

**Sorry I'm Late**  
By Dana Hall

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**Character:**

Kim Newberry: A woman entering an audition..

**Location:**

Chicago

*\*Kim can imitate the woman's thick Chicago/New York accent.*

Production Note: Actors can change the location to what suits them.

## Sorry I'm Late

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**At Rise: Kim rushes into the audition room disheveled with a bag over her shoulder.**

Hi. Hello there. I'm Kim Newberry and I'm here for the audition.

*She provides the director with a resume and headshot.*

Sorry, I'm late. Parking was a nightmare.

Well, actually I found a spot right away but there was a lawn chair in my way. I stopped to move it.

Then this lady comes out yelling at me not to touch her furniture.

She's screaming at me that she's reserved *that spot*.

I fold up the chair and I tell her this plastic thing is hardly 'furniture' and it's a public street- *you can't reserve spots lady!*

So, I get back in my car and I'm about to parallel park when what do I see in my rearview mirror?

That same little old lady is unfolding the lawn chair.

The nerve- right?!

I stop my car right there.

By the time I get to her, she's sitting in the chair. Just, sitting like she's under a cabana in Boca with her feet in the ocean. I explain to her she needs to move - I need to park my damn car.

She says- *No!*

I say- *'move your little 'summer solstice party' out of the way!'* She declares she's not going, *anywhere!* Then in an act of sheer defiance, she pulls a cigarette pouch out of her bathrobe and lights up, and says *'find another spot sweetheart,'* as she ashes her cigarette on my shoe.

Between us- I thought about lifting her up and moving her but she was feisty and I canceled my gym membership in 2012.

So, I pleaded with her- I told her I was late for a very important audition and I just needed to park my car for an hour or so.

She goes on ignoring me and puffing on her cig. So I did what any reasonable adult would do.

I sat down next to her.

She says, *"What the hell are you doing? Get in your car and drive off."*

*"Nope. Now I have nowhere to be- but here."*

I was prepared to sit there all night out of stubbornness.

We sat there a few minutes in awkward silence when I asked her where her car was.

Get this- turns out she doesn't even have one!

I asked her why the hell was she reserving this spot then?

She says, *'Just in case dear.'*

Turns out -she waits for grandson every night, he rarely visits anymore with college and his new girlfriend, Sarah (*imitating the woman's voice*) 'who's a little clingy' if you ask her- which I didn't. But nonetheless there we sat in the cold night air. Her in her chair and me in a snow patch 5 feet from a sewer.

We yelled at cars together- "*Go around ya' jerk can't you see we're sitting here!*"

Then it started to snow. It was actually really beautiful how the snow looked under the street light - like a Hopper painting - tranquil - still- a perfect moment in time.

Well, anyway I saw a spot open up down the street.

So I- (*realizing she left the woman behind*) I left her sitting there.

I really hope she's going to be ok. She's making a roast tonight- with extra baby carrots-no one should have to eat alone.

You know what?

I'm sorry I should go.

I think I- uh- parked in a tow zone...yah... You know [*insert name of city here*] parking restrictions! They don't mess around. I should go.

Sorry, I can't audition today.

*[She leaves.]*

**- End Monologue -**