



# CONTEMPORARY MONOLOGUES FOR YOUNG ACTORS



# *15 Free Monologues for Remote Drama Teaching*

Published by Beat by Beat Press

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# TABLE OF CONTENTS

## *Free Monologues*

SHARING	1	ADVENTURE	31
BUGS	2	UNCOOL	32
WAITING	3	STORY	33
SCOUT	4	ANNOYING	34
GUMMY BEARS	5	NOTE	35
RIDE	6	NOTE	36
BROCCOLI	7	OCEAN	37
SILENCE	8	QUIT	38
TRUST	9	PEANUT	39
DIARY	10	ADDITION	40
FROG	11	FAST	41
PROBLEM	12	ART	42
SHOPPING	13	KARMA	43
ASSIGNMENT	14	YES	44
BASKETBALL	15	THEORY	45
BEAUTIFUL	16	LOVE	46
HOME	17	LOOK	47
NICE THINGS	18	LOOK	48
SICK	19	CREATION	49
PIANO LESSONS	20	RUN	50
VOTE	21	TRAP	51
CANDY	22	MAGIC	52
UNIVERSE	23	ADVICE	53
CATS	24	MOVE	54
TALK	25	ACT	55
SECRET	26	GOOD-BYE	56
HOMEWORK	27		
SCIENCE	28		
NOW AND THEN	29		
NORA	30		

**To download all 54  
monologues, [click here](#).**

# 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.

## BUGS

I like bugs. A lot. Spiders, ants, beetles, scorpions. Most people don't even know that scorpions are insects. They think they're lizards or something. But they're not. Even lobsters are related to spiders. Yeah. So enjoy your dinner. Everyone's always telling me that bugs are disgusting. But I say, if you can like dogs, why can't you like bugs? Truth is, most dogs are covered with bugs anyway. So every time you pet your dog, you're really just petting a bunch of bugs. Even *I* wouldn't do that. Yeah. Now who's the disgusting one?

# WAITING

*(Your character is staring at the clock, waiting for the end of the school year.)*

The last five minutes before the end of the school year has to be the longest five minutes in the world. Seriously. Entire planets have been formed and exploded in less time. And it doesn't help that this clock is definitely broken. Look at how slow the second hand is moving. Tick . . . . .  
. . . . . Tock . . . . . Tick. Why doesn't somebody fix that thing? Come On! It's not like the janitor has anything better to do. Good grief – I think I just saw the second hand move backwards. Hold on. Was that . . . ? Yes! The minute hand just moved up one minute!

*(Stare at the clock for an extended moment.)*

Sheesh. The last four minutes before the end of the school year has to be the longest four minutes in the world.

## SCOUT

Before we moved here, we had this big dog named Scout. Mom always said he was a total mutt, but I think he was also part collie. And maybe part golden retriever. But he was definitely at least half mutt. Scout was supposed to be the whole family's dog, but he was really mine. I mean, after school, it was me he would be waiting for. And when anyone threw his ball, I'm the one he always brought it back to. And at night, it was always my bed he slept in. But before we moved here, my Mom found out we weren't allowed to have any pets, so we had to give him away to my cousins. I don't really talk about it, but sometimes I dream about Scout. He's got his ball in his mouth and he's looking for me. And I'm saying, "Here, Scout. I'm right here." But he doesn't hear me, and he can't see me, and I'm saying, "I'm right here. Scout. I'm right here." And then, I don't know, I guess I wake up . . . I don't know if Scout dreams about *me*.

## GUMMY BEARS

The difference between thinking about having no school all summer and actually having no school all summer is like the difference between thinking about Gummy Bears and actually eating them. I mean, when you think about Gummy Bears and imagine eating them, it's so easy to remember how sweet they are. And how chewy. And that they're really, really good. I mean Gummy Bears are REALLY good. But the truth is, the only thing that imagining eating Gummy Bears does for you is make you even hungrier for Gummy Bears. But on the other hand, imagining not having school all summer . . . I mean, actually not having school all summer . . . I forget what I was gonna say . . . Does anyone have any Gummy Bears?

## RIDE

*(Your character is riding a roller coaster and not liking it at all. These are the thoughts that are going through your character's mind. NOTE: For this monologue, you should be sitting in a chair. Make sure to use your body to show when the coaster is going up and when it's going down.)*

*(Going up.)*

Omigod, omigod, omigod, omigod. I don't know why I ever got on this thing. I hate roller coasters. I've always hated roller coasters. I should never have listened to what Chris said. Whoa – here come's the top and – AAAAGH!

*(Going down fast.)*

How is this fun? This is not fun. This is no fun at all. AAAAGH!

*(Going up.)*

Omigod, omigod, omigod, omigod, we're going up again. And we're going higher. And we're going higher. Why don't they have a stop in the middle of this thing to let people out? That would be a good idea. They should have – AAAAGH!

*(Going down fast.)*

Just hold on. Just hold on. Just hold on. AAAAGH! WE'RE ALL GONNA DIE!

*(Leveling off.)*

OK, OK, OK, we're slowing down. We're on the ground. We're slowing down. We're stopping. Yes. Yes. Yes. It's over.

*(To a friend in the coaster next to you.)*

What? Yeah, really fun. Let's go home.

## BROCCOLI

Why does broccoli even exist? For one thing, it's gross. For another thing, it's disgusting. And for a third thing, it's ugly. Well, someone has to say it. Broccoli is ugly. Like, think about French fries. French fries are a vegetable too. But they're not gross . . . unless they're cold. And they're totally not ugly. I mean, hello – they're *golden*. In what universe is gold not a good thing? And did I mention broccoli tastes bad? Yeah, basically broccoli has nothing at all going for it. Except that my Mom likes it. And tries to make me eat it. Did I mention that broccoli is disgusting?

## SILENCE

*(Your character is reading a book and talking to an unseen person nearby who just won't stop talking. Begin by reading the book silently. After a few moments, without looking up, hold up your hand in a "Stop" gesture towards the unseen person and begin the monologue.)*

Stop talking. Just stop talking . . . No . . . Nope . . . Un unh.

*(Lower your hand and continue reading for a few moments, then look up at the unseen person.)*

I'm sorry, did you say something? . . . That's what I thought. Don't.

*(Go back to reading the book for several moments. When you speak again, don't look up.)*

You know, I can see your mouth moving. And I can hear sounds coming out of it. That must mean you're talking. Remember that part where I said, *Don't?* Well, don't.

*(Reading the book for several more moments. Close the book and look up.)*

OK, I'm finished. Hey – where are you going? . . . Well, it's not like I . . . What?!? . . . Fine . . . Gah! Some people are so sensitive.

# TRUST

My uncle says there are two kinds of people. People you can trust and people you can't trust. The people you can trust are the ones you *know* are out to get you. The people you can't trust are the ones you don't know if they're out to get you or not. Undependable, I guess.

When I grow up, I want to be just like my uncle. He's super smart. And really, really rich. He's so rich that he always has a bunch of people around him just to do whatever he says. Some of them will even do whatever he says before he says it. And he's got three houses. Three! And he hardly ever lives in any of them. So I know he must be right about the not-trusting-people thing. The only thing is, if he *is* right, how I do I know I can trust what he says?

# DIARY

*(Your character is writing in a diary.)*

Dear Diary. Today was the worst day of my whole life. Everyone was mean to me. At recess, I stepped in a puddle in my brand new sneakers. When I got home, I saw that my goldfish had died. And then my brother stole my allowance. It was so bad that if I could go back and change everything, I'd . . .

*(Stop. Think a moment. Start to smile. Now, as you re-read your diary entry out loud, you'll be crossing out the bad things you've just written and writing in good things in their place.)*

Dear Diary. Today was the . . .

*(Cross out "worst" and write in a new word.)*

. . . best day of my whole life. Everyone was . . .

*(Cross out the old "bad" thing and write in the new good one.)*

. . . really, really nice to me, because they like me so much. At recess, I stepped in a puddle . . .

*(Cross out the old "bad" thing. Think a moment, then write.)*

. . . of diamonds.

*(Think another moment, then write again.)*

. . . And rubies. In my brand new sneakers. Which everyone said were the best sneakers ever. When I got home, I saw that my goldfish had died . . .

*(Write.)*

. . . after being abducted by aliens. And then my brother stole my allowance. But he got caught by Mom and Dad, and they told him that they were ashamed of him and that he is the worst brother in the world. And then they sent him to his room and told him not to come out until he is as smart, good-looking, fun and likeable as me . . . The . . . end.

## FROG

So every year after summer ends, they make everybody in the whole class get up and talk about what they did all summer. Not all at once. Like one at a time. Booooring. And embarrassing. I don't even know what's worse, having to listen to everyone else's lame summer or having to stand up there in front of everyone else and talk about my own incredibly lame summer. Seriously. I have to stand up there and say things like, "And then one day, my Dad took us all fishing and I caught a frog!" Whatever. *(Pause.)* You want to know about my summer? Fine. Monday, woke up. Went to bed. Tuesday, woke up. Went to bed. Wednesday, woke up, had a fight with my brother, was sent to bed.

But then one day, my Dad really did take us fishing, at this pond over in Maguire Park and this stupid frog somehow wound up getting stuck on my hook. And this . . . this stupid frog, he was like, gasping. Like screaming without any sounds coming out. And his eyes were really wide open, and he was just looking at me, like, I don't know, like "how could you do this?" Or like, "help me." Or, I don't know, like, "all I wanted was a nice day in the park, too." And my little brother was crying. And my Mom was yelling at my Dad to do something. And my Dad said, "It's OK, Jess." And he pulled the frog off the hook and put him on the ground, and I saw the frog, like, hop away a little bit funny, but I think he was OK . . . I'm pretty sure he was OK. And then the next day, I got up, had a fight with my brother, and was sent to bed early.

## PROBLEM

I have a drinking problem . . . When I drink, I pee. And that's a problem. The thing is, though, that I love to drink. Orange soda. Grape soda. Ginger ale. Coke. Pepsi . . . Orange juice. Apple juice. I love the juice. Last week, we went on a field trip to, like, an hour away by bus. I knew I shouldn't have drunk two Cokes before we got on the bus, but I did it anyway. Maybe halfway there, I really had to pee. I mean *really* had to pee. And I said to Mrs. McCready, "I really have to pee." She said, "Can you hold it?" And I said, "No. I think I waited too long to tell you. I have to go *now*." So, in front of the whole class, she says to the bus driver, "We need to pull over. Taylor has to pee." I thought I was gonna die. If I didn't explode first. When I got back on the bus, everyone was laughing. You better believe I only drank *one* Coke on the way back.

## SHOPPING

So I was in the clothing store with my Mom and I saw that this girl I kind of know from up the street, named Jenna, actually works there. So I said to my mom, "You know, I can shop for my own clothes. I don't need your help." And she said, "I've seen what you pick out when I'm not around and that's not gonna happen." Arggh! And this girl Jenna is looking over and I know she can hear us and she comes right over and says to my mother, "May I help you?" I wanted to die. And my mom says, "Yes, we're looking for a pair of pants – nothing too tight." Oh, my God! So Jenna brings out this pair of jeans from, like, the 90's or the Roman Empire or something and I have to put them on. And I'm standing in front of the mirror and my mom says to Jenna, "Don't you think they're a little too tight in the . . . you know." And Jenna stares right at my . . . you know . . . and says, "Don't worry, Mrs. Crawley. No one's even gonna be looking there." The next day I told my mom that the dog had chewed the pants up.

## ASSIGNMENT

*(Your character is presenting a writing assignment to the class.)*

Well, as you all know, Mr. Patterson told us we had to write a hundred-word essay about something we did this weekend, so here goes.

My Boring Trip to the Thompson Valley Supermarket, by Alex Grundel.

This weekend, I was sitting around the house having a really good time watching TV when my Mom came in and said I had to go with her to supermarket.

So we drove all the way to Thompson Valley and when we got inside the supermarket, we went right to aisle seven, which is where they keep all the cereal. And I said, "Can we get Fruit Loops?" But my Mom said we couldn't, because they have too much sugar. So I said, "Well, you're the one who's always telling me I need to be sweeter." But she didn't think that was funny, so we got Raisin Bran instead.

Then we got some milk and some chicken and some vegetables and some Hot Pockets. And then she asked me if I wanted anything special and I said, "Yeah, the last twenty minutes of my life back," and so we just paid and went home. Fortunately, I had remembered to record the rest of my TV show before we left, so I got to see the end of it anyway.

# BASKETBALL

*(Your character is in the middle of a basketball game.)*

Morgan! Morgan! I'm open! Dude, I'm open! Throw me the ball! I have a clear shot! . . . Nooo! Don't throw it to Devon. Devon never gets it in . . . OK, so he/she got that one in . . . Alright! . . . Alright, alright – ball's in play! Yeah, show him/her what you've got, Pat! Show him/her what you've got! Grab it! Yeah! Yeah! Yeah! Good job! I'm open! Pat, I'm open! Dude – right here!

*(Awkwardly catching the ball, which was unexpectedly thrown right towards your face.)*

Whoa! What the . . . ?

*(Throwing the ball badly towards the basket and missing.)*

Sorry! Sorry! I lost my balance . . . Whoa – good save! Yeah! Morgan! . . . Morgan! . . . Morgan! . . . Morgan! . . . I don't get it. Why doesn't anyone ever throw it to me?