

Monologue Examples

DORK DIARIES

OMG, I'm TOTALLY freaking out! I have to give a speech in front of the WHOLE school!

I'm HORRIBLE at public speaking....even when it's kind of private!

Every year on Thanksgiving we go around the table and say the things we're grateful for. Whenever it's my turn and everyone looks at me, I start sweating like a pig on a trampoline!

I just HATE that feeling of everyone staring at me. When I was really little, my mom would actually say, "It's Nikki's turn to tell us what she's grateful for. She's shy, so no one look at her while she talks!"

CANDY WRAPPERS

Now you're the one looking guilty, Dad. I know that face. I made that same face last night when you found me past bedtime on my iphone. But we're not talking about me now, are we? Cause

I'm not the one with candy wrappers in my hands at midnight! You didn't buy that candy, did you, Dad? You found it! In my Halloween bucket, with my name written on the outside!

(pause)

I thought I could trust you, Dad.

THE PART

I love theatre, even though I'm shy. So, I auditioned for our spring play called "The King." Mrs. Lopez gave everyone parts, but because she knows I'm shy, she gave me a very small role. My line is to say "nah" after the king says his line "Bow before me." After that one word, I was done for the whole play. I literally just say "nah" and then walk off stage. Seriously? Well, obviously, you can see how that might bother me. But I had a plan. I knew if Mrs. Lopez saw how good of an actor I was, she would have no choice but to change my part! So, I continued to say my line "nah" but in different accents, making it more interesting. (Improvise different ways of saying, "nah.") I think she liked it because she told me she'd change my character. I was so happy! Now, it's the day of the play, and I am playing a bush who does not talk or act.

ARREST HER!

You need to arrest her, officer. I mean this Goldilocks person, she walked right into our house like it was hers. She ate the porridge that Mama Bear made for us. She was soooooo hungry. She could have just eaten one bowl but noooo she had to find the perfect one, so she ate them all. And she didn't even bring the dishes to the sink! Then she went to take a nap in our beds she messed all three of them up. Sat in all the chairs and broke one and didn't clean up. Who does this sort of thing?! I think she should have to pay a big fine. Actually, she probably doesn't care about what she did. Fining her isn't enough, I want her in jail so she can think about her behavior! Yes, ARREST GOLDBLOCKS! ARREST HER!

BABYSITTERS RULES

Don't worry, Linda. I will take great care of your kids. I have lots of experience with kids, so I know what to do when they misbehave. Bye.

(Turns to kids after Linda leaves) Now listen, you little brats! I am the boss here, so you will do everything I ask you to do exactly when I say it. Here are the rules:

Rule #1 You don't question. You just do it.

Rule #2 Never tell your mom anything that I do. Always tell her I'm the best babysitter. You wouldn't want me to lose my job, would you?

Rule #3 You eat what I make, or you don't eat at all.

Rule #4 If I have company do not talk to them and go into the basement.

Rule #5 If I make a mess, you clean it. I'm your guest, not the other way around.

Rule #6 No crying allowed.

FORKS

As a fork, I can proudly say that we are the superior utensils. I was talking to spoon the other day and she was all braggy about how they used her for soup AND ice cream the other night. Pfffft. That's nothin. I have the ability to STAB and POKE and SPEAR. Spoon said, "Oh yeah, what about stirring?" Well, I can do that too. Yesterday morning, the big lady human used me to stir cream into her coffee, and it wasn't just because all the spoons were dirty like spoon said. Knives? Well, they generally keep quiet because we all know they have anger problems. Especially the steak knives. Forks are the friendliest. Everyone knows that. Oops. Gott run. Gonna get used again. Yum, pancakes!

NEW PUPPY

So, if you were to ask almost any kid if they wanted a new puppy they would probably say yes. Well, if you were to ask me, I would pass. Then when you tell this to people they are like “be grateful, at least you have a pet.” Not to mention I am more of a cat person anyway. Getting a new dog is such a pain. My parents never asked me if I wanted one---which I didn't and DON'T. Listen to this... First off you have to train them a lot and some of them are not very good listeners. They can't talk, but couldn't they at least listen? If you have a hard time getting used to things, then try getting used to an annoying fluff ball that always does what it wants. And when they are puppies, they go nuts. They chew on everything and bark when they go into their kennels. Also, I love to travel and guess what, I had to say bye bye to that for a while.

IRRITATED TOOTH FAIRY

Hi, I'm Pixie, you probably know me most as the tooth fairy that collects your teeth under your nasty pillows. What most humans don't know is how difficult this job is. And news flash! I'm not getting paid for this. I'm paying you for your rotten teeth. What kind of deal is that? Keep in mind I am about the same size as your teeth and the money I give you, so yeah, the process takes about an hour per kid. But here's my dilemma. I have run out of money to give you spoiled kids! I am broke!

ELEPHANT IN THE ROOM

I've finally confirmed it. My parents are crazy. Last night, I heard them arguing, and they were talking real low, so naturally, I snuck up to the door and listened in. That's when I heard my mom say, “Let's talk about the elephant in the room.” What? I've never seen an elephant in their room. Or even in our house. Obviously, we would all know if there was an elephant in their room! My dad said, “Keep your voice down. The kids will hear.” Like he didn't want us to know there was an elephant in there either. So, apparently, they both think there is an elephant in their room. I looked through the crack in the doorjamb, and I could see my mom sitting on the bed, and my dad across from her, and sure enough...no elephant.

PUPPY SITTING

So, Cheryl asked me to watch her puppy, Oscar. She says, “Zara would you mind watching my puppy for a few days?” I said, “sure no problem.” No problem! I mean, how bad could it be to watch an innocent, harmless, cute little puppy? Right? Right? WRONG! It was a nightmare if there ever was one. Look at me! Do you see the bags under my eyes? I look like I went twelve rounds with Muhammad Ali. This puppy has NOT stopped barking and whining all night (imitates dog) maar, maaar, maaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaar, arf, aaaaarf. I tossed and turned and tossed and turned some more. I felt like a 1980's break dancer.