



MONOLOGUE IDEAS FOR BOYS

1-How to Eat Like a Child: And Other Lessons in Not Being a Grownup

This musical comedy revue is treated like an instruction manual for children. Each song, sketch, or monologue has a title. The following monologue is called "How to Watch More television." The actor can actually recite the title prior to performing the monologue if he chooses. Be careful not to play it all one way. Use different tactics. Beg, negotiate, threaten, sob, flatter, etc...

Darien: Please, Mom, please. Just this once. I'll only ask this once. I promise, if you let me watch this show, I'll go to bed the second it is over. I won't complain. I won't ask for a drink of water. I won't ask for anything. Please. If you let me do this, I'll never ask you for anything ever again. Never. Please, Mommy, please. You are the nicest mommy. You are the sweetest, nicest mommy. I promise I won't be cranky tomorrow. I promise I'll go to bed tomorrow at nine. Please, please, please. (pause) Why not! Just give me one reason. I told you I'll be good. I told you I'll go to bed. Don't you believe me? Don't you trust me? Some mom- doesn't even trust her own kid. Look, I'll just close my eyes and listen. I won't even watch it! Oh, Mom, why can't I?

2-Befriending Bertha

By Kerry Muir

Befriending Bertha is a play about a very shy girl who is befriended by a rather unusual boy one day at school during lunch time. The following monologue is taken from the opening scene in the play, which depicts their first meeting. Bertha (a girl of eleven or twelve) is sitting alone on the playground. Charlie (a boy of eleven or twelve with a wild energy) approaches her.

Charlie:

Sip of soda?

(Bertha says nothing.)

Pickle?

(Again, Bertha says nothing.)

I seem to have frightened you.

(Bertha shakes her head "no.")

No?

(Again, Bertha shakes her head "no.")

Oh. Okay. Silent type. Good, we'll be great friends. You can listen, and I'll do all the talking. You know, for a girl of I would say, 11, or 12 years old you are abnormally quiet. I mean unusually quiet...I haven't said anything wrong have I? I mean, nothing to offend you in any way, shape, form, or size?

(Bertha shakes her head no.)

Or color? Or texture? Or luminosity?

(Bertha looks pleasantly interested.)

Yes, luminosity. You know...(he gives her the Webster's Dictionary definition) Containing a certain quantity of light, illumination or iridescence...the quality of glowing...sparkling, or shimmering...radiant, shining, aflame, afire. It's a good word...a very good word. There's others, many others you might like as well...maybe you'd like to hear some more tomorrow at lunch...at lunch again...that is, if you're not previously engaged.

(Bertha smiles and nods yes.)

Okay...good. Um...Bertha...I gotta go back to class in a little bit...um...if my Mom or Dad asks me if I made any new friends today, can I just say that I made one real nice one...and her name is Bertha? Just so they don't think I bombed out on my first day, or anything, and spent it all alone...Could you do me that one favor?

3-Night Train to Bolina

By Nilo Cruz

The play, Night Train to Bolina by Nilo Cruz, tells the story of two friends, Clara (age 12) and Mateo (age 11), who run away from home in order to escape their difficult lives in a rural Latin American village. Clara and Mateo's close friendship is based on many shared painful experiences...the absence of love at home, extreme hunger, and deprivation as a result of a series of natural disasters in their farming community, and the oppressive presence of warfare in Latin America.

Mateo convinces Clara the only way to survive is to run away from home. According to his plan, they will stow away in boxes on the Night Train, and secretly leave home forever. The following monologues are from a scene just before they leave on their long journey. Just before this scene opens the two children write a letter to God asking for protection, go to a cemetery where Mateo has hidden a kite, attach the letter to the kite and fly it as high as it will go. At the scene's opening the two children cut the string and watch their wish float into the sky.

Mateo: Look at it fly...That's how we're going to be...free. Free....We're going to be free when we escape. You can't go back, and neither can I. I can't go back. I told you my sister Flora heard me talk in my sleep last night. She heard me talk about our escape. That's why Mama tied my leg to the kitchen table, 'cause Flora told Ma I was talking in my sleep about going to the city. You can't go home anymore. You can't go home, Clara. You can't go home. If you go to your house, they'll tie your leg to a table, then you won't be able to escape.

As the scene progresses Clara begins to back out of their plan. She is afraid to leave and insisting on going home to her family. Mateo desperately tries to convince her to go with him. He feels he cannot go alone. She is necessary for his freedom

Mateo: Nothing's going to happen. When the night train comes, we jump on it. We get on and nothing will happen. I know which wagon to get on. The one with the luggage. We hide in boxes...Come on...In the city we can sell cigarettes. Five cents each. We'll make money. And you can sell fruit and nuts on the sidewalk. We could live on the church steps. I've seen people living there. If you don't come with me I'll die. All of me will break into a million pieces. And I'll be dead. Dead.

4-You're A Good Man Charlie Brown

By Clark Gesner

Based on the Comic Strip "Peanuts" by Charles M. Schultz

Charlie Brown, Lucy, Linus, Sally, Schroeder, and Snoopy all gather onstage for this fun-filled live action version of the comic strip. Charlie Brown is thoughtful and hopeful as usual and all the other characters retain their dynamic personalities we remember. Though they all assure Charlie Brown that he is a "good man" despite his obvious flaws, he wonders if he really is what they say. Throughout the play he tries to decide how he can really become a good person

In this monologue Charlie is facing his hardest time of day at school: lunch time. He has just spotted the girl he has a crush on and is trying to muster the courage to go sit with her.

Charlie Brown: There's that cute little red-headed girl eating her lunch over there. I wonder what she would do if I went over and asked her if I could sit and have lunch with her?...She'd probably laugh right in my face...it's hard on a face when it gets laughed in. There's an empty place next to her on the bench.

There's no reason why I couldn't just go over and sit there. I could do that right now. All I have to do is stand up...I'm standing up!...I'm sitting down. I'm a coward. I'm so much of a coward, she wouldn't even think of looking at me. She hardly ever does look at me. In fact, I can't remember her ever looking at me. Why shouldn't she look at me? Is there any reason in the world why she shouldn't look at me? Is she so great, and I'm so small, that she can't spare one little moment?...SHE'S LOOKING AT ME!! SHE'S LOOKING AT ME!!

A master of the theatrical, Snoopy sits on top of his dog house and has an imaginary plane spar with his imaginary arch enemy The Red Baron.

Snoopy: Here's the World One I flying ace high over France in his Sop with Camel, searching for the infamous Red Baron! I must bring him down! Suddenly, antiaircraft fire, 'archie' we used to call it, begins to burst beneath my plane. The Red Baron has spotted me. Nyahh, Nyahh, Nyahh! You can't hit me! (aside, speaking to the audience) Actually, tough flying aces never say 'Nyahh, Nyahh, Nyahh'. I just, ah...Drat this fog! It's bad enough having to fight the Red Baron without having to fly in weather like this! All right, Red Baron! Where are you? You can't hide forever! Ah, the sun has broken through...I can see the woods of Montsec below...and what's that? It's a Fokker triplane! Ha! I've got you this time, Red Baron. Aaugh! He's diving down out of the sun! He's tricked me again! I've got to run! Come on Sop with Camel, let's go! Go, Camel, go! I can't shake him! He's riddling my plane with bullets! Curse you, Red Baron! Curse you and your kind! Curse the evil that causes all this unhappiness.

Schroeder finally tell Lucy his true feelings for her. He is usually a man of very few words, but delivers this in a very matter of fact style, as though he were simply stating the obvious.

Schroeder: 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)

6-The Adventures of Tom Sawyer

By Mark Twain

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer chronicles the shenanigans of the children of the fictional St. Petersburg, particularly those of Tom and Huck Finn. In this monologue, Huck expresses his disappointment in the power of prayer, at least when it comes to him getting the things he wants.

HUCK: Miss Watson told me to pray every day, and whatever I asked for I would get it. But it warn't so. I tried it. Once I got a fish-line, but no hooks. It warn't any good to me without hooks. I tried for the hooks three or four times, but somehow I couldn't make it work. By and by, one day, I asked Miss Watson to try for me, but she said I was a fool. She never told me why, and I couldn't make it out no way. I set down one time back in the woods, and had a long think about it. I says to myself, if a body can get anything they pray for, why don't Deacon Winn get back the money he lost on pork? Why can't the widow get back her silver snuffbox that was stole? Why can't Miss

Watson fat up? No, says I to myself, there ain't nothing in it. I went and told the widow about it, and she said the thing a body could get by praying for it was "spiritual gifts." This was too many for me, but she told me what she meant--I must help other people, and do everything I could for other people, and look out for them all the time, and never think about myself. This was including Miss Watson, as I took it. I went out in the woods and turned it over in my mind a long time, but I couldn't see no advantage about it--except for the other people; so at last I reckoned I wouldn't worry about it anymore, but just let it go.

7-The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn

By Mark Twain

The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn, written as a direct sequel to The Adventures of Tom Sawyer, once again explores the youth experience in the fictional town of St. Petersburg. In this monologue, Huck explains the circumstances surrounding the boys' formation of a robber band.

HUCK: It was Tom's idea--to start up a band of robbers. He made us swear an oath that if anybody that belonged to the band told the secrets, he must have his throat cut, and then have his carcass burnt up and the ashes scattered all around, and his name blotted off of the list with blood and never mentioned again by the gang, but have a curse put on it and be forgot forever. Everybody said it was a real beautiful oath, and asked Tom if he got it out of his own head. He said, some of it, but the rest was out of pirate-books and robber-books, and every gang that was high-toned had it. Some thought it would be good to kill the *families* of boys that told the secrets. They talked it over, and they was going to rule me out, because they said every boy must have a family or somebody to kill, or else it wouldn't be fair and square for the others. Well, nobody could think of anything to do--everybody was stumped, and set still. I was most ready to cry; but all at once I thought of a way, and so I offered them Miss Watson--they could kill her. We played robber now and then about a month, and then I resigned. All the boys did. We hadn't robbed nobody, hadn't killed any people, but only just pretended.