

Comedy Monologues for Young Actors

by Larry Hillhouse

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PUBLISHED BY
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SYNOPSIS

This collection of more than 30 monologues is just right for junior high students. Some monologues keep their roots in the fairy tale world but bloom with humor such as the “Big Bad Wolf Building Inspector,” and “Johnny Appleseed, the Litterer.” Others feature famous folks and what they might have said or done such as “General Custer’s Muster,” “Robin Hood’s State of the Forest Address,” and “Crisis With Chris Columbus.” In class or onstage, students will love the humor of these monologues.

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#1. BIG BAD BUILDING INSPECTOR

Male

Hello, there. I'm the Big Bad Wolf, but you can call me Big Bad. I'm glad to see so many smiling faces. I'd shake hands, but I'm a little tender. Had a nasty accident with a pot of boiling water.

It all started about a week ago. I had been noticing how the neighborhood had been going downhill. All types of people moving in, and you wouldn't believe the shoddy houses they were throwing up. Real sloppy, if you catch my drift.

Well, I've never been one to stand by and let innocent people suffer, so I got myself appointed as building inspector. Someone had to protect our property values.

So that very day I went over to inspect some of these new homes. The first one had a mail box with the name, "Little Pig," marked in crayons. That was a pretty good clue as to what I was going to find. Sure enough, I got up to the house, and it was constructed of low-grade straw. STRAW! Can you believe it? So I knocked on the door and said, "This is the building inspector. May I please come in?"

There was this pause, then I heard, "I'm sorry, I can't come to the door right now, but if you'll leave your name and number, I'll get back to you. Wait for the beep."

Nothing for me to do except inspect the outside, since I was already there. Unfortunately, I'm allergic to straw, and suddenly I let out this big sneeze. Swish! That whole house collapsed, setting off a sneezing fit you wouldn't believe. Between sneezes, I thought I saw someone go out the back of the house and run next door, but I couldn't be sure. Fortunately, I had my antihistamine tablets with me, and quickly took one.

Then I went to the next house. On the mail box was scrawled, "Another Little Pig." Probably some relation, so I expected the worse. Sure enough, the house was made of sticks. STICKS! As I rapped firmly on the door, the whole house collapsed, sticks falling every which way.

Through the mess, I thought I saw two pigs high-tailing it to the next house. Looked pretty kinky to me. As I had knocked on the stick door, I got a nasty splinter in my paw. Don't you just hate when that happens?

Big Bad Building Inspector *(Cont'd.)*

Fortunately, I had my first aid kit with me, and managed to extract the sliver and put some anti-bacteria salve on my paw. Can't be too careful.

Then I trudged to the next house. I was huffing and puffing by that time. The name on the mail box said, "Little Pig One." Painted on ... professional-looking job. I walked up to the door, and was pleasantly surprised to see that the house was made of bricks. BRICKS! Sturdy construction, the kind that I like. This was more like it. Not wanting to disturb the occupant, I decided to inspect the roof, then be on my way. I could see that this guy knew what he was doing. But lo and behold, as I leaned over, admiring the workmanship of the chimney, I sneezed, flinched from placing my sore paw on the hot bricks, and fell right down that chimney.

Just my luck, there was a pot of boiling water in the fireplace, and I landed right in it. Just briefly, I might add, as I quickly jumped back out. I barely had time to compliment the pig on the construction job as I bolted out the front door. Fortunately, I had some ointment in my first aid kit.

So that's my story. I'd like to stay and chat longer, but I'm on my way down to sign up for workman's comp. On the job injury, you see. And I think I'll see if I can get my job classification changed to FOOD inspector.

#2. CRISIS WITH CHRIS COLUMBUS

Male

Hello, men. I'm glad that I have you all here together because I've been hearing rumors that SOME of you ... not ALL of you, of course, but a FEW of you are beginning to doubt my leadership.

I suppose that is somewhat understandable. I'll admit that our voyage has been a little ... all right ... a LOT longer than I promised you when you signed on. And when I told you that we were taking the SCENIC route, I never DREAMED that some of you would actually grow tired of watching the rippling of the waves, seemingly endless in numbers, as they gently ... okay, okay, not always REAL gently, lap against the sides of the ship, day after day after day after ... What's peaceful to some people is apparently irritating to others.

And it's not TOTALLY my fault that we ran out of sea-sickness tablets a month into the voyage. We would have had plenty if the rats hadn't gotten into them. I maintain that the cat would have kept the rat population under control if the cook hadn't ... Hey! I promise to check out the cooks a little closer in the future! I still think you were a little hasty in heaving him over the side, but what's done is done.

Although we seem to have strayed a LITTLE off course, now that the navigator has remembered that it was the BIG dipper to use in his calculations, I expect us to get right back on the correct heading. As soon as the weather clears enough for him to see the stars again, I feel sure that he will get us back to where we can find ourselves ... somewhere ... on the map. I mean, who could have ever predicted THREE WEEKS of constant rain. If we weren't already IN a boat, I'd be about ready to start BUILDING one. Ha, ha. Just kidding.

Speaking of kidding, I think your little joke has about gone far enough. If you men will get me down out of this crow's nest, I'll ... wait a minute! I think we're running aground! Ahoy land! Or whatever. Whoops! A flaming arrow just whistled past my head! Probably a gesture of peace. You know how these Orientals are. Somebody get my teapot!

#3. DON'T DO IT, DAVID!

Male

I still say we can negotiate our way out of this. Yes, David, I realize that Goliath ate our last three negotiators. They more than likely said something that made him angry, and ... by the way, why does THEIR side always look so much bigger than OUR side? Now MY plan is to send someone else out right away. I mean, he CAN'T still be hungry! If we just try to reason with him, I'm sure that deep down inside, he is a very nice great BIG, nice person.

Look at the size of those arms! I'd go myself, but you know how my back has been acting up. Besides, I can best serve our cause by staying back here and playing my bagpipes. You know how music is supposed to soothe the savage beast. Not that Goliath is a BEAST. He is probably just ... misunderstood.

What are you doing with that sling, David? And why are you picking up those smooth stones? You're going to WHAT? With THAT little SLING? And THOSE little rocks? Really, David, you can be such a kidder.

You're SERIOUS? Get real, David. That monster out there is not going to even FEEL those little stones. No, no. All you are going to do is irritate him and make him REALLY mad. Then he will NEVER listen to reason. You've lost it this time, David. You're really off your rocker. You have more rocks in your head than you do in your pocket. Mark my words, David. This will go down in history as the biggest folly ever.

Okay, David. Do it your way. Don't listen to me. I hate to be like this, but I'm going to just turn my back and walk away. I refuse to even watch. I wash my hands of this whole ... hmmm. There seems to be a rather large shadow falling over me. Gulp!

End of Freeview

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