

DRAMATIC MALE MONOLOGUES FOR TWEENS AND YOUNG TEENS

By Deborah Karczewski

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DRAMATIC MALE MONOLOGUES FOR TWEENS AND YOUNG TEENS

A Collection of Eight Monologues

by

Deborah Karczewski

TABLE OF CONTENTS

1. <i>The Inner Circle</i>	Page 4
2. <i>The Scary One</i>	Page 5
3. <i>Not Ready to Forgive</i>	Page 7
4. <i>The Birthday Gift</i>	Page 9
5. <i>Mr. Fix-it</i>	Page 11
6. <i>The Every Saturday Game</i>	Page 13
7. <i>The Greatest Kind of Superhero</i>	Page 14
8. <i>A Room to Himself</i>	Page 16

The Inner Circle

by
Deborah Karczewski

CHARACTER: A wrestler faces a frightening initiation.

The Wrestling Team has an inner circle. It's a secret. Don't tell anybody. It's not enough to know the moves. See, wrestling is more than pinning the other guy. It's a state of mind. You've gotta be strong in your mind as well as in your body. Not strong like smart. Strong like steady ...confident ...fearless. So the inner circle comes up with tests...tests of courage.

Two of us had proven our skills for about a year when the inner circle decided it was time. The captain of our team had it all worked out. Mike and I were supposed to pretend that we were spending Saturday night at his place. Really, though, the Inner circle took us to Dead Man's Creek. It's actually bigger than a stream and smaller than a river, but for some reason everybody calls it a creek. The "Dead Man" part probably refers to the jagged rocks poking out of the water like teeth. When I was little, I thought of the creek as a huge opened shark's mouth. It's weird 'cause I always thought flowing water was supposed to smooth things out ...like those round river rocks. But not in Dead Man's creek.

The circle leaders made us strip totally naked. Heck, that should have been enough of a test. Walking around the woods with nothing private is enough to show control in any man! But there was more. We stopped below the tallest, widest oak I have ever seen. It had slats of wood hammered into the bark, creating a sort of ladder. The rungs must have gone up a good fifteen feet.

Nobody spoke. Nobody smiled. It was clear, though, what we had to do. I climbed, zombie-like, silent except for my breath that sounded like wind in a cave. The ladder ended at a muscular arm of a limb. I inched out, my feet curving, holding on for dear life ...monkey feet. I looked down at the jaw of the shark ...swallowed hard ...and jumped.

The spirits of wrestling protected me. But not Mike. The guy has two pins in his leg. Oh yeah, wrestlers are strong, all right. Strong . . . determined . . . brave . . . and as wooden headed as that old oak tree in Dead Man's Creek.

END OF PLAY

THE SCARY ONE

by
Deborah Karczewski

CHARACTER: The school bully makes a deal with a math whiz.

Although the character may move around the playing area, the monologue is to be delivered to a fixed spot beyond the audience as it will be revealed that he is actually speaking towards a school locker.

Would you stop that noise? Cut it out, NOW!

That's better. Listen, I'm not gonna hurt you, ya hear? But you gotta admit that I HAD to do something! I mean, after all, you did "dis" me in front of my boys. I couldn't let it look like I'd let some little weasel talk to me like I was some idiot, could I? I've got a reputation to uphold, you know. I'm serious! Some people are known for their smarts: YOU for example. Me? I'm the one you don't wanna mess with. I'm the one you don't wanna meet in a dark alley. The scary one.

What got into you, anyway? So what if I couldn't do that Math question in class. Did you hafta laugh at me like that? And call me Drooler? Are you out of your mind? I could've demolished your face! I should've , too! Everybody else thinks that's what I'm doin' right now! Lucky for you, though, I have a little business deal to discuss with you.

The truth is – but I'll deny it if you breathe a word of this to anybody! I'll deny it, and then I'll mail your teeth to your grandma! Well, the truth is, I really am a drooler. That's why it hurt so bad when you put me on the spot like that. I can't help it. I just don't get school ...none of it...but especially not Math.

When I was little, I tried so hard to make my parents proud of me. But then something changed. Little nerds like you and your friends started laughing every time I made a mistake. I remember once Mrs. Wang, my second grade teacher, told me to ignore the other kids.

She was nice. Nice, but wrong. Nobody flubs up as much as me. Nobody. So I started to fight back. No little dweeb was gonna make fun of me ever again! And pretty soon, once they caught on, no little dweeb did ...until you. What is wrong with you?

DRAMATIC MALE MONOLOGUES – Page 5

But like I said, maybe there's a way to work this thing out. You see, the closer we get to high school, the more I realize that I want this to end. I've had it. I'm sick of being the class idiot. I'm tired of having to pretend I don't care. I do care. I care. In senior high school there will be kids from all those other middle schools. I want them to see me as normal ...as regular ...just another guy from just another middle school.

That's where you come in. You may lack common sense, but you sure do know your Math. Here's the deal. You teach me Math, and I protect your health. You help me with multiplication, and I keep my boys off of you. You clear up long division, and I convince those guys in the cafeteria to let you keep your lunch money. You explain those stupid word problems, and I let you out of that locker I shoved you into. You help me, and I set you free. You refuse . . .or you tell anyone about this deal . . .and I'll have to do something . . .scary. What do you say? Knock once for yes; twice for no. (*listens and smiles*) Smart choice, my friend.

END OF PLAY

NOT READY TO FORGIVE

by
Deborah Karczewski

CHARACTER: A boy who deals with resentment toward a sibling.

Look, I don't mean to be rude, but this is the third time I've had this lousy lecture. First it was Mom. Then it was Dad. Now they've sent me to you! *(The frustration and anger is steadily rising.)* I know everybody's heart is aching. I know we're all supposed to love each other. I KNOW I'm supposed to respect my elders, but man, if you don't back off, I'm gonna have to do something extreme! I'm just not ready to forgive!

I've heard all that trash about how families need to stick together through "thick and thin." Yea well, Alex should have thought about that before he hauled his drunken butt behind the steering wheel of Dad's car. If he thought so much about our family, why did he put us in this position? Huh? When we got that call from the cops that Alex was taken to the hospital, my mom threw up. Did you know that? First, she started to scream ...and then my beautiful, gentle, never-a-hair-out-of-place mother puked all over the kitchen! When the doctors told us that Alex had a 50-50 chance of survival, my dad blubbered like a baby! I've never even seen his eyes water up before. And there he was – wailing in front of everyone: nurses, the police, my little brother . . . strangers. If family means so much, why was Alex selfish enough to get so tanked and tear apart so many people?

You know what really gets me boiling? Nobody's mad! What is wrong with all you people? Alex knew exactly what he was doing! We've been warned about underage drinking since – since we could understand English! How many times have Mom and Dad given us the "Don't drink" speech? And school! We sit through those anti-drug and alcohol assemblies every stinkin' year! And the TV commercials! It's not like Alex grew up on a deserted island. Gimme a break! So, why aren't you all furious? But NO! Everybody's so concerned with Alex's recovery! *(mocking)* "When he gets out of the hospital he will need us to be there for him. He will need our support, both physically and mentally."

Forget it! What about our little brother? What about HIS emotions? What's he supposed to do now? He idolized Alex. If Alex wore a red shirt, little Johnny had to wear one, too. If Alex ate corn flakes for breakfast, Johnny would throw away his favorite cereal and beg mom for a bowl of corn flakes, too. What's Johnny supposed to think, now? He

DRAMATIC MALE MONOLOGUES – Page 7

used to worship every stupid word that came out of Alex's mouth. I think Johnny would have crawled into Alex's skin if he knew how.

Yeah, yeah...I know. I need to be there for Johnny. I'm the next in line. I can be his new role model. I can help my parents get through all of this. But who will be there for me? Huh? How did it all come to dump on me? Where's Alex's responsibility in all of this? *I wasn't the moron who drove drunk. (mocking)* "Poor, poor Alex. He's going to need all of our love when he comes home. We all need to be understanding." Leave me alone! Get away from me! I'm just not ready to forgive!

END OF PLAY

Do Not Copy

THE BIRTHDAY GIFT

by
Deborah Karczewski

CHARACTER: A neurologically impaired boy seeks out his birth mother.

Chris is a caring, sincere, and likable neurologically impaired young man. It is of utmost importance that the director cast a sensitive and respectful actor who does not portray Chris in a stereotypical manner. Although the director may suggest additional physical mannerisms, minimally, the actor playing Chris can achieve believable characterization by speaking more slowly than usual and by careful over-enunciation. Chris, somewhat aware of his disability, consciously and conspicuously, but never comically, exaggerates his speech pattern in order to be better understood.

Chris walks downstage as though to an invisible door between him and the audience. He appears serious, nervous, and determined. He pantomimes knocking on the door, then steps back as though the door is being opened.

Hello. May I please speak to...*(He pulls out a piece of paper to ensure correct pronunciation.)* to Mrs. Appleton? *(checks paper)* Mrs. Caroline Appleton? *(listens to an apparent response)* Oh... hello...m-my name is Christopher Fuller. *(listens)* Yes, Ma'am, Chris. Grandma told me you would be surprised to see me. B-but Grandma said I am old enough to make some big decisions, now. Really big.

Today is my birthday, Mrs. Appleton. *(listens)* Thank you, Ma'am. I hope I have a happy birthday, too. B-but wait, Mrs. Appleton. Please don't shut your door. I need to tell you something really important, Mrs. Caroline Appleton. Really important.

M-my grandma said that I could have something really big for my birthday. She said I could even have a TV in my room. I could watch my own shows instead of sharing with Grandma and Grandpa in the living room. But-but-but I wanted something even bigger. I wanted to know where you lived, Mrs. Appleton. Grandpa, he told Grandma that she was making a big mistake. Grandma cried. A lot. I never want grandma to cry. She is the best person on the planet. She is the best person on the planet which is the Earth. The planet Earth. My grandma told me where you live, Mrs. Appleton. She wrote it on this paper. She believes in me,

DRAMATIC MALE MONOLOGUES – Page 9

my grandma. Grandpa said I would get lost, so he gave me his cell phone. See? It's in my pocket, right here. B-but Grandma knew I would be okay.

(listens) What? Oh, I don't want anything, Mrs. Appleton. I just want to tell you something. I want to tell you something important on my birthday. First...first I want to tell you that I think...I want to tell you that you...that you're pretty. Grandma and Grandpa keep your picture on our piano. They call you their "little girl." I can't play the piano, but Grandpa plays nice. Really nice. You look just like your picture on the piano. It's pretty.

And ...and ...and I want to tell you...I want to tell you thank you. Grandma says that you let me stay with her because I was your gift. Grandma says I'm her special gift. D-Danny Gleason, he lives next door. Danny says you left me with Grandma because you knew I wasn't ...because there's something wrong with ...because you didn't want me. Grandpa says Danny Gleason is a bozo. That's a funny word, "bozo." I want to tell you thank you because you gave me to Grandma and Grandpa as your special gift. That means you are nice. You are pretty, and you are nice.

OK. That's all, Mrs. Appleton. You can shut your door, now. I have to find the bus, now.

(Chris turn, begins to walk off in the direction he entered, stops, waves to the "door" and exits.)

END OF PLAY

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