.)* 7:30? Like 7:30 A.M.? Like, in the morning 7:30? Are you crazy?! I never see that hour unless I'm coming home from a party. You expect me to be awake after that? Oh my God. What have you done?! I can't do this job! You're gonna have to tell them no. Yes, you. I mean, it's your fault. You're the one who suckered me into this job. You're the one who said, "Sure, she'd love to do it." I never agreed to that. Man. And I actually thought you were my friend.

It's a Living

COMEDIC

On the way to her friend's house, Cori has a bizarre encounter with a very strange man. She has just arrived at her friend's house.

Cori: You won't believe what just happened to me! I'm getting off the El and this guy comes up to me and says, "Hi there. You got a minute?" I say, "Sorry, I don't have any money," and I start to walk away. He scurries up beside me and goes, "Wait! I don't need any money. Actually I'm on my way to Crobar. It's fetish night." I pick up my pace. Then he runs in front of me, blocking my path and says, "Look, I don't mean to bug you and I'm not going to hurt you. It's just that I couldn't help but notice your beautiful feet in those sandals. I'll give you ten dollars if you let me smell them for just thirty seconds." You should have seen his face! The guy was dead serious! *(Beat.)* Of course I didn't! Are you kidding? *(Beat.)* I made him give me twenty.

Commission Mission

COMEDIC

Cheryl was shopping in the mall when she was approached by a commission-hungry salesgirl who was getting on her nerves. Cheryl decided to annoy the salesgirl in return. But now she needs her friend, Ann, to fix the situation.

Cheryl: I'm in the mall and I go into Merry-Go-Round, just to check out what new clothes they got in, right? Well, as soon as I walk in the store, this girl with huge hair and way too much make-up on rushes up to me and says, "Can I help you?" I say, "No thanks. I'm just looking." So she says, "Well, if you need anything, just holler." Obviously, somebody works on commission. I'm looking around and she keeps watching me and smiling like she's my new best friend. I was so annoyed. I wanted to choke her with her hair. But I refrained. I pick out five of the most expensive items in the store and bring them to the counter. The total comes to \$815, and the cashier asks, "Did anyone help you today?" I say, "Yeah," and point to some guy who's goofing off in the corner. You should have seen Miss Smiley Face! It was great! But Ann, you've got to return everything for me. I mean, what am I going to do with five prom dresses?!

Ring of Lies

COMEDIC

Carol's friend Kate is a mess because her boyfriend just broke up with her. Carol tries to comfort Kate and cheer her up.

Carol: What a jerk! I can't believe he just dumped you like that after three years! Oh Kate, I'm so sorry. I know how much you love him. But you can do so much better. He doesn't deserve to be with you. Hey, come on now. Things could always be worse. He could have cheated on you. *(Beat.)* He didn't?! What a scumbag! Well, he could have asked for the ring back. *(Beat.)* That cheap son of a bitch. Oh, don't cry, don't cry — I'm thinking. Hey, at least you're not pregnant! *(Beat.)* Oh, no.

Dodging the Shadow

COMEDIC

Tessa is fed up with and jealous of her friend who always has to outshine her. Tessa finally confronts her, knowing her friend can't possibly top her this time.

Tessa: You do too! Every time I tell you some good news about something I did or something that happened to me, you always have to try to top me. Like the time David finally asked me out. You responded with how Mark wooed you to dinner with roses. Oh, and when I told you I lost five pounds, remember? You made me watch you weigh yourself, just to prove to me that you lost eight. Well you won't outshine me this time. Because I just got cast as Lady Macduff in Macbeth! What are you gonna say now? That you got Lady *Macbeth*? (Beat.) You got Lady Macbeth?! I hate you. I really, really hate you.

Critical Opinions

COMEDIC

Nicole is very insecure about her looks — especially her weight. She is getting ready for a party and asks her boyfriend how her outfit looks.

Nicole: Okay, how does this look? (Beat.) Are you sure? I mean, they said to dress casual, so I thought, this is pretty casual. You don't think it's too casual, do you? (Beat.) Good. Is it too dressy? (Beat.) Okay. Do I look fat? (Beat.) Oh my God, Jeff! (Beat.) No you didn't say "no," you said, "Uh, no." Uh is a pretty loaded word! It means, "Yes, you look like a bloated pig, only I better not tell you that!" Why didn't you just say, "Nicole, you ought to lie down on a silver platter with an apple shoved in your mouth?!" Ya know what? Forget it — I'm not going. I don't need people trying to pop me with toothpicks! (Beat.) Liar. (Beat.) Really? Are you sure? I mean, really, really, absolutely, positively, no-doubt-in-your-mind that I don't look fat? (Beat.) Okay. Jeff? Does my hair look all right?

Networking

COMEDIC

Barbara's auditions have not been going very well. Before auditioning for another agent, Barbara consults her friend Kim, who tells her to be more assertive. After the audition, Barbara returns to tell Kim how it went.

Barbara: Yes, I did take your advice. I was much more assertive with this agent. I initiated the handshake, I maintained eye contact, I even spoke of my accomplishments more boldly. I did a monologue and read two commercials — and I was centered, focused, emotionally connected. Afterwards, she sat me down and told me that I was very talented, had a beautiful face, and she thought she could get me a lot of work. Then she added, "Get anorexic." Anorexic! Not drop 10 pounds, not tone-up! Get anorexic! Do you realize anorexia is a life-threatening disease?! So I said, "And why don't you call me when you've got cancer." And I gathered my things and walked out. *(Beat.)* You know, Kim, I really don't think assertiveness is my problem.

Award winner: Comedy Monologue Competition, International Modeling & Talent Association, Los Angeles 1999 & New York 1999 Conventions.

Busting Out

COMEDIC

A friend is jealous of Andrea's big boobs. Here, Andrea lets her in on the downside of having a large chest.

Andrea: Okay. I admit there are some advantages to having boobs as big as mine. When I walk into a room, all male heads turn, and eyes lower about a foot. Plus they make a great storage area. Do you know that I can hold the TV Guide under one boob and the remote under the other? It's true. But there are lots of things you're not considering. You get to wear pretty, lacy bras. I have to buy mine at "Steel Cages Are Us." And at least you can do aerobics. The last time I jumped rope, my bra strap snapped in half and I had an odd-shaped black and blue mark on my cheek for days! Oh, and gravity is fun. The last guy I fooled around with couldn't wait to get my bra off. Then when he did, he was groping around in the dark trying to find them until I finally blurted out, "They're under my armpits, okay?!" Never saw him again. So stop feeling depressed, and thank God that when you take your bra off, you don't have to worry about stepping on your nipples!

Award winner: Comedy Monologue Competition, International Modeling & Talent Association, Los Angeles 2000 Convention.

The Gift

COMEDIC

Chrissy found a woman's Amoco credit card inside the door to her own gas tank. She has been using it to pay for her gas. Chrissy finally tells her best friend about it. Her friend is worried and cannot believe what Chrissy has been doing. Here, Chrissy tries to justify her actions.

Chrissy: What? It's not like I stole it. There I was parked at the Amoco gas pump with the last three dollars to my name. And I open the little door to the gas tank, and **boom** there it was. Tucked right in. Don't you see? The gas card was meant for me to have — maybe from some higher power — because I'm totally broke, and God wanted to help. It was a gift. You don't refuse gifts from God. That's rude. Worse you could be damned to hell. Besides, it's not like gas is something you own or wear. You just put it in your car and it goes. You shouldn't have to pay for that. Ya know, you're not going to make me feel guilty, Mary. The woman isn't going to have to pay for it. It's Amoco! They have money! And didn't they kill some animals in some oil spill once? This is like their payback. Anyway, it's over. The machine sucked it up. And I really don't think there's anything to worry about. *(Beat.)* Do you?

Breeding Ground

COMEDIC

Vicky has come to a community counseling center to see a therapist. It is not an upscale facility. She checks in with the receptionist, who tells her to have a seat. Vicky has a problem with that.

Vicky: Excuse me. I know you told me to have a seat, but did you notice that all of the chairs in this room are fabric? Not vinyl — fabric. Don't you realize that fabric chairs are not sanitary? There could be lice or crabs or God knows what else crawling around in those cushions! You could at least offer me some Saran wrap. And what's more, they stink! Can't you smell that foul odor wafting this way? It's disgusting! Don't your patients bathe? Hang a sign, "Have you showered today? If not — go home!" Look, I am here to see a therapist. To talk about my issues. And believe me, I have issues. But meanwhile, *meanwhile*, you are subjecting me to worse emotional trauma over this God-forsaken pit of a waiting room! Now, what are you going to do about it? *(Beat.)* Okay, I'm sitting, I'm sitting! *(She slowly sits down, looking grossed out, then pinches her nose.)* This is criminal.

Award winner: Comedy Monologue Competition, International Modeling & Talent Association, New York 1999 Convention.

Have You Gone Mad?

COMEDIC

Tanya's roommate (or friend) asks her to go to the grocery to get some Tide. Tanya returns empty-handed after having a strange and irritating experience. Her roommate/friend is upset that Tanya didn't get her the Tide. Tanya sets her straight.

Tanya: Ohhhh, no. Don't even go there. You have no idea what I have just been through. I'm in the grocery store looking for *your* laundry detergent and — big sign — Tide's on sale. Cool. But I'm looking and the shelf is like empty. Then I spot one last bottle. Well, I'm about to take it and this woman comes barreling down the aisle and snatches it up right under my nose. Man, was I pissed. So I go up behind her, grab it out of her greedy, little hands, and say, "Excuse me, but that's my Tide." Well she starts chasing me up and down the aisles as if I kidnapped her son! Finally, I stop and say, "Lady, what is your problem?" Well, she starts crying and carrying on — like she's going for an Oscar. So, just to shut her up, I say, "Here. Take the damn thing." So don't even give me that, "You forgot my Tide." From now on — get your own groceries!

Award winner: Comedy Monologue Competition, International Modeling & Talent Association, New York 1998 Convention.

Going For Broke

COMEDIC

Jeanine and her roommate have just returned from shopping. Her roommate thinks Jeanine spent far too much money that she doesn't have. She refers to Jeanine as the "privileged poor." Jeanine does not take this comment lightly.

Jeanine: The privileged poor?! Who are you talking about? I grew up in Cherry Hill — JAPVILLE, USA — home of the Mercedes. My father's vice president of Mobil Oil. I am not poor! I refuse. Besides, I don't know what you're worrying about. I didn't buy anything that we didn't put on our list in the first place. Look. We got the lamp, we got the matching towels for the bathroom — on sale — the shower curtain, and the futon. Aside from the diamond ring, I didn't buy a thing that wasn't on the list. And that's only 16 payments of \$69.00 dollars a month. With no interest. Big deal. That's nothing. That's a third of my cell phone bill. And don't start on that. I need that for emergencies. What does that saying mean anyway—privileged poor? Isn't that an oxymoron? Or is that just what you're being? *(Beat.)* Hey, where are you going? *(Beat.)* You can't go shopping, we're broke. *(Beat.)* I said broke, not poor. There's a difference.

The Homecoming Queen

COMEDIC

Liz has not been having much luck with men, no matter how hard she tries. Here, she runs into an old friend from school.

Liz: Hillary? Hillary Bloomberg? I thought that was you! It's Liz — Simmons, remember? Yes! Wow, look at you! You look great! I mean, you really look great. How come you look so great? I eat like a bird, work-out four times a week, get facials regularly, and look at you. What's your secret? *(Beat.)* Engaged? Really? Congratulations. I bet he's a wonderful guy too, huh? How about that? You meet a man and feel happy, so now you look great. I'm trying to look great, so I can meet a man and feel happy. Isn't life funny? Yeah. Well, I gotta run, but tell Prince Charming, if he happens to know any frogs, send 'em my way. Tadpoles even. I'm really not that picky.

Bite-wings For Breakfast

COMEDIC

Sharon got into a fight with her boyfriend last night. Today at work, as a dental assistant, she discovered a new way to work out her anger. It is after work, and she is talking to her boyfriend.

Sharon: I've forgiven you. I mean it. I am completely over everything. I was working today and Susan, the other dental assistant, called in sick. It was like destiny smiling at me. What I mean is, I got to work with every single patient today! Do you know there is nothing more satisfying than yanking out people's teeth? I kept picturing each patient was you, and I was pulling, twisting, ripping out teeth left and right! The more they bled, the happier I felt! Then I started using the suction — sucking up people's tongues — making them twitch and jump! It was great! *I was in control.* I know they couldn't really feel anything. But the *thought* that I could be hurting them — inflicting severe, unbearable pain — was almost...orgasmic! So honey, I'm not mad at you anymore. Oh, and guess what? Dr. Greene said we could squeeze you in tomorrow. Isn't that great?!

Award winner: Comedy Monologue Competition, International Modeling & Talent Association, Los Angeles 1999 Convention.

The Hypochondriac

COMEDIC

Marlene's best friend is a hypochondriac and she's driving Marlene crazy with her latest fear.

Marlene: So you have a bump. It's an itsy, bitsy, teeny, little bump. Enough with the bump! You know, you're going to turn into an old lady if you keep this up. First with the shooting arthritis, then the case of the ingrown hair, now it's the infamous bump! You are driving both of us crazy! Let it go. Your hand is normal. Trust me. Look, my hand looks exactly... Oh my God, I have a bump too! You bumped me! Get the medical book. Hurry up, it could be spreading!

Award winner: Comedy Monologue Competition, International Modeling & Talent Association, Los Angeles 1999 & New York 1999 Conventions.

Midnight Parking

COMEDIC

Paula has been driving around her block looking for a parking spot for over an hour. Finally, she sees someone pulling out and turns on her blinker. Before she can park, a woman quickly backs her car into Paula's spot. Paula is livid.

Paula: Excuse me Ma'am, but I was here first. Waiting for that parking spot. See my car, right there, in the middle of the street? Notice how the left blinker is flashing? That means I was going to turn. Into this spot! And I would be parked right now if you hadn't come screeching backwards like a mad woman. *(Beat.)* Don't speak, just listen. I have been driving up and down these streets for over an hour. I am irritated. I am exhausted. I would like to go home and sleep. Look up there. See that apartment on the second floor? The one with all the lights out? Do you know why it's all dark? Because I am not in it! Stop! Don't even think of walking away. If you take so much as one more step I'm going to get back in my car, put it in reverse, and slam it into yours! Do you understand? *(Beat.)* Thank you. You're an angel.

Award winner: Comedy Monologue Competition, International Modeling & Talent Association, Los Angeles 2000 Convention.

Chocolate Sanity

COMEDIC

Joan is in a restaurant. She has PMS. She is having a major chocolate craving and just ordered dessert. The waiter brings her carrot cake by mistake. She is not happy, to say the least.

Joan: What is this? Carrot cake? I ordered the chocolate passion kiss. *(Beat.)* You most certainly did not because I never *distinctly* said anything involving carrots for you to *distinctly* hear. This is dessert! Who wants vegetables in it?! I want what I ordered and I told you what I ordered and that's what I want and I want it now. I want my chocolate kassion piss! — Stop laughing. You are a complete idiot of a waiter. Listen carefully. There are three letters that can bring you unbearable suffering. We're talking way beyond IRS, baby, and much more dangerous than STD. Those three little letters are PMS! *(Beat.)* On the house? *(Touched.)* I...I don't know what to say. *(Fighting tears.)* You have got to be the sweetest man I've ever met in my entire life. I'm sorry, I'm just...are you single?

Award winner: Comedy Monologue Competition, International Modeling & Talent Association, Los Angeles 2000 Convention.