

# Monologue Choice 1

## ***Title: "Sorry"***

By: Thato Sibuyi, Age 17, Haenertsburg, South Africa

Description: Amy and her team just lost a competition that had a large amount of prize money. Amy really needed that money.

Genre: Dramatic

SORRY? (*Hysterical laughter*) Sorry? Really that's all you have to say? We just lost thousands of dollars and you're sorry? (*Angry*) No. You don't get to be sorry. You don't care, not enough to be sorry. You did this competition for fun, and the prize money was just the cherry on top for you. I put my life on the line for this! You go home to a big house, with working lights and food on the table. I'm going to go home to a two-bedroom house and pray to God we have enough to pay for the electric bill. The bill that I was supposed to pay for with the money that I was supposed to win from this competition. (*Angrily*) And you want to know why we lost, Jack? Because of you! You and Lisa going at each other's necks the whole time! You couldn't set your pride aside for two hours? TWO HOURS for the greater good of everyone else, but no! That didn't work for you, did it? (*Starts crying*) I did everything, EVERYTHING in my power to win this, and all my efforts were wasted. You're not sorry. Not for losing this, you're okay, you lost nothing. You just feel bad because some of us really cared, and that's not sorry, that's pity. And I don't need that from you. So don't tell me you're sorry, cause I'm not buying it.

## Monologue Choice 2

### ***Title: "What is Life"***

By: Chris Foley, Age 12, Newfoundland, Canada

Description: A seagull struggles to find satisfaction in life.

Genre: Comedic

So I've come to the conclusion that life is unfair. I'm not really sure if you've noticed, but I'm a seagull. Remember me? I'm the guy that steals all your french fries when you drop your food in the parking lot. I think a lot of people assume that I have it easy. I don't like that. I don't like that at all. You humans have just about every opportunity that life has to offer. But not for me! Nothing for Mr. Seagull other than flying around aimlessly and eating stray garbage. I used to think it would be great if I could just swim, you know, underwater like a fish. They seem so happy, swimming around, enjoying life, shouting insults at me. Not all fish are horrible though. This one time, I was flying above a river, and I saw what I thought was a piece of food. I swooped down to get it and caught it in my beak. As it turns out, it was actually a live salmon named Barry. So I put him back in the river. I didn't really want to kill a man on a Saturday afternoon. And once he stopped spouting nonsense in between screaming and hyperventilating, I told him about my whole swimming ordeal and he agreed to help me learn to swim. I tried, but I should've known it wouldn't work. I have to face it. I'll never be able to swim. I just wasn't born for it I guess. Some people tell me to just live with it and move on. Find happiness in what I already have, but how am I supposed to do that, when the most interesting thing I do on a day-to-day basis is orchestrate french-fry heists and fight crows over old sandwiches? Trust me, that sounds a lot more exciting than it is. I just don't get it. Everyone else seems to be happy with what's handed to them...ecstatic, even. Why am I the only one who isn't satisfied?

## Monologue Choice 3

### ***Title: “Chef Shrimp”***

By: Jeremiah Reid, Age 16, North Carolina, USA

Description: A person who takes things a little too literally gets quite upset when their friend orders shrimp fried rice.

Genre: Comedic

Woah, woah, woah! Hold on just a minute here, waiter. I wasn't gonna say anything before, because I'm no marine biologist, but if she (*gestures across*) is gonna order that, I'm gonna have to speak up. Now, when I saw it on the menu I did some research, and I am fairly certain there is no way that is possible. I mean, shrimp? Frying rice? The very concept is preposterous! There are a million issues I can think of! There is no way shrimp could get their tiny little hands on the frying pan, and I don't think they have the brain capacity to know when rice is done cooking. On top of that, there has to be a health code violation here! I mean, it says on the menu: "warning: consumption of raw meat or poultry may cause food poisoning," but it doesn't say anything about consumption of food prepared by meat or poultry! (*Turns across*) Look, I'm gonna be honest. I was fully prepared to propose to you tonight. I have the ring and everything! But if you are seriously going to give in to the delusions of this restaurant and order "shrimp fried rice," I don't think I can anymore. In fact, I think we should see other people. This is false advertisement, and I will not, no, CAN not stand for it! Can you imagine walking into the kitchen to see an army of little crustaceans manning the grill? It's insane! It's delusional! The only explanation I can think of is a sort of ratatouille situation, where there's a shrimp controlling the human cooking the food, but if that's the case the shrimp certainly shouldn't be mentioned in the name of the dish! I mean what's next, "manta ray steamed vegetables?" Oh OK, now I'm "causing a scene?" You know what's causing a scene? THE FACT THAT YOU HAVE SHRIMP PREPARING FOOD! I can't take this tomfoolery anymore; I'm taking my business elsewhere! Good day to you sir, but a terrible day to whoever decided to claim shrimp could cook! (*Storms offstage*)

## Monologue Choice 3

### **Title: Let's Go Virtual**

*By: Jade Preeya-Werba, Age 13, Islamabad Pakistan*

*Description: A teacher struggles to teach her class virtually*

*Genre: Comedic*

*All right. Good morning, class. Welcome back to another day of online school. Hope you are all doing well. Let's get started. Wait, before we start, um, Jason, can you please turn on your camera? It's required to have it on. EARTH TO JASON. Please turn your camera on. JASON. \*sigh\* Okay, then. Oh, Felicia, can you please adjust your screen so we can see you and not your forehead? Oh- dear, that's too much. Can you adjust it so we can't just see your mouth? We want to see your whole face. Maybe move your screen back a little? It's fine. We'll figure it out later. All right, class. Seems like we can finally get started. Earl, son? You're un-muted. Why are you watching Youtube? It's not even the most boring part of my class yet! Ugh, Mia, please would you get out of bed? We are literally in class right now. You can't be sleeping in class! Get out of bed and find a desk already! Sean? What is that? You can't hear me? Oh. Uhhh, have you tried reloading the zoom page? You can't reload zoom? Oh. How about you try to leave and rejoin? Okay? Oh no. Geena, it looks like your frozen. Are you frozen? You're frozen. AHH, MUTE YOUR MIC DEAR. MY EARS. PLEASE. TURN. OFF. YOUR. MICROPHONE. Thank you. Moving on- oh, what a pleasant surprise! Everyone, look here! My cat, Peanut has decided to join our lesson- OH DON'T YOU THINK ABOUT IT. GET OFF MY COMPUTER. GET. OFF. NOW. \*hurling motion with hands\* Sorry about that. Guys, I realize we have been doing this for months now, but we only gotta hang in for a little longer. And yes, it's been hard, and extraordinarily frustrating, but I believe that we can do it, so let's go to it. Only a little longer guys. We'll be in school soon enough. Come on...And I disconnected from the lesson. In the middle of my inspirational speech. Okay, I will not cry. I will not cry.*

## Monologue Choice 5

### *Title-I've always dreamed of being a hero!*

Kid Hero (Boy or Girl) I've always dreamed of being a hero. I've tried everything to become super. I let a spider bite me... no spider powers; just lots of itching. I tried standing too close to the microwave oven hoping the radiation would change me. Nothing. And I got in trouble for making so many bags of popcorn. But I took it all to school and had a popcorn party. I was a hero that day. So I guess it kinda worked. I love being a hero. I love helping people. I love making them happy. And I hate bad guys. I hate creeps who hurt people. There's this kid at school... he is always hurting everyone. I am sick of him hurting us. I just need those super powers. I need something that will make him stop! Maybe if I eat more of the school lunches. They look radioactive. If I get enough green hotdogs and brown ketchup in me... something is bound to happen. (excited) And I need a catch phrase like "gonna smoosh me a baddie"... and a cool costume... actually last time I was in the bathroom, I saw the perfect superhero name. Protecto! Instead of a telephone booth like superman, I could use a bathroom stall and those Protecto seat covers could be a cape... and make a toilet paper mask. Nothing scares bad guys more than bathroom stuff. (thinks then frowns) Or maybe it will really make them want to give me a swirly. I better rethink this.