

DRAMATIC GUY-GIRL MONOLOGUES FOR TWEENS AND YOUNG TEENS

By Deborah Karczewski

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DRAMATIC GUY-GIRL MONOLOGUES FOR TWEENS AND YOUNG TEENS

A Collection of Eight Monologues

by

Deborah Karczewski

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ANIMAL ADVOCATE

by
Deborah Karczewski

CHARACTER: A young, future veterinarian saves the life of a crow.

“Stopp!” I yelled and leaped into our neighbor’s yard. That psycho Eric had a bat, and had already smacked something black and flailing. “Sto-o-o-p!” I grabbed the bat and flung it into the bushes. “I oughta break *your* neck!” I screamed, lunging at him. Eric ran, half-crying, half-taunting me toward his house. His parting shot was, “It’s just a stupid crow, you weenie!” The crow had wobbled a good three feet away by the time I got back to him. He was a determined little survivor. I managed to get him into an old hat box Mom was storing in the garage. It wasn’t easy. That crow had no idea if I was trying to help him or finish off what Eric had started. He was flapping, and pecking, and making the most miserable noises you’ve ever heard.

As soon as Dad’s car pulled into the driveway, I opened the passenger side door and hopped in with the box. Dad tried to use child psychology on me. He said that he thought I had very good intentions but that vets were expensive, and besides the crow didn’t look like it’d make it anyway. I was way ahead of him. I pulled out an envelope. Inside was every dime I had earned mowing lawns this summer. All Dad could do was shrug and start the motor. Even the snooty vet gave me a hard time. He acted like a bird somebody bought in a fancy pet store was worth more than a wild one. That was it! I cracked! I just...lost it! (*screaming*) “What is wrong with you people? Are you telling me that something that costs a lot is more important than something that doesn’t? Doctor, is a poodle worth saving while you’d let a mutt die? Should we give medicine to a dying doctor, but keep it from a fast food server? And you, Dad, would you try to save *my* life, yet turn your back on an orphan?”

It took a long time, but Spunky, the crow, made it. Now, I throw bread onto our back deck every morning and Spunky brings all of his crow buddies over for breakfast. Mom’s not too thrilled because she has to hose down the deck way more often. But me – it makes me feel good . . . like I’ve done something worthwhile. I think I’m going to be a veterinarian when I get older . . . one who sees *everybody* as important, human *or* animal. Everybody except that lunatic Eric, that is.

END OF PLAY

SIDEWALK ARTIST

by
Deborah Karczewski

CHARACTER: A tween realizes that money does not nearly make a person as much as his or her talent does.

Last week after my little brother and I played hangman on the driveway, we forgot to take the sidewalk chalk inside. The next morning our driveway was a circus. Seriously...a circus! There was a yellow and brown tiger with fangs so ferocious, my brother refused to step on that part of the driveway. Oh, and you should have seen the clown. It had huge red feet and a nose that looked like it was actually three-dimensional. I can't even begin to describe how believable the pictures were; they were so real, it was unreal!

More than being awed by the talent of the mysterious artist, I was fascinated by the mystery itself. Did I mention that I'm planning on being a detective someday? Yup, it's true. So, when I didn't have any luck finding clues to the identity of the elusive artist...I decided to set a trap. This time, though, I left a pad of paper and some charcoal pencils where our driveway meets the sidewalk in front of our house. I figured that if the supplies went missing, then when I got to school, I'd see whose fingers were blackened by the charcoal sticks. Smart – huh? Sure enough, the next morning, the art supplies were gone. And better yet, by Math Class, I had the thief identified. We had to pass forward our tests when I noticed a black fingerprint on the paper handed to me. I turned around. Bingo! Behind me was Roger Matthews, that creepy kid who always kicks rocks up the street, stares at everybody's business, and kicks the rock back down the street again. He's always wearing one of two hooded sweatshirts pulled over his forehead. And he always bends down to pull gravel out from a rip in the sole of his sneaker. "What a weirdo," I thought. "You'd think Roger was too poor to..." Too poor! (*sarcastic*) Some detective I was! How many times have I watched Roger Matthews kicking his darn rock past my house while I was doing something fun with my little brother? I felt so...slow, so...oblivious.

The next night somebody left a shopping bag where our driveway meets the sidewalk. Inside was the missing pad of paper...only it was all filled in. It was amazing. There was a trapeze artist flying from one swing to another. On the next page was a dinosaur nibbling at the branches of a tree top. And a ship steering through a maze of icebergs! And on and

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on! The sidewalk artist hadn't stolen the art supplies; he had given us...art!

Yesterday, my little brother and I were playing Picture Charades on our driveway with sidewalk chalk. Sure enough, there was Roger kicking his rock up the street. When he got to the sidewalk at the bottom of my driveway, I kinda-sorta rolled a piece of chalk at his sneaker. When he bent down to pick it up, my little brother just happened to ask Roger if he wanted to play. Roger looked at me. I shrugged like "Whatever." That Roger Matthews, he can sure beat the socks off anyone in Picture Charades. But that's OK. Wait'll he sees what we're playing tomorrow!

END OF PLAY

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THE SQUARE, ORANGE ALIEN

by
Deborah Karczewski

CHARACTER: A middle schooler learns a lesson about making fun of another person.

She looks like a cartoon character. She's a head shorter than I am, and about the same size vertically as she is horizontally. It's pretty hilarious because when she escorts us across the street-that's her word: "escorts" – she doesn't walk with us like we're adults. She walks - no, she waddles - into the center of the street, holds her stop sign way up over her globular head, and motions us to pass like she's a real cop or something. Once we've reached the other side, she bows to the stopped cars – which is a miracle in itself since she has no visible waistline. She just sorta cracks halfway down her square body, bows, and waddles back to the corner. Sometimes we cross the street just like she does. You could die laughing 'cause just imagine twenty kids stepping side to side, penguin style, bowing to the weird alien with the stop sign and waddling to the other side of the street. Oh – and she wears a bright orange vest and a bright orange, brimmed hat. Rain, snow, or shine, you can always see the orange alien walking back and forth, back – bow – and forth. It's just too funny!...or it was, anyway. It's not so funny anymore.

The school closed half-day this morning so that everybody could get home before the worst of the blizzard hit. It was great! Not only did I get to miss Language Arts class – Yes! – but we also organized the most awesome snowball fight on the way home. It was so much fun 'cause it wasn't contained to one yard. You know? It was like an epic battle all the way home! When I reached the corner, the alien made me wait forever. The enemy team caught up to me and started pummeling me with a million snowballs. Forget that orange pain in the butt! I zoomed across the street pounding snowballs lightening-speed at the losers still waiting on the corner.

It only took a second. This huge SUV skidded side-ways in my direction. The little, orange traffic guard leaped toward me, pushing me ahead of her. I heard a horrible THUD! There was a swarm of people and cop cars and ambulances! The sirens blocked out all of the screams! The snow intensified, stinging my eyes with white. (*big pause*) They won't let me in the Intensive Care Unit 'cause I'm not family. I don't even know her name. I don't even know her name.

END OF PLAY

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