

8th Grade Monologues

Home

I have two moms. I also have two dads. And two brothers, and one sister, and I'm also an only child. Well, half the time I'm an only child. That's because my biological parents got divorced practically as soon as I was born. And then before I can even remember, they both got married again to other people. So basically, I've had two sets of parents my entire life. One of my moms is really easy – she'd probably give me anything I asked for. The other one is really tough, but she's the first one to defend me whenever I get in trouble. And the first one to punish me after. And my dads are totally different, too. Like one of them has been the coach of almost every soccer team I've ever been on. The other one couldn't care less about sports, but he taught me the guitar and the harmonica. People always ask me if it's confusing having four parents, but it really isn't like that. It's more like, in my life they each found a different place for themselves. And when you put all those places together- well, I guess that's home.

Note

(Version for Male Actors)

Sometimes I go down to the park and there's this one kid that's there whenever I am and all he ever does is look at the girls. All afternoon. Most especially, he looks at this one girl with blond hair. She's so pretty and he...he really wants to talk to her, but he's too shy or scared or something. He doesn't even know her name. I mean, I'm pretty sure he doesn't. So one time he wrote her this note saying that he really wanted to talk to her and that he would be waiting under this one tree and I left it by her book bag when she wasn't looking. But this girl, when she saw the note, she looked over under a tree at me and started laughing. Then she showed the note to her friends and they started laughing too. And then she took the note and threw it in the garbage – which was a really crappy thing for this girl to do. And when I...and when this boy...and when this boy left the park, I could see that he was crying. And it was all because of that girl. So the boy never went back to that park again. I mean, I don't think he did. I wouldn't know, because I never really hang out there anymore either.

Note

(Version for Female Actors)

Sometimes I go down to the park and there's this one kid that's there whenever I am and all she ever does is look at the boys. All afternoon. Most especially, she looks at this one boy with blond hair. He's so beautiful and she...she really wants to talk to him, but she's too shy or scared or something. She doesn't even know his name. I mean, I'm pretty sure she doesn't. So one time she wrote him this note saying that she really wanted to talk to him and that she would be waiting under this one tree and I left it by his book bag when he wasn't looking. But this boy, when he saw the note, he looked over under a tree at me and he started laughing. Then he showed the note to his friends and they started laughing too. And then he took the note and he threw it in the garbage – which was a really crappy thing for this boy to do. And when I...and when this girl...and when this girl left the park, I could see that she was crying. And it was all because of that boy. So the girl never went back to that park again. I mean, I don't think she did. I wouldn't know, because I never really hang out there anymore either.

Ocean

We have this biology book in Mr. Cahill's class that starts out with the world almost all covered with water. All these different microscopic animals and then jellyfish and then regular fish are swimming around in this giant ocean and they think it's the whole world. But then some of them start coming out of the ocean and changing and evolving and turning into new things. That's in the beginning of the book. Then at the end of the book is a picture of a woman, but you can kind of see inside her and there's a baby there. And when I saw the baby, I thought, this is just the same story over and over. I mean, there was a time when I was that baby, and I was swimming around and my mother was the ocean and her stomach was the sky and I thought that she was the whole world. And that the whole world was safe. But the story was always the same. Nothing really lasts. Everyone always leaves the ocean, and if you close your eyes, you can feel the warmth of the water, and just for a few seconds, you can feel safe again, and you can know – really know – that someday, after you've changed into something else and something else and something else, that one day maybe you'll feel safe again.

Secret

(Enter. You see a friend and call out.)

Chris! Chris!

(Going over to the friend.)

You would not believe what Jacob just told me. I mean, it's a total secret and he made me swear I would not tell even one person, no matter what, so I definitely can't tell you.

Buuuut, I guess if you guessed it, that would definitely not be me telling. So, OK, so this secret – it's not about him not liking some girl...No...No...Dude, it's NOT about Jacob not liking some girl...No...No...Dude, listen to what I'm saying. It-is-NOT-about-Jacob-NOT-liking-some-girl...Yes...Exactly – it is about Jacob liking some girl. OK, but I can't tell you her name...What?...Because it's a secret! I told you that. OK, so I can't tell you her name, but...

(Stare very obviously at the girl you are talking about.)

What?

(Turn back to the person you're talking to.)

No, not Olivia...No, not Jasmine. Look, I am not going to tell you who Jacob said he likes, but...

(Stare again very obviously at the girl you're talking about.)

What?

(Turn back to the person you're talking to.)

No! Dude, look where I'm looking.

(Stare again very obviously at the girl you're talking about.)

Look at who I'm looking at...What?

(Turn back to the person you're talking to.)

How could I possibly be looking at Julia? She isn't even here! You know what? Forget it. Jacob told me not to tell anyway.

(Starts to walk away from the person you're talking to. You see another friend.)

Jaime! Jaime! You would not believe what Jacob just told me. Wait up!

(Exit the stage, running.)
