

THE GOOD GIRL

Comic

Heather is shocked that she didn't get everything she wanted from Santa, but her best friend did. Heather tries to win her friend's sympathy.

Heather: You're lucky. Santa totally 8ypped me this year. I only had twelve things on my Christmas list. That's all. You should see how many presents I get from my mom and dad on my birthday! Santa only gave me nine. Nine! I got all the games I asked for, but he left out the computer, the merry-go-round for the backyard, and the pony! Those were the things I wanted most! And I was so good all year 'cause I knew... Oh, no! I bet it's because I pulled Suzy Dawson's hair when she called me stupid! (*Beat.*) She better not have got a pony.

Award winner: Comedy Monologue Competition, International Modeling & Talent Association, Los Angeles 2001 Convention.

THE TOOTH FAIRY

Comic

Mandy helps her little sister learn what is true and what is make-believe.

Mandy: *Fairy Tale* was a movie! There's no such thing as real fairies. Think about it. If they existed, we'd see them caught in our bug zapper. Or we'd feel them get squashed under our bare feet in the grass. If you can't see them or feel them, they don't exist. That's why the only fairy that is real is the Tooth Fairy. I know that for a fact because she leaves me cold, hard cash. Now that's something you can feel.

STICKS AND STONES

Comic

Lisa finally outsmarted her brother today and is eager to impress her friend with how she did it.

Lisa: My brother thinks he's so smart. He's always showing off and making fun of me. If I make the tiniest mistake he calls me names like dummy or moron or bozo-brain. Yesterday he came up to me and said, "What is nine and nine?" I said, "eighteen." And he laughed and said, "It's ninety-nine, dummy!" I was so mad! I hate when he calls me that. Then he goes, "Ask me a question, bozo. Come on! Can't you think of any?" So I thought for a minute and then I said, "Why is the sky blue? How come birds can fly? Why does the President have so many girlfriends?" He just stood there all quiet, staring at me. Then he goes, "You think you're so smart, don't you?" I said, "No, I don't think so. I know so!"

Award winner: Comedy Monologue Competition, International Modeling & Talent Association, Los Angeles 2001 Convention.

THE WARDROBE

Comic

Katie has accidentally discovered a way to get her mom to buy her new clothes. Here, she shares her secret with a good friend.

Katie: Last week my mom bought me chocolate ice cream while she shopped in the mall! It taste so good that I licked it real hard and it fell on my yellow shirt. I started to cry cause it was all messy and cold, so my mom bought me a new pink shirt. Then we were driving to my best friend's birthday party, and by accident I spilled my Juicy-Juice all over my white dress! Even my mom couldn't wipe the purple stains out. I felt so bad, I started crying! So my mom stopped at the store and bought me a pretty red dress. I figure, if I keep spilling my food, by next month I'll have a brand new wardrobe!!

Award winner: Comedy Monologue Competition, International Modeling & Talent Association, New York 1998 Convention.

WHOOPS!

Comic

Maya was just asked if she could come out to play. Here, she explains to her friend, Candice, why she's not allowed.

Maya: I can't come out today, Candice. 'Cause this morning when I was getting ready for school, my brother started teasing me and pulling my hair. I screamed so loud that my dad came busting into the room and said, "If you two don't keep it down I'm going to whoop your butts." Then my brother goes, "It's her fault. She's the one who should get whooped." My dad yelled, "Don't you tell me what to do! You're staying in today. You better come home right after school." I couldn't help it — I started to laugh. So my dad said, "You think that's funny? Well, you're staying in too. No going out to play with your friends." He's so grouchy when we wake him up. Hey! He never said I couldn't have my friends come in. *(Beat.)* No, he's not gonna whoop your butt. He just says that. It's my mom who does the whooping around here. And she's not home!

Award winner: Comedy Monologue Competition, International Modeling & Talent Association, Los Angeles 2000 Convention.

CANDYLAND

Comic

Kaitlyn has just returned from Toys R Us with her mom and is talking to her grandmother.

Kaitlyn: Grandma, can I have a snack? Please?! I'm so hungry cause Mom took me to Toys R Us. She said I could pick out one game. Anything I wanted in the whole store! So I looked and looked, and then I found Candyland. I saw the gum drops and the ice cream floats — I was so excited to eat all the candy! But I tasted it, and it all just tastes like cardboard. *(Makes a yucky face.)* I guess I must have picked a spoiled box.

THE SCHOOL DANCE

Comic

Cindy's older sister, Diana, left for the big school dance earlier this evening. Cindy asks her mom about getting older.

Cindy: Mommy, when I get older can I go to the school dance like Diana did tonight? *(Beat.)* And will I get to wear a pretty dress and drink punch? *(Beat.)* I can't wait! I love to dress up. But I don't want to kiss boys, because I think that's gross. Unless it's Kenny Brown. He's so cute, I'd kiss him four times! *(Beat.)* Mommy, what does spike mean? *(Beat.)* Yeah, spike. Diana said they were gonna spike the punch. *(Beat.)* Mommy, where are you going?!

THE PERFECT AGE

Comic

Andre wishes that he were older.

Andre: I'm sick of being my age. I want to be older right now so I can do all kinds of cool things. Like my brother Scott. He gets to drive and stay up late and eat whatever he wants. Only he has to kiss girls sometimes. Gross! And my dad's even more grown up and he gets to watch all the TV he wants! Plus he has lots of money. More than me. But he has to go to work every day to get it. And then he has to give most of it to Mom, and some to Scott, and some to me, and take out the trash and kill bugs. *(Beat.)* Well, there's Grandpa. He's so grown up he can barely walk! *(Beat.)* Maybe I'll stay my age just a little longer.

Boys'
Monologues

THE GROWN-UP

Comic

Matthew decides it's time to act grown up like his dad.

Matthew: Dad, can I borrow your razor? *(Beat.)* Because I finally grew a mustache today. Look. *(Beat.)* Well look closer, it's there. I can see it. And I have to shave it off right away or I'll never get a girlfriend. It'll look stupid and get food stuck in it. Besides, girls don't like mustaches cause it feels gross when you kiss them. *(Beat.)* Lisa Rosen told me. Dad, you're going to have to face the fact that I'm all grown up. I'm a man now, and I have to start doing grown-up things like you do. Like shaving and wearing cologne and showering on a regular basis. *(Beat.)* Mow the lawn? Hey, look! My mustache was just a fuzz from the blanket. I guess I don't have to shave after all!

Award winner: Comedy Monologue Competition, International Modeling & Talent Association, New York 2001 Convention.

WHAT A WASTE

Comic

Patrick tries to convince his mom that cleaning things is a waste of time.

Patrick: Mom, I don't see why I have to make my bed because when it's bedtime, I have to get in it and it just gets all wrinkled up again. And I don't think I should brush my teeth anymore because at lunchtime, I eat food and my teeth get all dirty again. Plus, why should I clean up my room when it's gonna be a mess again as soon as I come home and play? It's just a waste of cleaning. *(Beat.)* Don't play?! But Mom, it's better to have my room always messy than always clean. That way I know where everything is.

PICK ME!

Comic

In class, David desperately begs his teacher to pick him first.

David: Ooh, ooh, ooh! Here! Pick me! I wanna go first! Please! (Yelling.) Miss Janet, can you hear me?? Meee, 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! Wool! Hey. . . what were we gonna do again?

Award winner: Comedy Monologue Competition, International Modeling & Talent Association, Los Angeles 2001 Convention.

SHOW AND TELL

Comic

Jake has a very original show and tell.

Jake: For show and tell I was gonna bring my birthday cake, but we ate it all up. And I got a new bed, but I couldn't carry it here 'cause it's too big. Me and my brothers and my cousin Ted played Cowboys and Indians, Cops and Robbers, and Superheroes. So for my show and tell I brought this. . . (*Pointing to elbow.*) Here is where the cops got me. And this (*Moving hair to show his forehead.*) is where an Indian hit me with an arrow. Then there's one (*He looks at his butt.*) where I can't show you on my body. Oh, and here (*Lifting pant leg to show his knee.*) is where Superdog bit me. My uncle Vinny said that bruises make you look tough, and girls like that. (*Beat.*) Wanna see more?

SNARFED

Comic

Keith explains to his friend why he doesn't drink soda anymore.

Keith: No, I'll have juice. I don't want to drink soda anymore. Because today I went out to lunch with my dad and my friend Brian. And we got hamburgers and fries and Cokes. And Brian said, "Did you see the man cooking our hamburgers? He looked like a hairy ape." I started laughing so hard that the soda came out my nose!! God did that hurt! Brian started cracking up and he went, "You snarfed, ha ha ha! You snarfed!" And I started laughing too and we couldn't stop. And the next thing I know, my dad started giggling too and whoosh — he snarfed too! It's kinda scary to see soda pouring out of your dad's nose. Even though it's still kinda funny. So from now on, I'm drinking juice. 'Cause I don't think you can snarf juice.