

# MONOLOGUES FOR CHILDREN

## *Half Birthday*



By: Emma Fequet

Description: A girl begs her parents for a special doll.

Genre: Comedic

Why can't I have the doll? It's my half birthday! I deserve it 100%. But I really want the 2022 Barbie girl doll! And there are only ten left in the whole world! What can I do to convince you to buy it for me? Okay, hear me out. So, I was thinking that I could do the dishes! And even dry them! I can't reach the sink though, ummm, how about... I can make you BOTH, breakfast in bed for a full week! No?! Then a whole month! That's the most I can do! Never mind, I don't know how to cook... Ok then, I could give you five dollars from MY piggy bank, to help pay for the doll. Excuse me?! 100 dollars? That's impossible! Last time I checked, it was ten dollars. But I may have read the number wrong... Fine then if you're not gonna buy it for me, I guess I will have to buy it for myself! I am going to go pack my stuff, get a job, and move out! GOODBYE!!! (*Starts to leave, but returns.*) I'm sorry. I get it. I should be grateful for what I have. But could I HAVE IT, by any chance? Please!

## *Can I Have a Dog?*

By: Victoria Rogers

Description: A child tries to convince his parents that he should have a dog.

Genre: Comedic

Hello Mother. Hello Father. I brought you two together for a presentation on why I should have a dog. First off, I want to thank you both for being here as you both were busy watching a movie. I have put together some reasons why I should have a dog: 1) I am a hyperactive child and I make you both tired very easily. If I get a dog, I will have someone to play with and you guys can get some quality sleep; 2) I can earn money from feeding, washing, and walking the dog; 3) This will also teach me to be responsible so that I won't forget to get the keys when we leave the house; 4) Dogs help you live longer and they will eat anything that you give them; 5) (And this will be a benefit for you) I will stop asking for a little brother. I admit that this can be a lot of responsibility, but I promise you that I will do my best. So, what do you say? Can I get a dog?

## ***Pulling Teeth***

By: Ava Schleig

Description: A young girl tries to find a unique way to pull out her loose tooth.

Genre: Comedic

Everyone at school is losing their teeth and I need a cool way to get my loose tooth out! Jessica said she used her own hands to get hers out, although that's not very sanitary. But it's still cool! And then Gabby said she had her dad tied a string around her tooth and the other end to a door handle and then he slammed the door! I asked my sister about how she lost her tooth and she said that she went to the dentist and they pulled her tooth. But that's boring. I also searched for ways to get my tooth out online but none of them were cool enough. I was thinking that I can use Baxter to help me. What is cooler than my own dog helping me! So, I will just tie a string around my tooth and then tie the string to Baxter's leash and then I will throw Baxter's favorite toy and then he will yank it out! I definitely will get extra money from the tooth fairy for all of my hard work! (yelling) Baxter! Baxter! Come here, boy!

## ***The Bug***

By: Hiro Nguyen

Genre: Dramatic

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

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.

## **“Junie B Jones” by Barbara Park**

JUNIE B: Dear First Grade journal. Yay! Yay! Hooray! Today is the last week before winter break! Winter break is the school word for I gotta get out of this place, I tell you. ‘Cause blabbermouth May is tattle-tailing on me every day almost! That’s how come yesterday I chased her down on the playground. And I threw grass on her head. It was very fun. Except I hope Santa did not see me do that. That guy watches me like a hawk this time of year.

### ***MONOLOGUE #1: SHARING***

Some people think I don’t like sharing, but that isn’t true at all. I love sharing. I mean, what’s not to love about being able to go up to someone and say, “Hey, can I have some of that candy?” And then they give you some! Or, “Can I ride your bike for a while?” And then you get to ride their bike! Sharing is awesome. Sometimes you have to be careful, though. Like if someone comes up to me and says, “Can I have one of your cookies?” Well, if I gave them a cookie, then I might not have any cookies left to share with other people and that would be, like, the opposite of sharing. So I have to say no. Because sharing is really important.

### ***THE CEREAL THIEF***

Dad! You ate all my cereal again! Mom bought this for me. See, it says, “For kids.” You’re supposed to eat your gross grown-up food for breakfast. Oh, no! You messed up the puzzles on the back again! The bear has to go through the maze, he can’t go around it! And a bear’s favorite thing is not football! It’s honey, Dad. Mom! Mom! Dad ate all the—wow, five dollars! Thanks Dad! Want some more cereal?

### ***MY OWN ROOM***

Dad, just hear me out. I want my own room. You promised a long time ago. Nobody ever uses the guest room downstairs. We never have any guests. I’ve been sharing a room with Jill for 3 years now. I need privacy. I need more space. I want to be able to talk to my friends without her listening in and do my homework without her bugging me to play with her. I’m responsible. I’m all grown-up now. She still sleeps with her Snoopy night-light on. She’s messy. She snores. She’s making my life miserable! She’s...what? I can? I can have the guest room? Oh, thank you! I love you so much! Wow, I’ll have the whole huge room all to myself. That gigantic room downstairs with no one but me. (Realizing she’ll be scared all alone.) Daddy? Can Jill sleep in my room tonight?

## ***I Cannot Wait!***

By: Bella J., Elesmere

Genre: Dramatic

Description: A student can't wait to start at their new school.

I know, I know, mom. It's time to get up. I cannot wait to go to school today. Today is my first day at St. James. I wonder what class I am in. I wonder who I will meet. I hope I will make lots of friends. I hope I will like my teacher. What am I going to wear? Jeans? No. Too casual. Black pants with this cool shirt. No, I'll look like a waiter. I know. My favorite sweater! Does my hair look alright? I wish it was longer. I hope I can make friends easily like I did at the last school. Oh my goodness. Why am I worrying? There is nothing to be worried about. -I am sure I will have a great day! OMG! I am going to be late! I'd better go to school now. Bye mom. I am going to catch the bus. I'll tell you about my day after school.

## ***Glitter Catastrophe***

By: Georgia G.R.

Description: A pageant contestant can't find her glitter

Genre: Comedic

*(Backstage with other contestants right before the pageant begins.)* Hey girlies! It's Pageant Day! *(to mom)* Mom! Where is my glitter? I can't find my glitter! I am 30 seconds from losing my mind because in 8 minutes I have to go on stage and perform in front of the WHOLE WORLD and SEVEN JUDGES! Did you move it? I put it right here! On this table! By my mirror! I know I did! It was JUST here and now it's GONE! You know I can't be pageant-public without my glitter! I'll be the laughingstock of the WHOLE PAGEANT WORLD! I have my dress, my shoes, my hair is done, but without the glitter I'm nothing at all! I won't get my crown or my Miss Louisiana Elementary title without my glitter! Have you ever seen a Beauty Queen without glitter? *(Listens as mom says a name)* She doesn't count! *(Listens as mom says another name)* She doesn't count, either! I can NOT be Miss Louisiana Elementary without my glitter! A Beauty Queen has to shimmer and shine! There are two things that judges need to see; Kindness and Pizazz, and GLITTER IS PIZAZZ! *(Listen as mom speaks)* Mom, I will NOT "SHINE FROM THE INSIDE!" THE JUDGES CAN'T SEE MY INSIDES!!!

## **CANDYLAND**

Grandma, can I have a snack? Please?! I'm so hungry 'cause Mom took me to Toys R Us. She said I could pick out one game. Anything I wanted in the whole store! So I looked and looked, and then I found Candyland. I saw the gum drops and the ice cream floats—I was so excited to eat all the candy! But I tasted it, and it all just tastes like cardboard. I guess I must have picked a spoiled box.

### ***The Best Teacher in the World***

By: Margie Goulden

Description: A child tells their parent about having the best teacher in the world.

Genre: Comedic

I'm telling you the truth. She is the best teacher in the world! She wears different colored overalls every day, and she keeps Sammy, our class hamster, in the front pocket. It's so cute! His little head pops out now and then, and she just tucks him back in there. She also wears really cool glasses. You know, the big round kind? I hope someday I need glasses because that's the kind I'm gonna get. Today, we got to write stories for the creative writing contest. Mine was about taking an elephant home from the zoo, and she said it was original and inspiring. I think that means I should become a writer when I grow up. Or a scientist because she taught us the names of all the planets, and I have already memorized all nine of them. And guess what? Next week, our class gets to have a dance party because we earned 100 marbles. I'm telling you! This is gonna be the best year of my life!

# MONOLOGUES FOR TEENS

## *I'm Done with AI...Kinda*

By: Luke Meadows

Description: A teen shares their thoughts on AI

Genre: Dramatic



AI is getting worse! Every day it gets smarter, faster, and scarier. My parents use it, my teachers use it, I use it (*small smirk*) but sometimes, it's TOO much! Online, you think you see a cool product a company is advertising...NOOOO! It's actually AI! You think your friend is really smart and wrote a super good essay...NOOOO! He actually used AI! Now there are videos of these AI's talking to each other in a whole different language! It's getting scary! At some point, there will be AI movies in the theaters! I don't want to watch a movie that was made in 5 minutes! I want to actually see the work that was put into it! I want to have a normal life where I can learn how to do things for real! I want to learn how to drive a car! I want to "learn how to learn" properly in classes! I DON'T WANT TO USE AI TO HELP ME! (*Throw arms in the air*) Well, actually, maybe I could use it for a couple things. (*small smile*)

## *How Does Love Work?*

By: Kylie Frankel

Description: A girl asks her friend what to do about her crush.

Genre: Comedic

Can I confess something? (*Beat*) I think I like him. (*Beat*) No, I'm serious. And it's not because he's beautiful. (*Beat*) I'm not saying he isn't beautiful. He is seriously gorgeous. But, also, it's his laugh. His smile. His terrible jokes that somehow make me ...laugh. Not fake laughter because I feel bad that his jokes suck, but genuine, real laughter. He's the only one who can make me laugh like that. Every time I see him, my mind goes from "I have to study for my test or I'm gonna fail!" to "OH MY GOSH, IT'S HIM!" And while I'm taking a test, all I can think about is how cute his curls look today. Or how much depth his eyes have. They're like...endless, infinite blue whirlpools that go around...and around (*zoning out*) ...and around...I've failed at least 9 tests because of those eyes. (*Pulling back into reality*) Which is a serious problem, and I don't know what to do about it! Please, help me stop loving him! Please!

## ***Big Dreams, Little Fish***

By: Elijah Haines

Description: Catching your first big fish is exciting!

Genre: Comedic

Fishing is so boring! Why in the world did you bring me out here? We've been out since dawn and now it's *(checks watch)* 11 a.m. and we haven't even gotten a single bite! It's hot and the only things I've eaten today are saltine crackers and soggy ham sandwiches! Ugh, how much longer are we gonna... *(jerks forward suddenly)* hold on a second. *(jerks again)* Hold on... *(gasps)* I... I got a bite! Oh my gosh, a bite! OOF! *(leans back as if pulling)* It's a big one too! Dad, I think I'm catching the biggest fish in the world! *(pulls harder)* Oh yeah, this is a big one! I wonder if I'll win an award for this catch! Yeah, I can see it now! I'll enter the fish into a contest, and the judges will be so impressed that they'll tell their friends who work at the biggest museum in the world! Then, those people will pay me a million, no, a billion dollars! Then, after they see how big my fish is, they'll tell the president! Then when that's all over, we'll eat the fish! We could invite the entire family, no wait the entire neighborhood, oh heck with it, the whole city can come, and we'll still have leftovers for a year! *(Strains and pulls harder)* He's about out, I can feel it! Oh, here he comes! *(Falls backwards into boat. On fishing line is a tiny little fish.)* Where's my...*(pauses and stares at tiny fish)* oh. I guess you can cancel all the invites. See? This is why I hate fishing!

## ***My Dad's Not Around***

By: Amiyah M.

Description: A teen explains their feelings about not having a dad around

Genre: Dramatic

You know what's funny? You ask me where my dad is, like I am supposed to know. But really he's not around. He hasn't been for a long time. Still, I always feel like something missing. Every birthday, every little win, every bad day... there's this empty space where he should be. Sometimes I try to imagine him — what his voice would sound like if he told me he was proud, what it would feel like to call someone "Dad." But then I remember — he chose to leave. *(Beat)* I used to think maybe I wasn't enough — like if I had been smarter, taller, better — he would've stayed. I know now it's not my fault.

But sometimes I just wonder, wasn't I worth staying for? (Beat) And then there's that ache...in my heart...the one that sneaks up when I see other people with their dads, laughing, arguing, just being there. Sometimes I tell myself I don't care. Because I don't. I try to trust my smarts not my heart. My brain tells me that I don't need him...And that I'm fine...but my heart...(Beat) I wonder if he knows what he lost. I mean, he may have left me, but his leaving didn't break me. It built me.

### ***This is How it Really Happened***

By: Isabelle Robin

Description: The Big Bad Wolf tells his side of the story

Genre: Comedic

For the tenth time, I was not trying to eat the pigs! I was on my way to the doctor because I got the flu. And while I was on my way I came across the 3 Pigs' houses. So I go to get some pi-I mean food from the pigs because they prepare well – I mean they prepare food well. (*Laughs sarcastically like he was joking*) I just wanted to get some bacon- I mean turkey bacon and out of nowhere, a sneeze hits me, and I accidentally forget to cover it, and the house blows away like pine needles in a hurricane. (*mumbling under breath*) You should really get some insurance. (*Consider humming an insurance company jingle.*) Then the pigs ran away! Why would they be scared of me? So anyway, I ran to the next house to get porkchops- I mean vegan meat because I am a meat free wolf and out of nowhere, another sneeze hits me, and before I can cover it, that house comes down like it was made out of popsicle sticks and Elmer's glue – Oh, No! (*sarcastically*) So, I go to the last house, and it's locked up so tightly that the doors won't even jiggle when I try to yank them – I mean knock on them politely. So then I pretend to be Santa Claus, and I climb up on the roof where I notice a delicious smell coming from the chimney and assume they are making me a lovely vegan meal, so I jump on down the chimney, but when I get to the bottom I land in the fire! No vegan meal, no nice incense, just bar-b-qued wolf! So yeah, I accidentally knocked down their houses. I didn't mean to hurt them. (*rolls eyes*) I mean if they have such a problem with it, get a lawyer.

## ***My Sister is a Colleague***

By: Kylie Frankel

Description: Why is the youngest sibling always the most annoying?

Genre: Comedic

I HATE my sister. (Beat) I know that's crazy considering I'm always with her, but it's not like I want to hate her! She's like a colleague that I'm forced to work with on a day-to-day basis even though she's THE MOST annoying person in the building. And my brothers and I are the employees that have to put up with her to get an allowance for the week. The only reason she gets away with everything is because she's the youngest, which automatically makes her the boss's, aka my mom's, favorite. And she's always the employee of the month. Every time we try to tell on her, guess what mom says? (Mocking, sweet voice) "My sweet little angel would never do that! Stop being so jealous of her! She never does anything wrong!" (Aggravated) But the second my mom's "sweet little angel" tattles on us for not playing dolls with her? (Mocking, stern voice) "You 3, go to your rooms right now! None of you are leaving this house until you think about what you did to my sweet, sweet baby!" (Sigh) And guess what? She NEVER. STOPS. CRYING. Plus, her idea of playing dolls is not normal for a 6-year-old. She likes to pretend that one of the dolls falls out of a hot air balloon and she holds a funeral for it. When I was her age, I promise, I never did ANYTHING like that. My dolls would go to the beach. Her dolls get burned alive and eaten when food gets scarce after their plane to Hawaii crashes in the Bermuda Triangle. Not normal.

## ***Perfect Day***

By: Jonathan L.

Genre: Dramatic

Description: A character describes his/her perfect day.

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?

### ***Excluded***

By: Jaielyn Alvarez-Irizarry

Description: Excited to hang out with friends only to discover you've been left out again.

Genre: Dramatic

*(Getting ready to go out with friends.)* I'm so excited to finally hang out with my friends for the first time in like forever. It's been so long. Today's gonna be really special. I'm mostly excited to see my best friend. She's been on vacation for the past few weeks, so we haven't seen each other. She has been acting kinda distant...but it's probably just because she's tired after getting back from her trip. *(Finishing touches-maybe shoes or coat.)* Okay I'm ready. *(Checking phone)* She was supposed to pick me up at three, but I think she's running a little late cause its three thirty now. I'll just send her a message. *(Texts)* Hmm. Thats weird. She always answers. Oh! There she is, okay. *(Reads message. Face falls.)* Oh no. She's not feeling well so the plans are cancelled. Well, that's alright, there's always next weekend. *(Texting back)* I'll just tell her no worries and to feel better. *(Gets a notification)* Oooh! Someone just posted! Wait...what? Everyone's at the mall. And she's there too. That can't be right, she just said she was sick. *(Realization)* Wow. Excluded again.

## ***Shoulders Back. Smile***

**By:** Lucy Warren

**Description:** Sometimes you need to give yourself a pep talk on the first day of school, and sometimes it's hard.

**Genre:** Dramatic

Shoulders back. Smile. First day of school. Blank page. A fresh start. You can do this! You got this! No one is going to judge you. Just be yourself! Just get on the bus and sit in the same seat you always have. *(pause)* But what if someone is in my seat? Then what do I do? Do I sit with them? No, that would be weird. They can't think I'm weird. If they think I'm weird, then they will tell their friends I am weird. Then the whole school will think I'm weird, and I will cry in my mom's arms because no one, no one, wants to be friends with the weird girl who sat with the rando on her first day of school. And I will have to move away just like last time. It cannot be like last time. It just can't. So, I will just sit in the seat across from them. Yes, that's what I will do. *(pause)* But what if someone is in that seat? Oh my goodness. It is not that big of a deal, just find an open seat. Find an open seat. Alright, ok. I can do this. Just breathe. Breathe. It will all be ok. *(pause)* Who am I kidding? I will never be able to just sit normally on a bus. This is just the way I am. So act like you are fine. Just pretend. Yeah, I can do that. Pretend. Ok. Stand up straight. Shoulders back. Smile.

## ***My Mother's Cooking***

**By:** Naomi H.

**Description:** When you can't take your mother's terrible cooking anymore.

**Genre:** Comedic

My mother's cooking is terrible! I know it's disrespectful, and I just interrupted the middle of math class, but I have to get it out! The smoke alarm is now our dinner bell. It warns us to be prepared. I mean... why?! Last night I asked my mom if she needed help in the kitchen, and she said, "No, I got it." But after tasting her 'creation', I'm not so sure about that. I mean, it's like a mystery! I don't know what's on my plate, and I don't know if I want to find out. Last night, I took a picture of my food to see if Google knew what it was, but it didn't even recognize it as food! What showed up was a landfill. And guess what else? Even the dog turned it down! That says a lot. Our kitchen is the only one where the smoke detector is begging for mercy. Now you know why I never invite anyone over. It's not because we live in a haunted mansion; it's the food that's haunted. Sorry, Mr. Smith, please continue.

## ***Job Hunt***

By: Bug Ramirez

Description: Applying for a job is stressful.

Genre: Dramatic

This is terrible. How bad of a candidate do I have to be to get rejected from Chuck E. Cheese? Three times, by the way. I don't understand what I'm doing wrong. Is it my resume? Is Indeed just a fake app that doesn't send in your application or resume? I don't even get a chance to interview before I get denied. And the first interview I got at SeaWorld, let me tell you what happened. When I enter, I'm the best-dressed person. Everyone else looks like they came from a golf course. One girl is even wearing Crocs and the worst outfit I've seen. I was called in, and this man pointed out every way he could have contacted me: my number, my mother's number, my email, my backup email, and my address. All this, and then he tells me the position is no longer available. Are you joking? You couldn't have called me? Texted me? Emailed me? Sent me a letter through a flipping pigeon to tell me my application was worthless? Whatever! I don't care. I just interviewed at a coffee shop near my house. I had them laughing, and smiling, and I was asking amazing questions, "What is needed for a person to succeed at this job?" "Why did *you* start working here?" I sounded very professional. I looked very professional. I was early. I was perfect. They said they'd call on Monday. I waited and then got a text message that said, "We have proceeded with other candidates." Now I'm hoping, BEGGING, PLEADING, ON MY KNEES, I NEEDED A JOB! I know I'm young, but having a job would be such a relief. I'd get out of the house and make my own money. If I get a job, I'll have independence. So please, someone hire me!

## ***Too Much Work!***

By: Blessing Dussey

Description: A student complains to the principal that teachers assign too much work.

Genre: Comedic

Yeah, it's me. Again. I just wanted to let you know that there is a serious crisis. (Beat) What do you mean I'm always complaining? (Beat) Uhhh, me being here every day this week doesn't mean I'm here every day, every week. (Beat) Fine, so maybe I am here every day. But I still have a crisis. It's not like the other problems. It has nothing to do with an indoor shopping center, or serving donuts for lunch, or why the President of the United States should visit us. It's way worse than that. (Beat)

It's the fact that the teachers are assigning too much work! I barely have time for myself anymore. (Beat) What do you mean it's for my own good? I do not feel good doing so much work. You know what? It makes me feel the opposite of good. I actually feel bad doing it! (Beat) What do you mean working a little extra won't kill me? Too much work leads to stress, and stress leads to depression, and depression leads to me possibly dying! (Beat) Did you just tell me that working hard helps me grow? Well, in fact, I think I'm wilting. Wilting from the pressure and exhaustion. The only thing I'm growing is frustration. (Beat) How on Earth is this preparing me for High School? It's called High School. Not High Workload School. (Beat) What do you mean the teachers are working hard, too? It's their job. It's not my fault that all the work they give us means more work for them. That's called karma. (Beat) Excuse me? Did you just tell me to get out of your office and live my life because this is not a big deal? Well, I can't live my life if I'm slowly dying from this excessive labor! But since you don't seem to care, I might as well leave. Just know, that's an F in my grade book.

### ***Me and Muscular***

By: Luke Meadows

Description: A kid who wants to be muscular.

Genre: Comedic/Dramatic

Everyone says I am not muscular! (*flexes*) Every night, I look in the mirror, and all I see is a pre-teen kid (*or teenager*) with no muscles! I don't get it. I exercise all the time! I go on runs, I eat nutritious food most of the time, and I flex every night to make sure I'm growing! When I tell my parents, I think I'm getting abs and big muscles in my legs and arms, all they do is laugh at me! At school, they teach us that we shouldn't be too skinny or too fat! And when I draw a perfect picture of myself, after I flex, of course (*hold up a self-portrait*), my teacher just laughs about it! It makes no sense! If you don't think I am muscular, then teach me how to get big and strong, so I don't have to be a wimpy human with no muscles! All we do in P.E. is learn how to run and jump and play games. I want to be strong! Bring out some weights! Bring out a barbell! Let me lift some 75-pound weights so you can see how muscular I really am! All you see right now is a scrawny little 12-year-old (*or any age*). But I lift weights all the time at home! You might find that surprising, but seriously, come to my house and see me flex so I can prove to you that I've got muscles! (*stomps on the ground and then flexes*) I just don't get it!