

## 3<sup>rd</sup>/4<sup>th</sup> Monologue Options for Boys

**BOY:** This play would be so much better with ninjas. I tried to tell my teacher we needed to add some action to it. Like an evil alien army showing up to battle the pilgrims and Indians for control of earth at the big feast scene. But she wouldn't go for it. She said it wasn't historically accurate. Oh, and that the Thanksgiving feast being peaceful was the whole point of the play. A bunch of people in itchy clothes stuffing their faces is the whole point of the show? Seriously? She has no idea what entertainment looks like. Not surprising since she's older than my grandma, but come on. We gotta keep the audience awake, and her show is duller than my sister's ballet recitals.

### The Secret Garden

**COLIN:** The springtime. I was thinking that I've really never seen it before. I scarcely ever went out, and when I did go I never looked at it. I didn't even think about it. That morning when you ran in and said 'It's come! It's come!' you made me feel quite queer. It sounded as if things were coming with a great procession and big bursts and wafts of music. I've a picture like it in one of my books - crowds of lovely people and children with garlands and branches with blossoms on them, everyone laughing and dancing and crowding and playing on pipes. That's why I said, 'Perhaps we shall hear golden trumpets' and told you to throw open the window.

### Comedic Monologues:

#### ***Pick Me!* By Janet B. Milstein**

Ooooooh, oooh, oooh! Here! Pick me! I wanna go first! Pleeeeease! (*Yelling*) Miss Janet, can you hear me?? Meeee, go, first! Hey, c'mon! What do I gotta do to get noticed around here? (*Jumping on each word.*) Pick me, not Nick. He's gonna get sick! (*Stops jumping.*) Well, he always does. Barf, barf, barf! (*beat*) Okay, I'm being good. See? (*Sits down, hands folded.*) I'm quiet. Hey Miss Janet, I'm being really quiet. Look how quiet I am! I'm as quiet as a mouse. Quieter, 'cause mice squeak. I'm quiet like a bug. They don't talk at all. Miss Janet, you look so pretty. I like your dress. And you have nice hair like my mom's- brown and gray. So can I go? Please? (*beat.*) Wow, I can!?! Yes! Cool! Woo! Hey... what were we gonna do again?

## **Monologue from *You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown* by John Gordon**

I'm sorry to have to say it to your face, Lucy, but it's true. You're a very crabby person. I know your crabbiness has probably become so natural to you now that you're not even aware when you're being crabby, but it's true just the same. You're a very crabby person and you're crabby to just about everyone you meet. Now I hope you don't mind my saying this, Lucy, and I hope you'll take it in the spirit that it's meant. I think we should be very open to any opportunity to learn more about ourselves. I think Socrates was very right when he said that one of the first rules for anyone in life is 'Know Thyself'. Well, I guess I've said about enough. I hope I haven't offended you or anything. (*awkward exit*)

## **Monologue from *Stage Milk***

No, I'm sorry, Mrs. Jones, I don't eat that. I only eat hot dogs. You don't have hot dogs? Oh. Well, maybe I should go home then. That's all I eat. Hot dogs for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. Sometimes I eat two or three instead of just one.

My mom says I'll grow out of it someday. I doubt it. I love hot dogs. My little sister is worse. She only eats chicken soup. She sticks her pigtails in the soup and sucks it out of her hair. It's disgusting. Well, tell Jack I'll see him later. I've got to go home and have a few hot dogs. I think it's a three-hot-dog day. See you later, Mrs. Jones!

## **BOY OR GIRL Comedic Monologue:**

### ***Reinventing Time* by Janet B. Milstein**

Mom, I know I'm up late, but I have a really good reason. Remember last week when we were getting ready to go to Six Flags? I asked you how much longer you'd be and you said, "Just a minute." I watched the clock and you took sixteen minutes. Then yesterday when I was starving for dinner, I asked you when it would be ready, and you said, "In a minute." That was fourteen minutes. And today when you were on the computer and I wanted to use it, you told me you'd only be a minute. It took you eighteen minutes. Well, tonight when you said it was bedtime, I asked if I could stay up a little longer and you said, "Okay, just for a few minutes." So, I figured I had about an hour.

## ***Disney Dangers by Kidz Konnection***

Hello... I would like to take a moment to talk to all of you about the dangers of taking your parents to Disneyland. First off, we are all here with a big group, and who wants to be discovered by a classmate when your mom is wearing Mickey Ears... then of course, there is your dad's fascination with roller coasters. This could go one of 2 ways, either really fun if he likes all the same rides you do... or if your dad is like mine, then you should avoid them altogether. My dad made me wait in line for the highest... the fastest, and most exciting ride at Disney... Space Mountain... the line was forever, then we climb into a car that zips off... I started to question my dad about the 4 corndogs he had wolfed down while waiting in line... then it happened... As soon as we hit the first dip in the track... (WWWWaaaaarrffff!!! ) my dad HURLS!!! I think it must have hit some people in the cars behind us, because for being at Disney.... I sure heard a lot of BAD language... thank goodness Space Mountain is in the dark so no one knew who did it. If you go... I suggest sitting in the front.