Jailhouse Wolf

Description: The Wolf from the Three Little Pigs complains to his cellmate in jail.
Genre: Comedic

What am I in for? You've got to be kidding me. You don't watch TV? You heard about the Pigs, right? Well, what they're saying about me is fake news. The name's Wolf, Trevor Wolf. Lemme tell you the truth about this whole "Three Little Pigs" thing. So, I walk up to the first little porker's house to welcome him to the neighborhood. It's not my fault that I breathe and the blasted straw hut falls over. It was made out of gosh darn hay! How does it NOT fall over? Fine. Go to jail. Get the T-shirt. Next Grunter's house. This one is made of wood, but those sure ain't 2x4s I'm looking at. Whoosh! Crash! Clang! The result, more time. I mean, those houses weren't even up to building code, how am I the one being sent to jail here? (Beat) What? No! I never threatened to eat them. We never spoke any words to each other 'til the trial! Anyway, the third swine's house looked at least legal, until I knock on the door and a dragon pops out! That sure ain't legal. As I was running away I knocked over a flowerpot… and I may have climbed onto the roof. But that's only 'cause of that dragon inside breathing fire everywhere! Don't even get me started with the trial. I never "assaulted" or "harassed" anyone at any time. If anything, this dragon assaulted and harassed me! And the jury! That jury was supposed to be impartial? If they were impartial, I'll eat my tail! I mean come on, 15 years in the can? Just for trying to say hello? No wait. I guess it was 17. I got 2 years just for stepping on that flowerpot. Anyway, that's my story. What're you in for? (Beat) Oh…you're that guy. You didn't eat the granny either? You know, that Little Red Riding Hood looked like a liar to me. We're all innocent, I tell ya.

I Don't Like Chocolate

Description: When you think you don't like chocolate, but then you try it.
Genre: Comedic

I don't like chocolate. There, I said it. I don't like chocolate and there is nothing you can do to make me think otherwise. What good is chocolate anyway? It only comes in like two flavors! You also can't keep it in your pocket. It'll just melt! That gooey melted-ness along with the color is just… And in case you're wondering why I would need to put chocolate in my pocket, it would obviously be so I could eat it at school! And I am no barbarian. I follow the rules of being a kid and remember to eat my candy BEFORE my food. And another thing, chocolate is poisonous to dogs! I have three dogs, so if I accidentally left chocolate just laying around then my dogs might EAT IT. (React to thought of what could happen to dogs.) Have I tried it, you ask? No, I have not. I have not, and will not, ever try chocolate. Not even if you pay me five bucks to do it. Or ten. Maybe fifteen. Fine, I will eat this chocolate bar for 20 bucks. (Eats the chocolate) That… WAS THE GREATEST THING EVER! Give me more please!

Forgive, Forget, and Fiddlesticks

Description: The protagonist is mad at their best friend and tries to give them the silent treatment.
Genre: Comedic

I’m not talking to her. She knows what she did. (beat) No, I don’t think I’m overreacting. I’m not! (turns to someone who’s not there) You know what you did! (turns back around) Snickerdoodles. I’m not supposed to be talking to her. I’m giving her the silent treatment, if that’s not clear. She deserves it. She knows what she did. (turns to back and looks really annoyed, then yells) I’m not talking to you! (turns back around) Dolly Parton. I just talked to her. I’m really bad at this “ignoring your best friend because she stabbed you in the back, showing you the cold, merciless person she really is after thinking you knew her since kindergarten”, aren’t I? Well, live and learn. (pauses like someone’s talking to her, gets really mad then turns to where the invisible “friend” is) I will not forgive and forget! (turns around and sighs) Fiddlesticks. I talked to her. Again. Ugh. I think she’s trying to get me to snap at her so she can talk to me. But she doesn’t even deserve my yelling. Traitors don’t deserve anything. (beat) I’m going to ignore her. Really ignore her. I’m not going to talk to her nor acknowledge her existence. She’s dead to me. (turns to the friend) You’re dead to me! (exasperatedly) Tea and crumpets! (exhales) Starting now. She’s dead to me starting now. Ugh, why do you think I’m overreacting? I’m not. Do you really want to know what that cockroach did? Fine she- (turns around and starts to talk to the “friend” but stops themselves and turns back around) Did you see that? I totally ignored her. Well, maybe I turned to her, but I didn’t say anything. Nothing! Rainbows and unicorns, that felt good! (beat and gets sad) But, now it doesn’t. (turns to where the “friend” is) Shish Kabobs. I really messed this up, didn’t I? I just threw away a friendship after one mistake. I mean, it was a big mistake, huge. Like Godzilla couldn’t even—okay not the time. (sighs) I don’t know if I can ever forget what she did. But I can try to forgive, can’t I?

Monologue

Description: A frustrated theater student brainstorms ideas for a monologue they must write.
Genre: Comedic

C’mon brain, THINK! This monologue is due tomorrow and I have nothing! Not a single word! This sucks, I am going to fail my theater class all because I can’t come up with one stupid paragraph. Perhaps some cookie dough ice cream could help me think? No! I can’t eat yet! I have to stay focused! Maybe I should make it about love or something. Teachers like to read stuff like that, right? Or I could write about a kid with a scar who gets a letter from a foreign school and finds out he’s a wizard and, wait, nope that’s Harry Potter. Ooh, maybe I could write about a character who can’t come up with a monologue and they are trying to brainstorm ideas on what to write about. No, that is way too meta. Ugh. I am making this way harder than it has to be but I really can’t fail, I just can’t! If I fail this, then I have a B on my report card, then I’ll lose motivation and then that B will turn into an F and then boom! I’m failing all of my classes and I drop out of school to become a sign spinner outside of KFC. Not to mention that my mom would kill me. I wouldn’t blame her either. If I was a single mom working two jobs just to provide for a kid who failed all of their classes I would be mad too. She really is the best. She’s always supported my love of theater and to be honest I wouldn’t be where I am without her. She’s my hero. Wait a minute, that’s it! I should write a monologue about my mom and how hard she works every day! This is going to be so good. I think all of this brainstorming has earned me a visit with some of my good friends: Ben and Jerry.

The True Feelings of Godzilla

Description: Godzilla is looking for a little understanding as he apologizes for his actions.
Genre: Comedic

Guys, I know I knocked over a couple of buildings, but if you were my size, you would too. I'm not such a bad guy if you really get to know me. I don't mean to alarm you. I bet you'd scream too if you stubbed your toe on a corner store. Oh, and sorry about the hot dog guy, he made me mad when he got my order wrong. It gets lonely being this big and living in the ocean. That's why I thought the Statue of Liberty would make a nice girl friend. Sorry I knocked her over. It was an accident. By the way, it is hard to turn with a tail this long. Sometimes, stuff gets swept away, you know. Tell City Hall that I'm sorry their building is now a boat. So give a monster a break will ya?

"Driven"

Description: An overachieving teen boasts about her involvements and dreams.
Genre: Comedic

I guess you could say I'm driven. I mean, I have goals and ambitions and I know what it's gonna take to get where I wanna go in life. I typically spend about two hours a day here at the library after school, then I either head to violin, lacrosse, or karate. Oh, and I'm really looking forward to spring break. This year I'm going on a mission trip to South America. I'll get to practice my Español. Actually, I speak five languages, but this mission trip will be great because it will really set me apart on my college applications. Speaking of college, I am planning to get a perfect 1600 on my SATs which is why I'm studying right now. No rest for the wicked. Speaking of Wicked, I am playing Glinda in our school version of the Broadway musical this spring. This really cute guy is the stage manager and he asked me out this Friday night. But I mean come on people! I don't have time for a social life. I have dreams.

"Campaign Speech"

Description: Dean goes full populist in his bid for Class President.
Genre: Comedic

Look, I could talk credentials. I could tell you all about my experience in the JROTC. I could flex my Debate Club prowess. I could mention offhand that I am, in fact, an Eagle Scout. I could, but I won't, because I'm not here to show off.

No, I'm here to talk about you. You get up every day before the sun rises. The bus is late. Your locker is jammed, the custodial staff couldn't care less. Your desks are full of busywork, your lunch trays are full of mush, and your teachers are full of – you know, uh, nonsense. I say it time and time again: This whole operation, this machine they're running you through, it has no interest in you.

Now, I've pushed for reform! But when I try and do something to fix this place, I'm dismissed. "We are not hiring caterers, Dean, eat your casserole." "Dean, the Anglerfish with a Missile Launcher is not an acceptable school mascot." "Foolish Dean, the hallway is no place for a Slip 'N Slide." We've all heard it, in the same condescending tone, a million times before:

“You’re just a child.” Well, po-tay-to, po-tah-to. You say I’m “just some kid,” I say I have fourteen years of life experience, thank you very much, and when I’m elected? I’ll stop at nothing to get you what you want.

Now, my opponent has credentials. High class rank, Honor Society… every teacher’s favorite. Rose is a shoo-in, right? I see the appeal. I mean, she works like a, uh… oh, what’s the word? Right! A machine.

So go ahead. Vote for Rose… if you’re content. But if you’re fed up with the powers that be, if you’re sick and tired of being overlooked, if you want to see a Tammany Hall Junior High that reflects your needs… if you’re like me? Then Fight the Machine! And vote for Dean.

What Are You So Afraid Of?”

Description: No one can convince this child to get on the boat. The ocean is a scary place and a child’s imagination is even scarier.
Genre: Comedic

I can’t swim and you want me to go on a boat in the MIDDLE of the ocean. I would rather stay here on the docks, thank you very much. (Referencing stuffed rabbit) Mrs. Bunny says I can´t go, and you know nothing will change her mind. She’s scared of the ocean and her stuffing could get wet! (Not convincing, they turn to new tactics.) Please, don’t make me go! What if I fall in, what happens then? The ocean is so unpredictable. What if a shark bites my head off? Or some crazy sea monster grabs my legs and pulls me down. Have you seen the creepy stuff that’s down there? Not even scuba gear can save us from the horrors of the ocean! Frankly, I don’t know how YOU aren’t scared of the ocean. There are so many things to be afraid of. (Dramatically sets the scene) Seriously just imagine it, a storm suddenly hits, the air grows cold, and the sky darkens. You feel yourself panic, the waves getting bigger and bigger! You look to your left and a gigantic wave is coming towards you! See doesn’t that sound scary to you? Well, I know it’s a sunny day, but it could still happen! Please don’t make me go on that boat!