

YES THEATRE
MONOLOGUE SUGGESTIONS FOR YOUTH
2026 GENERAL AUDITIONS

The monologues below cover a wide range of styles, ages, and genders. Some monologues are comedic while others are dramatic, some are geared toward older performers, and most can be performed by any gender of actor. Choose a monologue that can showcase your acting and storytelling skills best. Have fun preparing for your audition!

COMEDIC MONOLOGUES

Bye Bye Birdie

By Michael Stewart

Ursula: Kim MacAfee, what do you mean you're resigning from the Fan Club! I mean just because Hugo Peabody gave you his pin doesn't mean you have to retire from all social life! Going steady is very important but there are some things more important than very important and the Conrad Birdie Fan Club is one of them. I mean, after all, where else can we girls gather together to worship that wonderful creature? I mean, do you realize what you'd be giving up, Kim? You're giving up the scream? You mean when Conrad Birdie sings, on television, you're not going to go "AAAAAA!"...Oh, Kim!

Feiffer's People

By Jules Feiffer

Bernard: My trouble is, I'm named Bernard. Who made up my name? Did I make it my name? I don't feel like a Bernard. I had hostile parents, and they named me Bernard. Is that my fault? OK, Bernard is fine for other people, but all my life, when I was out on the street and people called me Bernard, I thought they were speaking to someone else. I just can't identify with the name. Inside I'm all different from a "Bernard." If you knew me on the inside, you wouldn't recognize me from knowing me on the outside. You should see me when I'm by myself. The me on the inside begins to flower and come alive! And then somebody comes along and says "Bernard" and it remembers who I am and gets crushed. I know I would be different if people would only call me by my outside name- "Spike".

The Foreigner

By Larry Shue Ellard

Simms: Don't tell me you've never seen a knife. Knife. That's a knife. Use it to cut things. Cut things. (Mimes.) Like – ham. If we had some ham. Or bacon or sump'm. I can't believe you don't –... (Looks around for help. There is none.) Or butter. If we had some butter, you could use it to spread it on ... You don't really need it. No, you don't need it. (Demonstrating.) Put it down. Bad. (Charlie now holds a spoon.) Yeah, now that's your spoon. Use that to put sugar in your coffee, if you had some sugar, here. And you had some coffee – shoot. I don't really know why we got

all these things. But your fork – man, I wish somebody else'd help you with this 'cause I don't know anything, but – I think that your fork – your fork'd be the main thing you'd use. 'Cause you got your eggs, and you got your grits. Y'see? Eat 'em with a fork, just like we been doin'. Can – you – say – “fork”? “Faw-werk”? “Faw-werk.” Two parts. “Faw-werk.”...Right. Put 'em together. “Faw-werk”...Good! That was great!

Hello, Dolly!

By Michael Stewart

Cornelius: Isn't the world full of wonderful things? There I sat cooped up in Yonkers for years and years and all the time wonderful people like Mrs. Molloy were walking around in New York and I didn't know them at all! I don't know whether you can all see from where you're sitting...well for instance the way her eye and forehead and cheek come together up here. Can you? I tell you right now a fine woman is the greatest work of God on Earth! You can talk all you like about Niagara Falls and the Pyramids, they aren't in it at all. Of course I've seen women before but today I talked to one equal to equal, and they're different from men! And they're awfully mysterious, too. I bet you could know a woman a hundred years without ever being really sure whether she liked you or not. Today I've lost so many things. My job, my future, everything that people think is important, but I don't care! Even if I have to dig ditches for the rest of my life, I'll be a ditch digger who once had a wonderful day.

The Importance of Being Earnest

By Oscar Wilde

Gwendolen: Oh! It is strange he never mentioned to me that he had a ward. How secretive of him! He grows more interesting hourly. I am not sure, however, that the news inspires me with feelings of unmixed delight. I am very fond of you, Cecily; I have liked you ever since I met you! But I am bound to state that now that I know that you are Mr. Worthing's ward, I cannot help expressing a wish you were – well, just a little older than you seem to be – and not quite so very alluring in appearance. In fact, if I may speak candidly...Well, to speak with perfect candour, Cecily, I wish that you were fully forty-two, and more than usually plain for your age. Ernest has a strong upright nature. He is the very soul of truth and honour. Disloyalty would be as impossible to him as deception. But even men of the noblest possible moral character are extremely susceptible to the influence of the physical charms of others. Modern, no less than Ancient History, supplies us with many most painful examples of what I refer to. If it were not so, indeed, History would be quite unreadable.

The Rehearsal

By Don Zolidis

Morgan: Hi, everyone! You know me! I'm Morgan Hill, and I'll be playing the part of Miss Sarah Brown, which is the second most fun part in the play, next to the other lead, Adelaide. I don't

mind, though, because I really like wearing starchy costumes and having my hair in a bun. And also awesome! I get to kiss Barry in this show, which I've really been looking forward to for a while because that's totally what I thought I'd be doing with my life at this point! Not that I'm bitter! I'm not bitter! I love my part! I love singing really high and showing no emotion on stage! How much fun is it to work for the Salvation Army and ring that bell! Much more fun than flying and using magic, I can tell you that much! And I think this is the year that Barry learned what deodorant was, so that's a bonus! And it looks like some of his pimples are clearing up, double bonus! I can't wait to do this show!!!! I am a team player.

The Servant of Two Masters

Translated/adapted by Bonnie J. Monte Original play by Carlo Goldoni

Truffaldino: Hanging around street corners, waiting for your master, is the most boring task in the world. Not only am I bored stiff, I'm faint with hunger. We pulled into town at noon – meal time! A half hour went by, then another, then another and then my stomach started to talk to me. He's not happy. The first thing most normal people do when they arrive in a new city is seek lodging and food! Then, they sit and eat the food! Not my master. He's got me hauling luggage, stopping at people's houses to deliver messages, running up stairs and down stairs and now this! Boredom and starvation. I need to talk to him about the proper care and feeding of servants. I'd be happy to serve him with love and devotion, but he's making it very hard. Here's an inn; I could pop in for a little snack, but with my luck, that's just when he'd show up looking for me. Besides, I have no money. I have nothing. I'm dying of hunger for that devil of a man, and for what? Poor Truffaldino!

SERIO-COMIC MONOLOGUES

Class Action

By Brad Slaight

Dennis: My name is Dennis Gandleman. Around this school I am the object of ridicule simply because I have an extremely high IQ. It's 176. My father wanted me to enroll in a special school that deals with geniuses like myself, but Mother was firmly against that. She wanted me to have a normal education, and not be treated as some kind of freak.....Which is ironic, because that's exactly what is happening to me here. The whole concept of education is a paradox: High School is supposed to celebrate education and knowledge, but what it really celebrates is social groups and popularity. In a perfect world, kids like me would be worshipped because of my scholastic abilities, instead of someone who can throw a forty-yard touchdown pass. But I am bright. I know something that the others don't....That, once we leave High School and enter the real world, all the rules change. What matters is power. Financial power. Power that comes from making a fortune on cutting-edge computer software. Software that I am already developing. Some call me a nerd. I call myself ahead of my time. See you on the outside.

Our Town

By Thornton Wilder

George Gibbs: I'm celebrating because I've got a friend who tells me all the things that ought to be told me. I'm glad you spoke to me like you did. But you'll see. I'm going to change. And Emily, I want to ask you a favor. Emily, if I go away to State Agricultural College next year, will you write me a letter? The day wouldn't come when I wouldn't want to know everything about our town. Y'know, Emily, whenever I meet a farmer I ask him if he thinks it's important to go to Agricultural School to be a good farmer. And some of them say it's even a waste of time. And like you say, being gone all that time – in other places, and meeting other people. I guess new people probably aren't any better than old ones. Emily, I feel that you're as good a friend as I've got. I don't need to go and meet the people in other towns. Emily, I'm going to make up my mind right now – I won't go. I'll tell Pa about it tonight.

DRAMATIC MONOLOGUES

Finer Noble Gases

By Adam Rapp

Dot: In the library at my junior high they have these huge computer monitors. The size of small refrigerators. Three-feet high some of them. The most beautiful screen savers you'll ever see. Mountains. Waterfalls. Pictures of magic cities. Colors that haven't even been invented yet. If you stand next to the hard drives and listen real close you can hear them singing. Like hummingbirds. A gazillion megahertz of ram just whirling away. Sometimes I go real early in the morning. When nobody's there. And I just listen. I listen for a while and then for some reason I hug each monitor. One by one. There's like fifty of them. I hug each one and I get a little part of that song inside me. It's the most beautiful way to start the day. I think those birds on the rhinos are so cool. In the library, there's this one African Grassland screen saver with little birds. They ride around on this elephant and eat the bugs off its back. There's a lion, too, but he doesn't do anything. The elephant walks around and drinks water out of the wallows. That's where the rhinos play with their kids.

Gemini

By Albert Innaurato

Hershel: There's a trolley graveyard about two blocks from here. I could go see the engine any time. The trolley graveyard is well, like, I guess, beautiful, you know? Really. They're just there, like old creatures everyone's forgotten, some of them rusted out, and some of them on their sides, and one, the old thirtytwo, is like standing straight up as though sayin', like, I'm going to

stand here and be myself, no matter what. I talk to them, Oh, I shouldn't have said that. Don't tell my mother, please? It's, you know, like people who go to castles and look for, for, well, like, knights in shining armor, you know? That past was beautiful and somehow, like, pure. The same is true of the trolleys. I follow the old thirty-two route all the time. It leads right to the graveyard where the thirty-two is buried, you know? It's like, well, fate. The tracks are half covered with filth and pitch, new pitch like the city pours on. It oozes in the summer and people walk on it, but you can see the tracks and you see like it's true like old things last, good things last, like you know? The trolleys are all filthy and half covered and rusted out and laughed at and even though they're not much use to anybody and kind of ugly like, by most standards, they're like, they're well, I guess, beautiful, you know?

The Outsiders

Adapted by Christopher Sergel From the book by S.E. Hinton

Ponyboy: Mr. Syme – this is Ponyboy. I didn't realize it was so late. I forgot. I'm calling about the theme assignment for English. How long can it be? (Repeating what he hears.) Not less than five pages. But can it be longer? Longer than five pages? (Repeating.) As long as I want. (His problem. Apologetically.) It's all in my head – if I can sort it out. First I have to sort it out. (Listens. Then nods in agreement.) As soon as I get it together. No later than that. Thanks, Mr. Syme. (As he hangs up, he's already trying to handle this.) The place to begin – I'd gone to a movie. When I stepped out into the bright sunlight from the darkness of that movie house, I had only two things on my mind: Paul Newman and a ride home. I wish I looked like Paul Newman. He looks tough and I don't. The other thing – it's a long walk home with no company. But I usually lone it anyway. I like to watch movies undisturbed so I can get into them and live with the actors. I'm different that way. I mean my second oldest brother, Soda, never cracks a boot at all, and my oldest brother, Darry, works too hard to be interested in a story or drawing a picture – so I'm not like them. And nobody in our gang digs movies and books the way I do. So I lone it.

To Gillian on Her 37th Birthday

By Micheal Brady

Rachel: This was my mother's hat, kind of her lucky hat. The last time I saw her, I mean before the accident, she was wearing this hat. She always wore this hat. This was her bike. It's a long story. We used to come out here, first thing when she got back from the summer. It was like our place to get reacquainted, have a mother daughter..... She would tell me all about the orangutans and then she'd go develop her pictures. I remember the last time she had given the orangutans our names. Esther was the bossy one. Paul was the one that made faces all the time. And Rachel was very, very quiet. I had forgotten that. You know sometimes I think about her, and somehow she's still alive.