

5th/6th Monologue Options for Boys

BOY: Look, I know you're thinking it's probably a fake. I mean, why would I sell you a real list of how to scare girls? It's like the ultimate betrayal of my kind or something, right? Except, I get it. Scaring girls... it's fun. Last week, Becca, Abbey, and I were getting tadpoles by the stream, and I saw this dead fish. So I picked it up to show them. Only, they started screaming - like it was a brain eating zombie instead of some stupid old fish. Next thing I know, I'm chasing them with it, and it was... Anyhow, scaring girls? I get it now. The list is one dollar, and I guarantee they'll all work. Only, save number eight for your mom. Moms are girls too, right? And number eight, made my mom have to lay down with a wash cloth on her face for a whole hour. It was amazing.

LORD OF THE FLIES

PIGGY: I expect there's a lot more of us scattered about. You haven't seen any others, have you? I'd run and have a look about with you, but my auntie told me not to run, on account of my asthma. Can't catch me breath. I was the only boy in our school what had asthma. And I've been wearing specs since I was three. I expect when we find the others, we ought to have a meeting. And we'll want to know all their names, and make a list. I don't care what they call me, so long as they don't call me what they used to call me at school. They used to call me 'Piggy.' No. Please! I said I didn't want to be called - -" Oh. Oh fine. Just so long as you don't tell the others."

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.