

Junior Musical Theatre Monologue Choices

1.) *Abe's dad is trying to teach him to play baseball on a hot summer day.*

Dad, I'm sick of this. The mosquitoes are eating me alive. Can't we go inside now? I don't really have to learn to play baseball. It's OK. I think I get it now. Eyes on the ball. Right. Maybe I'm just not any good at this. Maybe I never will be. But a guy can only be hit in the head with a baseball so many times. I'm kinda sick of this game. I don't think I want to play any more. I'll just quit the team. Can't I just quit, Dad?

2.) 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 mum 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 pigtales 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!

3.) Hey, where did everybody go? I give up! I counted to a hundred, like you said. It took a really long time. Where is everybody? I said I give up! I can't find you! I've been looking for ages. Can anybody hear me? This isn't funny any more, you guys. Come out, come out, wherever you are! Come on, guys. Let's play a different game! We could play tag outside. Or maybe we could have a snack and play video games. I'll let you guys play first! I promise! Just come out. I can't find you, OK? I give up. What more do you want from me? Guys? Hey, guys?

4.) Mom, it's not my fault my room's a mess! Me and Anthony were playing with his new racecars. Only four of them. And we heard a weird noise outside, so we opened the window. This huge spaceship landed and a slimy, green alien with three heads came out and jumped in the window. Anthony tried to shoot him with my zapper gun, but it didn't even hurt him — he just got real mad. So he knocked all the books off my shelf and picked up my toy box with his long, purple antennas and dumped it all over my room. So I threw a Frisbee at him and it bonked him on his third head and he slimed out the window and the spaceship disappeared into the sky. Geez, Mom, you should be happy I'm still alive!

5.) Why do you watch the news every night, Dad? It's booooooring. It's always the same. The news is just a bunch of guys talking. It's JUST SO BORING! Can't we watch the cartoon channel? Don't you like to laugh? I feel like my head is going to explode all over this room I'm so bored—Pow! Splat! Smush! Here, I'll be the news guy: "Tonight everyone is very boring in the whole world. The whole world is boring and bunch of other guys said boring things and the weather is boring. Have a boring night. I'm boring. Good night." That's it! I just did the news for you. Now you don't have to watch it! Let's watch cartoons!

6.) Daddy, I don't want to be a princess anymore. I like the pretty dresses and I sort of like the dancing, but ... why do I have to dance with boys? I really don't like boys. The last boy I danced with told me about all the worms he ate. How he'd get his servants to search far and wide for the fattest, juiciest worms in the kingdom. I almost puked on my pretty slippers, Daddy! It was gross. I could just dance by myself from now on. And you, of course, because you're my dad and not a boy. But I just cannot stand another day of dancing with worm-eaters!