

Monologues for Middle School Ages

Eat Your Heart Out

By Nick Hall

Charlie is a personable and attractive young waiter who wants to be an actor.

Charlie: If there's one thing I can't stand in theater, it's walking out along on stage at the beginning of the evening to open a show cold. *(Grins)* But it's better than waiting tables. I'm Charlie *(ironic)*...your waiter for the evening. I'd rather be onstage tonight. Being a waiter is sort of a standard job for an actor; it's expected. I mean, if you're a dentist or an insurance salesman and someone says "where're ya' workin' nowadays?", and you say, "I'm a waiter at this little French place on fifty-sixth street," they think you're a failure. But if you're an actor, they understand. So. *(Indicates the restaurant with a gesture)* *Ici, personne ne parle francais.* *(Beat)* That's the name of the place. *(Beat.)* Yeah, well I didn't get it the first time either. It means no one here speaks French. *(By now Charlie has started to fiddle with things on the tables. Straightening.)* The food's good, French, reasonable. At lunch you can get a great meal here for about three-fifty, four bucks. Of course, the price soars if you start ordering little extras, like coffee.

The Diary of Anne Frank

By Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett

Anne: Look, Peter, the sky. *(She looks up through skylight.)* What a lovely, lovely day! Aren't the clouds beautiful? You know what I do when it seems as if I couldn't stand being cooped up for one more minute? I *think* myself out. I think myself on a walk in the park where I used to go with Pim. Where the jonquils and the crocus and the violets grow down the slopes. You know the most wonderful thing about *thinking* yourself out? You can have it any way you like. You can have roses and violets and chrysanthemums all blooming at the same time...it's funny...I used to take it all for granted...and now I've gone crazy about everything to do with nature. Haven't you?

“Class Picture”

From *Encore! More Winning Monologues for Young Actors*

Today I get my class picture taken. I can feel a huge pimple sprouting on my nose. Right here, on the end, where it will show the most.

It happens every year. No matter what day the class pictures are scheduled for, I get a big pimple on my nose or a huge, juicy cold sore on my mouth. One year I got terrible sunburn the week before the class pictures were taken. My nose was peeling so much, I looked like I had leprosy.

Every year I get my class picture taken. Every year when I see the result, I am horrified. My pictures never resemble me. My hair always looks either stringy or frizzed. My smile seems fake. The expression on my face looks like I just swallowed a piece of rotten fish. My class pictures are AWFUL. Every year. And the worst part of all is that every year my mother looks at the latest dreadful picture and says, “Oh, that’s a good picture.” My father agrees.

It will happen again this year; I know it will. I’ll go in there with a giant zit on the end of my nose and the photographer will immortalize it in all its flaming glory. Then my friends and family will declare that the resulting picture is the real me.

The trouble is, I suspect they’re right.

“Refrigerator Art Gallery”

From *Encore! More Winning Monologues for Young Actors*

One day in nursery school, I painted a picture. It was a large picture, filled with purple horses and giant butterflies.

Mom admired it and said the painting was so pretty that she thought we should hang it up for awhile. She took a roll of tape from the drawer and carefully taped my painting to the door of the refrigerator.

As I stood in the kitchen, munching a graham cracker, I felt the most delicious exultation. I stared at my painting, on display for all the world to see. I was proud, and satisfied, and I felt a deep desire to create another work of art which would be worthy of being taped to the refrigerator.

I know now that my mother was not the first parent to hang her kid’s artwork on the fridge, nor will she be the last. But I want to go on record as saying that whoever *did* think of it first, was a genius. Think how many young egos have been nurtured because parents hang finger paintings and other works of art on the refrigerator.

Whatever future career I have, I will be better at it because my early drawings were taped to the refrigerator.

The Fantasticks

By Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt

Luisa: This morning a bird work me up.

It was a lark or a peacock,

Or something like that.

Some strange sort of bird that I'd never heard.

And I said "hello."

And it vanished: flew away.

The very minute that I said "hello."

It was mysterious

So do you know what I did?

I went over to my mirror

And brushed my hair two hundred times

Without stopping.

And as I was brushing it,

My hair turned gold!

No, honestly! Gold!

And then red.

And then sort of a deep blue when the sun hit it.

I'm sixteen years old,

And every day something happens to me.

I don't know what to make of it.

When I get up in the morning to get dressed,

I can tell:

Something's different.

I like to touch my eyelids

Because they're never quite the same.

Oh! Oh! Oh!

I hug myself till my arms turn blue,

Then I close my eyes and I cry and cry

Till the tears come down

And I taste them. Ah!

I love to taste my tears!

I am special,

I am special.

Please, God, please—

Don't let me be normal!

Class Action

By Brad Slaughter

Dennis: My name is Dennis Gandleman. Around this school I am the object of ridicule from most of the students, simply because I have an extremely high I.Q. It's 176. My father wanted me to enroll in a special school that deals with geniuses like myself, but Mother was firmly against that. She wanted me to have a normal education, and not be treated as some kind of freak...Which is ironic, because that's exactly what is happening to me here. The whole concept of education is a paradox: High School is supposed to celebrate education and knowledge, but what it really celebrates is social groups and popularity. In a perfect world, a kid like me would be worshipped because of my scholastic abilities, instead of someone who can throw a forty-yard touchdown pass. I suppose I could complain, and bemoan the unfairness of it all. But I am bright. I know something that the others don't...That, once we leave High School and enter the real world, all the rules change. What matters is power. Financial power. Power that comes from making a fortune on cutting-edge computer software. Software that I am already developing. (*Pause.*) Some call me a nerd. I call myself...ahead of my time. See you on the outside.

Finer Noble Gases

By Adam Rapp

Dot: In the library at my junior high they have these huge computer monitors. The size of small refrigerators. Three-feet high some of them. The most beautiful screen savers you'll ever see. Mountains. Waterfalls, Pictures of magic cities. Colors that haven't even been invented yet. If you stand next to the hard drives and listen real close you can hear them singing. Like hummingbirds. A gazillion megahertz of ram just whirling away. Sometimes I go real early in the morning. When nobody's there. And I just listen. I listen for a while and then for some reason I hug each monitor. One by one. There's like fifty of them. I hug each one and I get a little part of that song inside of me. It's the most beautiful way to start the day. I think those birds on the rhinos are so cool. In the library there's this one African Grassland screen saver with little birds. They ride around on this elephant and eat the bugs off its back. There's a lion, too, but he doesn't do anything. The elephant walks around and drinks water out of the wallows. That's where the rhinos play with their kids.

“Who Needs Braces?”

From *Kids’ Stuff*

When they told me I had to get braces, I thought, No problem. Hey, it was going to be really neat. I mean, like almost everybody has braces, you know. All the kids. So I thought getting braces was gonna be cool.

I asked the orthodontist for plastic. I thought plastic would look a whole lot better than a mouthful of metal. And I had him give me red, white, and blue rubber bands. I wanted to look patriotic.

But you know what? Braces aren’t cool, they’re ugly and painful. And just when you start kinda feeling good, you have to go back in and they tighten up the rubber bands. Then the pain starts up all over again. I think the dental goons love the pain part.

And braces look awful. It’s like you’ve always got a mouthful of mashed potatoes, or something. Gross. And you have to watch what you eat, too. Forget about corn-on-the-cob and candy and anything with sugar. And you have to brush all the time and floss and rinse your mouth and take special care of your teeth. Boy, was I ever wrong about braces. They’re nothing but a big pain in the face. And after a while they aren’t cool, they’re embarrassing. When I laugh, I put my hand over my mouth. I *hate* braces. I’d have them taken off, but I don’t wanna grow up looking like a beaver.

Too Young for This; Too Old for That From a Monologue Book

I am presently in what the psychologists refer to as The Awkward Age. That means I’m not a little kid any longer, but I’m not grown up yet, either. It also means that my parents can’t decide which category I belong in. The result of their indecision is very confusing and if they aren’t careful, I’m going to end up needing one of those psychologists.

For example, according to my mother, I am too old for many of the activities I still enjoy. I am too old to go trick-or-treating on Halloween. I am too old to spy on my sister when she comes home from a date. I am too old to swipe apples from Mrs. Munster’s tree.

Besides being too old, I am also old enough to know better. (*Mimic a scolding adult:*) “__(name)___! You are old enough to know better than to wear those muddy shoes on the carpet.” “__(name)___! You are old enough to know better than to let the parakeet out of his cage when the cat’s indoors.” (*Helpless shrug*) On the other hand, I am much too young for many of the things I would like to do. According to my parents, I am too young to attend an unchaperoned party. I am too young to go shopping downtown alone. I am too young to attend a movie that’s rated PG unless my mother has read a review of it.

The bad part about all this is that there is no reasonable explanation for which things I’m too old for and which I’m too young for. I never know what to expect.

Late

From a Monologue Book

(walks into classroom...late!) Hey, Teach. Sorry I'm late, but the strangest thing happened to me on the way to class. I was just walking along on the way to the school bus when...uh...a circus came by. It was like a circus parade. And the next thing I knew, one of the elephants wrapped his trunk around me and put me on his back. Well, I started screaming 'cause I wanted to get to school. But no one could hear me 'cause the marching band was playing so loud. I tried to jump down but...have you ever tried to get down from a moving elephant? It's not easy. After about an hour, the elephant stopped and a clown on stilts walked by and helped me down. And I ran all the way to class. So, sorry I'm late, but I guess you understand that when an elephant grabs you, you have to do what it wants.

Boredom

From a Monologue Book

Sometimes I daydream about doing outrageous things in the middle of the sermon. I wonder what would happen if I suddenly jumped to my feet and yelled, "Anybody want to play volleyball?"

Or what if I faked a coughing attack? I could choke and gasp for breath and roll my eyes around and then get up and leave. If I hacked and coughed all the way out, I'd really raise a ruckus.

Or maybe I could pass a note around, like we sometimes do in study hall. *At exactly 11:35, everybody drop your pencil.*

What I'd really like to do is bring in one of those remote-controlled toy cars and hide it under the first pew. Then, when the sermon got too boring, I'd turn it on and have it run up and down the aisle. That would wake up Mr. Swenson.

To be perfectly honest, I know I'll never do any of those things. I'm too much of a coward. I'm not afraid that God will punish me, but I'm dead certain sure my mother would. Much as I would like to rise to my feet and scream, "Fire! Fire! There's a fire in hell!" I won't ever do it. Instead, I'll pretend to pay attention to the sermon.

I wonder how many squares of ceiling tile there are in here? (Looks up and starts to count.) One, two, three...