

* FISHING WITH DAD

Comic

Michael tells his friend, Steven, why he will never go fishing again.

Michael: Hey, Steven! You won't believe what happened to me today! You know my dad's a police officer, right? Well, he had a day off of work today and he finally took me fishing. We went out in a boat on the lake, right? And we're waiting and waiting when suddenly, I got a big bite! And then my dad got one too. My fish was almost bending my rod in half and my dad couldn't help me because he was reeling in *his* fish. My fish was so strong that suddenly it pulled me into the water! The next thing I know, my dad grabbed me and helped me back into the boat. And he was holding his gun, looking to shoot the fish! I was scared to death! Well, he couldn't see it anywhere so he grabbed his rod and reeled it in, and ya know what he caught? My rod! Our fishing lines were tangled together in a big knot! There never was a fish! It was my dad who yanked me into the lake! My own dad! I'm never going fishing again!

* THE ALIEN

Comic

Timmy tries to convince his mom that his messy room is not his fault.

Timmy: Mom, it's not my fault my room's a mess! Me and Anthony were playing with his new race cars. Only four of them. And we heard a weird noise outside, so we opened the window. This huge spaceship landed and a slimy, green alien with three heads came out and jumped in the window. Anthony tried to shoot him with my zapper gun, but it didn't even hurt him — he just got real mad. So he knocked all the books off my shelf and picked up my toy box with his long, purple antennas and dumped it all over my room. So I threw a Frisbee at him and it bonked him on his third head and he slimed out the window and the spaceship disappeared into the sky. Geez, Mom, you should be happy I'm still alive!

Comic

Zachary, “Secret Agent Zalamar,” convinces his cosmic brother to help him dig up his action figures.

Zachary: This is a top-secret mission. You must say the sacred oath to me. “As a brave secret agent, I pledge my loyalty to my cosmic brother Zalamar. Zoyt!” Okay, I snuck down to the d-e-n to scope out the activities. A strange, little, female creature was seen giving similar creatures our heroes’ statues. *(Beat.)* My action figures, duh! Then the strange creatures ran to the woods and buried them beneath the earth. Our mission: to locate and save all heroic figures before dinner. *(Beat.)* Oh, c’mon! I don’t wanna dig them up by myself! Zoyt! Zoyt! Fine, go home. By the way, the earth mother is ordering large quantities of pizza for this evening’s fuel. *(Beat.)* You’ll stay? You are a true secret agent, cosmic brother! Do you like Pepperoni?

Comic

Keith explains to his friend why he doesn’t drink soda anymore.

Keith: No, I’ll have juice. I don’t want to drink soda anymore. Because today I went out to lunch with my dad and my friend Brian. And we got hamburgers and fries and Cokes. And Brian said, “Did you see the man cooking our hamburgers? He looked like a hairy ape.” I started laughing so hard that the soda came out my nose!! God did that hurt! Brian started cracking up and he went, “You snarfed, ha ha ha! You snarfed!” And I started laughing too and we couldn’t stop. And the next thing I know, my dad started giggling too and whoosh — he snarfed too! It’s kinda scary to see soda pouring out of your dad’s nose. Even though it’s still kinda funny. So from now on, I’m drinking juice. ‘Cause I don’t think you can snarf juice.

PICKING TEAMS

Dramatic

Jeremy admits to his teacher how hard it is to be the last one picked.

Jeremy: I don't want to play, Mr. Cooper. I'll just watch. *(Beat.)* Because every time we pick teams, I'm the last one to get picked. Always. And they still don't want me on their team because they say, "You can have him — no, you take him." So forget it — I'm not gonna play. *(Beat.)* I don't want you to make them have to pick me. Then they'll still make faces behind my back. Why don't we ever have a math contest and pick teams? Then everyone would want me and I wouldn't want most of them on my team. Can we do that, Mr. Cooper? Then they'll know how bad it feels not to be picked.

A SEPARATE FAMILY

Dramatic

Peter tries to coax his newly married brother into continuing to live at home instead of moving away with his new wife.

Peter: Why didn't you tell me? I didn't know you would have to leave. I thought you were just going away for your honeymoon. Mom told me you're moving out. Why? Why do you have to go? Why can't Susan come live with us? We can make room. I'm sure Mom will let her stay. Who's gonna take care of Max? And what about your room? We're a family, we're supposed to be together. *(Beat.)* You already have a family — why do you want to start a new one? *(Beat.)* Well, then getting married is stupid! It just means you leave everybody you're supposed to love. Now none of us will ever be together like this again. Please don't go away. Who's going to play catch with me if you leave?

PAINFUL MISTAKES

Dramatic

Chad begs his father to help him with his homework because he is afraid of his teacher.

Chad: Dad, can you help me with this homework? I need you to help me now. It's really important. Come on, Dad! It has to be 100 percent right. I don't want any mistakes! Not one! *(Beat.)* Because Mr. Stanley wants it to be perfect. He's really picky and he never gives anything higher than a C and if I mess up he'll get really mad and he'll hit me again! *(Beat.)* Well, he didn't really hit me. He just has a little bit of a bad temper and, um, sometimes if you get the answer wrong he . . .uh, takes his ruler out and . . .I don't want to go back to his class! I'm too scared. Can't I go in another teacher's class? Please? Don't make me have to go back anymore.

SECRETS ABOUT DAD

Dramatic

Carl was picked up by a social worker or police officer after a concerned neighbor reported trouble at his household. Here, Carl tries to cover for his abusive father.

Carl: Do I get to go home now? *(Beat.)* But Lady, I told you everything was okay. My dad didn't mean to get mad. It was my fault. He wanted to be left alone and I went in the room to get a pencil to do my homework. I shouldn't have bothered him. That's why he made me stay outside in the snow. He probably forgot that I was still out there when he left. I know he was gonna let me back in. He tells me all the time if I'd behave he wouldn't have to hit — *(Seeing her look at a bruise on his arm.)* he didn't do this, I fell down when I was playing. It doesn't really hurt anyway. Lady, I have to go. My dad's gonna think bad things — like I ran away from home. I wish my neighbor never called you. My dad always says people need to mind their own business. So can I go now? *(Beat.)* I can't stay! I can't! Don't you get it? The longer I'm here the more he's gonna hurt me! I have to go back now before it gets worse!

FAMILY PICTURE

Dramatic

Andrew questions his mother about the father who has abandoned them.

Andrew: I threw it out. It was a stupid picture anyway, Mom. Miss Brown wanted us to draw a picture of our family. So I drew you and me sitting on a bench at the playground. Everyone had to go up in front of the class and show their picture. When I went, Darren Cook said, "Where's your dad?" Then a bunch of kids said, "Yeah, yeah, where is he?" And Jimmy Franklin said, "He probably collects trash or lives in jail." Everybody laughed. Then Kylon said, "I bet he ran away from you, or maybe he's dead." Miss Brown told me I could sit down. So I ripped up my dumb picture and threw it away. Why didn't Dad want to stay with us? Didn't he even want to meet me to see if he'd like me? I bet I'd like him. Why'd he go away? Why, Mom?

GAME OVER

Dramatic

Jonathan apologizes to his father for not wanting to play soccer anymore.

Jonathan: I'm sorry I didn't score any goals, Dad. It's hard because everyone is taller than me and they have longer legs. I'll score one next time. *(Beat.)* I *know* I have to practice every day if I wanna be really good. *(Beat.)* Dad? What if I'm not good no matter how much I practice? What if I never score any goals? *(Beat.)* I know you think I can, but what if. . . what if I don't want to? I mean, I know how much you love soccer and that you want me to be the best on the team, so I keep on playing — because I want you to be proud of me. But I don't really want to play soccer anymore. I know *you* like it, but I don't. I'm sorry, Dad, but I'm gonna quit the team. I hope some day you can forgive me.

BREAKFASTS WITH MA

Dramatic

Terry tries to comfort his mother after learning that her boyfriend has just left them.

Terry: Ma, wake up! It's time to wake — Ma, what's wrong? *(Beat.)* If nothing's wrong then why are you crying? *(Beat.)* Warren left? Where did he go? Did he leave for good, like Dad did? *(Beat.)* Don't cry, Ma. It's okay. We don't need him around. 'Cause if he really loved us, he wouldn't have left. You always tell me if somebody doesn't want to be my friend, it's their loss. Well, I guess he lost out two times then. Ma, it makes my stomach hurt when you cry. I love you and *I'm* not going to leave you. As long as we're together everything will be okay. We don't need anyone else. They just mess things up. It'll be better this way. Just you and me.

DREAMING OF EMILY

Dramatic

Jeff tells his older sister (or brother) about a girl he really likes.

Jeff: If I tell you what's wrong, do you promise not to laugh? *(Beat.)* Okay. There's this girl in my class named Emily and I like her a lot. She's really pretty and popular, but she hangs out with Sean Phillips all the time. I saw them kiss before. And he's a stuck-up jerk. He makes fun of everyone like he's so cool. When Emily's not around him, she always talks to me. But as soon as Sean comes around, he pulls her away and tells me to get lost. I wish I was as popular as him so I could tell him off. Well, today I finally asked Emily if she wanted to go out with me. She said she only liked me as a friend. *(Beat.)* Do you think I'm a dork? I mean, do you think any girl will ever want to be my girlfriend?

* PICK ME!

Comic

In class, David desperately begs his teacher to pick him first.

David: Ooh, ooh, ooh! Here! Pick me! I wanna go first! Pleeeeeease! *(Yelling.)* Miss Janet, can you hear me?? Meee, go, first! Hey, c'mon! What do I gotta do to get noticed around here? *(Jumping on each word.)* Pick me, not Nick. He's gonna get sick! *(Stops jumping.)* Well, he always does. Barf, barf, barf! *(Beat.)* Okay, I'm being good. See? *(Sits down, hands folded.)* I'm quiet. Hey Miss Janet, I'm being really quiet. Look how quiet I am! I'm as quiet as a mouse. Quieter, 'cause mice squeak. I'm quiet like a bug. They don't talk at all. Miss Janet, you look so pretty. I like your dress. And you have nice hair like my mom's — brown and gray. So can I go? Please? *(Beat.)* Wow, I can?! Yes! Cool! Woo! Hey. . .what were we gonna do again?

Award winner: Comedy Monologue Competition, International Modeling & Talent Association, Los Angeles 2001 Convention.

* SHOW AND TELL

Comic

Jake has a very original show and tell.

Jake: For show and tell I was gonna bring my birthday cake, but we ate it all up. And I got a new bed, but I couldn't carry it here 'cause it's too big. Me and my brothers and my cousin Ted played Cowboys and Indians, Cops and Robbers, and Superheroes. So for my show and tell I brought this. . .*(Pointing to elbow.)* Here is where the cops got me. And this *(Moving hair to show his forehead.)* is where an Indian hit me with an arrow. Then there's one *(He looks at his butt.)* where I can't show you on my body. Oh, and here *(Lifting pant leg to show his knee.)* is where Superdog bit me. My uncle Vinny said that bruises make you look tough, and girls like that. *(Beat.)* Wanna see more?

FEARING PUNISHMENT

Dramatic

Troy shares a terrible nightmare with his brother.

Troy: Calvin, are you awake? Calvin? *(Beat.)* I had a real scary dream and now I can't sleep. I dreamed that I was down in a dark hole in the ground. And Mom and Dad were all the way at the top. And there were bugs and snakes all around and I was yelling so loud to get me out! And Mom smiled and threw my pillow and blanket down the hole on top of me. Then they laughed and went home and left me down there! With the snakes and mice and bugs and, and. . . I didn't mean to break Mom's lamp. It was an accident! I was trying to reach for the phone and the lamp got knocked over. What do you think they're gonna do to punish me? I hope it's not real bad. You'll stick up for me, won't you Calvin?

OUTSIDE DAD'S FOOTSTEPS

Dramatic

Adam tries to make his dad understand that he needs to live his own life.

Adam: I got a "C" on my math test. That's not so bad. It's average, Dad. *(Beat.)* But it's really hard for me right now. I have tons of homework, band practice, karate, and rehearsal for the play every night. That's a lot of stuff. *(Beat.)* I know good grades are important, but so is everything else. I'm trying as hard as I can. What am I supposed to do? *(Beat.)* Quit the play?! No, that's not fair! We're already in the third week of rehearsal and I've got the lead role. I can't quit now. Dad, I know you got bad grades when you were in school and you don't want me to do the same thing. But don't you see? You're trying to make me be perfect because you weren't. It's like I'm supposed to make up for your life. Well this is *my* life. And I'm not perfect, Dad. I never will be. Acting is the one thing that really makes me happy. I'm going to pass all of my classes. Just not with straight A's. That doesn't make me a failure, Dad. And it doesn't make *you* one either.

Award winner: Drama Monologue Competition, International Modeling & Talent Association, Los Angeles 2000 Convention.

*NOT MEDICINE!

Comic

Poor Chas is sick but he'd rather pretend he's well than take his awful medicine.

Chas: Mom, I feel so much better! Suddenly I don't feel sick anymore. I think I can go to school now. I know it's strange but maybe my stomach got all better when I burped. Look I can jump up and down and I'm not dizzy at all. *(He's kind of dizzy.)* Mom I don't need that medicine! Please! I'm not sick, okay? I never felt so good in my whole life! I can't wait to get to school. I wanna learn. I love my teachers. I can't wait to make a paper Eskimo. Mom! Put the medicine away! What if I'm allergic to it, and I fall down and curl up on the floor, and my eyes go in circles, and oozy, green gunk comes out of my mouth and nose and eyes? *(Beat.)* But Mom! I feel so — *(She shoves a spoonful of medicine in his mouth.)* Mmm, cherry! Can I have some more?

*THE GROWN-UP

Comic

Matthew decides it's time to act grown up like his dad.

Matthew: Dad, can I borrow your razor? *(Beat.)* Because I finally grew a mustache today. Look. *(Beat.)* Well look closer, it's there. I can see it. And I have to shave it off right away or I'll never get a girlfriend. It'll look stupid and get food stuck in it. Besides, girls don't like mustaches cause it feels gross when you kiss them. *(Beat.)* Lisa Rosen told me. Dad, you're going to have to face the fact that I'm all grown up. I'm a man now, and I have to start doing grown-up things like you do. Like shaving and wearing cologne and showering on a regular basis. *(Beat.)* Mow the lawn? Hey, look! My mustache was just a fuzz from the blanket. I guess I don't have to shave after all!

Award winner: Comedy Monologue Competition, International Modeling & Talent Association, New York 2001 Convention.

*TRADE SECRETS

Comic

Elliot wants his friend's new game so he plots a clever trade.

Elliot: Wow! That was the coolest game I ever played! I can't believe your parents bought it for you. You are so lucky! All I have are ancient games like Scrabble and Yatzee. *(He makes a "Blah" face.)* Whoopee. I want this game so bad! Hey, Greg, how about I trade you something for your game? You can have my Hot Wheels? *(Beat.)* Well, how about my baseball cards? *(Beat.)* C'mon! Wait, I've got it. I'll trade you my little sister? *(Beat.)* It's perfect! If you want lots of new games. Look, my parents won't buy this game for me even though they have lots of money. So. . . I'll take yours, you take my sister, and then I'll go home and say, "Hey, has anyone seen Chelsey?" They'll go crazy and start to panic. Just then, you call and disguise your voice and say, "If you want Chelsey back, you have to give me \$5,000 or else. . . or else. . . or else I'll adopt her!" *(Beat.)* Don't worry, they'll definitely want her back. Trust me. They like her.

*THE WHEELBARROW NIGHTMARE

Comic

Frank tells his older sister about an embarrassing experience at the school picnic.

Frank: I'm never leaving our house again! *(Beat.)* Because we had all kinds of races and an obstacle course today. And I got picked for the wheelbarrow race. But they stuck me with Bobby Bigelow. He's so slow. So I said I'd do the wheelbarrow and he'd hold my legs. When they said "Go!" I took off really fast and Bobby was trying to hold on around my ankles, but he wasn't going as fast as me. Then he almost dropped me but he grabbed on to the bottom of my jeans. I was crawling on my hands so hard that suddenly, my jeans slid down to my knees! Everyone started laughing! Even Bobby! Oh, and, of course, I was wearing Freddy's Barney underwear because I couldn't find any clean ones this morning. It was awful! I won the prize — like I really wanted it after that! Now everyone's gonna tease me forever. I hope when they do tug-of-war, that Bobby Bigelow is in the front near the mud pile!