

YAC Reel Monologues 2010

Comedic

Lester, the gerbil

We are gathered here today to pay our last respects to our beloved gerbil, Lester. Lester was a good gerbil who ate good and was nice and furry. We are that he died so young. We are sorry, Lester, that my sister Angela is so stupid and left the cage door open. And we are sorry too, Lester, that I thought you were a rat and killed you with a shovel. The basement was dark that day and I didn't know. But I do hope you rest in peace. I'll miss you. Amen.

Ms. Philbert's class

Ms. Philbert, believe me, I wish I could sit still in your class, I really do. It just doesn't come that easily to me. I always got a foot jiggling or something, that's just the way I am. I am able to sit still in some other classes though, so I think you and I should really share the blame for this one. The way you teach is, and I mean this in a constructive way...dull. It's like watching someone pour honey, it's torture. I'm sure you try, but you've got to meet me halfway here. Oh, no no no, please don't cry, I'm sorry! I just thought you needed to hear that... You have really nice hair.

Pep Talk

Look at you all. This is the sorriest excuse for a baseball team I have ever seen! Is anyone even thinking? Michael! We're three runs behind in the 7th and you try you stretch a double play into a triple? Is your brain melting out of your ears? And Vicky, have you ever heard of the cutoff man? That's the player you throw the ball to after it comes to you. See, because throwing it over the bleachers into the ice cream truck is not a strategy that will help us win. Now this other team, they stink, and all we have to do is stink less and we win. So lets go out there and...stink less!!

Expensive ice cream

It was hot. I heard the ice cream truck and I was a dime short. There was a dime on the table, and I took it. I didn't *look* at the dime. It was on the table like any ordinary dime. It wasn't in a special case. It was just sitting there. You see a dime on the table, and what does it look like? It looks like a dime. You don't think to yourself, "Oh I better get a good look at this dime and make sure it isn't a 1955 double stamped Roosevelt dime worth ten thousand dollars." You don't. So I bought a bomb pop. An eighty-five cent bomb pop that cost ten thousand dollars.

Where are the clowns?

Where are the clowns? I ask you. Whatever became of that noble profession? The men and women dedicated to lifting the human spirit through humor. Day in and day out putting on their exploding shoes, their clown white makeup, their gigantic polka dotted boxers in order to brighten up our humdrum lives. I WANT A CLOWN REVIVAL! A CLOWN IN EVERY TOWN! And they're out there, I know they are. They are there, but they're in hiding.

Tuna

Stitches and a scar. All to open a can of tuna fish. I bet the scar is ugly too. I will be permanently disfigured. I read somewhere that people who have nice hands can make a fortune just to be photographed holding up products. Here's ten thousand dollars to hold a hot dog. Here's twenty thousand to hold up a box of crackers. Hand modeling. Just add that to the list of careers I'll never have. I don't even like tuna fish.

Dramatic

When in Oklahoma

Look, I know you're my cousin and all, but I'm sick and tired of having to wake you up every morning like you're royalty. I know you're used to people serving you in Beverly Hills, but we ain't in Beverly no more and you gotta get that into your big ol' head. This is Oklahoma. We got things to get done, and that means you too. Now, I've told you everybody's sorry about your parents, but you gotta pick up and move on – no more whining about the blisters or the heat here, okay? Good. I hope I've made myself clear. Oh, and there's no hot water today so you're shower's gonna be good and cold. That should wake you up.

Good Dogs go to Heaven

Hey Roger, you feeling any better? I'm sorry buddy, I know you've been feeling bad. Mom says it's worse, and that it might not get any better. When Dad said you were getting sicker and sicker and had to go to the vet, I started to understand. When he said they would have to put you to sleep.... well, it's pretty unbearable. I asked Dad if dogs go to heaven, and he said he didn't know...but I know they do, and I know you will. So in a long time when I die, I'll see you up there. I'll look the same, but I'll probably be a bit more wrinkles. Stay warm, Roger.

Consider This

You didn't say you'd *consider* it. You said you'd *do* it. The word "consider" is new here, a recent arrival to the party. Let's look at the facts. I needed a ride somewhere, to an event that's very important to me, and you said 'yes'. Not "maybe", not "we'll see" – 'yes'. Then something comes up out of the blue, something *you* want to do. Maybe another hair appointment, getting your nails done, TV, whatever it is – and now the word "consider" falls into your memory? This is bad parenting. This just cost you ten visits to the nursing home. 'Consider' that.

The New Kid

I saw the whole thing. It was messed up. The new kid just hit Alex for no reason. Alex is standing in the schoolyard minding his own business and then he comes over and says, "Hey Alex", Alex turns around and bam, he punches him in the face and hard too. Mr. Perry, that new kid is picking on kids half his size. If he says one thing to me, well I'm warning you, I m gonna knock his lights out!

Failed again

I failed the test. I read the chapter twice, went to every class, studied for two hours, and I got a 'D'. A 'D'! I can't keep facts in my head. It's going to be another year in summer school. All my friends will be out playing ball, and I'll be in a hot classroom taking global studies. Again. And what's worse is my parents will be understanding. They will look at me like I had some terrible disease and be really understanding.