

COMEDY MONOLOGUES FOR YOUTH

by Larry Hillhouse

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COMEDY MONOLOGUES FOR YOUTH

This collection of more than 20 original monologues features clean comedy for younger actors based on literary, historical and real life situations. From four “Book Report” monologues, which give skewered outlooks on famous historical people, to the guaranteed-to-make-you-smile monologues centered around family situations, these monologues are ideal for grade school actors. The pieces range from 1 to 4 minutes in duration, and there are even some shorter “mini-logues,” just perfect for first-time performers. Almost all are gender flexible. Ideal for speech classes, school programs, recitals, auditions, or as short fillers for various stage productions.

MONOLOGUES

1. Book Report #1: American Revolutionary War
2. Grandpa's Birthday Dinner
3. It Runs in the Family
4. New Driver's Lament.
5. Tom Sawyer, the Trickster
6. Wonderful Bean Tree
7. Because of a Stick
8. Laundry Helper
9. Perfect Gift
10. Bedtime Stories
11. Book Report #2: Abraham Lincoln
12. Book Report #3: Henry VIII
13. Book Report #4: Favorite Fairy Tales
14. Book Report #5: The Legend of Pecos Bill
15. Booklet Sales
16. Fairy Tale Party
17. Friendly Neighbor
18. Grandmother Reba
19. The Great Hatchet War
20. Holy Socks
21. Humpty Dumpty
22. Super Heroes

MINI-MONOLOGUES

Poems (4-8 lines each)

Mini Ads

#1. BOOK REPORT 1: AMERICAN REVOLUTIONARY WAR

My book report today is on the American Revolutionary War... which for a point of reference, could be thought of as World War Zero, or W-W naught, if you prefer. It seems that these guys in England were having trouble making a decent living, so decided to come to America. Now I had trouble believing that so many people would pack their belongings in these flimsy little wooden ships and sail all the way across the ocean. All I can figure is that either their life was REALLY bad, or these people weren't at the top of the intelligence scale, if you know what I mean.

Anyway, they hadn't been over here very long until they grew tired of sending their tax dollars back over to England. They figured that they could elect people in America to send their tax dollars to, thus avoiding a lot of unnecessary ship traffic, as there were problems with the mail, even back then.

King George, the head dude in England at the time, didn't take kindly to the idea, so he sent a bunch of English troops over here to squelch the locals. Now THAT was when I decided that a LOT of the people in England weren't burdened with a high IQ. It may have something to do with cousins marrying cousins. You know about that royal family. You see, the English Army all wore these BRIGHT RED COATS, that you could see for five miles, and every time they started to fight a battle, they would line up in long straight lines, beat these little drums, and march forward. Not only could you see them from a great distance, but you could also HEAR them.

Now our locals had apparently increased their own intelligence, once they broke away from England. They decided to wear a varied assortment of different uniforms, and hide behind trees...and rocks...and Indians, when they could find them. It was like a shooting gallery. Those dudes in the red coats didn't have much of a chance.

BOOK REPORT 1: *(Cont'd.)*

And on top of everything else, the French, who apparently hadn't thought much of the English all along, threatened to get involved in W-W Zero, also.

Finally, King George saw the writing on the wall, and therefore called back the troops. The locals promptly organized a political leadership system, from which we have yet to recover to this day. I enjoyed this book very much, all 754 pages of small printed text and the 153 crude, ink-drawn illustrations, and highly recommend it to each and every one of you. Thank you.

#2. GRANDPA'S BIRTHDAY DINNER

I had to go to a family birthday dinner for my Grandpa Thatcher. The important word is "had." I tried every excuse known to the modern world to avoid going, but my mom insisted.

(MOM VOICE:) "It won't hurt you to go see the family. Besides, your grandpa won't always be around."

Same old guilt trip. Actually Grandpa may outlive us all, but the bottom line was that I went to the dinner. As usual, my aunts were astounded at how much I had grown, and all of that jazz. And there's always at least one uncle asking if I'm married yet. Pure corn.

Naturally the older people congregated together, men in the den and the women in the kitchen, brats in the yard, leaving me and the cousins my age with no place. My cousins are so dumb, all except George. He's more mature than the others. He just got his driver's license. Of course Mom wouldn't let me go for a ride with him. She is convinced that all teenaged drivers are a horrible menace to society.

So our in-between generation was left to sit around trying to be cool, all of us wishing that we were some place, any place else. Then Grandma Thatcher made us go outside and supervise the brats in their volleyball game. We even started playing a little bit ourselves, just to show the brats that we knew more than they did. It got pretty competitive after George spiked the ball off of cousin Joe's head. Then just as the game was really getting fun, Grandma called us to come in, get cleaned up, and eat.

But what actually made me glad that I was there was when Grandpa blew out the candles on his cake. His false teeth flew out and started eating the birthday cake before Grandpa could, horrifying the older folks and delighting the younger ones. That's the way to top off a party.

#3. IT RUNS IN THE FAMILY

I can't wait for our next family get-together. I didn't want to go to the last one. I begged my mother to let me go to the mall with my friends instead. Boy, am I glad that she insisted that I go. I wouldn't have missed all of the excitement for the world.

Everyone gathered at my grandmother's house, out in the country. The house sits up on a hill, and there's this long shady driveway leading up to her house. My sister, Gail, had her window down, reaching out and grabbing leaves from the tree branches as we started slowly up the drive. I was pouting, because I didn't have any branches on my side that I could reach.

Then I heard Gail scream. We looked at her, and she had grabbed a leaf with a big old ugly bug on it, and it was crawling rapidly up her arm. Gail was yelling and about ready to jump out the window. Dad and I thought it was hilarious, but Mom was sympathetic.

"Just flick it back outside," Mom said, calmly, carefully leaning as far from Gail as she could.

Since the bug was about to reach her shoulder, Gail summoned enough courage to brush frantically at the bug with her free hand. Instead of knocking it back out the window, however, the bug flew up into the front seat and landed on the back of Dad's neck.

While Mom and I thought that was even funnier, and Gail began to see the humorous side of it, Dad suddenly lost his sense of humor, totally. Yelling some words that I'm not supposed to ever say, he gave more attention to the bug than to his driving, and we veered sharply out of the driveway and right through an old wooden fence.

By the time Dad got the car stopped, the bug had disappeared, three of us were laughing hysterically, and Dad was pretty embarrassed.

Well, Dad propped the fence back up, and we drove on to the house. Of course, Mom immediately began telling everyone about our little episode, and they were all getting a big kick out of it. Dad wasn't saying much at all.

End of Freeview

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