

Middle School Monologues – Select 1

Title: *Lindsey*

Female Actor: (Talking to her friend.)
I had a boyfriend when I was five. Why can't I get one now? I had them lining up! In kindergarten, I got married. It was just pretend, but we kissed and walked all the way to the circle-time spot holding hands. Then in first grade, three boys all wanted to marry me at once. I was adored! What happened? (*Pause.*) Maybe I don't deserve a boyfriend now. Back then I was little and cute and smart. Now I'm the tallest girl in my state. People think I'm twenty, but I'm thirteen. You don't get glasses, braces, and pimples all in the same month unless you're thirteen. Oh, I wish I could snap my fingers and right-now-ugly me would just disappear! Then I'd be the next me - whoever that is. Who do you think I'll be when thirteen is over?

Title: *Jean*

Female Actor: (Talking to her teacher.)
Respect is a two-way street. Why should I respect anybody who treats me like that? All I was doin' was sittin' on the bus, listenin' to my music, lookin' out the window. OK, my backpack was on the seat next to me, but there were only four people on the whole bus. Then this old guy gets on, walks up, and pushes my backpack on the floor. He didn't poke me to get my attention, ask me, nothin'. Just pushed my backpack on that dirty floor. Then he didn't even sit in the seat next to me. I mean, what's that about? He shoved it on the floor cause I'm a kid. That's all. Do I deserve that? Like I say,

respect is a two-way street. He's got to be respecting me, if he wants the same.

Title: *Bette*

Female Actor: First I was a tomboy. I used to climb trees and beat up my brother, Tom. Then I used to try to break my sister Joanie's voice box because she likes to sing. She always scratched me though, so instead I tried to play Emily's cello. Except I don't have a lot of musical talent, but I'm very popular. And I know more about the cello than most people who don't know anything. I don't like the cello, it's too much work and besides, keeping my legs open that way made me feel funny. I asked Emily if it made her feel funny and she didn't know what I meant; and then when I told her she cried for two whole hours and then went to confession twice, just in case the priest didn't understand her the first time. Dopey Emily. She means well.

Title: *Doris*

Female Actor: Someday! Someday! Someday I'm going to get out of this nowhere pit and get to a real city where my talent will be recognized, where people won't look at me as though I'm made out of pixie dust because I want to be an actress instead of getting married to some brain-dead dork and making a career out of being pregnant. Like my grandmother and mother and most of the women in this town.

When I tell people I'm going to be a star and do plays and movies someday, I just know they don't think I'm serious. It's, like, I'm going through this phase that I'll outgrow. They tell me to get real. And we all know what "get real" means. It means get stupid and get married or

get a job at the paper company where, if you're lucky, you get to retire after twenty-five boring years on a treadmill to nowhere.

Well... come spring, after graduation, I'm outta here for New York. I know it isn't going to be easy, because I'm going there cold-turkey. But I gotta do it because I think I have talent. Anyway, I'd rather be cold-turkey in New York trying to get a life than dead meat in this stupid town.

Title: ***All I Need to Know I Learned in Kindergarten***

Male Actor: Any teenager who has been forced into washing dishes knows that the stuff in the bottom of the strainer in the sink is toxic waste. Deadly poison. A danger to health. In other words, it's about enough to make you hurl. One of the very few reasons I have respect for my mother at all is because she reaches into the sink with her bare hands - BARE HANDS - and picks up all that lethal gunk and drops it into the garbage. To top that, I saw her reach into the wet garbage bag and fish around in there looking for a lost teaspoon BAREHANDED - a kind of unbelievable courage. She found the teaspoon in a clump of coffee grounds mixed with chicken fat and scrambled eggs. I almost passed out when she gave it to me to wash. No matter what my mother thinks, I know that the stuff in the sink strainer is lethal and septic. It will give you leprosy or something worse. If you should ever accidentally touch it, you must never touch any other part of your body with your fingers until you have scalded and soaped and rinsed your hands. Come to think of it, my father never came closer than three feet to a sink in his life. My mother said he was lazy. But I knew that he knew what I knew about the gunk. I told him once, "I bet Jesus never had to wash dishes and

clean the gunk out of the sink.” He agreed. It was the only theological discussion we ever had.

Title: *Visiting*

Male Actor: Last Sunday was my grandmother’s birthday. I went out to visit her...- its not that far, maybe forty miles; just a little past “civilization,” just into the country.

The trees’d just budded, there were those little yellow flowers, I don’t know what they’re called but they smell wonderful, all along the roadside. The sky was very blue. Nimbus clouds, lots of birds. Butterflies and birds.

I got there about 10 o’clock, right when they opened. I laid the flowers I brought on her grave, and then I just stood there awhile. It was so quiet.

I realized I knew what it was like, to lie there, in the earth, to not know and, and yet to know: That there was a world you’d been part of, full of sadness and loss, and laughter and love. The first thing I did?, was cry.

Anyway, I stood there, looking even though I think my eyes were closed. Then I kissed Grandma - her stone I mean - and I walked back. I’ll go out there again; there’s plenty of time.

Title: *Chris*

Male Actor: (Talking to his father.)
Dad, I like baseball. Really. I’ve played it since I was six. Remember? You called me your six-year-old slugger. Well, I’m twelve now, and I’ve just got other things I wanna do after school. No big deal. Dad, why are you looking at me like that? I didn’t ask if I could dye my

hair blue, I just wanna quit the team. Don't look so disappointed. We can still play. You and me, on Saturdays. But no pickup games at the park, or with anybody, OK? I don't want to hear it anymore: "Move in everybody. Chris is up to bat. Easy out. Easy out." Please, Dad, I can't stay on the team. Don't make me.