

## Theatre Arts Camp Middle School monologues (ages 11-13)

### LISTEN UP

Don't I have any say in all this? You always tell me what to do and you *never* listen to me. And why should I listen to you 'cause you just screw everything up. Well, you're getting *divorced*, aren't you? That is not a sign of being really good at everything, being the smartest people in the world, being *understanding* and *compassionate*?

Don't laugh at me! What did I say that was funny? You were too smiling. This is not cute. This is not me being your cute kid.

You don't know what's best for me because what's best for me is to have a family, a whole family, where no one fights and you sit down and have dinner together and you ask me how school was. And I say "fine" and I mean it, I don't just say it to shut you up.

When do I get to have some say in things? Don't say it. Don't say, "When you're an adult." That's bull. When I do something bad, you tell me I'm grown up now and have to take responsibility for my actions, blah, blah, blah, but when I want to make a decision, it's "you'll do what I tell you to do" and "because I said so." Well, maybe it's time I did start acting like an adult and I'm going to start by telling you two to act your age and stop this divorce thing.

Because I said so.

### WAITING

Aaaaah! Hurry up, bus! I am so sick of waiting! It's frrrrreeezing. When do we give up and go home? Maybe it's a snow day and no one told us! Maybe the bus is never coming. I'm going to count to ten and if the bus doesn't come, I'm going home.

One. Two. Three. Four. Five. Six. Seven. Eight. Nine. Ten.

No bus! Let's beat it. I'm outta here. Come on, we can go. The bus is twenty minutes late and it's freezing! It's probably not safe to drive and it's way too cold to stand out here! Aaaaah! It's so cold! I don't care if I get in trouble. That's it. I'm counting to ten one more time. One *last* time. Then I am going home. And you should leave, too! Don't be such a goodie-goodie. It's twenty-two minutes late, Lisa. OK. I'm counting to ten.

One. Two. Three. Four. Five. Six. Seven. Eight. Nine. Nine and a half—

Let's go! I said ten! I said ten before it came! Oh, my life stinks.

## **OUT OF THE OUTFIELD**

Guys, I'm really sorry. There was this bee in my eye. Right in my eye! And I couldn't see the ball. I thought it would sting me in the eye! You can imagine. I could be blind now. But I smacked that bee. I think I killed it. I'm OK now.

Is anybody listening? Guys, really, I'm sorry I let you down. It was just that bee—

I wasn't daydreaming! I was paying attention! Ready to go! Ready for action! And then that bee—

I won't shut up! You gotta understand I was in *danger*. I—

PLUS, no one ever actually hits the ball into the outfield! That's why I'm *in* the outfield, stupidheads! Everyone know the outfield never has to do anything.

Stupid jerks.

## **DIRT—NOT THE GOOD KIND**

This is overrated. Vacation. Camping. Don't get me wrong, I'm glad not to be in school but—sleeping outside? The ground is always lumpy. And eating outside is so annoying. I swear I've eaten one hundred bugs. I can't even think about it. Remember yesterday there was a bee in my soda can and it went in my mouth and I spit it out and it was still alive and flew away?

Even birds build nests. They don't want to sleep on the ground either. Plus, it's cold. Why can't we just have one of those Disney World vacations? You know, go on rides, stay in a *hotel*, see some dolphins jump around or something?

Yeah. Dolphins and hotels with cable TV. That's the life. Just an idea for next year, Dad.

## **SECRETS AND LIES**

Where's my diary? Griffiiiiiiin! Where are you? Do you have my diary? You better not or I'll chop your little head off! Where are you hiding?

I'm going in your room! I'm going to look in your underwear drawer!

A-ha! There you are. OK, where's my diary? You don't know? I don't believe you. I have not forgotten that you stole my school uniform and cut little holes in it last year. Everyone saw my underwear! So from now until the rest of eternity, I will not trust you. Anything that goes missing, anything out of place, anything at all, and I am coming right for you, little brother. Now where's my diary? 'Fess up now and maybe I'll only torture you for a few days—

Mom? What's that in your hand? That's—my diary! You didn't! My life is a nightmare! I can't trust anyone!