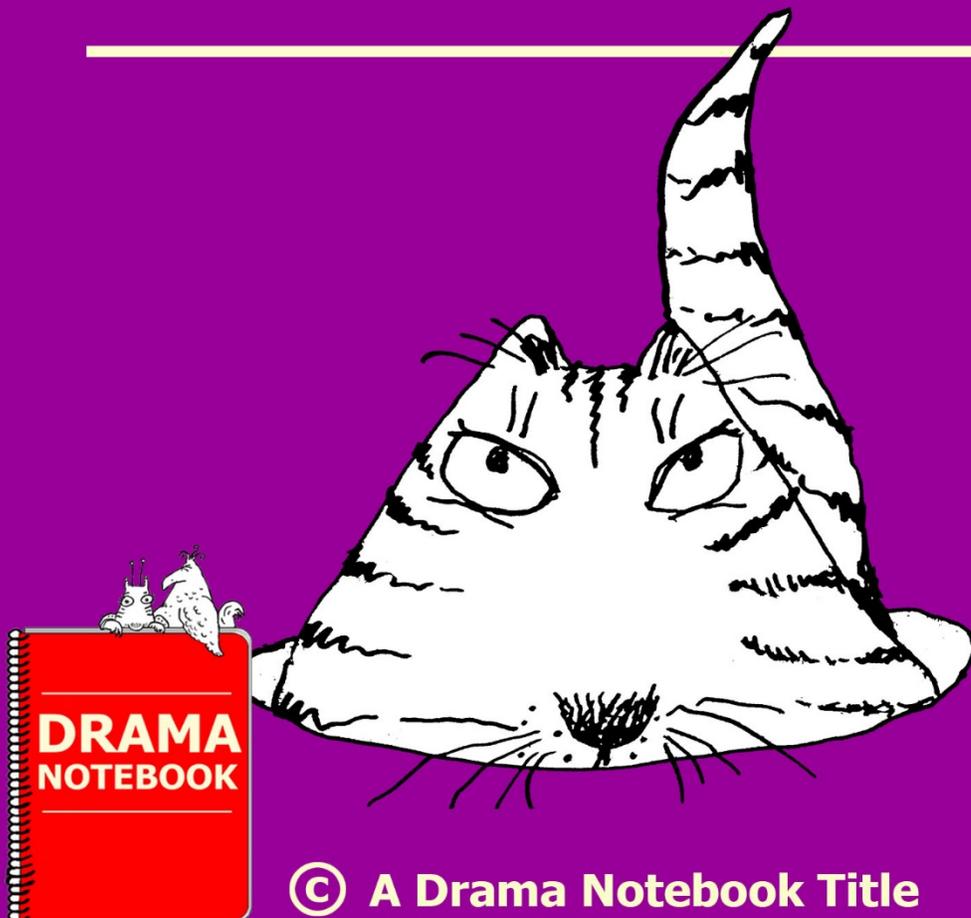


# FREE MONOLOGUES

*For kids and teens!*

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# Free Monologues for Kids and Teens

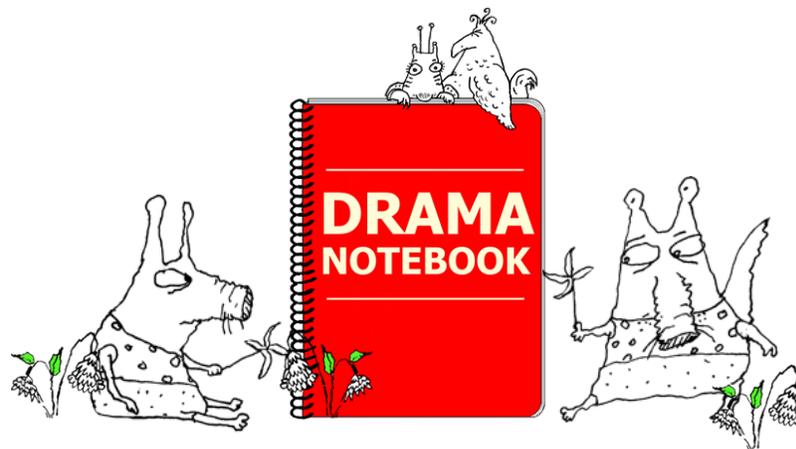
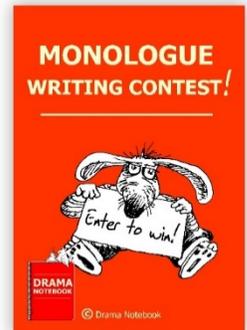
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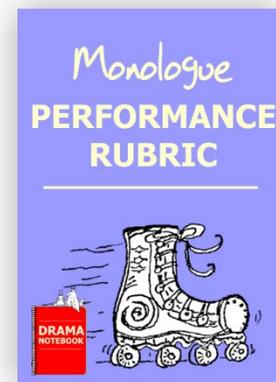
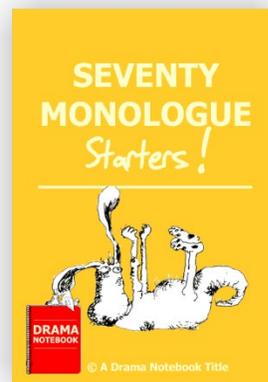
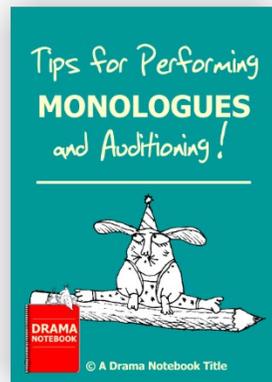
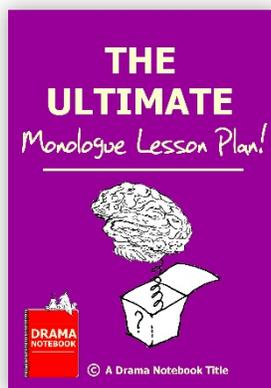
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# Dramatic Monologues for Younger Students

## The Bully

**By:** Philip G., Age 13, New Mexico, USA

**Description:** A teenager warns the new kid about the school bully.

**Gender:** Any

**Genre:** Dramatic

Look, you're new here, so I feel it's my duty to warn you... there are a couple of people you'll want to avoid. Skylar Morrison likes to thump kids on the head. He's easy to spot because he's the biggest kid in our grade. He used to be in the grade above us, but I guess he needed to learn more, so he's in our class now. He's mostly harmless beyond the thumping on the head thing. It's Ross Sullivan you really have to watch out for. His real name is Roscoe and sometimes teachers call him that, especially if they are new. But make sure that YOU don't ever call him that. He's pretty good at name-calling. There's this one kid he calls booger-licker or BL for short. That's Julian Wynn, and he has really bad allergies. Ross also likes to do things like stuff mashed potatoes down your shirt at lunch. I know this from personal experience. If you tell on him, that will make it worse. He especially likes to pick on smart kids, and I'm telling you this because I can already tell that you are smart. *(Pause.)* What? Oh, I don't know why he does it. If I had to guess I would say that he probably gets treated like that at home. That's what my mom says anyway. Kids who torment other kids usually don't have it so good at home. *(Pause.)* Yeah, me too. I have awesome parents. Hey, maybe we can try to be nice to him. Maybe he needs a friend. I never thought of that. We can at least try.

## The Part

**By:** Sadie de la Cruz, Albuquerque, New Mexico, USA, Age 15

**Description:** A disappointed actor tries to get a bigger part in a play.

**Gender:** Any

**Genre:** Dramatic/Comedic

I love theatre, even though I'm shy. So, I auditioned for our spring play called "The King." Mrs. Lopez gave everyone parts, but because she knows I'm shy, she gave me a very small role. My line is to say "nah" after the king says his line "Bow before me." After that one word, I was done for the whole play. I literally just say "nah" and then walk off stage. Seriously? Well, obviously, you can see how that might bother me. So, I went to Mrs. Lopez and demanded she give me a new part. She had no choice but to give me a new role! Ok... I admit it. That's not actually how it happened. I did go to my teacher, and I politely asked her for a new role. But she would not budge. She said that I was a perfect match for the part and that it was a very important part. I was so disappointed, but I understood. I had to play that part, but I needed a plan. I knew if Mrs. Lopez saw how good of an actor I was, she would have no choice but to change my part! So, I continued to say my line "nah" but in different accents, making it more interesting. *(Improvise different ways of saying, "nah.")* I think she liked it because she told me she'd change my character. I was so happy! Now, it's the day of the play, and I am playing a bush who does not talk or act. At all. I guess she didn't like it.

## Guilty Pandora

**By:** Emma Tricarico, Age 9, Melbourne, Australia

**Description:** Pandora regrets opening the box and vows to do something about it.

**Gender:** Female

**Genre:** Dramatic

Why did Zeus have to give me that box in the first place? *(Pause.)* What am I saying? It was all my fault. I was the one that opened the box. I should have known that it was full of nothing good. Now I've let all the diseases free. I don't want to be known for a bad thing. I want to be known for good. Everybody always used to be happy. Now there is sickness and disease and I'm to blame. It was just too tempting. He gives me a box. A beautiful box. And then tells me not to open it! What use is a box if you can't open it? Epimetheus says that I shouldn't be so hard on myself. Anyone would have opened that box. But this happened to me, and not anybody else. I have to figure out why. What can I do? I'm just a lump of clay. Maybe there is a way I can help Hope. He's just a little bug, out there on his own. I'm going to find him and help him become strong and powerful. I have to try. It's the least I can do after I opened that stupid, annoying little box.

## You'd Better Pay Me

**By:** Dillon Hammell, Age 12, South Carolina, USA

**Description:** The Pied Piper threatens the townspeople if the Mayor doesn't pay him.

**Gender:** Male

**Genre:** Dramatic

What do you mean you aren't going to pay me? I just got rid of those rats for you. They won't be back for a long time, if ever. So, where's my money? What? This is a joke, right? I have a family to feed you know. You need to pay me *now!* I just single handedly went from town to town playing my flute and had an army of rats following me. I got rid of them all, every last one! If it wasn't for me, then you people would have gotten a horrible plague that would have killed almost everyone. You need to know that there are more things I can do with this flute of mine. Since you were smart enough to hire me to take care of the rats then you should be smart enough to know that you should pay me unless you want something terrible to happen. Still not going to pay, huh? *(Starts playing the flute.)* Do you hear that? That thunder and lightning surrounding us? That's the magic starting to work. Say goodbye to your children. *(He grins and starts playing the flute again.)*



# A Place to Hide

**By:** Lillian Orr, Age 12, South Carolina, USA

**Description:** Snow White explains her predicament to the seven dwarves.

**Gender:** Female

**Genre:** Dramatic

Um, could you all stop staring at me please? It's a little creepy. Look, I didn't mean to trespass. I.I...was trying to get some rest. I was so tired last night. You see, my evil stepmother sent out her huntsman to try to try to kill me. What would you do if you were trying to escape with your life? I didn't have a choice. I ran and ran, and this was the first house I found. Honestly, this wasn't what I was expecting. Everything is so tiny. Little beds, little chairs, little tables.... But I don't care, I just need somewhere to hide. My evil stepmother hates me because every time she talks to that stupid mirror, it always tells her that I'm the fairest in the land and goes on and on about my fair skin that's white like snow and blah, blah, blah, blah, blah. So, I guess she figured if I was dead, she would be the fairest and prettiest of them all. That's why I'm here. I don't even want to be the fairest of them all. I was so tired that I fell asleep in these beds. *(Pause.)* Maybe we can come up with a compromise. How about this: if you guys don't tell anyone that I'm here, I will make meals for you, clean your cottage, mend your clothes, take care of you when you are sick, and this will be our little secret.

# Hansel

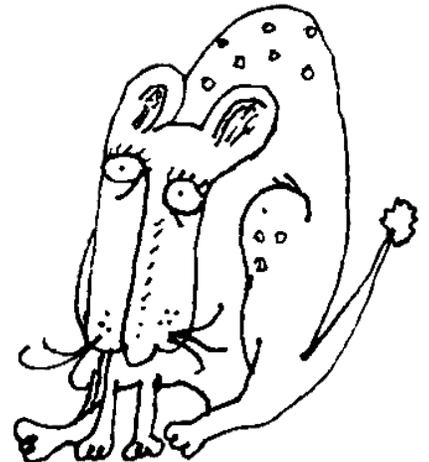
**By:** Aston Stroud, Age 12, South Carolina, USA

**Description:** Hansel tries to console his sister while they are lost in the woods.

**Gender:** Male

**Genre:** Dramatic

*(Calling out.)* Dad? Dad? DAD! We are ready to go home now. Gretel, be quiet, I can't think when you're talking. Maybe dad's just playing a game, like hide and seek or maybe he's looking for us while we are looking for him. *(Calling out.)* Dad? *(Pause.)* Why do you think our stepmother told us to come out here and look for dad? Its creepy out here. Gretel, you don't think that our stepmother brought us out here to get rid of us, do you? No, why would she want to get rid of us? I mean we follow her rules and are quiet, mostly. We don't eat much anymore. Oh no, wait...we haven't had enough food lately. Now that I'm saying it, it makes sense! Oh no, they're trying to get rid of us. Where will we live? What will we do? Gretel, stop crying, it will be ok. *(Pause.)* Whoa, Gretel look at that. It's a house, and I think it's made of candy. In the middle of the woods, a candy house? Let's go get some! *(Pause.)* Wait, why is there a lady staring at us through that window? Gretel, stop. Gretel, come back! Who is that in the window? Gretel, RUN!



# The Squirrel Lady

**By:** Jason R., Cambridge, MA, Age 11

**Description:** A squirrel makes friends with a little old lady.

**Gender:** Any

**Genre:** Dramatic

Betcha never met a talking squirrel before. Well, news flash. We all talk. We just don't talk to humans. But I'm breaking squirrel code because I have to tell you this story. It's about a lady. A real old lady. She's got white hair and she's stooped over like her gnarled old walking stick. And you know what she does? She feeds us. Now, you might think that's not a big deal. But in squirrel world, it's the biggest deal. You see, most people go out of their way to make sure that we don't have food. Oh, they LOVE to feed the birds. And they buy all these fancy contraptions that prevent us from sharing. Most of them don't work, haha. And sometimes when we manage to get a little morsel, we get a BB in the butt. I've gotten a lot of BB's in the butt in my day! But this old lady, she is different. She puts peanuts right on the ground for us. Every day, she does this. We go to her house and see her at her kitchen table, sipping tea and reading the newspaper. And when we come by, she goes over to this big bag and scoops out fresh, delicious peanuts. She even built a little house on her deck so that our food would not get rained on, and she gave each of us a name. The little old lady doesn't get many visitors, so we go by as much as we can. One day soon, she'll be gone, and we will miss her. So, I'm breaking squirrel code to tell you to remember the little guys. Squirrels need love too.

# Blackmail

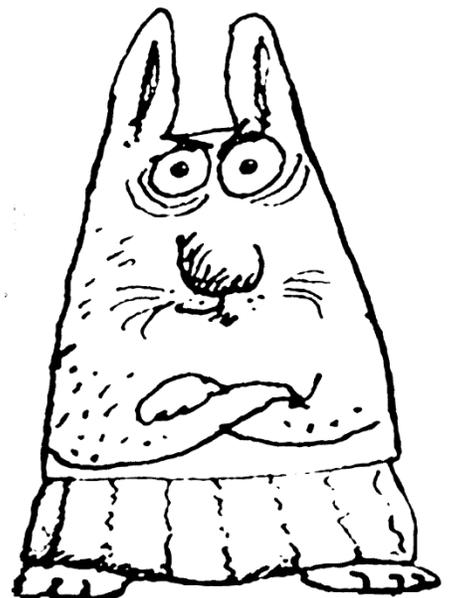
**By:** Sofia C., Modesto, California, USA

**Description:** A student finds a threatening note stashed in their backpack.

**Gender:** Any

**Genre:** Dramatic

*(Digging into backpack.)* What's this? *(Pulls out a crumpled note and unfolds it.)* I can barely read this sloppy handwriting. *(Reading.)* Watch your back... I know what you did. *(Beat.)* What could I have possibly done and to who? What are they talking about? Why is this note in my backpack? I can't believe someone had the nerve to do this. Wait, what if they know that I skipped school last week. But no one knew about that, not even my best friend. Or could it be that time I copied all of Jacob's answers on the math test. Why would someone want to get me in trouble? I just want to go home! BUT... I can't let some nobody get in my head. What if it's not just a nobody, what if it's someone I care about. I'll ask my friends if they know anything about the note. But wait... I can't do that, then everyone will know that I did something horrible. I guess I will just have to shut up and act normal. Would that be possible? If I can...I'll just keep acting like nothing happened. And in the meantime, I will trust *no one!*



## Colors

**By:** Valeria Barajas, Grand Prairie, TX, USA, Age 12

**Description:** A student uses color to describe gender identity.

**Gender:** Any

**Genre:** Dramatic

You know what bothers me? Certain colors... Blue and pink they bother me. Blue for boys or pink for girls, it's a stereotype. If you're a guy then blue strictly, and if you're a girl its pink... but what if I don't want to think of it like that? I'm purple; I am yellow, I am green. Cause I am my own shade of pink, I am magenta. Cause I am my own shade of blue, I am turquoise. We are our own shade of ANY and EVERY color. WE are the rainbow. All of us are different and stereotyping girls and guys gets us nowhere. I am red, orange, yellow, green, blue, and violet. I am the rainbow, I AM ME.

## Stage Fright

**By:** Aditi Ingale, North Carolina, USA, Age 8

**Description:** A girl is very nervous about performing in a play.

**Gender:** Any (gender can be changed)

**Genre:** Dramatic

Hi, my name is Emma. I have my very first play tomorrow and I am super nervous. Can you help me? You can! Thank you! Wait, so you did the same play before? You were also nervous? So, what did you do? Okay, trying not to look at people would help me a lot when I am doing the play. Do you have any other strategies? One more, what is it? Practicing in front of my family will help me? Thanks again! Now I am not nervous, I am excited! Now that I am confident in practicing and going on stage, I will make tomorrow the best day of my life. I will always remember these things when I go on stage. I am super excited to go on stage. I am going to do my best. Thank you so much!

## The Bug

**By:** Hiro Nguyen; Corpus Christi, Texas; Age 11

**Description:** A kid resists the urge to kill a bug.

**Gender:** Any

**Genre:** Dramatic

I thought about smashing it, but then I remembered how bad I felt when I accidentally/on-purpose flushed my goldfish down the toilet. I thought I was setting him free. Free to swim out into the great wide ocean. My mom was pretty upset and she told me that the toilet water does not, in fact, lead to the ocean. So, I just sat there watching the little gray bug. They are called potato bugs. I don't know why. I couldn't resist. I poked him and he curled into a ball. After a minute or two, he opened back up and carried on his way. I wondered where he was headed. Maybe he was going home to his family who lives in a tiny hole in the earth. I wondered what it would be like to be that small. A pine needle would be like a log. A rock, like a mountain. My friend Keegan would have smashed him for sure. He likes to squish bugs to see what's inside. But I left that bug alone. Instead, I laid down on the mossy ground and imagined life as a bug.

## Chicken

**By:** Kielle W., Age 16, Chesapeake, Virginia, USA

**Description:** A teen wishes to overcome his/her fears.

**Gender:** Any **Genre:** Dramatic

I'm in the bird watching club at school. I've adored the little rascals since I could say the word. I even memorized the state bird for every place in America! They're just impossible not to admire. Birds are so much freer than any person I know. There's no one to hold them back and tell them what not to do. Birds aren't stuck in moldy, rundown apartments. Birds don't stop themselves from flying wherever they want because they're scared. No, I imagine that birds are brave. Much braver than me, that's for sure. See, that's why I wish I had a pair of wings. I want to feel free. I want to scatter brightly colored feathers for little girls to find in parks. Sparkle up their day a bit. Mostly, I want wings so that I could take flight. Leave behind my problems and soar into the sky. It's why I love to go out on the roof. The wind blowing in my hair, the sun shining its beautiful rays down upon me. I pretend I'm flying for hours when I'm up there. Sometimes I linger on the ledge, arms spread as wide as an eagle. And I know one step is all it would take for me to finally, truly fly. One little step but.... I never do. I always get scared and go back inside. Chained to the ground by everything I've got going for me. One day though, I'm gonna fly. I just need the courage to take that first step.

## Middle Child

**By:** Madeline Gouin, Michigan, Age 14

**Description:** A middle child feels that she is treated unfairly.

**Gender:** Female **Genre:** Dramatic

MOM! MOOOOOOMMMMMMMM! HE'S DOING IT AGAIN! He keeps putting his finger in my face! Just because he's a few years older than me does NOT mean he gets to mess with me GROUNDED!? ME... GROUNDED, for what I didn't even do anything he was the one who was messing with me. TATTLING? GROUNDED FOR A WEEK? ARE YOU KIDDING ME!? He is being annoying, and you said that I'm not allowed to hit him so what am I supposed to do? NOW IT'S TWO WEEKS? IS THIS A JOKE! Uuuuhhhhhh fine, I'm going to my room. OK ARE YOU SERIOUS? You know what Molly? Fine. But if you're going to be in here you are going to be SILENT. ...ok I'm sorry I don't mean to be bossy can you just put headphones on, I don't want to hear that, and I have been bound to our room for the nex-. Ok I am aware we share a room but that is exactly it. We share the room and I know that you were here first which usually means that you have to put headphones on, but he got me grounded again which means I have to stay here. (to the audience) Now listen you may be wondering what this is about. If you could not tell by now, I am a middle child, I have to deal with this every day. Mom listens to them and forgets that I exist, if I have a problem, I'd better learn to deal with it because there is no way I am going to win an argument. The youngest child gets whatever she wants, but if I ask for something then I am rude and greedy. If the oldest child wants to stay home even though there is a test that day and they have horrible grades then sure go ahead no prob. (BUT if I, who has decent grades and no test that day ask to stay home, then I'm grounded for the next week.) The oldest child is the funny, nice kid, the whole family loves and youngest child is the perfect favorite who is the embodiment of all the greatest qualities of our parents. Oh and wait hold on where's the middle child?...oh you lost them ...again. Oh, ok well are you going to go look for them? Yeah, I didn't think so.

# Every Flavor of the Rainbow

**By:** Georgia E. Alberta, Canada, Age 13

**Description:** An ice cream flavor is having an identity crisis.

**Gender:** Any

**Genre:** Dramatic

Hi, I'm Neapolitan. (*Smirks at audience, winking flirtatiously.*) I come from a mixed family, my mom's like half cherry, dad's rocky road. It makes me a whole lot of chunky, with a side of smooth. (*Looks around, pause.*) What was I talking about... Oh yeah, people ask what my biggest flaw is. I guess I'm just too strong. They just can't take all this flavor, you know? (*Gestures to entire body. Pauses.*) It's hard for me, you know? (*Tone switches, slightly hesitant.*) I have no idea who I am. My one aunt is certain I'm vanilla, my uncle thinks I'm chocolate. But I'm strawberry too, right? In the freezer section, the flavors pretty much stick to their own kind. Vanilla with Vanilla and Chocolate with Chocolate. They never accept me the way I am. That's okay, though. I'm going to be myself even if they don't accept me. I'll scoop out my own sorta life. Maybe I'll travel the kitchen, see the counter... visit the tower of pizza. We all need to accept who we are, like that Miss Strawberry chic. She's natural, and I respect that. Even if she stalks me day and night. It's kinda creepy... I can't even re-freeze without being sure she's not looking. But hey, at least she's not one of those dairy-free flavors. I don't buy that for a second.



# Perfect Day

**By:** Jonathan L. Age 10, Colleyville, Texas, USA

**Description:** A character describes his/her perfect day.

**Gender:** Any

**Genre:** Dramatic

Wouldn't it be great if every once in a while, we were guaranteed a perfect day? One amazingly perfect day. You know, when each piece fits together no matter how difficult the jigsaw puzzle of a day can be. The kind of day when from start to finish things just go that way. Your way. My day would be like this...When I am called on, I know the answer. And as a reward, no homework. When I go to lunch, who has all their favorites at their fingertips? (*Points to self.*) Me. It just gets better and better. Whose name does the coach actually get right? Who kicks a goal? Me. Whose mom is the first in the pick-up line? Whose mom bought a frozen drink and beef jerky! (*Mouths "mine."*) It is a perfect day. And as I get into the car what happens, but my favorite song comes on! We breeze through traffic and when we get home, we don't have any other plans. That means the afternoon is mine. Truly mine. I can play video games or watch YouTube and it doesn't matter. And then dinner comes around and whose Dad grilled out and whose sister baked a cake? After dinner Dad's like (*In Dad's voice.*) 'Let's go to the movies - you pick, kid.' Me! I never get to pick. It's only on the one day that it happens when the stars line up and it ends up being perfect. Today has already been ruined because when I got downstairs for breakfast, my little brother had eaten the last of my favorite cereal. Maybe my perfect day will happen tomorrow. Just one day every once in a while. Is that really too much to ask?

# Daddy's Little Princess

**By:** Sulaiman A., Kuwait, Age 14

**Description:** A young girl gets a new baby-sister and is scared that she won't be the favorite anymore.

**Gender:** Female

**Genre:** Dramatic

My life is ruined. There I said it, ruined, thanks to my new little sister. It was peaceful Saturday morning, watching nick-toons, ready to have a bowl of cereal. Mom and dad weren't here yet, daddy said that mommy had a stomachache last night. It was pretty bloated, if you ask me, in fact it has been for the past nine months. I don't know why she hasn't been complaining about it until now. Once they came back home, I couldn't believe my eyes. It was a baby, wrapped around in a pink blanket. I didn't know what to say. "Meet your little sister, Ellie!" dad said. I was an only child, and I liked that a lot. Not having to share, always being the favorite, and getting all the new toys for Christmas. So, with this thing hanging around, I'm doomed for life. She doesn't even like me, all she does is cry, stare, and cry again! People constantly asking me about her. Why don't you go ask her, yourself? She's literally right there laying on my mom's lap. With my parents only worrying about her, am I not wanted anymore. I see how you are dad, getting rid of me, well I'm not your little princess anymore, and that's why I'm thinking about running away.

# Big Dreams

**By:** Kellen B., Age 12, Washington State, USA

**Description:** A student has big dreams even though his parents don't believe in him.

**Gender:** Any

**Genre:** Comedic or Dramatic

So, I made the mistake of telling my parents that when I grow up, I want to be a famous astronomer. My dad laughed and said, "Yeah, that's not going to happen. You're probably going to wind up homeless like your older brother Leo." But I will prove them wrong. I will be the most famous astronomer that ever was. I will discover 500 planets and they will be named "Max's (or Maxine's) favorite". Not something like HD 189733-B. What? It's not egotistical. I just want everybody to know who discovered those planets. Do you know Stephen Hawking? He once said, "The galaxy created itself because it wanted to create itself, and it created itself out of nothing." But I say no! Something that is created is always created with help of something. Take for example, a water bottle. Let's say a water bottle wanted to turn into a giraffe. It can't just turn into a giraffe and not be a water bottle and live and have offspring. It is physically impossible for something to turn into something it is not. It is simple logic. When I found that they don't have astronomy classes for students in grade school, I flipped out, then I started protesting and formed an advocacy group. We are students who want college classes in grade school. CCGS for short. We have a bunch of members, and naturally, I'm the president. Wait, I am creating something out of nothing in a way. Maybe Stephen Hawking has a point. Yeah. Laugh all you want, parents! I'm not going to be homeless. I'm going to be an astronomer and you can't stop me!

# Comedic Monologues for Younger Students

## The Emperor's Makeover

**By:** Aubrey Schweder, Age 12, South Carolina, USA

**Description:** The Emperor's barber plays a trick on him.

**Gender:** Any

**Genre:** Comedic



Okay, let's see who is on the calendar today. Ugh, the Emperor. He drives me crazy. He's always bragging about his good looks. I know. I'll give him a fantabulous, splendid, supercalifragilisticexpialidocious makeover, that of course won't actually be superb at all! Now to just wait for him to arrive *(looks at watch.)* It's half past two, he should be here, ugh. Of course, he keeps me waiting! *(pauses, waiting for emperor to arrive, paces around the room)* Aha! He's here! I have to act natural, of course. *(Tries a few 'natural' poses.)* Good afternoon emperor. Come have a seat over here. I've decided that you may not look in a mirror, because you might be blinded by your own beauty. *(Winks at audience.)* Now, I'll just rest these fresh cucumbers on your eyes, while I apply this mask to your face. Hmm, now let's see. I'll start with your hair. *(Whispers to audience)* I'm shaving it all off. *(Makes buzzing noise.)* What? Nooo, I'm not shaving it all off emperor, it's all part of my master plan. You'll look more handsome than ever, I assure you. Now to do your eyebrows. *(Makes buzzing noise.)* Marvelous, and yes, while you

were relaxing, I gave you a manicure and pedicure as well! Ha ha. Alright are you ready to see your makeover? Three, two, one.... Surprise! Oh, Your Highness, it will be all the rage. When people see it, everyone will be copying you! *(Cups hand to ear.)* Oh, I think someone's calling me, got to run!

## Arrest Her!

**By:** Josh Escapite, Age 12, South Carolina, USA

**Description:** Papa Bear asks a police officer to arrest an intruder.

**Gender:** Male

**Genre:** Comedic

You need to arrest her, officer. I mean this Goldilocks person, she walked right into our house like it was hers. She ate the porridge that Mama Bear made for us. She was soooooo hungry. She could have just eaten one bowl but noooo she had to find the perfect one, so she ate them all. And she didn't even bring the dishes to the sink! Then she went to take a nap in our beds she messed all three of them up. Sat in all the chairs and broke one and didn't clean up. Who does this sort of thing?! I think she should have to pay a big fine. Actually, she probably doesn't care about what she did. Fining her isn't enough, I want her in jail so she can think about her behavior! Yes, ARREST GOLDILOCKS! ARREST HER!

# Homeless Goldilocks

**By:** Anastasia G., Vancouver, BC, Age 13

**Description:** Goldilocks defends her reputation.

**Gender:** Female

**Genre:** Comedy

Yeah, I know. I know. You recognize me. "Aren't you that blonde girl who trashed the Bear's house?" Listen, I hear it all the time. That was a pretty low point for me, I gotta admit. But look, you really shouldn't make fun of the homeless. And technically, I'm not homeless. Never have been. I think of myself as more of an adventurer. Sure, I could get a job and rent a dumpy little apartment, but what would be the fun in that? Since the bear's house, I've stayed in some of the finest places in the world! One time, I went on a tour of the White House, and hid behind the curtains in the Oval office. I stayed up all night reading classified documents. They're a lot more boring than they sound. Another time, I crashed at Buckingham palace while the Queen was out doing some Queenly stuff. I tried on all her crowns. She may or may not be missing one. My favorite place was Santa's workshop. Yeah, I know. Everyone thinks that those elves never take a vacation. But a snowman told me that's not true. I got him to tell me the dates...cost me a carrot and I headed on up there. Seven days of playing with whatever I wanted and eating cookies and milk for every meal...now that's a vacation! So, don't be hating on homeless Goldilocks. I'm livin' the good life. And remember, if you have something cool inside your house, remember to lock up when you leave!

# Big Bad Red

**By:** Emma Farmer, Age 12, South Carolina, USA

**Description:** Little Red Riding Hood scares off the wolf.

**Gender:** Female

**Genre:** Comedic

*(Little Red Riding Hood walks in place pantomiming holding a basket during this monologue.)*

Why do I have to be the one to bring granny a basket of goodies? Why doesn't my mom do it? It's her mother, after all. I know why my mother doesn't want to go. Truth is, granny is mean as a snake. I'm not kidding. That crazy old woman made me scrub her floors with a toothbrush and cut her lawn with scissors. Did I mention that her property is two acres? I thought grannies were supposed to give you cookies and presents and kiss your scrapes and scratches. Last year, I broke my leg playing on the swing in her backyard. I screamed and she came running out the door asking if I was alright. I said, "I think I broke my leg" and what did she do? She said, "walk it off." Um hold up, what? Yep that's right. That woman ruined my childhood. Whatever. Here we are. *(Stops.)* Wait. What's that? Oh my god. There's a wolf on her doorstep. He sees me. What do I do? What do I do? Don't panic! *(Looks down at her basket. Looks at the wolf. Hurls the basket at the wolf.)* I can't believe it! I just scared that wolf away! They should call me Big Bad Red from now on! *(Pauses.)* Oh no. The basket. He took the basket. I can't go into granny's house without that basket. Oh shoot! She just saw me, I have to go in. Hi, granny. *(Waving through the window with gritted teeth.)* This is going to be like stepping into a mine field. Well, here goes nothing.

# Glass Slippers

**By:** Finn M., Los Angeles, California, USA, Age 12

**Description:** The special pair of shoes tells the story that made them famous.

**Gender:** Female

**Genre:** Comedic

I recognize you! You're Prince's best pair of shoes! I know I look fancy now, but you'll never believe how I got this way. When I started out, I was just an ugly pair of ordinary shoes. The kind of shoes people wear to wash clothes or clean out the fireplace. I was pretty worn out. And then one day, this strange woman appeared. Not a woman, really, more like a fairy. She called herself a Fairy Godmother. So, she comes flying into our room and uses her fairy magic on me. With a few magical words, poof! I'm completely transformed into a pair of sparkling glass slippers for my lady to wear! Crazy, right? She was so excited to try me on. She kept screaming, "I'm going to the ball! I can't believe I'm going to the ball!" Then that fairy poofed her into this incredible gown and a gorgeous hairdo and then led us outside. Get this! She took a pumpkin from the field and poofed it into a grand carriage! You'd never believe me if I told you who she got to pull it. Anyway, we were swept away to the Royal Ball where my lady danced the night away with a very handsome prince. We had a wonderful time, but I sure was tired out. I must have fallen asleep and missed all the excitement because when I awoke, this scary looking lady was trying to cram her giant foot into me. She was no size five, let me tell you. More like an eleven! It was quite painful but, thankfully, the Prince realized that I did not belong to her. He found my lady and he slipped me on her delicate foot with no effort. I really sealed that deal because they were married shortly afterward. If you think about it, they would have never found each other and lived happily ever after if it weren't for me!

# Flat Out Naked

**By:** Chloe Biddle, Age 12, South Carolina, USA

**Description:** The Emperor finally realizes that he doesn't have any clothes on.

**Gender:** Male

**Genre:** Comedic

What do you mean I don't have any clothes on? No, you know what I think? I think that you aren't gifted enough to see my magnificent clothes. My clothes are so elegant that only truly special people can see them, and from what I can see, you, young lad are not special in the slightest. *(Boy keeps trying to convince emperor.)* Please, spare me the talking. I do in fact have clothes on, you are just trying to trick me. Why don't you run home to your mother before I decide to throw you in the dungeon! *(Pause.)* What's that? You want me to look down? Fine. If it will humor you. I'll look down just this once----oh, my word. You're right. I'm not wearing any clothes. Why did no one inform me of this? Where are my noblemen? My traitorous citizens didn't tell me I am flat-out naked! Well, young man, on the positive side, everyone gets to witness my magnificent physique. Please, refrain from the compliments. I know, I know. Everyone is jealous of my spectacular body. *(Whispers.)* Let's pretend this never happened.

## Under my Bed

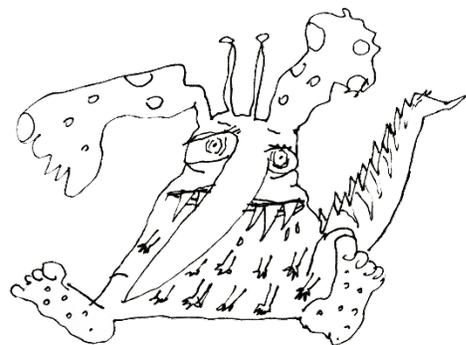
**By:** Patrick O., Victoria, BC, Age 12

**Description:** A child describes the creature who lives under the bed.

**Gender:** Any

**Genre:** Comedy

Sam is a mostly harmless creature who lives under my bed. He's covered in fuzz and he's sort of a grayish brownish color. He makes himself invisible to my mom, which doesn't matter because she doesn't think he's real anyway. He likes to tickle my toes when I stand at the edge of the bed at night, so I usually run from the door and jump on my bed when it's bedtime. Sam likes candy, so I try to give him some as often as possible. I have to sneak it out of the kitchen, though, because I'm not supposed to have very much candy and my mom would NOT believe that it's actually for Sam. He only lets me pet him when I give him candy. Most of the time, he just sleeps. However...and this is the bad thing about Sam...he likes to play tricks on me when it's dark. He makes little thumping noises that keep me awake. He can also imitate monsters by making shadows in the room. Sometimes I wake up in the middle of the night and get scared by the monster shadows and then I remember that it's just Sam and I can hear him giggling in the corner by the window. I tell him that it's NOT funny, and I try to go back to sleep. Sam is only scared of one thing, and that's part of the reason why he doesn't like my mom. Just like the cats, he hates the vacuum cleaner. I can tell when my mom has vacuumed under my bed because when I get home from school, Sam is a lump underneath my bedspread. I think it's funny that strange creatures who try to scare you can get scared too.



## Babysitter's Rules

**By:** Jazarae Robinson, Age 12, Ohio, USA

**Description:** Babysitter is not who Mom thinks she is.

**Gender:** Female

**Genre:** Comedic

Don't worry, Linda. I will take great care of your kids. I have lots of experience with kids, so I know what to do when they misbehave. Bye.  
(Turns to kids after Linda leaves) Now listen, you little brats! I am the boss here, so you will do everything I ask you to do exactly when I say it. Here are the rules:  
Rule #1 You don't question. You just do it.  
Rule #2 Never tell your mom anything that I do. Always tell her I'm the best babysitter. You wouldn't want me to lose my job, would you?  
Rule #3 You eat what I make, or you don't eat at all.  
Rule #4 If I have company do not talk to them and go into the basement.  
Rule #5 If I make a mess, you clean it. I'm your guest, not the other way around.  
Rule #6 No crying allowed.  
Ok, those are the rules. Go have fun! (rolls eyes and whispers) Little brats.

## Forks

**By:** Amelia Stark, Houston, Texas, USA, Age 10

**Description:** A fork proclaims superiority over the other utensils.

**Gender:** Any

**Genre:** Comedic

As a fork, I can proudly say that we are the superior utensils. I was talking to spoon the other day and she was all braggy about how they used her for soup AND ice cream the other night. Pffft. That's nothin. I have the ability to STAB and POKE and SPEAR. Spoon said, "Oh yeah, what about stirring?" Well, I can do that too. Yesterday morning, the big lady human used me to stir cream into her coffee, and it wasn't just because all the spoons were dirty like spoon said. Knives? Well, they generally keep quiet because we all know they have anger problems. Especially the steak knives. Forks are the friendliest. Everyone knows that. Oops. Gott run. Gonna get used again. Yum, pancakes!

## Ungradable

**By:** Mia H., Age 13

**Description:** A student realizes that perhaps pranking the teacher wasn't such a good idea.

**Gender:** Male or Female

**Genre:** Comedic

A U? A..U... You are giving me a "U" on my paper? Sir, what does a U stand for? What? UNGRADABLE? I worked my butt off doing this! AND I have two detentions!? This is sooo unfair! You treat me so unfairly. How? HOW? Well okay, here's an example. How come every time Hannah writes a story it's on a ridiculous topic such as "Why our Noses Run," and "Why our Feet Smell," by Hannah Quigley. But I write interesting stories, almost as good as Harry Potter, if I say so myself, but you still give her a better mark! Exactly, and I... Wait, hold on, did you just say I don't participate in any class discussions? That is such a lie. Every single question you ask I put my hand straight up, so I can answer, no one else does, just me! And what do you do...choose anyone and everyone EXCEPT FOR ME! What did I do? The pranks? What pranks? Ooooh, those pranks! But you have to admit those were pretty funny. You didn't like them...sorry! Hey, do you know the time when I put a bucket of flour over your door and it tipped on you when you walked in the class, (coughs) yeah, that was stupid sorry about that I don't even know why I did that! Wait, wait, wait I've got an even funnier time. Remember when I put a whoopie cushion on you chair, you were about to sit on it, but you noticed, and you took it off but then you went to sit down and you pants split, that was... I mean that must have been sooo embarrassing, I feel so bad. Come on, I've only pranked you 57 times, that's not that many! But seriously you could have just pranked me back. Instead of giving me a bad mark for no reason! WHAT? This is a prank? This...U is a prank? So, you have basically been ignoring me JUST to get me back!? You...pranked me? That's so immature! Can't believe you did that! Pranks are for children! Oh, ha by the way, I'm getting you back!

# Silica Packet

**By:** Kyra G., Age 12

**Description:** A kid ignores the warning message on a silica packet and eats it.

**Gender:** Any

**Genre:** Comedy

*(Opens a box of shoes and starts singing.)* I got some new shoes! I got some new shoes!  
*(Notices a silica gel pack, reads...)* Silica gel do not eat. DO NOT EAT!! Why, how dare this little baggie tell me what I can and can't eat? I'll eat whatever I want to eat! Like when I ate the dirt from the playground at school, I didn't do it because Mandy Packwood said not to eat it because I'll get sick and yata yata yata. No. I ate that dirt because I wanted to. Or the time I tried my dog, Roscoe's food. Sure, mom was horrified, but let me tell you, it was better than her tuna casserole. Now, back to this little packet issue. I'm going to have to call customer service. *(Grabs cell phone and punches in random numbers, pauses)* Hello Carol. I have a problem with one of your shoe boxes *(pause)*. Well Carol, there was a part of the box that contained a packet that said, and I quote Carol, silica gel pack do not eat end quote, and well Carol I feel like that's being a little bit controlling some might call that how you say *(pause)* communism. And I just feel as I – Hello? Hello? *(Puts phone down. Picks back up packet.)* You know what forget what they think I'm eating this thing if it's the last thing I do! *(opens up bag and pour contents into mouth then starts chewing it. Faces morphs into sour taste face, and then disgust, and then horror, and then spitting out every last bit of the stuff, gagging and choking and eventually recovering).* Okay. Maybe sometimes there is a reason for the warning labels. But there isn't a warning label on Roscoe's dog food can, so next time we have tuna casserole...

# The Test

**By:** Molly McKenna., Green Bay, Wisconsin, USA, Age 17

**Description:** A student panics while taking a test.

**Gender:** Any

**Genre:** Comedic

That white clock on the wall is mocking me. Counting down the minutes until I fail this test. It makes no sense. Hey, why aren't there any posters hung up in Ms. Daniel's room? I never noticed that before. I need something to take my mind off this paper. This paper that will destroy my GPA. Oh my god...I'm grinding my teeth. I never grind my teeth. Wow. Look how interesting this pencil looks when I twirl it. Why is the second hand on that clock moving so slowly? And how is everyone else still working on this test? I can't make sense of it. I read the novel, but this question doesn't make any sense. Look at Hanna. Furiously scribbling. I hate her. She knows the answers to everything. Ms. Daniels is reading a book. Really? At a time like this, she is just sitting there reading? She's mean. Whoa. There's the bell. My paper is still blank. I think I'm going to have a heart attack. Great. Everyone's getting ready to go. I'd better turn in my paper. But really, what's the point? It's blank. I guess I'll just turn it in. Wait, what? Ms. Daniels is going to grade our papers right now? How can she do that? I think I'm going to turn to stone. She's making everyone sit back down. Why is she shuffling through the papers so fast? Wait, she stopped on one. I think it's mine. Here we go. My heart's pounding through my chest. She's going to announce to everyone that I've failed. Wait, what? I am the only one who passed? It was a test to see if we could read directions, and it said not to write anything down? Ha! Take that, Hannah! Take that, clock!

# Punctuation Society

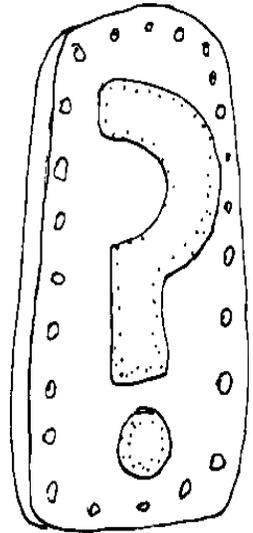
**By:** Sophie W., Los Angeles, California, USA, Age 11

**Description:** Exclamation Point is upset about Comma, who talks too much.

**Gender:** Any

**Genre:** Comedic

Welcome everyone to the Punctuation Society! This is our first, of many weekly meetings. As you may have noticed, Comma is not here. I specifically did not invite her. This is a Comma-free society. Hey that rhymes! (*Smiles but then frowns again.*) I, Exclamation Point have finally found something NOT to be excited about. COMMA! She keeps talking on and on and on! When you finally think she is done she just links what she is talking about to something else! It is so annoying. And when I am annoyed, I leave, and everything gets pretty boring. Question mark, Period, Semicolon, and all the rest of you, I know you're with me on this. No, ellipsis, we will not be taking a vote! I am the President. I have final say. Parentheses...stop whispering. Do you have something to share with the rest of us? Oh, you like her? I don't care if you like her. She will make it impossible to get anything done. Hey, you in the back, quiet down. Stop shouting! Wait...how'd a bunch of capital letters get in here. Get out! This is for punctuation marks only! Okay, now, back to business. No, Period...the meeting is not over. Sit back down. Ugh. This is exhausting. No wonder people don't use Exclamation Points very often.



# A Short Monologue

**By:** Lauren H., Indianapolis, Indiana, USA, Age 16

**Description:** A teen expresses the frustrations of being vertically challenged.

**Gender:** Female

**Genre:** Comedic

Last night my world was shattered. I realized that my younger brother, Colin, is taller than me. He was like "Ha, ha. I'm taller than you, little hobbit." Shut Up Colin! No one understands the daily struggles of being short. People use your head as an armrest, like ALL the time. I'm not an armrest, I'M A HUMAN BEING! People also assume you're like five or six years younger than you are. When I went to the Ferris wheel, they asked if I wanted the twelve and under ticket. TWELVE AND UNDER!!!! I'M SIXTEEN. People always feel the need to point out how short you are. Like "Wow, you're like three feet tall." NO. I'M FIVE FOOT ONE QUARTER! Then they're like "Oh, you can just wear high heels" which is great advice because I love wearing shoes that make my feet feel like they're on fire. People also taunt you by holding things above your head or putting them on a high shelf. I really want to strangle each and every tall person but to do so I would NEED A STEPLADDER!!!!!!

# Teen Spirit

**By:** Samantha R., Bluffton, South Carolina, USA, Age 12

**Description:** Being a ghost isn't easy, especially when you are a teen spirit.

**Gender:** Female

**Genre:** Comedic

You should be happy you're a human. I mean, it's not easy being a ghost. First off, everything I hold just falls through my hands, which is no help. When I try to eat or drink anything, it lands on the floor. When I try to be normal, kids just scream and run away. It's not my fault I died. One time it was the first day of school and I got expelled because I was "too scary for the children." How are they supposed to live life if they don't face their fears? Maybe I was trying to teach them a life lesson. Then when I try to be scary, teens laugh and think I'm a projection. One girl even asked me how much the projector was. Don't even get me started about babies who cry no matter what I do. Yesterday, I saw a help-wanted sign over at the amusement park. They need help in the haunted house. Now, there's a place where my skills can come in handy!

# Bippity Boppity Bam

**By:** Kathleen H., Bluffton, South Carolina, USA, Age 11

**Description:** Gertrude, the daughter of Cinderella's Fairy Godmother, is upset that she is not getting the attention she (in her mind) deserves.

**Gender:** Female

**Genre:** Comedic

Bippity, boppity, bam! Hi, my name is Gertrude and I'm the daughter of the Fairy Godmother. Want to know why my name is so bad? It's because mommy was too busy making little old Cinderella's dreams come true to think of a good name for me. Oh, and does mommy give me a beautiful dress, a prince to dance with at a ball, or glass slippers? NO! All she gives me is a big fat pile of chores. I don't even have magic. Mommy says it skips a generation, so I can't point at my feet and hope to see a pair of glass slippers. Here, I'll show you. Bippity, Boppity, bam! Whoa! There's a pair of glass slippers on my feet! I guess magic doesn't skip generation after all. Mommy was wrong. It wasn't the first time that's for sure. I wonder if that Prince Charming guy is still available. If not, there may just have to be a magical interference between the prince and Miss Cinderella. Now what was his number?



# My Death Ride

**By:** Diego R., Modesto, CA USA

**Description:** A teen tells a story to his parents so as not to get in trouble.

**Gender:** Any

**Genre:** Comedic

Hi mom. Hi dad. It's not my fault I wrecked the car. The truth is I was driving like any regular day to the movies. I made a turn then the next thing I knew I was in the woods. Then a bear ran in front of the car. To not hit it I made a sharp turn causing me to swerve into a tree. Then a gang approached me on their motorcycles with crow bars and guns. I had to do quick thinking. Luckily, a weirdo came by scaring off the gang. He looked like Donald Trump and the Devil had a baby. Then, all of a sudden, I was in Hawaii, so I kept driving when I noticed a plane spiraling from the sky, headed straight for me. The, get this. I crashed on the moon and the stupid moon junk broke the window. Then I was in the North Pole when, out of the blue, Santa's workshop appeared. I lost control of the car, went through the building, and ran over half the elves and Mrs. Claus. I'm for sure on the naughty list this year. Next, I was on an iceberg. A polar bear came by and tried to bite my face off, I mean it had its jaw around my face. Then suddenly I was in Assassin's Creed, the video game. How did that happen? The guards saw me and came after me, and I tried to drive but the wheels were stuck in a something that seemed to be pulling the car apart. Next, think I knew, I was trapped in the year 1720 and Cinderella was standing in the middle of the road. I think when I hit her with the car, it suddenly spit me back into the present. So, you are really lucky that I am back with you now, and that all that's wrong is that there are a few dings on the car.

# Lonely Leprechaun

**By:** Jordan E, Age 11, Ontario, Canada

**Description:** A leprechaun hates his job.

**Gender:** Any

**Genre:** Comedic

It's lonely here at the end of the rainbow. All I do all night and day is guard this pot of gold. No one told me when I took this job that I'd be here forever and ever. With no one to talk to. No one to share my strawberry jam and cheese sandwiches with. No one to play balloon stomp with. Oh yeah, I get the occasional butterfly or ladybug stopping by, but they only like to talk about flowers, and let me tell you...petunias and daffodils get boring after hundreds of years. If only someone would find this pot of gold. I see them headed straight for me all the time, and then they veer off in the wrong direction. I shout, "Hey, over here! It's right here!" and they look through me as if I'm invisible. If it weren't for the King Leprechaun threatening to turn me into a bridge troll if I ever quit, I'd walk away from this stupid pot of gold right now. Wait. Here comes another one. "Hey! Over here!" Uh oh. It's Bigfoot again. No. Not over here. (*Hides behind pot of gold. Whispers and points.*) No, go that way. That way. There's nothing to see here.

## A Burger Cook's Ramblings

**By:** Lauren B., North Carolina, USA, Age 12

**Description:** A fast-food worker rants about his terrible life.

**Gender:** Male

**Genre:** Comedic

My life sucks. Every single aspect of it. Terrible. From my friends to my neighbor to my job, it's all bad. So, first, my best friend and neighbor is not the sharpest tool in the shed, to say the least. I moved into my neighborhood in 1999. Even though he's my best friend, we have sort of a love/hate relationship. His lack of intelligence gets in the way of everything, and I have to act dumb with him just to make him feel better. The only time I have fun with him is when we gang up on our other neighbor. Now, that guy...he's a huge pompous jerk, and the exact definition of a delusional artist. He constantly is trying to harm us in some way, and has spoken about three kind words to me total in the years that I've known him. And my job? My job is a living nightmare. I work in an unsanitary kitchen as a cook. I'm probably just one rotten burger away from getting cholera or salmonella. My jerk of a neighbor works there, too, and only complains about everything. I pretend to love my job, since I work for less than minimum wage, and my boss would fire me if I even suggested a raise. I've tried to get another job, but every time I do, it lasts about eleven minutes before I'm crawling back to my money-hungry boss. There's a girl that doesn't live too far from me, and she's pretty nice. But all she cares about is doing dumb science experiments, mostly tests on me! One good thing...I have a pet. But it's a snail. And guess what? Even my pet snail hates me. It's run away a few times, too. Yeah, pretty sad. And as if all of this wasn't enough, there's one last cherry on top. I'm constantly blowing my money on repairs for my house, because it's always rotting away. I guess it's not all that surprising though, since I live in a pineapple under the sea.

## Listen up, Doggie-O

**By:** Chelsie K., Alaska, USA, Age 12

**Description:** A cat tells a dog who's boss.

**Gender:** Any

**Genre:** Comedic

Now listen up here doggie-o. I'm the one who calls the shots around here, see? I was here first, and as a feline, I have the advantage in the smarts department. See that bowl there? That's mine. I catch you so much as sniffing around it, you'll be sorry. I may be smaller than you, but I've got powerful weapons in these here paws. You ever tangled with a cat before? Well, don't. You'll find out mighty quick that I'm a force to be reckoned with. Now, over there is my bed. It's the one that says 'princess.' Yours is the one that says 'woof.' Which rhymes with goof. As in goofball. Which most dogs are. See, the humans, they respect me. I don't slobber all over them and wag my tail like a moron. I have dignity and poise. I even keep myself clean, and I would never, ever roll around in stinky stuff in the yard, or chew on dirty socks and then lick the humans. Gross. I don't perform tricks for treats. That's degrading. What are you trying to do? Hey, what are you trying to do back there? Go find a dog's butt to sniff! Ya better watch it, doggie-o. Remember, I'm the boss around here!

# The Woes of Oregano

**By:** Kaitlyn J., Madison, Alabama, USA, Age 11

**Description:** Oregano is left behind while other spices are chosen to go to the Science Fair.

**Gender:** Male or Female

**Genre:** Comedic

Hi, I'm Oregano. I am so depressed, and I do not think it is fair. *(sighs)* I mean, Cinnamon and Chili Powder were used in one of the most important things in the universe: a science fair project. They even got to go to the regional fair! All because they helped make their rosemary plants the healthiest while I lay in the dark cupboard, alone, unused, and with nothing to do. *(sniffs)* What's worse is that Sugar got to go, and she isn't even a spice or a herb. I am much better than Sugar! Technically, Sugar is only used in unhealthy things while I am not. I should have gone instead of Sugar. Plus, I would bet that if I was used, then my rosemary plant would be so much healthier than Chili Powder's, Cinnamon's, or Sugar's. Even some of the rosemary plants agreed. I asked the plant that used Cinnamon and he said that his roots burned when he sucked in that Cinnamon water! He said that he wished he had me!! *(beat)* I wish I had the chance to go to the science fair. *(sighs)* I will go next time. I must! If not, I shall threaten to explode and then no one will ever have Oregano again!

# Princess Power

**By:** Julissa, El Paso, TX, Age 13

**Description:** A princess locked in a tower imagines a way out of her situation.

**Gender:** Female

**Genre:** Comedic

Ugh! It's been eleven years. Eleven! And still, I am here. In the tallest tower protected by the most dangerous dragon, wearing yet another pink dress and with the same old hair, only longer. It's like nothing has changed. Not really. I mean, when I first got here, I was really scared and lonely. So, I guess I'm not that scared anymore, but the loneliness. Geez. Sometimes, I think I'm going crazy. Half the time I talk to myself while the other half I talk to the dragon. She's really nice actually. Yup. It's a girl. And her name is Fuegina. It's sort of Spanish for fire. Fuegina tells me that the only reason why she kills knights that want to rescue me is because she hears them say things like: "This is for the kingdom! I shall slay this dragon, rescue the maiden, and rule the kingdom! Gold for me, gold for ME!" Fuegina tells me that she doesn't think those type of guys are for me. I know it's crazy, but I think that the dragon is actually like a mom to me. More than my actual mom, that's for sure! I mean, couldn't she have stopped dad from sending me to this tower to wait for my "true love?" I thought true love couples met like in a Walmart parking lot or at a club or something. If only my dad didn't make that stupid bet with the other king: "Let's see who loves their princess more." My dad's theory was that, the more your daughter suffers, the more love she deserves. Thanks dad. I'm a daughter, not a casino chip! But to be honest, some days are not that bad. Sometimes, I just like looking out the window and...*wait!* Is that a knight coming to rescue me? (pause) Ugh. He didn't even bother to shave. Here he comes. I can see the greediness in his face. (Praying.) Please Fuegina, don't let him rescue me. Don't let him! (pause)...And...he's dead. I am so tired of this. Over and over, waiting for a Prince to rescue me. Maybe this is a life lesson. Don't people say, "love yourself?" Well, I certainly love myself very much. Maybe I am my own "true love." Yes! I get it now! Fuegina! We shall fly away! Forget about knights and kingdoms! Let's fly to freedom together!

## Grass

**By:** Caroline S., Madison, Alabama, USA; Age 10

**Description:** The difficult life of grass.

**Gender:** Male or Female

**Genre:** Comedic

Hey guys! It's me, grass! I know you think you know everything about grass, but you don't. I mean, are you aware of all the different types of grasses? My friend, Bluegrass, is very lush type of grass. And my cousin, Centipede, is a low maintenance type of grass. All of us different kinds of grass have one big problem in common. Do you know what the problem is? Well, I'll tell you! It's them thoughtless, selfish humans!!! I hate it when the giant humans step all over me like they're the boss of everything. THEY haven't been around for millions of years like I have! I also hate it when the tiny humans sit on us and tear us out of the ground. That decreases our population! One of the hardest things to get through is the cold season when we all get sick and turn brown. Then it gets even worse! We're super delicate and when the giant humans stand, walk or run all over us, we die! And if that wasn't bad enough, we're all...OH, NO! Not another giant human! RUN! Oh, wait, I forgot we can't run! HIDE! Oh, wait, I forgot we can't hide! MOVE out of the way! Oh, wait, I forgot we can't move! Let the winds come and move us out of the way! (*gently sways*) Thanks, wind! OH, NO! Not again! Come back, wind! HELP!!! (*closes his eyes, takes a beat then opens them*) Whew, that was close! Well, at least it's raining.

## I Hate Being a Villain

**By:** Ocean F., Ontario, Canada, Age 12

**Description:** Bowser, the villain in Super Mario Brothers hates being a bad guy

**Gender:** Male

**Genre:** Comedic

It's not fair! I don't like being called a villain. If anything, Mario is the villain, and who ever said I was the villain is wrong. I only kidnapped Princess Peach because she asked me to. All because Mario isn't smart enough to run his own country and now Princess Peach needs to do it herself. I mean that's why I did it. Hey, I would be upset too if all I could wear is a "pink frilly dress." Gross! Even that Turtle called "Yoshi" that Mario rides, comes in more colors than Princess Peach does. I had a wife and children. I had my picture-perfect life and then I got involved Mario's mess. Now I get bored just waiting around for Mario to get past that flying level. I only have one life and that MARIO has too many to count. How is that fair? All the odds against me and he's the one having fun all day. People adore him and people despise me. And I get so mad when they come out with a new video game with Mario as the front cover. Without me, you wouldn't have your precious video games anymore. I practically invented video games! And then, you go to a Halloween store you see Mario and Luigi costumes, but do you see it any Bowser costumes? NO, you don't see any Bowser costumes! You don't see any villain costumes because nobody wants to be the villain! So why should I be one? It's not fair.

# A New Puppy

**By:** Lucy S., Ontario, Canada, Age 12

**Description:** A kid has to deal with the hassle of a new puppy.

**Gender:** Any

**Genre:** Comedic



So, if you were to ask almost any kid if they wanted a new puppy they would probably say yes. Well, if you were to ask me, I would pass. Then when you tell this to people they are like "be grateful, at least you have a pet." Not to mention I am more of a cat person anyway. Getting a new dog is such a pain. My parents never asked me if I wanted one---which I didn't and DON'T. Listen to this... First off you have to train them a lot and some of them are not very good listeners. They can't talk, but couldn't they at least listen? If you have a hard time getting used to things, then try getting used to an annoying fluff ball that always does what it wants. And when they are puppies, they go nuts. They chew on everything and bark when they go into their kennels. Also, I love to travel and

guess what, I had to say bye bye to that for a while. So, what happens when you are home alone and have to take care of this dog that really even isn't yours. Well, your parents will say today it is your responsibility to take care of the dog. And you think to yourself "pfffft sure." And then when they come home and you didn't clean up after it, your parents get mad and blame you. Then you try and remind them that it isn't your dog in the most polite way and then they just get more mad at you. And then you get mad and then what happens...you have to go to your room. Which is actually fine, because guess what? I won't have to deal with the puppy for a few hours!

# Irritated Tooth Fairy

**By:** Julie Lane, Ohio, USA, Age 16

**Description:** A tired tooth fairy bemoans her gritty job and complains about being broke.

**Gender:** Female

**Genre:** Comedic

Hi, I'm Pixie, you probably know me most as the tooth fairy that collects your teeth under your nasty pillows. What most humans don't know is how difficult this job is. And news flash! I'm not getting paid for this. I'm paying you for your rotten teeth. What kind of deal is that? Keep in mind I am about the same size as your teeth and the money I give you, so yeah, the process takes about an hour per kid. But here's my dilemma. I have run out of money to give you spoiled kids! I am broke! No mouse wants to buy your teeth from me! And I am getting old and tired. Some humans believe I use your teeth to build my house. That. Ain't. True. That's disgusting! That's my fat fairy sister, Tonkerbell. Ahh! Tonkerbell what are you doing here? Oh, you heard everything I said... Well what is that falling out of your dress? Ah how dare you! That's where all the money went! Well humans, you are gonna have to live with your falling' out teeth for a year, I am going on vacation!

# Spritey O'Doodle

**By:** Cameron F., El Paso, TX, USA, Age 13

**Description:** A leprechaun outsmarts someone who has found his pot of gold.

**Gender:** Any

**Genre:** Comedic

*(In an Irish accent.)* Listen, ye squirrely would-be crook...it dunnot work the way ya think. Da. I am a leprechaun, and indeed, we stand at the end of my rainbow with da pot 'o gold right about here. What they dunnot tell ye is that my gold is buried deep below. Ya think that I would work away, makin' shoes and boots for all da rich uns, just to let a theivin' scud the likes of ye, come long and snatch me riches? Too bad for you, I'm Spritey O'Doodle. I'm no eejit. I'm the smartest of all da leprechauns. And you can go get a shovel. Ya have da right to dig for me treasure. But by the time ye return, who knows where me and me rainbow have bugged off ta. (Laughs.) Ye humans are bleedin' thick! So, run along, ya gombeen. I've me work to do!

*(The leprechaun goes back to his work making shoes and sings this song.)*

"Lay your ear close to the hill.  
Do you not catch the tiny clamour,  
Busy click of an elfin hammer,  
Voice of the Lepracaun singing shrill  
As he merrily plies his trade."

# Lucky Turkey

**By:** Jasmine R., Los Angeles, California, USA, Age 13

**Description:** A turkey believes that he/she has been adopted by a family.

**Gender:** Any

**Genre:** Comedic

*(Actor should adopt turkey mannerisms when performing the monologue.)* I must be the luckiest turkey alive! You see, last week, I was in the turkey orphanage. There were hundreds of us crammed into cages and fenced areas. The noise...oy! Every day we had to scramble to gobble up...gobble...gobble...gobble...sorry. I got carried away. Hundreds of us had to gobble up the seeds they threw on the ground for us. And sleeping? There was no sleeping. We lived right next to the goose orphanage. And geese, they stay up all night! Honk, honk, honk! They are notorious party birds. But then, last week, a very nice farmer came by and out of all the turkeys in the pen, he picked me to come home with him! Now, I live in this amazing, luxurious pen, with just a few chickens. There's so much room, and so much to eat. It's like I won the turkey lottery! And tomorrow is my birthday! November 24th. I think they are planning a party for me. The farmer's wife is cooking constantly. So many good smells are coming from the kitchen. One of the chickens, the gossipy one...squawk, squawk, squawk...told me that the family adopted another turkey about a year ago, and they think he lives inside now because the farmer came and got him last year, and he never brought him back to the henhouse. Just think...I'll have a brother, and I'll get to live inside with the family. This is going to be the best birthday ever! I'm hungry already. *(Strutting off.)* Gobble...gobble...gobble.



## English Class

**By:** Justin Kyzar, Mississippi, USA, Age 15

**Description:** A frustrated teacher deals with a rowdy class.

**Gender:** Any

**Genre:** Comedic

Alright class! Listen up! Because of last weeks' "events," we are going to try this again. Everyone, get out your pencils. And no throwing them this time! Jane, put that cell phone away! I will not hesitate to take it! Shawn, stop trying to light Cindy's hair on fire! There is barely any left from last time! Jason! Don't you dare throw that chair out the window! Jaaasssoon... Jason! Ugh! you guys are worse today than yesterday, and now I have to replace that window! I am calling the principal! (picks up phone) Hello Mr. Sanchez? We need you in the fifth-grade classroom. What do you mean you are busy? There's no way those kindergartners are worse than these kids. oh...oh... They did that? Oh well, I hope Mrs. Smith recovers. Those kindergartners should be ashamed for doing that to her. Well, stay safe, and I hope the pencil wound in your arm heals. (hangs up) Okay class, new test! We are going to see how good you are at finding a new teacher because I quit! I am going to be a janitor! I rather clean up other people's messes than teach you! Adios!

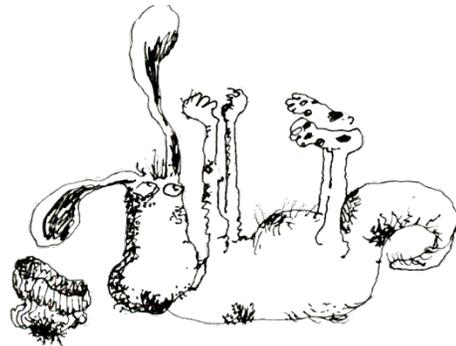
## Abby at the Beach

**By:** Alysa Klapper, Age 13, California, USA

**Description:** A dog describes her first visit to the ocean.

**Gender:** Female (gender can be changed)

**Genre:** Comedic



Hello, my name is Abby and I'm a part of the Klapper family. Every day of my life is basically the same. Wake up. Eat breakfast. Watch family leave. Lie in the sunshine and chase squirrels. Family comes home. Get some tummy rubs and treats. Eat dinner and go to bed. But one day, I heard them talking about driving to something called the beach... I didn't know what that was, but then they said three words that made my ears perk up, "Let's bring Abby." I was so excited! I wasn't going to be alone all day again. I got in the car and jumped into Alysa's lap, ready to go on an adventure. As we were driving there was a powerful fan outside the car window with a lot of smells. Finally, we got to the thing called the beach. Why hadn't they taken me to this before?! The dirt there was soft and warm, and so easy to dig in. There were birds everywhere to chase and chase (huffing and puffing). Alysa was in a big pool of water that looked like it had no end. She was calling me, and suddenly my paws were wet, but it felt so good! Then, a big moving wall of water was coming. I tried to run away, but it was too late, and it was all over me. I was soaking wet. I ran back to the dry sand where my family was and shook and shook and shook and shook. They all started yelling. They must have thought this was as fun as I did! The day at the beach was the best day ever! On the way home, I heard them talking about another adventure, called "the veterinarian." I can't wait to see what that is like!

# Elephant in the Room

**By:** Eli Whittier, Oklahoma, USA, Age 10

**Description:** A child overhears a bizarre argument between his/her parents.

**Gender:** Any

**Genre:** Comedic

I've finally confirmed it. My parents are crazy. Last night, I heard them arguing, and they were talking real low, so naturally, I snuck up to the door and listened in. That's when I heard my mom say, "Let's talk about the elephant in the room." What? I've never seen an elephant in their room. Or even in our house. Obviously, we would all know if there was an elephant in their room! My dad said, "Keep your voice down. The kids will hear." Like he didn't want us to know there was an elephant in there either. So, apparently, they *both* think there is an elephant in their room. I looked through the crack in the doorjamb, and I could see my mom sitting on the bed, and my dad across from her, and sure enough...no elephant. Then my dad said something that I couldn't hear, and then my mom sounded real mad and she said, "Well, it's clear that you prefer her to me." So apparently the elephant is a girl elephant. And my dad raised his voice and said, "I work with her!" What? My dad's an accountant, not a zookeeper. Tomorrow, after-school, I'm going to sneak in there and find out once and for all. And just to be on the safe side, I'm going to make my big brother come with me!

# Cat Lady

**By:** Niesha M., Fort Worth, Texas, USA, Age 12

**Description:** A wife tells her husband about a stray cat she's taken in.

**Gender:** Female

**Genre:** Comedic

I should probably tell you now, before you notice it. And I need to point out that in no way did I encourage this. I was just minding my own business. And there's no way I'm going to get rid of it today (under breath) *or maybe ever*. What? Nothing. What I mean to say is that I will do my best to find her a home as soon as possible. (Reacting to yelling.) I know! I know, but it's not my fault. I was out in the garage taking off my boots, and she just wandered in. So skinny. And she was meowing like she was hungry, so I just gave her a tiny bit of food. You should have seen how fast she ate it up! So, I might have given her a little more. She doesn't have a collar, and honestly, I don't think she belongs to anybody. But I will look online and see if someone is missing an adorable little black and white cat. Oh, oh, here she comes. Look at how friendly she is! Martin, I've never seen a cat so friendly. I know, I know. We aren't going to keep her. Just pick her up, will you? She loves being held. So unusual for a cat...I said, I know that we aren't going to keep her...of course, I realize that we already have sixteen cats. But she's so cute...and really...(flirting) what's one more?



## Californian Leprechaun

**By:** Matthew Pino, California, USA, Age 10

**Description:** A modern leprechaun rants about his life.

**Gender:** Any

**Genre:** Comedic

So, I gotta rant. Recently, people have been finding me! I know, I know... you're thinking, "What about that could be so bad?" Oh, trust me. It's MUCH worse than you think. First of all, everyone assumes I'll be all "Oh, top of the mornin' to ya." But I am actually a California Leprechaun. We have surf, and Starbucks, and "Sup, bruh?" and not so much 'green as far as the eye can see,' and so most of the time, when I'm spotted, I've got a fresh coffee in my hands. Then a human sees me, they're excited, they start freaking out. And it's always a surprise, so 9 times out of 10, the coffee gets knocked out of my hand and spills all over them. Suddenly they're screaming, "I thought you guys were supposed to be GOOD luck now my clothes are ruined..." blah blah blah. I'm like, talk to my lawyer dude. YOU'RE the one who grabbed ME. At this point, about half the time, they just DROP me! That always hurts. The other half, well, they ask what happens next, and by Leprechaun law I have to present them with two choices. Pot of Gold, or a Ruby. If they pick pot of gold, they get a tiny one. It's leprechaun-sized! What do you expect? Can't spend it, really. If they choose Ruby, it's a small dog. Her name is Ruby. Of course, because we're tricky like that! Now at this point they're upset, and I have to blow glitter in their eyes in order to "magically" disappear and honestly, I'm running out of my glitter stash and I just don't know how much more of this I can take!

## Life as a Minotaur

**By:** Rowan Deviny, California, USA, Age 9

**Description:** A mythological creature complains about his strange life.

**Gender:** Any

**Genre:** Comedic

Hullo! So, my name is Brunwin, and I am a Minotaur. That's right. I have the top half of a man, and the bottom half of a bull. It's about as uncomfortable as you think. I also live in an inescapable maze, so it's kind of hard to find your way to the bathroom. In all the movies I am portrayed as the bad guy, and to be fair, most of my kind are bloodthirsty killers. But I am NOT. I am so misunderstood. Every 10 years, children are sacrificed to me. But I actually LIKE kids! I mean... it's not like I'm going to NOT eat them... I only get to eat every 10 years! So lately I've been thinking about trying to cross through the hedges and finally escape this labyrinth. Oh, look- here comes a guy with a sword and some thread. I wonder what he's here for.

## Dragon Problems

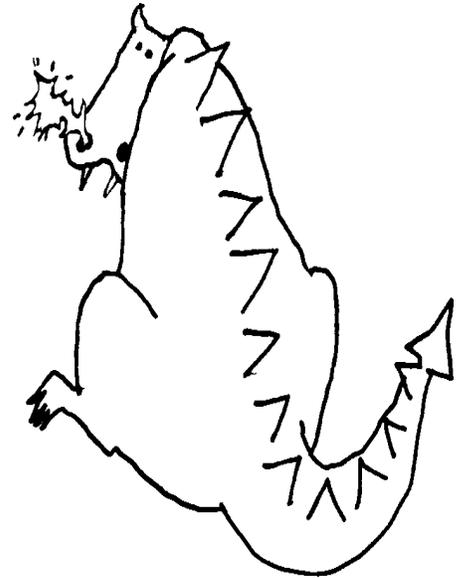
**By:** Miah Deaville, California, USA, Age 12

**Description:** An ordinary lizard suddenly finds him/herself turned into a fire-breathing dragon.

**Gender:** Any

**Genre:** Comedic

You'll never believe what a day I'm having. Just a few minutes ago, I was a normal, boring lizard, happily sunning on my rock, when all of a sudden, outta nowhere, this creepy looking green freak picked me up and dropped me into a black pot filled with GOD KNOWS WHAT. I'm pretty sure it knocked me out or something, because everything turned kind of fuzzy. Next thing I knew, I was blinking awake. At first all seemed normal... until I realized I was huge! Not to mention I had wings, and horns, claws, and spines, and razor-sharp teeth! Which is like, hello? Unsafe! Now after a while I started to think I could get used to this new style, that it might even be cool to not have to always run away, you know? When... I sneezed. Fire. Everywhere! That freaky green lady started running and vowed to destroy me or whatever. Which wasn't fair because, HELLO! You brought this on yourself, woman! If you had just left me on my rock and MINDED your own BUSINESS, you'd probably still have your frickin' house! (\*pant... pant...\*) Look, I've gotta go. I suddenly have a strong urge to burn down an innocent village. Maybe I'll even chase down that madwoman on her dirty broom and eat her.



## Pegasus Wants Cash

**By:** Polly Carlson, California, USA, Age 9

**Description:** Pegasus explains that being famous is not all it's cracked up to be.

**Gender:** Any

**Genre:** Comedic

Being famous might seem amazing, but it has some serious drawbacks. As you can see, I'm a Pegasus, known worldwide. In fact, I've starred in many, many things -- but I'm always portrayed so badly! In Greek and Roman stories, I popped out of Medusa's head along with a gold loving pirate. That's just strange. In Egyptian myths I'm hunted and killed constantly! By the way, have you seen my constellation? It looks nothing like me! More like a table with wings in the stars. Yikes. And don't get me started on the terrifying Norse tales... somehow Loki, the god of mischief, is my mom?! Just when you think it's getting out of hand... we can't forget My Little Pony in all this! Sure, friendship is great, but it's not the main magic at all. And can you believe, in all of these, I get paid nothing?! It's like, come on. Help a pony out!

# Kitten Apocalypse

**By:** Haley Jones, Ohio, USA, Age 14

**Description:** A teen finds alien goop and her cat eats it.

**Gender:** Any

**Genre:** Comedic

I just made the worst mistake of my life. I have caused the kitten apocalypse. I woke up this morning, and I saw something outside that was glowing green. Naturally, I was curious, so I put on some protective gloves brought it inside and put it in a jar. I asked everyone in my family if they knew what it was nobody knew. I emailed my science teacher and asked her. She didn't know what it was. Nobody knew what the disgusting green glowing goop was. I found a space scientist's website, and it showed her email address, so I emailed her. I waited an hour and no response. Just then, my kitten knocked over the jar and ate a tiny bit of it. I snatched it away before he could eat anymore. Great, I thought. Now I have to take my kitten to the vet. What on earth am I going to tell him? But that turned out to be the least of my problems. The scientist finally emailed me back she wrote, "It's alien space goop whatever you do KEEP IT AWAY FROM KITTENS." Now I was really worried. I turned around and my little black kitten had turned into a green kitten. He seemed fine though, so I petted him, but he quickly scratched my hand. Now, I'm sitting here slowly turning green. I don't know what I'm going to do. Part of me wants to alert someone. And part of me feels an urge to bite the first person who comes into my room.

# The Puppy Sitter

**By:** Morgan Dudek, Florida, USA, Age 12

**Description:** A teen dog sits a friend's puppy.

**Gender:** Any

**Genre:** Comedic

So, Cheryl asked me to watch her puppy, Oscar. She says, "Zara would you mind watching my puppy for a few days?" I said, "sure no problem." No problem! I mean, how bad could it be to watch an innocent, harmless, cute little puppy? Right? Right? WRONG! It was a nightmare if there ever was one. Look at me! Do you see the bags under my eyes? I look like I went twelve rounds with Muhammad Ali. This puppy has NOT stopped barking and whining all night (imitates dog) maar, maaar, maaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaar, arf, aaaarf. I tossed and turned and tossed and turned some more. I felt like a 1980's break dancer. Finally, it was time to go to work. I was actually excited to go to work for once in my life. It was somehow a better option than staying home with Maar, Maaar, MAAAAAAAAAAAAAAR!! But guess what?! When I walked into my kitchen, I found myself Sliiiiiiiiiiiiiiding alllllllll the waaaaaaaaaaaay ACROSS the kitchen and FLAT DEAD ON MY BACK and butt! I have bruises the size of boulders...DOG PEE. I've had it. But it gets worse. I came home from work, and he's torn up the couch. My couch, the one that I just recently purchased from Levitz, great deal by the way, is destroyed! And where was Oscar? Somehow Oscar the expert trapeze artist positioned himself ON TOP of my cabinets. Did I mention how small this puppy is? The size of my foot. Don't know how the heck he got up onto the cabinet. Miracles of God. ANYWAY, he couldn't get down. The genius was afraid to jump! On the bright side, all of this has happened on day one. So, I figure it can't possibly get worse.

# Imaginary Friend

**By:** Linley Jones, Georgia, USA, Age 14

**Description:** An imaginary friend realizes that he/she is no longer needed.

**Gender:** Any

**Genre:** Comedic

Hi, my name is Alex, and I am not real. You're probably thinking, Alex, you have to be real, how else would you be talking? Well, that's a good question. It all started on the first day of Pre-K. A young girl named Eliza was scared for her first day of school. She had no friends, and her mother gave her some advice. She said, "Well, sweetheart, if you can't make any friends, why don't you create one?" At that very moment, I was created. Eliza and I have been best friends ever since that day. Lately, Eliza has started to make other friends. Her older sister, Angelica, has been nicer, and so has her little sister Peggy. Eliza has met another girl at school, Maria; she has gotten closer to her too. Don't get me wrong, I'm happy Eliza is making friends, but her new friends ignore me. I'll try to talk to Angelica or Peggy, and they totally don't notice me. It's like they see right through me. I'm not going to lie; I'm scared Eliza will leave me for them. Maybe, I should talk to her and tell her how I feel. Eliza! Hey, Eliza! Did you see that? She ignored me too. I treasured each day of our friendship, and this is how she repays me. And that's when I remember; I'm not real. I was created by Eliza to be her friend. And now that she has friends, my purpose has been fulfilled. Wait, what's happening? It's getting kind of dusty in here. When was the last time they dusted? (coughs into her arm and looks down) Wait... Where are my hands! I-I don't feel so good. (vanishes into dust)

# Can't Sleep

**By:** Scarlett Burton, Ohio, USA, Age 11

**Description:** A child just can't fall asleep while his/her mind is so busy.

**Gender:** Any

**Genre:** Comedic



There are definitely elephants outside my window, and now I just can't sleep. My mom says it's just that I'm far too imaginative to sleep, but can you blame me? The best things happen at night. I toss and turn, but the sound of hundreds of marathon runners racing and thumping down the streets bothers me. Sometime gumdrops will hit the roof, and I go outside, but I can never quite catch one in my mouth, and yesterday, the French band just wouldn't stop. I even went out and screamed at them, but the worst of them all was today. There are elephants outside my window. When I saw them, I went zooming through our apartment and started shaking my mom vigorously. "Mom. Mom, the elephants are back!" Disappointment again. I mean she just completely blew me off. I trotted back upstairs thinking, "Oh, how will I go to sleep with that elephant there?" Maybe counting sheep will work. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. That's how many sheep the wolf just ate. Oh, there's nine and ten. This is supposed to make me sleep? Maybe reading a book will work. Books are boring enough. "The puffin is popping with cream tart toppings." Wait! I'm more awake than I was before! What time is it even? Oh my god, the sun's up.

# Christmas Monologues for Younger Students

## Elves on Strike

**By:** Jeremy K., Age 12, Idaho Falls, Idaho, USA

**Description:** The leader of the elves' union rallies the elves against Santa.

**Gender:** Any

**Genre:** Comedic

As the leader of the Union of the Order of the North Pole Elves, I stand here today and urge you to say no to Santa! No more working from sunup to sundown without so much as a snickerdoodle break! What does Santa think we are, robots? No, we're elves, and we have rights! Tinsel, remember when he made you clean Dasher's stall after he got into that barrel of chocolate? Cleaning chocolate poo is not in the elf job description! And Snazzy, there was that time when he ordered you to let Mrs. Claus use you as a mannequin for the little girl's dresses she was making. Humiliating! I mean, what the falalala was he thinking? I mean he makes us wear these ridiculous Pinnocchio outfits and sing while we work, while he sits on his big fat butt watching the weather channel. And on Christmas day, he takes ALL the credit. *(Imitating children.)* "Mom, Santa came! Ooooh, look what Santa got me! How did he know I wanted this?" Listen up children of the world: Santa is not the one who made your train sets, and your dolly houses and your walkie talkies. It was US, the Elves of the Order of the North Pole. We did it all. Santa is just a lazy guy with a wiggly belly who works basically one day a year. Nothing but a gloried delivery man if you ask me! *(Pauses. Listens to someone in the audience.)* What's that? Santa is where? *(Looks behind him.)* Oh fudgesicles.

## An Elf's Complaint

**By:** Nicole N., Madison, Alabama, USA; Age 10

**Description:** An elf complains about how difficult Santa is.

**Gender:** Male or Female

**Genre:** Comedic

I am an elf and I need to file a complaint! If you if you think that Santa is a nice, jolly, old fella, then you are WRONG!!!! I work twenty hours a day, seven days a week. Yes, Santa gives us a nice home, but it's in the North Pole and we have to share it with three other elf families. He does feed us well, but he makes us do all the cooking. He makes all the elves work ALL THE TIME. Of course, we get holidays off...NOT!!! The only day off we get is on Christmas Eve, after we've loaded up his sleigh. When I am not making toys, I am either at the mall with Santa, or I am taking care of his reindeer. The biggest concern I have is for my children. They've never been to school! Santa really needs to offer some sort education for these kids! The only thing they know how to do is to make a bouncy ball! Seriously? Santa has not been good to us elves. HE should be put on the naughty list, for a change! Oh, did I forget to mention it? WE DIG THE COAL, too!!! It is a very dirty job. Don't get me wrong. I love seeing all the children's faces when they open all the presents we've made for them on Christmas day, BUT THAT IS ONCE A YEAR!!!! Well, I've said everything I came to say. I've got to get back to work. AS ALWAYS! An elf's work is never done.

# Rudolph's Older Brother

**By:** Trequan D., Mississippi, USA, Age 17

**Description:** Rudolph's brother tells him not to forget where he is from.

**Gender:** Male

Hey man, bring ya red nose over here... AYE MAN, I said bring ya RED NOSE over here! I see you're all excited about being Santa's new favorite reindeer, but never forget where you came from. Yeah, I understand it's nice to finally laugh, not get called names, and to play in all the reindeer games with everyone else besides just me... but can't you see they're just using you? Santa never gave you any attention until last Christmas when he couldn't see any farther than he could spit. Huh? What do you mean he said, "you're the light of his world"? He was being serious, that wasn't a compliment! He taped you to the back of his car because his taillight was out. Now explain to me why you're ok with that. Matter fact nah, I don't wanna hear it. Now you're chilling with Dasher and Dancer acting like you're a big star just because your nose glows up red, WE HAVE 50 THOUSAND CHRISTMAS LIGHTS THAT DO THAT SAME THING- you know what Rudolph, do what you wanna do, but never forget where you came from.

# The Present

**By:** Sydney G., Ontario, Canada, Age 12

**Description:** A kid finds a huge present in their parent's closet, but the size turns out to be deceiving.

**Gender:** Any

Guess what I saw hidden in my parent's closet? The biggest present ever, like elephant big! Well, maybe not that big but you get what I mean, this thing was giant. So anyways, I was going upstairs, and I was looking for my dad's big sweater for my Christmas party and there I saw the box in the closet all neatly wrapped up. I got closer and on top was my name, yes mine "To Melissa" (or "Mark") written in big black letters. This HAD to be an Xbox! I couldn't wait for Christmas. I was ready. Ok, so then Christmas day came I woke up extra early and I was ready to get this big new Xbox with new controllers so that I could finally play Fortnite. It was my turn, I reached out and ripped the paper as fast as I could and inside was a box and when I opened that box guess what was inside? Another box and in that was another box and can you guess what's next? Another box! By now, I knew this would be a great gift because who would go to all this trouble to wrap a gift that isn't great? Then a few boxes later I knew I had to be down to the last box. I was surprised it was quite small maybe it is too small to be the Xbox. I thought it would be or could be money or an Xbox gift card, so I opened it and what was inside A PAIR OF SOCKS! Seriously! I could not believe it was it *actually socks*. I thought I was getting something better than things that just get smelly. And oh, another thing...they were way too small. And the color was yellow with brown polka dots. What? My mom and dad looked at me like I should love them. My dad said, "What were you expecting? Aren't they great?" I didn't even know how to respond. "Thanks," I said sarcastically. And then I noticed that my brother was starting to laugh. And so were my parents. Can you imagine? How mean can they get? I started to run to my room, and my dad stopped me. "Just look inside the socks." I didn't really want to. But Christmas was ruined already. So, I went ahead and shoved my hand into one of the socks. It was a gift card for an Xbox. Yeah, I was happy that I got it, but they didn't have to practically make me cry beforehand. Parents, let this be a lesson to you. Christmas is Christmas and April Fool's Day is an entirely different holiday. It's really not funny to mix them up.

## Life of a Tree

**By:** Cohen Y., Madison, Alabama, USA; Age 10

**Description:** A tree describes its life.

**Gender:** Male or Female

**Genre:** Dramatic

Everyone thinks trees are just living decorations. No, we are much more than that. True, we are used for holidays and special events but, we can also be used for shade and so much more. The real life of a tree is magnificent. When humans aren't looking, we actually move. I know you don't believe me since you've never seen it happen, but it's true! We all meet up and talk every night we while you humans are asleep. We take showers in the rain. We also like to read. History books are our favorite, but we also enjoy comedy, fantasy, and tall tales. Don't think being a tree is all good, though. Now, let's talk about Christmas. It can be very uncomfortable for us! When you are hanging ornaments on us, please be CAREFUL. Those metal hooks can really hurt, and then when you take them down, you always forget one. They can get very itchy! But the real problem for us trees, is that you humans our hurting our world. All the coal and chemicals you use smell horrible and are polluting our air. We simply can't live like this. Well, I hope you have learned something, because I don't feel like talking anymore. Come on people! Take care of our Earth! Take care of us trees!

## In Defense of the Grinch

**By:** Gigi C., Age 12

**Description:** A person explains why we shouldn't hate the Grinch.

**Gender:** Male or Female

Listen up, people. I've got a lot to say to you and not much time to say it, so let's get started. Most fellas around here just LOATHE the Grinch, at least before his heart had a growth spurt. "Who is he," they say, "to lie, cheat, and steal, all because he was jealous?" Well, let me ask you this, who are YOU to go hating on him? Sure, maybe dumping all the Whos' presents off the side of Mt. Crumpit was a bit overkill, but if he could hear the Whos singing all the way from his mountain, I think he had a right to be annoyed, don't you think? And don't even get me started on how lonely he must have been. He's a green, shriveled-up beast who lived right above the happiest town there ever was, and every year a merry festival went on below him while he froze in his cave. Did the Whos ever once invite him? Huh? Did they even care about him before he carved the roast beast? I DON'T THINK SO! With all that said, I hope next time you read "How the Grinch Stole Christmas", you'll understand his motives. I rest my case.

# Dramatic Monologues for Older Students

## No Burial

**By:** Sarah Kincaid, Tulsa, Oklahoma, USA, Age 14

**Description:** A teenager visits her (or his) father's grave with a friend.

**Gender:** Any

I used to come here a lot. Maybe it was guilt. Or depression. Or just habit. You know he's not buried here, right? It's just an empty grave. Kind of ironic that they etched a mountain on his headstone. That's where he's actually buried. Well, not really buried. They never told us, but I watched this movie about Mt. Everest, and apparently, when people die up there, they just leave the bodies. Yes, I'm serious. There's no way to get them off there. It's too dangerous. After I saw that, I kept picturing him in my imagination, frozen. Tiny icicles hanging from his eyebrows and beard. In my mind, his eyes are open and he is reaching out. Stuck like that forever. Or at least until he's buried beneath a snow drift. For a long time, I had dreams...well nightmares that he is somehow still alive up there and no one can find him. I worry that his soul is not at rest. My mom told me that she had begged him not to go. He had small children, she said. It was irresponsible. But my dad was an explorer, a conqueror. I don't remember him much, but I can see it in his eyes when I look at pictures of him. He almost made it to the top. (Pause.) One day, I'm going to make it for him. I'll do it when I'm still young. Before I have children. I'm going to take a rock from that mountain and bring it back here. Maybe then he can rest.

## I Don't Need Therapy

**By:** Divya Manikandan, Karnataka, India, Age 17

**Description:** A explains why she is not the one who needs psychiatric help.

**Gender:** Any

I don't see why I'm here. I'm not the one who needs a therapist. Yes, I'm stressed out, and maybe I've been a little emotional lately. You would be too, if you lived at my house. All they do is argue. Doesn't matter if it's a big thing or a small thing. I mean, the other day, they argued about how to cut the toast. Mom had cut it straight across and dad said it should go on the diagonal. Then my mom said that she wasn't his mother and it was time to cut the apron strings. Whatever that means. When they realized I was in the kitchen, my mom flashed me her fake smile and passed me a plate of toast. I said I wasn't hungry. Next thing, she'll think I'm anorexic. So what if I stay in my room? It's peaceful there with my earbuds in. Music makes me happy. I've been thinking about learning to play an instrument. I made the mistake of mentioning this to my parents. Right away, dad offered to get out his old trumpet. Mom said that he should shut up and let me decide. Then dad told mom that she didn't have to be such a witch about it. I said I was finished with dinner and asked to be excused. And mom all of a sudden acted concerned and felt my forehead to see if I was sick. I went to my room and I could tell they were still arguing. They were doing that thing where they were trying to keep their voices down, but it's totally obvious. They weren't always like this. I mean, they used to be in love. If you ask me, they are the ones who need therapy. I mean, am I missing something here? (laughs) Thank you for saying that. I really mean it, I do. Most people don't take teenagers seriously. (pause) Do you play an instrument? Oh, the cello is nice. But I was thinking more like drums. Drown out the noise.

# DNA

**By:** Eli Johnson, Sarasota, Florida, USA, Age 15

**Description:** A student offers a melancholy explanation for why he (or she) keeps falling asleep in class.

**Gender:** Any

I'm sorry Mrs. Trask. I'm trying. I just can't stay awake in your class...yes, I think biology is interesting, especially DNA. Deoxyribonucleic acid. Kind of rolls off the tongue, doesn't it? I've been thinking a lot about the double helix and how it reminds me of sacred geometry. Do you know about sacred geometry? Well, that's okay. But I imagine the shape and structure of our DNA is related to some kind of larger thing in the universe. I mean, look at it. It's like art. A turning ladder made up of tiny intricate colors. And the fact that no two are the same says a lot. (Pause.) Well, for instance, it means that each person is unique. Even if you are born of certain parents, you don't have to turn out like them because you are different. (Pause.) No, I don't really want to be like my parents. Well, maybe my mom. My dad, he's just stressed out is all. There are five of us, and Spencer, he takes a lot of work. At the hospital, they said he wouldn't live, but he did, and now my mom has to stay home to take care of him. My dad works a lot and I think that's why he's mad all the time. I just wish he wouldn't yell, and...well, other stuff. I can't talk about it. Anyway, sometimes I don't get a lot of sleep. That's why I fall asleep in your class. I'll try harder, I promise. I like learning. I like learning that deep in my bones is a code that belongs to me and only me. Gives you comfort, doesn't it?

# I Hate Performing

**By:** Amber D., West Gosford, NSW, Australia, Age 14

**Description:** A student panics over her decision to sign up for drama class.

**Gender:** Male or Female

*(Pacing back and forth.)* Oh, why did I even sign up for this class? I didn't know we'd have to practice auditioning. It's not fair. Everybody will be looking at me, judging me. If I do one thing wrong everybody is going to notice, and laugh at me, and I'm going to be so embarrassed. The lights will be beaming in my eyes and my hands will start shaking like crazy. My throat will get really dry and I'll stutter like there's no tomorrow. I'll fidget and play with my hair. I'm so nervous, what if I suck? What if I'm horrible? What if people start throwing things; or worse, tell everybody about my performance, and how much I sucked. I'll be embarrassed everywhere I go. I'll have no escape. People are always going to remember me as the person who couldn't perform, the person who can't ever talk in front of a crowd. I don't want to do this, I hate performing. If I was confident, I could just stand on that stage and nail it, but I'm not. I'm terrified, in fact I'm petrified. I would use any excuse in the book to not have to perform. I know what you guys are thinking, just pretend to be sick. Well, unfortunately I've tried that already and they didn't buy it. Use a doctor note, well I tried that one too, and as it turns out I'm not very good at forging signatures. They didn't even buy the dead pet excuse. You know what? Actually...maybe I can do this. I've practiced for hours. I know all my words. All I've got to do is go up there and perform it the way I know I can, the way I've rehearsed it dozens of times in the mirror, and if I do that, I'll be fine. In fact, I'd be better than fine, I'll be amazing. I just have to stay calm and relaxed. And the point is just to have fun, right? I don't have to be the best, I just need to do the best I can. Alright, I can do this. I'm ready. Hey, I'm... I... I... I can't do this. *(Walks off-stage.)*

# I Hate Disco

**By:** Payton V.P., Green Bay, Wisconsin, Age 17

**Description:** Teen rejected by her guy finds comfort where least expected—from her mom.

**Gender:** Female

I don't like disco. I'm sure of that. But when I was messing around with Ricky, I told him I liked disco. It was that kinda, doe-eyed, sloppy lie you tell when you've got cherry marmalade in your heart about a guy. Ricky was the bee's knees, even though he was a lil' too old for us high school girls. Mom never liked that. She said he was gruff and that it probably wouldn't last long. But, Ricky's not as sandpaper rough as he comes off. He told me that in elementary school all the kids poked at him for being short. He'd listen to disco and eat his maple ham sandwiches with the teacher, which made me sad. Couldn't you see my little Ricky with his wide eyes and crazy raven hair as he munched on some dry bread next to a busty middle-aged teacher? Ricky never really knew how to click with people quite like everyone else, I suppose. The part that made me ache was when Ricky told me 'bout the day they served French toast sticks. The kids roughed him up, yanno, punches and kicks like little tykes do, and then poured syrup into the back of his sweater. Ricky got all teary-eyed just talking about it. Everyone called him Sticky Ricky. Still do. I only called him Sticky Ricky when I was angry with him. Ricky was irksome, but, boy, did he love disco. Not me. I didn't mind some Donna Summers and some Bee Gee's, now and then, but Ricky loved it. I told him I did too. I never really understood why girls do that for their dopey boys. It was just a tradition. It was a torch passed down on the back of the bus, along with dirty songs and the secrets to youth. My mom would nag at me for bending about disco. I used to always yap and moan about her Earth, Wind and Fire, but that's just what girls do to their mothers. People tell me how much I'm like her, and it drives me crazy. "Lola! You've got your momma's disco ball eyes!" I didn't want her disco ball eyes! Or her disco ball hair, hands or songs. When I broke up with Ricky, he spit on my new Mary Janes and then I blurted out that I hated disco. My mom picked me up that night in the back lot of the drive in. We listened to Gloria Gaynor the whole ride home as I cried. I was mad 'cause she was right. Moms are always right. She rubbed my back and made me feel better. I still hated disco, but I didn't mind it as much in that moment.

# The Mystery Club

**By:** Marwan Lahbabi, California, USA, Age 14

**Description:** A troubled teen tells his story to a new psychiatrist.

**Gender:** Male

(A boy walks in and sits on a sofa in his psychiatrist's office.) So, Dr. Broomfield is gone, huh? Just as well, I guess. He was what? Like eighty? But then again, I gotta be honest. You look too young to be a psychiatrist. (pause) Alright, well, I'll give you the backstory. You might want to get a snack. So, last March. I was a sophomore, and this whole high school thing? Trust me when I tell you that I despised all of it. The people, the lunches, the drama. But home wasn't much better. I've always been really smart. Practically a quantum computer, and my two brothers were jealous of this, which led to my being bullied by my own family. So, no friends at school, and treated like crap at home, I guess I was set up to be more prone to fighting and self-harm. Then, I guess it all came to a head on March 2nd. You probably read that. About me going to the rooftop of the school and being ready to jump? Yeah. I had a note, but couldn't

think of anyone to give it to. So, I'm standing up there, and this guy I barely knew, Mark Holmes, appears out of nowhere and yanks me down. Of course, I immediately punched him in the face, but he stayed up there and just kept talking, and after a couple of hours, I felt better, and actually started to like the guy. He asked me to join his club which he called the Mystery Club, which had nothing to do with mysteries at all. It was more like a hangout spot for him and his friends. A boy named Conan Doyle. He was British and personality-wise he's pretty eccentric. Madman, actually. Julie Paretsky, she was and still is the delinquent of the group. And a girl named George. I know, it's weird. But she's great. She's energetic and very optimistic and able to see the best in everyone. So that's how I got into that group. Now to talk about why I was in the hospital. It was a normal day at the club, or what we call normal. We had just left a party. Well more like we were kicked out of a party. Yeah, Julie had punched someone because he was being rude. She can be scary sometimes. But anyway, that was the day George started seeing this guy. His name was Alex. He acted like a nice guy around her, but I could tell he wasn't a good guy. I tried to warn her. She didn't believe me. Soon enough, Alex confronted me in private tried to fight me. Little did he know that my history of self-harm made me tolerant to pain and my terrible upbringing made me a great fighter. So, it didn't end well for him. Turns out because of that little scuffle he started to verbally abuse George, but she still wouldn't leave him. So, me, Mark, and Julie decided to take matters into our own hands. First, we trashed his place. Put graffiti on the walls. Destroyed his TV. That was fun. After that I went to George's house to tell her about it. I saw her on the edge of her balcony. As soon as she saw me, she jumped. I ran and caught her hand as she was falling and tried to pull her up. I used all my strength to save her. She put her hands on the ledge to pull herself up, but by that point my arms were done and when she pulled up, I fell down. Right off the balcony! I thought it was funny ending up right where I started. It felt like time was slowing down. I saw George's horrified expression as I was falling. You know, I thought falling to your death would be scary, but it was somehow soothing knowing it was all over and I was about to die. After I fell, I was in a coma for two weeks. My family is pretty much done with me, but hey, I'm alive. Oh, that's the end of our session? Great. I got somethings off my chest at least. Well, got to go. The mystery club is waiting. I heard Julie hit someone with a bat.

## Guilty Pandora

**By:** Emma Tricarico, Age 9, Melbourne, Australia

**Description:** Pandora regrets opening the box and vows to do something about it.

**Gender:** Female

Why did Zeus have to give me that box in the first place? *(Pause.)* What am I saying? It was all my fault. I was the one that opened the box. I should have known that it was full of nothing good. Now I've let all the diseases free. I don't want to be known for a bad thing. I want to be known for good. Everybody always used to be happy. Now there is sickness and disease and I'm to blame. It was just too tempting. He gives me a box. A beautiful box. And then tells me not to open it! What use is a box if you can't open it? Epimetheus says that I shouldn't be so hard on myself. Anyone would have opened that box. But this happened to me, and not anybody else. I have to figure out why. What can I do? I'm just a lump of clay. Maybe there is a way I can help Hope. He's just a little bug, out there on his own. I'm going to find him and help him become strong and powerful. I have to try. It's the least I can do after I opened that stupid, annoying little box.

# At What Cost?

**By:** Olivia S., Calgary, Alberta, Canada, Age 14

**Description:** A beauty pageant contestant questions whether or not to continue competing.

**Gender:** Female

*Dolly Ransun is a 13-year-old girl who lives in Georgia with her mom. Her dad left before she was born. Her exterior is very stuck up and arrogant but internally she is very down to earth. The only reason she does pageants anymore is in hopes that her dad will reach out to her. In this monologue, she is running through her choreography for her up-and-coming pageant and slowly unraveling. She is talking to herself about all the things on her mind.*

Walk, walk, walk and cupcake hands and left foot, two steps right foot, two steps and...  
(pauses) Shoot! What the heck comes after the right foot? Is it the turn or walking the other way? Ugh it's turn, of course, it's the turn Dolly. Get your act together! Okay, start again. It's fine, it's fine. You're still gorgeous. "Ultimate Grand Supreme" is still yours. Okay. Smile, walk, walk, walk and cupcake hands and... left foot two steps and...right foot two steps and turn and back (rolls her ankle and collapses in pain.) Ah! My stupid ankle! I can't afford for you to give out on me! You have one job, ankle, one job: Stay. Up. (Picks herself up.) Okay, let's try again. Walk, walk, walk and cupcake hands and turn and heart face! (Stops. Realizing.) I can't do this anymore. That's it. I'm going to tell her I don't want to do this anymore. The fake eyelashes, the hair, the nails, and starving myself. For what? A chance Dad might finally come back? No. If he didn't want me before, he's not going to want me now. I'm nothing to him. Nothing. But that's okay. (Long pause.) I got mama and grandma and grandpa who love me and support me. No matter what. (Realizing.) What will they do when I tell them I'm done? I'm so tired. I'm tired of being someone that's superficial. Tired of trying to get something that feels... unachievable. My childhood has been taken away from me. I mean when was the last time I went to the park? Or went swimming my friends? Heck, when have I ever done something just for fun? Something just for me? This is not who I am. I have to tell her. I need to tell her. (Calling out.) Mom?

# Bitter Eulogy

**By:** Zoe Marnier, Ontario, Canada, Age 17

**Description:** A teen delivers a eulogy at a podium in a packed church.

**Gender:** Any (can be changed to be delivered by a son)

Wow. A lot of people here today. No pressure, right? (Pauses, unfolds paper, takes deep breath.) They say the worst things happen to the best people, but I disagree. My father was a great person, at least to most of you. He told stories and did impressions every chance he got. I hated them. They were never accurate anyway. His impression of Daniel Day Lewis doing Abraham Lincoln sounded more like Al Pacino. Those of you who were his students knew a caring, dedicated, and hilarious teacher. Sounds like a great guy. It's too bad I never got to meet him. The man I knew was short-tempered, distant and narcissistic. The day I found out he was going to die, I was unfazed. That's bad, I know. Sounds like a horrible thing to say, but he didn't love me. He'd ignore me when I asked him questions or shared my opinion. I was his daughter; he was supposed to care. His work occupied all his time. I didn't see why it mattered so much, he was just a teacher and they were just students. I was the one who deserved his

time. I was the one who deserved his care. I was his daughter. As I watched him fade away in a hospital bed I thought for once, just once, I would have his undivided attention. I didn't. Even in the last days of his life all he could think about was you. His bloody students. He wrote some of you letters. They weren't just any fair-well letters though. He wrote you to tell you what you meant to him. I never got any letter. It's selfish really, I know, but I deserved one. I did. I thought it was okay, though. I thought he would surely change in the end. He was dying. Maybe things would be different. He was going to tell me that he loved me, and he would mean it. He never did. I read some of the letters he wrote, one was to a boy named Jacob. Maybe you are here today. My dad told Jacob that he had made him see the world in a different way. Opened up his eyes, he said. Shifted his perspective, he said. My dad was a phony and a liar and I hated him. As my father took his last breath I cried, but I wasn't sad, I was angry. Where is my letter? I deserved it, didn't I? I was his daughter! But he was dead. You can all go on and mourn the loss of a "great" man, but I knew the real Albert Scott. He had you all fooled. (Throws paper on ground and leaves the podium.)

## No Regrets?

**By:** Lindsey A., Calgary, Alberta, Canada, Age 15

**Description:** A character defends her choices to her former classmates.

**Gender:** Female

*Amber is a young woman living in Los Angeles. She dropped out of high school when she was 15. In this scene, she is attending her high school reunion and feels the need to defend her life choices.*

I don't regret my choices. I don't. Admit it, I'm prettier than every single one of you. I'm probably the prettiest woman on the whole planet. It's okay honey, we can't all be winners. Losers like you only exist to make girls like me shine even more. Oh, that's right. Did you know I changed my name? That's right. My name is Amber Bethany Elizabeth Mary-Sue Katherine Windslow. Windslow is my 80-year-old husband. Of course, I married him for his money! But I don't mind. I don't. *Billionaires* are attractive at any age. He buys me anything I want. I shop on Rodeo Drive. I have my own chauffeur and personal stylist. I have a hair and make-up artist and a personal trainer. I can afford implants...see? And liposuction and face-lifts...anything. And yeah, surgery totally sucks, but beauty hurts, right? It's so worth it. Some girls call me a sell-out, but they're just totally jealous. They wish they could be me. Sure, I'll never actually get married for love. I'll never actually be in a meaningful relationship. But it's not like I need one. I try not to have any real friends; they just judge me drag me down. I dropped out of college because who needs a degree, right? I mean look at what I have. I'm laughing just thinking about it! The same goes for voting and leadership. That's a boy thing. Girls can just sit back and watch from the sidelines. The dog's life, right? It's so much easier than actually doing anything. We're just objects, wallflowers, property. Some girls like to think that they can be special snowflakes, but they're all idiots! If they would just accept their place in the world... If they would just embrace it... If they would just be what society wants them to be... They would be happy! (Begins experiencing an emotional shift.) That's why... that's why... I-I-I already told you. I don't regret my choices.

## Whippin' Boy

**By:** Carl S., Memphis, TN, Age 17

**Description:** A teenager plans an escape from an abusive father.

**Gender:** Male

Never in my life have I deserved a whippin.' But don't tell that to my Pa. He can tell ya there's lots a reasons. I talk too loud. I don't talk at all. I took too long walkin' the dog. I didn't walk 'im long enough. I left my backpack on the floor. I put it on my bed. Yeah, there's all kinds of 'scuses for whippin' me. Happens mostly when he comes home late, stinkin' of whiskey bottles and ashtrays. I hear his truck roll up, and the crunch of gravel under his feet. My stomach goes all turvy and I try to keep quiet and to myself. But he finds me. Red eyed and close-fisted, he finds me alright. Sometimes I wonder why he ever had a kid. Other times, I think he had a kid cause he likes whippin.' Whatever the reason, I'm makin' plans. I got my own plans. Got a two hunderd and five dollars so far. When I get to four hunderd, I'm headin' north. I'm takin' Trout. That's my dog. I can't leave without 'im. There's this thing called emancipation. I gotta be 16, and that's in seven months. Even if he tracks me down, he got no rights. But he ain't gonna track me down. Too much trouble. Good riddance, he'll say. And I'm gonna be okay. I know it in my bones. I don't carry no hate around like a bag a rocks. We'll have a good life, me and Trout. And one day, I'll have me a kid, and I will love him, and always treat him good. The young ones ain't no real trouble. They made of love. Unless ya whip it outta 'em. I still got love left. I got plenty of love left.

## The Unknown Known

**By:** Annika G., Calgary, Alberta, Canada, Age 14

**Description:** A character ponders his life choices.

**Gender:** Male

Jason, I want to ask you something. We've known each other a long time and we've seen each other through life's ups and downs. If you were to choose to go back, back to when we were young, back to when your hopes were still present and your whole future lay ahead, would you do it? Right now, if I told you that I knew how to time travel, would you go back to that night when you got drunk and ran naked into the pond behind my house? Would you make a different choice so that you didn't go through high school with the nickname Streak? What about the time that you lied to Elizabeth about never having dated Joelle and she found out and broke up with you...breaking your heart, really. Would you go back and be at least honest with her? I think about this a lot. Mostly, I think about Thomas, and how if I would have been paying attention at the river, he would still...he would...be here. Would you do it all over again and have a chance to reverse doing everything you've regretted? Or... would you go forward and take the unknown future and be whisked away to a place where everything could be totally new... like a fresh start? Just stay here...and have that be enough.

# I Can't Stop

**By:** Ayomide A., Age 14

**Description:** A homeless teen talks about her destructive behavior.

**Gender:** Male or Female

I hadn't been out there very long when they got me. Some kids are out there forever. They learn how to survive. I didn't. They gave me a choice. Come here to the Happy Rancher or go to jail. Sarge even came down to visit with me. He told me about this place, and despite the stupid name, it sounded kinda cool. He did something most people never do for me. He asked me what I wanted. He really wanted to know what he could do to help me. I just broke down and cried. It seemed like I cried forever. I'd finally found someone who actually cared about me. (beat) Oh, man, what am I saying? You must think I'm a total dork. Real sob story, huh? That's me. Sad and pathetic. I have been most of my life, until now. I finally had something good but then I went and destroyed it. I've ruined everything with Sarge. How could I be so stupid?! Why do I always do this? Why do I always mess things up? I just try to have a little fun... but... I don't know when to stop. I always hurt someone. My daddy left because of me. He did. I found a letter he wrote my mama. He said he didn't want to be tied down by a kid. Mama said it was for the best. I ran her off too. She had better things to do than play my games. I should have listened to you. You've got a good head. Adults always like you. Me? I get them to hate me. Get 'em so worked up they want nothing more than to have me gone. You gotta admit, I do it well. (beat) I'm sure you've got better things to do than to listen to me. I wanna be alone anyway, okay? Please. Go. Get far away. Like everyone else.

# The Assistant

**By:** Lily P., Carman, Manitoba, Canada, Age 12

**Description:** A difficult boss rants about her assistant.

**Gender:** Female

I know you're probably wondering why I'm drenched in coffee, so I'll start from the beginning. It all started when I left for work, you know where I work right? Yes, Kimmel and Becket on 55<sup>th</sup>. The law office. Okay back to the story. So, I left around 8:00 and got to work at 8:30 and my new assistant wasn't even there. At 8:30 she is supposed to be there. I'm not a mean or impatient person so I just sat at my desk, tapping my foot, waiting for her. After about two minutes I was so mad I wanted to fire her right when she walked in the door. It's so hard to find good help these days. Last month, I had to fire four slackers right after another because they were *not* what I was looking for. I just want an assistant who listens to me and doesn't put cream in my coffee. So, after about four whole minutes of me staring at the door just waiting for that rat to walk in, she came running in. She saw how angry I was and started in with this ridiculous story about being mugged on the way to work, I mean that happens all the time in New York, but it doesn't mean you have to be *late*! So, then she held up my coffee and acted all apologetic like everything was gonna be fine. I looked at her and told her in the nicest way ever "Leave now, your fired." Then she looked at me like nothing and threw that coffee right at my face. It splashed all over my Ann Taylor blouse and onto my Jimmy Choo's. Then she slapped me and ran out. I'm going to sue her and then have her banished from this country! I am never gonna let someone treat me like nothing and I don't even care if it was her first day!

## A Place to Hide

**By:** Lillian Orr, Age 12, South Carolina, USA

**Description:** Snow White explains her predicament to the seven dwarves.

**Gender:** Female

Um, could you all stop staring at me please? It's a little creepy. Look, I didn't mean to trespass. I.I...was trying to get some rest. I was so tired last night. You see, my evil stepmother sent out her huntsman to try to try to kill me. What would you do if you were trying to escape with your life? I didn't have a choice. I ran and ran, and this was the first house I found. Honestly, this wasn't what I was expecting. Everything is so tiny. Little beds, little chairs, little tables.... but, I don't care, I just need somewhere to hide. My evil stepmother hates me because every time she talks to that stupid mirror, it always tells her that I'm the fairest in the land and goes on and on about my fair skin that's white like snow and blah, blah, blah, blah, blah. So, I guess she figured if I was dead, she would be the fairest and prettiest of them all. That's why I'm here. I don't even want to be the fairest of them all. I was so tired that I fell asleep in these beds. *(Pause.)* Maybe we can come up with a compromise. How about this: if you guys don't tell anyone that I'm here, I will make meals for you, clean your cottage, mend your clothes, take care of you when you are sick, and this will be our little secret.

## You're Melting

**By:** Amber Leanne Rothberg, Age 12, Massachusetts, USA

**Description:** A friend consoles another friend after a death.

**Gender:** Any

(You may see a video of Amber performing her monologue [here!](#))

Do you ever think about how being alive, and actually *living*, are two completely different things? Well, they may sound like the same thing to you. But trust me, what you're doing now Ray, it's not living. Yes, you are alive, but sitting around in your house all day, starring at a tv, you're not experiencing anything except for "what's next on Fuller House!" You need to wake up from your fantasy world Ray. You know, I miss her too. I miss her SO much. It's the good times that hurt to think about. Like when our families used to go to the beach together. And you, Lila and I would have sandcastle competitions. Or feed the seagulls, even though we knew we weren't supposed to, we didn't care. When the lifeguards yelled, we would just nod and laugh it off. It's okay to have memories Ray, but you can't live inside of them. Sometimes you have to move on. And this is one of those times. Lila had her turn to live, and then she had her turn to melt. Everyone melts eventually. We will too. And when we do, we will see Lila again. But right now, it's our time to live, and not our time to melt yet. But that's what you're doing Ray. Your melting. And you can't melt because...because I need you. You can't live a life, if you're not willing to live it. You can't just sit around all day and wait for things to get better. Nothing is ever going to chance unless you change it. And you need to try. I promise you...the moment you decide to get up out of your chair and take a walk or go to lunch with your friends that you haven't seen in ages, then you will feel better. I'm not asking you to forget about Lila, because that's not possible. All I'm asking is that you try to live a life without her. And accept that she's gone, and that she's not coming back. You just need to live in your current reality and in the moment. Because these moments are all that you have.

## Younger Self

**By:** Rosa Miillan, Los Angeles, California, Age 11

**Description:** A character talks to a younger version of herself (or himself).

**Gender:** Any

This is me. (Shows the picture.) Sometimes I take out this picture and talk to her. I tell her about what's going to happen in her future, and I tell her that I miss the past. I tell her that I miss the days when I didn't have to go to school. The days where I would just eat and play all day. I tell her that I miss all the attention I used to get from people., the times when I didn't even think to worry what other people thought of me. I didn't judge myself and my imperfections then, I was happy. I think I was like four or five. That was before I realized there was so much sadness in the world. When I look at her picture, I can feel her telling me that it's going to be okay, and I want to believe her. There were even times when I didn't want to be on this earth anymore, but looking at her, I felt that things were going to get better...that I would come out stronger than ever. (Puts picture away.) I wonder what my future self will say to me one day. I hope I can give her strength when she needs it.

## Me, Myself and I

**By:** Cecily W., New York, NY, Age 13

**Description:** A young girl tells her mother that she doesn't want to be famous anymore.

**Gender:** Female

Mom, there's something I need to tell you. It's, it's hard for me to say. The last thing I want to do is disappoint you. You're so kind and supportive of me. I love you so much. I'm, I'm just going to say it. No matter how hard it is for me to admit, because I love my life. But hon-hon-honestly sometimes wish I wasn't famous! Acting is an amazing thing. Most people would love to be me. It just tires me out so much. Starting at seven-- I don't think that was meant to be my path. I had an idea when I was younger, and you were amazing to let me follow it. But I was seven! I didn't know all of the pressure that it would be. Again, the last thing I want to do is disappoint you. You're my role model, my hero, my everything. Sometimes I'm scared I won't be enough like you when I grow up. It's just that I feel so insecure and overwhelmed. People always stopping and staring. Taking pictures of me, invading my privacy. Not feeling comfortable in my own skin. I just want me, myself and I. Not surrounded by paparazzi and obsessive fans. Sometimes I just wish for a normal life! I know that sounds selfish, I mean, I have everything. Money, designer clothes, loving family. I shouldn't ask for more. But I'm technically asking for less. I love all the fun trips and traveling, and this loving and kind family, I just don't think a sixteen-year-old should be held to such high expectations. I love you. Thank you for always being there for me. I hope you understand

# My Sister's Song

**By:** Payton Doerksen, Carman, Manitoba, Canada, Age 13

**Description:** A young woman overhears her sister singing alone at night.

**Gender:** Female

*Amanda sits on her sister Isabel's bed.*

I don't mean to eavesdrop on you, but the walls are so thin. I can't help but listen. I hear you singing at night and it's very calming, but also kind of sad. It reminds me of an angel ringing a bell in the moonlight. It's both soft and light, Isabel. I know you hate me for listening and that I'm just an annoying little sister, but I love listening to you. I love you. Sometimes I wonder if something has happened to you. I wonder and I wonder, and I know that you say it's just my imagination. But your voice sounds so sad sometimes that it frightens me. There are stories in your songs. I know you have a right to privacy, and you don't have to tell me anything. But you would, wouldn't you? Just please don't yell at me again. I hate it when you do that, or when you stop talking to me. The only thing worse than yelling is silence. We're sisters. We're blood. And with things are the way they are, we're sometimes all each other has. I guess we don't have to talk about it anymore, but please don't stop. It helps me fall asleep...the sound of you singing your heart out.

# Lights Out

**By:** Alexander S., Los Angeles, CA, Age 15

**Description:** A person discovers a love of reading during a power outage.

**Gender:** Any

*The scene opens with the actor pantomiming playing a video game. He/she talks on a headset.* There he is! Ha! Gotcha! Hurry up! There's another one! ...Pick that up, we'll need it later...  
*(Suddenly surprised. The controller stops working and the screen is black.)* What the heck?  
*(Taps headset.)* Hello? *(Looks around.)* ...Oh man. The power is out. I gotta find my flashlight.  
*(Fumbles around in near darkness.)* Here it is. Great dead batteries. I think we have some candles. *(Moves as if in the dark, opens a drawer. Finds a candle. Lights it.)* There. That's better. *(Looks around the room.)* Now what? Maybe I'll just watch some TV. Oh yeah...  
Microwave some popcorn? ...Nope. Oh my God, I might starve. ...Keep your cool, Chris. Mom and dad will be home soon. Okay, okay. People used to live without power all the time. Jeez. How did they do that? I'm not going to starve. I'm going to die of boredom first. Let's see...let's see *(looking around)*. Oh, there's that book I'm supposed to read for English class. Homework. Great. *(Sits down, opens book and begins reading.)* It was a special pleasure to see things eaten, to see things blackened and changed. With the brass nozzle in his fists, with this great python spitting its venomous kerosene upon the world, the blood pounded in his head, and his hands were the hands of some amazing conductor playing all the symphonies of blazing and burning to bring down the tatters and charcoal ruins of history. With his symbolic helmet numbered 451 on his stolid head, and his eyes all orange flame with the thought of what came next, he flicked the igniter and the house jumped up in a gorging fire that burned the evening sky red and yellow and black. *(The lights come back on!)* Cool! The power's back! *(Starts to get up. Hesitates. Is really drawn to the book!)* I might just read a little bit more. *(Opens book and begins reading again and really getting into it.)* He strode in a swarm of fireflies. He wanted above all, like the old joke, to shove a marshmallow on a stick in the furnace, while the flapping pigeon-winged books died on the porch and lawn of the house. While the books went up in sparkling whirls and blew away on a wind turned dark with burning.

## I'm an Artist, not a Thief

**By:** Sam M., California, USA, Age 17

**Description:** A thief is interrogated by the police.

**Gender:** Any

Wait, did you guys call me a thief right here, did you really just call me a thief?! Ok you know, that hurts. How could you say that? Well you know what? It's ok, because you can say whatever you want about me because I don't really think of myself as a thief, I think of myself more as an artist. I take pride in my skills. To me, it's more of an art. No one can match my skills or mastery. Listen up guys I can break into any house anywhere, anytime, take whatever I want, in and out ten minutes no prints no evidence nothing. If it wasn't for that stupid roadrunner trap that the old man had I'd be in Brazil by now instead of here talking to you idiots. I could be on the beach right now tanning like a churro with a margarita in one hand and a woman on the other sitting on my lap! Do I feel bad about what I do for a living, no. So, you can say all you want about me, but I know for a fact that I'm more of an artist than I am a thief.

## Fearless?

**By:** Lilly Johnson, Age 13, Missouri, USA

**Description:** A teenage surfer narrowly escapes a shark attack and it changes his/her view of the ocean forever.

**Gender:** Any

You're scared of the ocean? Yeah, I understand that. The ocean seems scary to many, even dangerous. People fear of drowning or being attacked by creatures from below. But this does not apply to me. I'm as fearless as it gets when it comes to water. Or, at least I was. There are some things that I've seen happen in the ocean that would normally scar you for life. I've heard about shark attacks, but they never really scared me...didn't seem real. Until one day last summer. The morning sky was clear, not a cloud could be seen for miles. The sun had already risen, its heat overbearing. Seeing the waves reach all the way out from the deep to the shore, I couldn't help but think of what a perfect day it would be for surfing. I grabbed my surfboard and broke into a sprint across the beach; I could feel the ocean spray before I reached the water. I waded through the water, trying to keep from being pushed back by the rising waves. After about two minutes, the water was above my waist. Right about that time, unfortunately, a huge wave was forming, and was starting to come my way. I grabbed my board and tried to pull myself onto it, but it was too late. I opened my eyes, only for the saltwater to flood them. Now, some people would have panicked, but that's not who I am. As I attempted to swim up, a huge object pushed against me, sending me farther down. I looked around. What I saw was terrifying. A shark, at least fifteen feet long, was staring at me the way a barn owl stares at a mouse. With all my might, I swam upward. It seemed like forever until I reached the surface and swam towards the shore. I used to brag about being fearless, but I can't imagine what would have happened if I didn't get scared that day. Being scared saved my life. Yeah, I'll admit it. I'm a little scared of the ocean now too.

# I Remember

**By:** Karina S., Baton Rouge, Louisiana, USA, Age 15

**Description:** A daughter remembers things about her mother who passed away.

**Gender:** Female

Oh yes, I remember her. The way her hair smelled like cinnamon and every time she bent down to pick me up, it brushed against my face. I remember the way she laughed often and easily, her voice a chime of happiness. I remember that she seemed to always be awake. She wasn't one of those moms who liked to sleep in late and have breakfast in bed. One night, I woke up in the middle of the night and went to the kitchen to get a glass of water. There she was, a cup of tea in her slender hands, staring at the moon. I watched her in silence for a moment. She was so still. As if she were contemplating something. I had the overwhelming feeling that I didn't really know my mother at all. But then, she saw me. "What are you doing, mommy?" I asked. She snapped out of her trance. "Just looking at the moon, June Bug. Do you need a glass of water?" She always knew what I needed. She was just that way. People are amazed that I remember so much about my mother, because the cancer took her when I was only five. I think her love for me pressed those memories into my heart and mind forever. I remember her telling me, right before she died, that she will always be with me, watching over me like the moon. Oh yes, I remember her. I remember.

# The Dancer

**By:** Mina T., New York, NY, Age 13

**Description:** An elderly woman tells a young artist to pursue her dreams and shares the story of her broken dreams.

**Gender:** Female

Oh, what did I do? Funny question, you see I was a dancer. Once upon a time, that is. Right here on this bench, as you watch me feed these hungry little pigeons, I want to change your life, by sharing mine with you. When I was your age, I loved to dance. I wore silky dresses and flirted with the gentlemen, but mostly I danced. I would never stop, and I couldn't, I thought. One gloomy day, my dad came to visit. Now, he only came to visit when he meant serious business. He sat me down on the couch. He said, "Sweetie I've enrolled you in college. You're going to major in accounting." I was petrified; I mean my lifelong dreams could be ruined, but In the weirdest way I felt some type of relief. I didn't understand what I was feeling, I loved dancing, but I was always told that I would never make it. I agreed to go. I was only 18 at the time. That first day, when I walked into the school, I looked around and I realized I didn't belong there. I'd made the wrong decision. And then, I spent fifty years wishing I had had the courage to say no. Dancing brought me so much joy! Leaping in the air, I had the feeling that I could do anything in the world. Now, I'm 9 and I can hardly walk. I'm never going to be a dancer; I'm never going to do the only thing that I was meant to do. I regret the decision I made. I could blame it on my father, but it was me who took away the only thing I loved, the only thing that truly made me happy. Sweetie, don't waste your life as I did. Be an artist. Live the life you are meant to live.

## Selfish Samaritan

**By:** Hannah Chaffin, Age 16

**Description:** A conceited high school girl who volunteers to visit a disabled boy, is called out for actually being selfish and egotistical.

**Gender:** Any

Yeah, we've all heard it, Penelope. How great you are for helping out that disabled boy. Give it a rest. Honestly, I don't think you're doing it for him; you're doing it for yourself. You must feel such a thrill, having him watch you like you're some kind of savior. I'd guess you like to feel that way; some kind of all holy, selfless being. But in my opinion, you're the most selfish person I know. You walk around thinking you are a one of a kind, holy mastermind. Plenty of people volunteer, and the good ones, the really good ones don't yak on and on about it. You like to believe that people think you're a little miss pink perfect cake pop doll, but you're not that. Hard to hear ain't it. That you mean far less than little to someone, someone who doesn't kiss the earth below you. He doesn't need you. You could die today, and he'd still breathe the same, suffer the same. You aren't his medication, so stop acting like some prized jewel that can't shatter to the ground. Test me one more time Penelope. You'll see, one day, you'll be nothing more than another grain of sand in the ocean of nobodies.

## A Mother's Wishes

**By:** Annelise M., New York, NY, Age 12

**Description:** A mother tells her teenage daughters to stay in school and to not make the same mistakes she did.

**Gender:** Female

No, no, no, no, I am not going to let the two of you drop out of school! Trust me, I'm not trying to convince you school is fun and all that other stuff, but that is no excuse to drop out. I know because I was once in that situation and went down the wrong path. When I was young, I had this dream about how my life would be, my ideal perfect life, two kids, a husband, a house. I would be rich and have my dream job. I wanted to lie in the grass in my backyard and give my kids advice and teach them life lessons. But it's not that simple and dropping out isn't the solution. One day 16 years ago I went into the doctor's office and walked out with the news that I was having twins. It was an accident from a boy in school that I didn't really know very well. I decided it would be better if he didn't know. My first reaction was excitement and pure joy but didn't last long when I realized all the problems and complications. I was scared to take on such a big role. This one change in my life would have a ripple effect on my life forever. Because in the months that followed I, I dropped out of school to take care of you. Until you moved away, I knew I would have to take care of you alone. All of the financial issues fell on me and it was very overwhelming. My parents did not take the news well at the time, and they didn't really help. They told me to give you away, but I refused. Don't follow in my footsteps and drop out because I did it. It derailed my life and yours. You both should get back to school and when you guys have left home, I will too. We can all have a new beginning.

## Outside

**By:** Eleanor H., New York, NY, Age 12

**Description:** A young girl seeks help from a therapist about her fear of going outside.

**Gender:** Female

**Genre:** Dramatic

I know why my mom asked you to come. I have a problem. Every time I want to go outside, I think about how the outside world is scary. The loud cars, big trucks, the constant noise surrounding me, the germs, the animals... the people. I really want to go outside. I have dreams about leaving this small apartment and I long to walk around the city and see things, learn in a school and not be homeschooled. Go to a park and have normal experiences but ...I can't. Every time I think about leaving, my heart races 100 miles an hour, my palms get sweaty, I get dizzy, and I picture the accident that left me without an arm ... The one moment that changed my life forever. Everyone tells me I'll be fine. But how do I know for sure? I could get hit by a car, robbed, kidnapped, attacked by an animal, or contract a disease. I have spent my whole life living in this house. I was even born in here. I know it's safe. That's why I have a special connection to this house. I am tired of being cooped up, but I can't help it. I just want to be a normal kid. Can you... can you help me?

## Struck by Lightning

**By:** Kennedy L., Columbus, OH, USA, Age 17

**Description:** A teen recounts his/her experience of being hit by lightning.

**Gender:** Any

**Genre:** Dramatic

No, it's not a tattoo, it's a scar. It's lightning...yes, I'm serious.... well, it's hard to describe, but I'll do my best. It was summer. Not like tonight. It was one of those summer nights when rage-filled clouds obscured the sky and the night birds and the cicadas were silent. I had gone outside to bring my bicycle in before it rained. In the distance, I could hear the familiar hush of the ocean. Shhhhhh. And everything else was quiet. I grabbed the handlebars of my bike, and then came the roar. A clap of thunder so loud it shook the very ground beneath my feet. What happened next felt instant and slow motion all at once. I had barely moved my bike, when the BOOM came. A white-hot flash far away and everywhere, and my body in the air and then nothing. And then lying on the grass, my body like lead, my head splitting with pain, and the sweet, overpowering fragrance of grass. My mother was screaming over me, but she sounded far away. In the hospital, they told me that I had been struck by lightning. My mother had seen it from the kitchen window. Lightning broke the sky outside and traveled along the ground and through my bicycle. I was lucky. They call it 'fractal.' A few more feet and I would have died. I still have headaches, and I cannot hear in my left ear. And this scar? At first it was blisters. A white-hot searing that bled and pussied and crusted over. And now it's this. This beautiful pattern like a willow branch. Forever trying to reach the ground, and not quite making it. It will never go away. And to be honest, I don't want it to. My eyes are open now...to the richness...and also the impermanence of life. I am here. With you. On this warm summer evening. The night birds are singing and the cicadas are humming along. (*Looks down at arm.*) It's a wonderful scar, don't you think?

# The Darkness

**By:** Yulianis Pesante Quinones, Age 14, Virginia, USA

**Description:** A teen reflects on the concept of darkness.

**Gender:** Any

I wish I was scared of the dark. I mean most people are, but I always find comfort sitting in it. Get home, shower, lay in bed. Don't turn the lights on. My daily routine. Sit in the dark and listen to music. A vampire. That's what my mom calls me. It's not that I don't like the light, you just think differently in the dark. You find comfort in it like a big black blanket wrapped around you. You just let go not knowing what could happen. Your mind travels to so many places and everything's fine. Until you realize you're alone. The feeling of loneliness hits you. You have no one to talk to. Everyone's asleep. You've thought so much that the big black blanket is now suffocating you. So, tell me is the darkness safe or dangerous?

# Amnesia

**By:** Jessica G., Age 16, Calgary, Alberta

**Description:** A young woman tries to help her sister regain her memory.

**Gender:** Female

I know it's not your fault, but Allison, it's me. Your sister. Maybe if I tell you about all the things we did, and who we used to be together, you'd remember. Yes? Let's try. I promise that my feelings won't be hurt if this doesn't work, but I have to try, okay? (pause) Okay, when we were kids, we always got into trouble together. We used to sneak out of my window when it was clearly past our bedtime. We'd create imaginary worlds, complicated worlds, under the moon. One time, we pretended to be in Atlantis, beneath the sea. You were a princess, and I was a talking slug. If you remembered anything, you might remember that, right? Anyway, we always got caught, and we always got in trouble, but that didn't stop us. (laughs...sees that she doesn't remember.) It's okay. Let me keep going. You and I were very close...we'd tell each other secrets and talk behind Melanie's back. She's our other sister. And if you regain your memory, I hope you don't suddenly like her better than me. (pause) We were a force to be reckoned with when we were together, we were partners, not a hero and her sidekick. During the summer we rode our matching blue Schwinn bikes everywhere and we'd try to hold hands while riding. One time, we even planned out how we would make a business together. My favorite idea was fashion design. You'd sew and I would do the finance. Even when we fought it wasn't so bad, because we loved each other, and we couldn't stay mad for too long. Depending on the rare cases it did last longer than a couple of days, we would pause the fight so we could still vent and talk. That's pretty funny isn't it? You wrote me a note on pink paper saying that you HAD to tell me something, but then we had to go back to being mad at each other. (laughs) We never should have fought in the first place, and sometimes I wish we could've paused the whole world for a bit longer, so we could've made more memories. (pause) I'm sorry I went away to University. I should have stayed here in town, at least until you were ready to leave too. Maybe then, this wouldn't have happened. You wouldn't have gotten into that car with your friends that night because I would have come to get you. I should have been there for you. Well, I'm here now, Allison. And I'm not going anywhere. I'm going to stay until you either remember me, or you learn to love me all over again. I'll never be mad at you again. You have my word. Whether or not you ever remember who we were, I will be here. I'm your sister.

## No Feeling

**By:** Ryan Dosa, Age 16, Colorado, USA

**Description:** Character is numbing themselves by using drugs. They are telling their friend who wants to help what they feel and why they still; continue to use drugs.

**Gender:** Any

I don't think you get it, one day I can feel like I have the world but the next everything can change, it's as if you have had everything one day but then have nothing. This is the most heart-wrenching feeling in the world I can feel all my happiness fall into the black pit that lives inside. As my entire body becomes numb all I am able to process is the never-ending question of why. People forget who I am and don't recognize me anymore for I have "changed". I no longer have the right to feel sad, the sadness has been stripped from me leaving me open, I'm empty, I have no emotions, no love, no feeling, and no reason. But as everyone says it's all okay because I can still throw on a smile, and the one thing that makes this all go away are the drugs.

## Pretty

**By:** Jen P., Tulsa, Oklahoma, Age 15

**Description:** A girl is told she is pretty, but she realizes there's more to it than that.

**Gender:** Female

You... you think I'm pretty? Really? Wow. I haven't heard that in so long. I-I mean, of course, my parents would always tell me I'm pretty. But they're supposed to. When you hear it from them, it... it doesn't matter as much. And sometimes you know you're pretty, so it doesn't matter. Like if you wear makeup, you know you look good. It doesn't matter as much. But some days you don't hear it. And that matters. Some days you think you look nice and no one says anything. Or you put on your favorite pair of jeans and nobody notices. And you think, "do I always look bad? Am I not pretty?" That's when a "you look nice" seems to matter the most. I've never been the victim of bullying. No one's ever told me I'm ugly. Because, well, actually, no one... cared enough to tell me I'm ugly. No one sees me. Even if I was pretty, how much does a pretty face matter when it's covered by a sheet? A blanket of obscurity. A pretty nothing. What do you think is worse-being known as ugly, or not being known at all? Sometimes, I wonder why people don't say it more. Just a "you look pretty" could change someone's day. Then I realize *I* don't say it very often. I don't tell people they're pretty when they are. And it's weird, because it's not like it hurts to say that. It helps someone else and you. You feel good by making other people feel good. But I guess people just can't admit that someone looks better than they do. They don't realize it, of course. They just know it, deep down, they don't feel pretty. And if they don't feel pretty, why should anyone else feel pretty? (sigh) You're very pretty.

## Girl Who Cried Wolf

**By:** Amber Rothberg, Massachusetts, USA Age 13

**Description:** A teenager tells her therapist about the day her sister disappeared.

**Gender:** Female

You ask me this every time, and it's been a year, so yeah. I guess I'm ready to talk about it. (pause) I think I've told you before about how my sister, Katherine and I would play pranks on each other. Like, we would pretend we were dying, or possessed or something. It was really stupid...but you know, we had fun with it. I would hear her screaming in the kitchen, and I'd run down and see her holding a knife and covered in blood. I would start screaming too, until I saw the can of spaghetti sauce on the counter and realize it was a joke, and she would laugh so hard that she would fall down. It was just a thing we did, you know. But that day was different. That day, we had just gotten home from school and our parents were still at work. Katherine and I were in some sort of fight. I don't really remember what it was about, probably something dumb, like her borrowing something and not returning it. But anyway, I didn't feel like talking to her, so I went up to my room to do homework. All of a sudden, I started to hear Katherine scream and yell my name. I was annoyed because I assumed that it was another one of her pranks. She would always prank me when I was mad at her, so that I would laugh and forgive her. But I wasn't in the mood to play her games.... and so I ignored it. The screaming went on for a while....and then it stopped. That's when I started to get worried, so I went downstairs to check on her, and...she was gone. I never saw my sister again. I guess I don't have to tell you the rest. You know. My parents know. Everyone knows that my sister is DEAD because of ME. Katherine Rivers was the girl who cried wolf. And I was the girl, who ignored her cries.

## Chores

**By:** Austin Walker, Iowa, USA, Age 14

**Description:** A teenager complains to a friend about household chores.

**Gender:** Any

I can't come over tonight. It's garbage night. Which means that I will be slaving away filling up the yard debris bin and the recycling container and dragging all the bins to the curb. Yes, they make me do all that. (pause) I know you don't have to. I have more chores than any of my other friends. My dad also makes me mow the lawn, AND take care of the lawn mower, which at first, I knew nothing about. But he said that if it broke down because it wasn't properly maintained, I would have to pay for it. I spent three hours on Google and YouTube figuring out where the oil goes and how to keep the blades clean. (pause) I know you don't have to do anything like that! None of my friends do! Last summer, I had to help my dad build a fence while you guys were at soccer camp, and this weekend, he is forcing me to stay home and help him stain the deck. It's like I'm a prisoner. You know, like those guys who used to have to break up rocks when they were sent to jail? (pause) Oh, I can't complain to him! It's not worth it! He'll go on for an hour about how he is doing me a favor by giving me responsibility and teaching me how to be a man and that one day, I will thank him. Can you believe it? He thinks I'm going to thank him for making me do so many chores? He's out of his mind! (pause) Anyway, what are you doing tonight? Video games again? I'm jealous.

# Comedic Monologues for Older Students

## Trapped in an Elevator

**By:** Sophia M., Age 13, California, USA

**Description:** A terrified person is trapped in an elevator.

**Gender:** Any

*(Actor mimes getting into the elevator, pushing the button, and having the elevator start up and then lurch to a stop.)* No. This isn't happening. This is it. My nightmare has come true. I'm going to die. The cable is going to snap and I'm going to fall hundreds of stories. *(Rapidly breathing.)* I'm running out of air. I've got to get out of here. Which button do I press? This red one is for emergencies, right? Or is it the blue one? NO. Probably the red one. Use your head. Think. Think. Oh heck, I'm just going to press all of them. *(Presses the buttons. Waits.)* Nothing's happening. There should be a siren or something. Help! Help! I'm trapped in here! Anyone? Where's my cell phone? *(Digging through bag, checking pockets.)* Oh my God, I left it charging in the car. Okay, calm down. Just calm down. What do I have to eat or drink? *(Rifling through bag.)* Two sticks of gum. Gum covered in lint. I'm going to die. *(Slumps to the floor.)* No one knows I'm in here. They're not going to find me until my rotting corpse starts stinking up the building. This is a dream, right? *(Pinches himself/herself.)* Nope. I'm awake. I'm having a nightmare, but I'm awake. So, this is the way it ends for me. I'll never get married, or have children, or finish my snakeskin collection or fulfill my life-long dream of being a fortune-cookie writer. *(Lies down on the floor.)* Okay God, take me now. I'm ready. *(Hears noise.)* I can hear the angels. They are coming to get me. Wait a minute. *(Sits up.)* That doesn't sound like angels. It sounds like a blowtorch. *(Jumps to feet.)* Hello! I'm in here! I'm still alive! *(Elevator doors open. Actor leaps out, pantomimes hugging rescuers.)* You found me just in time! I've been in there for days! What? It couldn't have been just five minutes! Fine. If you say so. But from now on, I'm taking the stairs.

## English Class

**By:** Justin Kyzar, Mississippi, USA, Age 15

**Description:** A frustrated teacher deals with a rowdy class.

**Gender:** Any

Alright class! Listen up! Because of last weeks' "events," we are going to try this again. Everyone get out your pencils. And no throwing them this time! Jane, put that cell phone away! I will not hesitate to take it! Shawn, stop trying to light Cindy's hair on fire! There is barely any left from last time! Jason! Don't you dare throw that chair out the window! Jaaasssoon... Jason! Ugh! you guys are worse today than yesterday, and now I have to replace that window! I am calling the principal! *(picks up phone)* Hello Mr. Sanchez? We need you in the fifth-grade classroom. What do you mean you are busy? There's no way those kindergartners are worse than these kids. oh...oh... They did that? Oh well, I hope Mrs. Smith recovers. Those kindergartners should be ashamed for doing that to her. Well, stay safe, and I hope the pencil wound in your arm heals. *(hangs up)* Okay class, new test! We are going to see how good you are at finding a new teacher because I quit! I am going to be a janitor! I rather clean up other people's messes than teach you! Adios!

## Emergency

**By:** Melanie T., Los Alimitos, CA USA, Age 15

**Description:** SMITHIE, 26, was hired last week as a 911 operator and is just getting the hang of her job. (Spoiler Alert: she isn't very good at it.)

**Gender:** Female

The police are on their way, stay calm and breathe sweetie you are going to be fine. I'll stay on the line with you until the police get to your house. Are you okay? Hello? Hel-. Oh. They just hung up. What do I do when they just hang up? OH! 911, what is your emergency? Can you- Could you repeat that slower, sir? Do you have any idea of where you are located? Cerritos Mall... No, sir crocs are not a 911 emergency, however I do appreciate your concern because they truly are a real FASHION CRIME. AAAAH FABIO is that you?? Honey! I thought told you not to call me at work! Alright already, let the woman wear what she wants okay? Let it go. Okay. Okay, bye. 911 what is your emergency? Mom!? Stop it, MOM, you can't call me at work anymore. Yes, the breakup was fine. I told you already. He said he still loved me, he just didn't want to be tied down anymore and mom, I respect that and we're still friends. I know. Yes, mom I know, I was there, and you weren't. He just called me. On my work phone. Look, I'm going to get in trouble. Let me call you back when I get home. I love you too. Buh-bye. 911, what is your emergency? FABIO?! Again? This woman with crocs thing is getting old and I have to work tonight! Wait, Fabio? Oh my god you're not Fabio... I am so sorry, ma'am I thought you were my ex, um... I guess I could tell you if you want me to... No. No never mind it's a long story. Please continue describing. You said someone stole your crocs? Where are you? Hmm okay, that's funny. The mall. Crocs. Really? Do you REALLY want those back? Those crocs? Like THE ugliest shoes on the planet. That doesn't concern me! Why don't you just call the police then? *(Realizes what she said.)* Oh.

## Babysitter's Rules

**By:** Jazarae Robinson, Age 12, Ohio, USA

**Description:** Babysitter is not who Mom thinks she is.

**Gender:** Female

Don't worry, Linda. I will take great care of your kids. I have lots of experience with kids, so I know what to do when they misbehave. Bye.  
(Turns to kids after Linda leaves) Now listen, you little brats! I am the boss here, so you will do everything I ask you to do exactly when I say it. Here are the rules:  
Rule #1 You don't question. You just do it.  
Rule #2 Never tell your mom anything that I do. Always tell her I'm the best babysitter. You wouldn't want me to lose my job, would you?  
Rule #3 You eat what I make, or you don't eat at all.  
Rule #4 If I have company do not talk to them and go into the basement.  
Rule #5 If I make a mess, you clean it. I'm your guest, not the other way around.  
Rule #6 No crying allowed.  
Ok, those are the rules. Go have fun! (rolls eyes and whispers) Little brats.

# Generation Gap

**By:** Caroline F. Minneapolis, Minnesota, Age 15

**Description:** A teenager makes fun of his/her mom's choice in music.

**Gender:** Any

*Note: Misheard lyrics are from the song "Smells Like Teen Spirit" by Nirvana. Actor should play the song listening for the misinterpreted phrase and actually sing it during the monologue.*

Do your parents make you listen to their music? Mine do. It's torture, I tell you. Listening to my mom's music especially. She likes this one band, Nirvana, and I swear you cannot understand a single word they are singing. There's this one song and I think it goes like this, "A mulatto, an albino, a mosquito, my libido." I think maybe the band members were poor and couldn't read or write because also, their clothes look like they came from the free box. My mom also likes this band called Aerosmith. She says that their music makes her feel like dancing and by dancing, I mean leaping and kicking and whipping her hair around in circles. It's so embarrassing. I looked up pictures of Aerosmith online and the main guy doesn't look like a guy at all. He looks like my aunt Sharon who used to look really old, but she had her face lifted up and now she looks surprised all the time. But the lead singer doesn't dress like her. More like a person who was going to a costume party and couldn't decide between being a witch or an Indian Chief. All the other people in the band just look mad in their pictures, especially the skunk hair guy. And oh yeah, she likes the Rolling Stones. And I guess they are kind of cool. For ancient, mummified rock stars. I heard my dad once tell my mom that if there was a nuclear war, the only things left would be the cockroaches and Keith Richards, the skeleton-looking guy. She plays the Rolling Stones a lot in the car and has to sing along with every word. This summer the air conditioner broke in our SUV, so she's been rolling down the windows, but that isn't stopping her from singing at the top of her lungs. I've spent a lot of time shrunk down in my seat. I tried to get her to listen to my favorite band, One Direction. She says they sound like embryos trying to put on a concert. See, I told you that she has terrible taste in music. One thing's for sure. When I grow up and have kids of my own, I will play One Direction in the car and wherever, and I will for sure not embarrass them!

# Sorry I'm Late!

**By:** Lisa Iordache-Stir, Age 13, California, USA

**Description:** An employee explains why they were late to work.

**Gender:** Any

I know I'm late for work, but you would not believe the morning I've had! Last night, I put all my clothes into the washer and dryer since most of them were dirty. To my surprise, they were all shrunken about three sizes after taking them out of the dryer! I only had my pajamas I slept in, so I wore them, as you can see. Then, when I went outside to get into my car, my car door wouldn't open. I put my hands onto the freezing car window and saw that my keys were inside of the car! I had no choice but to walk to work. As I walked down the street, I heard something come from a nearby alleyway. Out of curiosity, I went to see what it was. Let me tell ya, big mistake. There were about ten, no, about twenty ferocious street cats staring me down. I slowly backed away, but it was too late. They chased me down the alley. About five jumped onto me and attacked me. This is why there are a ton of scratches on my body. See? By some

miracle, I was able to escape. I thought to myself, how can this morning get any worse? Trust me, it did. I was a block away from the work office when I went to the coffee shop right around the corner and got some hot coffee. I realized that I was about to be late for work. I hurried to get out of the shop, and of course, I tripped and spilled the coffee all over the place. My work bag, my pajamas, my shoes, were soaked! I tried to wash off as much as I could in the bathroom, but it's still there, as you can see. So, that's why I'm late. I'll try not to let it happen again. What? It's daylight savings time? Oh, I'm an hour early? Oh, then never-mind.

## The GoodLife Interview

**By:** Tristin Fuller, Washington, USA, Age 13

**Description:** A job interview goes awry when it's revealed that the company is a cult.

**Gender:** Any

Hello... *(looks down at paper)* ...George. Welcome to GoodLife, my name is Anya. We are what you would call a lifestyle brand. I understand that I am interviewing you for the accountant position here. Now as I can see on your resume, I understand that you used to work for our rival company, Bath and Body works. So, if you do want a job here you will have to make an oath that you will never step foot in a Bath and Body Works ever again. But I'm sure you'll find that we have a great environment here and we are all just the *nicest* people. You will get some special perks for working here we offer dental and medical, and we consider your mental health a top priority. In fact, we provide a wide range of self-help books that are mandatory reading if you choose to work here. Also, we believe that those who are drawn to GoodLife are kind of chosen people. Do you get my drift? *(Samantha enters the office)* Samantha, get out of my office now I'm not dealing with you today. Don't you look at me like that, I do not want to have another shrimp incident. Yes, sorry George, yesterday my boss Samantha ran at me with a shrimp cocktail the size of a Clydesdale. She knows that shrimp is the one thing I'm scared of. Ok Samantha what do you want? No, I have not told him yet, I was just telling him about our medical and dental plans before you interrupted me. *(pause)* Why would you say that Samantha?! George I'm so sorry about her. We are *not* a cult. Samantha, you shouldn't call your own business a cult. Now Samantha please leave before I make you. *(Samantha leaves the office)* God I hate that woman. Now George I'm gonna be honest with you, we are a cult. *(pause)* Samantha created this and I think it's starting to drive her, well...crazy. Not to worry. We have a team of people and an unlicensed doctor who delivers shock treatments working on her. She should be back to herself in no time. *(pause)* Are you suffering, George? It's okay to tell me. We, here at GoodLife have the solutions to all of life's problems. *(holds up a book)* This here is the GoodLife Life Guide. In 1,000 simple steps, you will find the key to everlasting happiness. *(pause)* Where are you going, George? Was it something I said? Wait! *(pause as Samantha reenters)* Okay, so I lost another one. But it's not a big deal. Samantha, oh my god, that man must be the most depressing person I have ever met. Not even GoodLife can save him. *(Anya turns to a random employee)* HEY YOU, yeah you right there. Go run the sales counter. I'm sorry did you just ask me why? BECAUSE I'M HEADING TO THE BEACH TO RELAX! Well, I'm also going there to watch people get sunburns and then sell them GoodLife sunscreen and a promise of a better future. *(Anya leaves the office)*

# Fencing 101

**By:** Brooke E., Little Rock, Arkansas, Age 14

**Description:** A snobby fencing instructor gets a comeuppance.

**Gender:** Any

Hello, and welcome to Fencing 101. I'm your instructor, Archibald Atticus Vanderbilt Carnegie Harvard Dartmouth Stephens Columbia Car-wait, I already said Carnegie, where was I? Oh, stop looking at me like that! I'm sure you aren't as capable of keeping track of your first fifty middle names. Now, the art of the sword is an art dating back to the earliest ages of reason, perfected during the Renaissance age, when a true Renaissance man knew not only the sword, but—stop chatting amongst yourselves, you urchins! I did not master the sword by ignoring my elders! The children of my day were civil hand-raisers who knew how to address their masters. For foil's sakes, children, raise your hands! Yes, you, in the out-of-season blouse. "When will we get to stab people," you ask? Ha! Stabbing people is not what fencing is about. Hey?! Where are you going? Get back here! I didn't go to Charleston Maxwell Private Academy to be disregarded! STOP SNICKERING! Alright. Alright. All of you, in line. I will be giving you your swords. No stabbing.... What did I just say? Yes, you, the victim of the stabbing? What's that? "Can I go to the nurse's office?" I don't know, can you? It's may I go to the nurse's office, child, not can. Say it correctly.... thank you. Please staunch your profuse bleeding and proceed directly there. Now, put your feet at right angles and spread them, bending your legs into a comfortable en garde position. (*Go into the correct on guard position.*) Oh for the love of-I didn't say sit down! What?! You can't bend your leg?! And why on earth is-oh, it's in a cast. My apologies, young man, I didn't realize-wait, why are you even here if your leg is broken?! Just... just leave. My patience wears thin with you ruffians. Alright, now you'll want to take a step forward, then dart out like a majestic scorpion of the Sahara! Much like this-*(demonstrate)*. Now you try. DON'T FACE EACH OTHER! Face the wall and practice hitting it with the tips of your swords. Yes, like that. What is it, girl? You don't have room on the wall? Just hit that infernal metal box over there! (*mocking her in falsetto*) "Oh, Mr. Archibald, that's a circuit breaker! We could cause a power outage! Nyeh, nyeh, nyeh, do as you're told! Stab the metal box, girl, or begone from this class! (*Archibald nods, then shrieks, flailing his sword around*). DEAR HEAVEN ABOVE, I'VE GONE BLIND! THE DARKNESS HAS COME TO CLAIM ME! THIS IS MY PUNISHMENT FOR SKIPPING THAT ONE LACROSSE PRACTICE-what?! It's a... a blackout? But... oh. Erm... well, if you can find it in your hearts... respect your elders... follow the-class dismissed!

# Punctuation Society

**By:** Sophie W., Los Angeles, California, USA, Age 11

**Description:** Exclamation Point is upset about Comma, who talks too much.

**Gender:** Any

Welcome everyone to the Punctuation Society! This is our first, of many weekly meetings. As you may have noticed, Comma is not here. I specifically did not invite her. This is a Comma-free society. Hey that rhymes! (*Smiles but then frowns again.*) I, Exclamation Point have finally found something NOT to be excited about. COMMA! She keeps talking on and on and on! When you finally think she is done she just links what she is talking about to something else! It is so annoying. And when I am annoyed, I leave, and everything gets pretty boring. Question mark,

Period, Semicolon, and all the rest of you, I know you're with me on this. No, ellipsis, we will not be taking a vote! I am the President. I have final say. Parentheses...stop whispering. Do you have something to share with the rest of us? Oh, you like her? I don't care if you like her. She will make it impossible to get anything done. Hey, you in the back, quiet down. Stop shouting! Wait...how'd a bunch of capital letters get in here. Get out! This is for punctuation marks only! Okay, now, back to business. No, Period...the meeting is not over. Sit back down. Ugh. This is exhausting. No wonder people don't use Exclamation Points very often.

## The Interview

**By:** Divya Manikandan; Karnataka, India; Age 16

**Description:** A teen prepares nervously for a college interview.

**Gender:** Any (For male character, change the name.)

*(On phone.)* No, mom. I haven't even gone in yet. I'm in the lobby practicing while I wait. Yes, I will. I love you too. Mom, I WILL. I have to go now. Bye. Now, where was I? *(Coughs to clear her throat and smiles.)* Good morning. My name is Jeanine Breczynki and I know that those are two very polar, funny sounding names but that's just me! I'm a bit American and bit Polish! My mom always says that I have the benefits of the American dream, blessed with the Polish work ethic! *(Rolls eyes and slaps forehead.)* Jeanine what's wrong with you? You sound like a cheesy infomercial. Actually, you're worse than that, if you were selling a vacuum cleaner, no one would buy it because of how stupid you sound. *(Stands up straight, pushes shoulders back and extends her hand for a handshake)* Good morning, my name is Jeanine Breczynki. How're you doing this fine morning? *(Animatedly)* Oh! That's wonderful! Oh! No, I'm fine with just water. So... how're you feeling today? *(Slaps forehead again and makes irritated noise)* Jeanine! You can't ask your interviewer how they're feeling! That's for them to ask you, just shut up and sit down, you silly human being. *(Sits down and takes a breath, places hands on lap.)* Take three. You can do this. Oh! That is an excellent question. First off, the research opportunities at your university are mind blowing! The stem cell project? Pure genius... and the self-sustaining ecosystems... I would love to be around that kind of innovation. *(Smile turns into an angry frown)* Okay.... and now I sound totally pretentious. Come on Jeanine! Do you want to get into college or not!? Good god woman! Get yourself together! *(Pulls flashcard out of her pocket and paces the room)* Da da da da.... Plato's sympo...sympos... how do you say this word? Symposium? My favorite book is Plato's symposium...and why you may ask? Well, because my mother told me that it'll make me sound smart! Remember Jeanine, open body language and smile.... open and smile. *(Smiles at audience. Looks at flashcard again and starts pacing.)* Blah blah blah... I love to learn... something, something, something... I spend my summers attending contemporary art conferences in Europe... okay okay, okay... where's the important stuff? *(Flips card over.)* Oh, right okay! You need to memorize this before the interview starts... *(Phone rings. Jeanine jumps looking a bit startled but then angrily picks up the phone.)* Mom. I haven't gone into the interview yet, you don't need to call me every two minutes! *(Pauses for two seconds, mouth and eyes wide.)* Oh! Oh my god! I'm so sorry! I didn't mean to yell like that, I thought it was my mom... Yes of course I'll come in right away! I'm so sorry!

# No Cell Signal

**By:** Robert L., Los Angeles, California, USA, Age 11

**Description:** A student tries to carry on a phone conversation with terrible cell service.

**Gender:** Male or Female

**Genre:** Comedic

*(Student is speaking into a cell phone and pacing about the space; leaning over, crouching down, standing on tip toes, shouting, etc. Actor can come up with a variety of challenging and funny physical antics and facial expressions.)*

Hello? Can you hear me now? What about now?...Dangit. Leslie? Leslie? Are you there? Oh, okay. *(freezes in place)* It seems to be working fine. You can hear me, right? Yeah, this is my new iPhone 6. My mom just bought it for me. It is so LAME. I swear, I have to run all over the place, pushing people aside in order to get a signal. What's that? Oh, yeah. I can hear you now. It's important?...Well, go ahead. *(pause)* Wait, what happened?!!! I didn't catch that last part. Leslie? Dangit. *(resumes pacing, etc.)* Can you hear me now? Shoot. What about now? Oh, I can hear you. You did what? Hello? Ugh! *(practically throws phone)* Leslie? Leslie! Okay, I'm walking until I get a clear signal. *(pacing, pacing)* Let me know when you can hear me. *(to self)* I'm going to drop this phone in the toilet 'on accident' when I get home. Okay, you can hear me? I can hear you. Finally! *(stops moving)* So, what happened? YOU KILLED PATRICK AND YOU WANT ME TO HELP MOVE THE BODY? *(someone nearby speaks to her)* Hold on. *(covers phone with hand)* What? I'm where? *(looks around then talks into the phone while running offstage)* Oh my God, I'm in the library!

# Jealous? I'm not Jealous.

**By:** Lyena Monis, Age 12, California, USA

**Description:** A jealous girlfriend expresses her views on her relationship with her boyfriend.

**Gender:** Female

You know, my boyfriend tells me I'm an *(does air quotes with fingers)* "overprotective and jealous" girlfriend, but he just doesn't understand. It's a girlfriend's job to watch out for girls who want to steal him away. The other day I saw him hugging another girl. When I confronted him, he said it was his mom. Excuses, excuses. I didn't talk to him for a week after that incident. I just trying to protect him, you know. He interacts with so many girls, you never know who may be have an agenda. I even quit my job just so I could keep my eye on him. He often pleads with me to trust him and whatever, but that always leads to arguments. Another time, I hacked his phone and looked through his mail and messages. He'd been talking to so many girls! Someone named Jenny and another named Mrs. Switzer. An older woman! He claimed that Jenny was his science partner and that Mrs. Switzer was his piano teacher. Yeah, right. How could he do this to me? When he caught me looking through his phone, he was a little mad, and he explained that just because he's talking to women, doesn't mean he's cheating on me. Then, he said the next time that I do something like that, he'll break up with me. He just doesn't understand what a good girlfriend I am. I'm just being there to ward off any girls who want to take my man. Right now, I'm hiding behind a bush, keeping my protective watch on him. Wait, here comes a girl. Gotta go!

## The Mall

**By:** Carley B., Age 11, Ohio, USA

**Description:** A teen girl has a frustrating day at the mall.

**Gender:** Female

Omg, I had the worst day at the mall today. I went into Pink, right? The first store of the day. I tried on the cutest things. Girls, you know how most of the time things don't fit right, and you leave with two things out of ten? Not today! Everything I tried on fit perfectly! I went up to the counter to pay. The line was soooo long! Like I'm not even joking, it was all the way back to the clearance racks! She had everything rung out and everything was going great, until I reached into my purse to grab my credit card and it wasn't there! I didn't know what to do! I panicked and left all those sweet clothes on the counter. I just decided to leave and go to my car. I opened the door and guess what? My card was sitting right there! On my seat!

## The Promotion

**By:** Isabel Parent, Calgary Alberta, Age 15

**Description:** A nervous Walmart employee makes a video tape of himself/herself asking for a promotion.

**Gender:** Any

Brock: Okay. I think I got it. Alrightie, *(Mutters to self.)* how do I start this? *(Clears throat. Starts again in announcer voice.)* Hi. I'm Brock Bruce, and I am here to tell you why I, Brock Bruce, your hardworking Walmart stock boy of 28 years deserves a promotion. *(Exaggerated wink.)* No! Aw heck. *(Jumps off stool and moves off camera. Grabs weights and does a few exercises to calm down.)* Okay. *(Tries again. Adopts a more serious "sexy" tone.)* Hi. My name is Brock Bruce. You may have seen me at your local Walmart. I have dedicated 28 years to that store, and the fine customers inside it. As a fellow, neighbor, worker, and citizen of this fair town I am here to tell you why I, Brock Bruce, deserves a promotion, and how together, we can make Walmart Great Again! Agh! Too Trump! Mama always said avoid the political talk. *(Sit back down and smile.)* Some of my skills include speed stacking, using candy to locating lost children, and peeling the smiley sticker off first try, no tear! Actually, in grade six I was voted most likely to end up working at Walmart, so who cares about skills when the people have spoken! *(Pause.)* My hobbies include fitness dancing, because you don't get a *(subtly does some body builder poses.)* great body like this from just stocking the shelves. Well if you need any more reasons other than these that which I did just tell you, then I don't think the Walmart smiley face could get this job! And not just because he's just a head, I mean... *(Talking to self.)* Heck, I've worked here 28 years and I can't get this darned promotion. *(Speaking to camera.)* And I really, need this. I mean, it's not even for me. My mama needs a stair lift so she can get downstairs to the beer fridge; she hasn't taken her pills dry since her twenties! Besides, I think I'm running out of time. But I swear, if I get this promotion, I will be the hardest worker you've ever had. I'm Brock Bruce, and I will see you at work tomorrow. I'll be there early. And stay late. Just in case you need to contact me. Brock Bruce. Any time. I'll be there. Okie dokie. *(Waits for a minute for camera to turn off.)* Oh, I have to turn it off. *(Attempts to turn camera off. Struggles and gets frustrated. Yells as he exits.)* MAMA! HOW DO YOU TURN THE CAMERA OFF?

## How it Actually Went

**By:** Yoselyn H., Edinburg, Tx, USA; Age 13

**Description:** She is a dreamer that has wishes.

**Gender:** Female

This is how I imagined my first breakup would be: *(dramatic pose, Girl imitating boy voice)* I'm sorry. It is not you, it's me. I feel our connection has been lost and I have fallen for someone else. I want to breakup with you. *(Girl dramatically cries)* What?! Why?! Why me?! *(falls dramatically to the floor)* I thought you loved me. I guess I was wrong! This is how it actually went: *(Girl imitates boy voice; calmly)* So... um, I want to breakup with you. *(Girl being calm)* Uh, cool. And this is how I imagined my marriage proposal would be: *(Girl imitates future husband's voice; kneels on the floor, romantically)* You are the love of my life. You are the one. We belong together forever. You make me happy every day. I love you. Will you marry me? *(Girl acts melodramatically)* OMG! OMG! OMG! Yes of course! I love you! This is how it actually went: *(turns head from left to right)* Yup, that's right. I'm still waiting for it. I hope my life will take a big twist, because at the pace it's going, I'm going to end up like the crazy old lady across the street – with forty cats and zero husbands!

## Cat Lady

**By:** Niesha M., Fort Worth, Texas, USA, Age 12

**Description:** A wife tells her husband about a stray cat she's taken in.

**Gender:** Female

I should probably tell you now, before you notice it. And I need to point out that in no way did I encourage this. I was just minding my own business. And there's no way I'm going to get rid of it today *(under breath)* or *maybe ever*. What? Nothing. What I mean to say is that I will do my best to find her a home as soon as possible. *(Reacting to yelling.)* I know! I know, but it's not my fault. I was out in the garage taking off my boots, and she just wandered in. So skinny. And she was meowing like she was hungry, so I just gave her a tiny bit of food. You should have seen how fast she ate it up! So, I might have given her a little more. She doesn't have a collar, and honestly, I don't think she belongs to anybody. But I will look online and see if someone is missing an adorable little black and white cat. Oh, oh, here she comes. Look at how friendly she is! Martin, I've never seen a cat so friendly. I know, I know. We aren't going to keep her. Just pick her up, will you? She loves being held. So unusual for a cat...I said, I know that we aren't going to keep her...of course, I realize that we already have sixteen cats. But she's so cute...and really...*(flirting)* what's one more?

## Lovestruck

**By:** Josie C., Albuquerque, NM, Age 14

**Description:** Cupid aims his arrow at the wrong person.

**Gender:** Any

Oh, no you don't! Don't you be pointing that thing at me! I am done with love. Go find someone else you can trick into going all mushy and stupid only to have his heart torn out and smashed like a wine glass at a Jewish wedding. Ugh. Why did I even say wedding?! Love is like getting a puppy. At first, it's like heaven opened up and sent you this thing, this incredible, furry, loveable thing. And two years later, it gets run over and your parents try to tell you that he ran away, but you heard them talking about how nice the man was to come tell you. He wasn't nice. HE WASN'T NICE! He killed my dog! And now I wish that I never had a dog in the first place. Love is like that. Happiness, that ends up dead on the side of the road. So, Cupid...kindly point your arrow in another direction. Find someone else to rip their heart to shreds.

## Spritey O'Doodle

**By:** Cameron F., El Paso, TX, USA, Age 13

**Description:** A leprechaun outsmarts someone who has found his pot of gold.

**Gender:** Male

**Genre:** Comedic

*(In an Irish accent.)*

Listen, ye squirrely would-be crook...it dunnot work the way ya think. Da. I am a leprechaun, and indeed, we stand at the end of my rainbow with da pot 'o gold right about here. What they dunnot tell ye is that my gold is buried deep below. Ya think that I would work away, makin' shoes and boots for all da rich uns, just to let a theivin' scud the likes of ye, come long and snatch me riches? Too bad for you, I'm Spritey O'Doodle. I'm no eejit. I'm the smartest of all da leprechauns. And you can go get a shovel. Ya have da right to dig for me treasure. But by the time ye return, who knows where me and me rainbow have bugged off ta. *(Laughs.)* Ye humans are bleedin' thick! So, run along, ya gombeen. I've me work to do!

*(The leprechaun goes back to his work making shoes and sings this song.)*

"Lay your ear close to the hill.  
Do you not catch the tiny clamor,  
Busy click of an elfin hammer,  
Voice of the Leprechaun singing shrill  
As he merrily plies his trade."

## Coming Out

**By:** Jessie Stevenson, Age 13, California. USA

**Description:** A teen girl comes out to her family in a comedic way.

**Gender:** Female, but can be changed

Hey parentals, siblings, comrades. How are you? How's your day? I hope it's been good. Thank you all for being here. Well I think it's safe to assume that I have something to tell you all. I am.... Not... exactly.... Straight. Yup. I like not just boys but also girls. So yeah.... I know it may be a shock to some of you and others might have guessed it but yeah. If you want to ask if it's a phase or a fad. No, it is not. If this new information is a shock to you, I have one question. HOW? I mean seriously how did you not see this coming, look at me. How did you not question it when I cut my hair super short, or when I would talk about LGBTQ+ issues which was... A LOT. Or when I put a giant pink triangle on the door to my room, or when I bought a rainbow bow tie and suspenders? I mean c'mon people. Well now you know. If you can't accept me, then that's your issue. It took a lot for me to come to terms and accept myself and I'm going to be myself no matter what anyone thinks. Questions? Nope. Didn't think so. So, whew. That's over. Who's up for pizza?

## Crushed

**By:** Dajai T., Modesto, California, USA

**Description:** A teenager accidentally sends a very personal text to the school gossip.

**Gender:** Female

Oh-My-God, OH MY GOD! I did not just accidentally send a text to Sky about the fact that I have a crush on Gaston. Oh no, this is bad, this is really bad. I'm going to die! Gaston is semi-popular, and he is definitely going to find out. Why does Sky have to be such a gossip with her amazing looks and gorgeous hair, although she is still a "four eyes," but I guess I can't say anything (*points to glasses*). Ugh, I am literally going to die. (*Looks at phone*) Oh, she hasn't read the text message. Okay, Plan B, cover story, come on think of a cover story. Ummmm... I can text her that I meant "I like shakes but not protein ones. Those are bad for me. Instead of "I like Gaston, he's so cute. But it is bad for me to as him out?" I will tell her it was auto correct. (*Texting.*) Please believe me. "Oh, okay I believe you." Yes, SHE BELIEVED ME!! .... Great, now I'm hungry.

## Mind Reader

**By:** Thalia O., Lakewood, CA, USA, Age 16

**Description:** A teen shows off an ability to read minds.

**Gender:** Male or Female

Okay I know this might sound crazy but just hear me out. You see the thing is... OK don't freak out but, I can read your mind! Ahh I know crazy right. Like seriously I don't know how this happened, it just did I guess. Oh my gosh... uhhh I know what you're thinking. Man, I knew this would happen, you think I'm going insane aren't you? OK you do you know that I just told you I can read your mind so basically, I know what you're thinking, as in I know you're thinking I'm a total lunatic but I'm not, trust me. I can totally prove it to you, but then that means I'll

have to read what you're thinking out loud and I wouldn't want to expose you like that, but then again, you're asking for it. Like seriously, don't try me because I will do it. (Pause) All right don't say I didn't warn you. Basically, I know you have a crush on me. Ha! You didn't expect that did you... Yeah, I didn't either. It explains a lot actually. Like seriously, no wonder you're always so clingy, no offense. Anyways I'm truly flattered but I mean, it ain't going to happen.

## Funeral

**By:** Abby S., Alberta, Canada, Age 14

**Description:** 30-year-old Sam is sharing a eulogy for their cat's funeral.

**Gender:** Male or Female

I gather you all here today, to celebrate and remember the life of our dearest friend. I've gone through a lot this past week... I've lost my best friend, my soul mate. And it's hard, it really is. I felt like I knew her for my entire life. *(Pause, inner realization.)* But she's gone. Sometimes she would know when I had a bad day and would always make me feel better. It seemed like she took care of me more than I did her. I will truly miss the mornings waking up beside her. Sharing our time together, watching me in the shower, sitting with me on the toilette. Climbing the big birch tree was her favorite past time. *(Holding back tears.)* I would like to share one of my favorite memories of her and I, when I first met her and found the love of my life, I instantly knew that we were meant to be together, and I told that other man that was looking at you "Back off she's mine." And it was true. She helped me through everything, and I can't express my gratitude for our relationship. I will, and already do miss her so much. *(Talking to box/coffin.)* Oh, my Honey Boo Bear... I loved you so much. But it was your time. You were old. You were ready to go. It was me – I was the one who wasn't ready. Those thirteen years together have blessed my life. Rest in peace little Missy, my pretty kitty, I'll never forget you.

## Every Flavor of the Rainbow

**By:** Georgia E. Alberta, Canada, Age 13

**Description:** An ice cream flavor is having an identity crisis.

**Gender:** Any

Hi, I'm Neapolitan. *(Smirks at audience, winking flirtatiously.)* I come from a mixed family, my mom's like half cherry, dad's rocky road. It makes me a whole lot of chunky, with a side of smooth. *(Looks around, pause.)* What was I talking about... Oh yeah, people ask what my biggest flaw is...I guess I'm just too strong. They just can't take all this flavor, you know? *(Gestures to entire body. Pauses.)* It's hard for me, you know? *(Tone switches, slightly hesitant.)* I have no idea who I am. My one aunt is certain I'm Vanilla, my uncle thinks I'm chocolate. But I'm strawberry too, right? In the freezer section, the flavors pretty much stick to their own kind. Vanilla with Vanilla and Chocolate with Chocolate. They never accept me the way I am. That's okay, though. I'm going to be myself even if they don't accept me. I'll scoop out my own sorta life. Maybe I'll travel the kitchen, see the counter... visit the tower of pizza. We all need to accept who we are, like that Miss Strawberry chic. She's natural, and I respect that. Even if she stalks me day and night. It's kinda creepy... I can't even re-freeze without being sure she's not looking. But hey, at least she's not one of those dairy-free flavors. I don't buy that for a second.

# The Assignment

**By:** Oren S., Age 15, Pennsylvania, USA

**Description:** A student complains about having to write a monologue.

**Gender:** Any

*(A student sits at a desk, agonizing over a blank piece of paper. He/she gets up, addresses the audience.)* See here's the thing. I don't... like monologues. But, two weeks ago Mrs. Rolanda, my English teacher, announced that we were all going to write original monologues. This was her idea of a "fun" assignment. Fun. There are 36 people in my English class. Only one person thought this would be fun. And the kid thinks everything is fun. Literally everything. One time he was excited when we were assigned a 35-page essay on Millard Fillmore, who is the most boring person in history. Who really wants to know that much about the 13th president of the US? The only thing interesting about him is his name. 35 pages! At least the monologue only has to be a page. I used to like English class. That was before 5th grade. In 5th grade, Mr. Fartherman ruined it for me. He hated the English language. He hated to talk in it, hated to write it, hated to listen to it. If you hate English so much, then why did you become an English teacher? When we came into the class, he would give out a worksheet with instructions on the board. He hated to write in English, so they were always in a different language. He would never tell us which one. So, every day, the class would figure out what language it was, type it into google translate, and read the instructions. By the time we did all that, the period was almost over. I don't think I learned a single thing in his class. Come to think of it, I think he would have been a great World Language teacher. Still don't know why he decided to teach English. So anyway, he ruined the subject English for me. Every teacher I got after him kinda sucked. I'm pretty sure my 4th grade English teacher made sure I was with the worst English teacher for the rest of school. She probably still holds a grudge from "THE MISHAP". It's kind of a long story. *(Beat.)* You know what? It actually isn't. We gave out Valentine's day candy, and I went into everyone's bag and ate everything. *(Beat.)* Well I guess I have to go write my stupid monologue thing now. What should I write about? *(Beat.)* Wait. Everything I just said. That was a monologue! Yay! I wrote a monologue! Who knew It could be so fun? *(Sits back down at desk and starts writing.)*

# Confession

**By:** Micaela E., Los Alamitos, CA, Age 16

**Description:** Elena confides in a friend about a crime she committed.

**Gender:** Female

Can I tell you something? It's kind of a big thing, so I'm gonna need you to keep it quiet. You know Alex, right? Of course, you do. Anyway, we kind of, uh I don't know um robbed a bank last week. God, I know! I know it's terrible, but I really needed to get that off my chest. To be honest I don't know what drove me to say yes, but if I'm gonna be REALLY honest, it's cuz Alex is REALLY HOT. I mean what else are you supposed to do when the most attractive guy you know finally gives you the time of day? Sure, it was only to rob a bank, but I guess I thought there would have been more benefits to doing something like that. Aside from the money. Anyway, last week, Alex just saunters up to me and is like "Hey Elena, I think you're pretty cool, so uhh, wanna rob a bank tomorrow?" and NATURALLY I said, "SUREEEEE ALEX! That seems like a completely acceptable and not at all illegal thing to do!" But who just asks that? I mean take me to dinner first. So, the next morning it's like four AM, we're getting ready to do

the thing. I'm pretty nervous. The most illegal thing I'd done up until that point was J-walked. Alex looks at me and is all, "what ya scared?? This is gonna be a piece of cake." I tried to be brave and said "You're right! It's not like uh... cheating at tetherball!!" [beat] It's WAY worse. So, we manage to get in without setting off any alarms. We were in and out SO quick and we got some good cash out of it. Turns out someone wanting to rob a bank with you does NOT coincide with getting married and having kids. So, so much for committing a felony in hopes of getting a date.

## Pigeonpocalypse

**By:** Brooke E., Little Rock, Arkansas, USA, Age 14

**Description:** A student finds an extra credit science assignment is going horribly wrong as overgrown dough attracts a wave of deadly pigeons.

**Gender:** Any

*(The speaker is on the phone, frantic, pretending to peer out windows nervously.)*

Yes, this is an emergency. I haven't been outside my house in three days. They're out there-in throngs, herds, flocks: the pigeons. Okay, I'll try to stay calm and explain. It all started because of fungus. See, my friend Tom and I were put in a group for a science project on fungus, and there was this... extra credit assignment. It was simple; we were given a kit, and we were supposed to grow yeast. To make yeast, you ferment sugar found in fruits, like grapes. I decided to do it; what could go wrong?... Everything. I bought grapes at the store, and didn't pay attention to the fact that they'd been pumped full of special chemicals to grow big. When I tried to make the yeast from the grapes, I accidentally created a special, powerful yeast... a superyeast. I was so excited that I told Tom about it, and y'know what he said? He laughed and said he wouldn't believe it unless I made the world's biggest loaf. Well, y'know what? I was going to make that loaf. So I work for hours. I'm going to leave the loaf to rise under the skylight. Speaking of that nice, glass skylight... the sun coming through the big glass skylight is so warm, and cozy, and I... well. I fall asleep, and... hey, what's-WHAT HAPPENED? The yeast-it's-swelling! Growing! It's so big it's pressed up against the skylight! You gotta send help or it'll break through the glass! My cat Ringo is coming into the kitchen, guess he heard me. Be a good boy, Ringo. Ignore the fresh, yeasty scent... RINGO, NO, DON'T POUNCE! THE BREAD! He's chomping it! It's bursting through the skylight, raining dough on the neighborhood! How am I going to patch that skylight, mom'll kill me... wait... do ya hear that? Coo...coo... COO! Pigeons! PIGEONS! The pigeons are coming from the sky in a hurricane! They are like an unstoppable wave of feathered locusts, eating every scrap of bread they can get their pointy beaks on! I've gotta cover the skylight hole before they get in! GET BACK, FEATHERED FIENDS, GET BACK! (gulp) Hurry! Hurry! Oh, no... I think they're ripping through the sheets I put over the skylight! If I don't make it, don't let them write "devoured by gluttonous pigeons" on my tombstone.

# Christmas

## Elves on Strike

**By:** Jeremy K., Age 12, Idaho Falls, Idaho, USA

**Description:** The leader of the Elf Union rallies the elves against Santa.

**Gender:** Any

As the leader of the Union of the Order of the North Pole Elves, I stand here today and urge you to say no to Santa! No more working from sunup to sundown without so much as a snickerdoodle break! What does Santa think we are, robots? No, we're elves, and we have rights! Tinsel, remember when he made you clean Dasher's stall after he got into that barrel of chocolate? Cleaning chocolate poo is not in the elf job description! And Snazzy, there was that time when he ordered you to let Mrs. Claus use you as a mannequin for the little girl's dresses she was making. Humiliating! I mean, what the falalala was he thinking? I mean he makes us wear these ridiculous Pinocchio outfits and sing while we work, while he sits on his big fat butt watching the weather channel. And on Christmas day, he takes ALL the credit. *(Imitating children.)* "Mom, Santa came! Ooooh, look what Santa got me! How did he know I wanted this?" Listen up children of the world: Santa is not the one who made your train sets, and your dolly houses and your walkie talkies. It was US, the Elves of the Order of the North Pole. We did it all. Santa is just a lazy guy with a wiggly belly who works basically one day a year. Nothing but a gloried delivery man if you ask me! *(Pauses. Listens to someone in the audience.)* What's that? Santa is where? *(Looks behind him.)* Oh fudgesicles.

## Rudolph's Older Brother

**By:** Trequan D., Mississippi, USA, Age 17

**Description:** Rudolph's brother tells him not to forget where he is from.

**Gender:** Male

Hey man, briing ya red nose over here... AYE MAN, I said bring ya RED NOSE over here! I see you're all excited about being Santa's new favorite reindeer, but never forget where you came from. Yeah, I understand it's nice to finally laugh, not get called names, and to play in all the reindeer games with everyone else besides just me... but can't you see they're just using you? Santa never gave you any attention until last Christmas when he couldn't see any farther than he could spit. Huh? What do you mean he said, "you're the light of his world"? He was being serious, that wasn't a compliment! He taped you to the back of his car because his tail-light was out. Now explain to me why you're ok with that. Matter fact nah, I don't wanna hear it. Now you're chilling with Dasher and Dancer acting like you're a big star just because your nose glows up red, WE HAVE 50 THOUSAND CHRISTMAS LIGHTS THAT DO THAT SAME THING- you know what Rudolph, do what you wanna do, but never forget where you came from.