

# Survival Tips on a Strange Planet

**By:** Ali Haque, Age 13, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada

**Description:** Commando Zorp is teaching his new alien recruits how to survive on the abandoned planet Earth.

Listen up! I have been here for a couple of months taking recon on this strange planet to see if it is suitable to be our new home. Today is Creature Survival Day. I am going to share some very helpful tips so pay attention! *(Starts pacing)* The creatures of this planet are extremely devious. They look cute and harmless, but they'll stop at nothing to get under your skin! *(Pause)* One of the first creatures to deceive us is the wretched butterbug. *(Looks confused)* Or was it butterfly? ... No that's ridiculous. Now, where was I, oh right, the butterbug is a small colorful winged creature. When you see one, you will be tempted to let it land on your finger. But you must resist the urge. As soon as that thing gets within 3 feet of you, it will try to bite your face off! We have found that the best way to prevent a butterbug attack is to cover your face. If the butterbug does not see your face, it will not attack. That is why we always wear masks when we are exploring. Now the next creature, although slightly less dangerous, is ten times as adorable! *(Shows a photo of a puppy and the new recruits react.)* Awwww? BE QUIET! This creature is known as the pupperie. *(Listens)* What did you say? Puppy? That's preposterous, as I was saying....the pupperie is a very tricky fella. It will make cute sounds, but then out of nowhere, it will start chasing you. *(Takes out dog treats)* The key to protection against pupperies is these tasty treats. When you see a pupperie, you must first make sure that the pupperie sees the treat, then you must throw it *(Demonstrates)*, and proceed to run in the opposite direction. I also like to keep a couple extra in my pocket in case I get hungry. *(Winks)* I fear NO man... *(Zorp holds out a sketch of a goose)* ... but this thing, it scares me. You see this? This is called a goose. If you see one, your only option is to run for your life! We lost ten men to these winged monsters! So, don't underestimate their danger, or you will become their next meal. *(Pauses, collects himself, and smiles.)* Well, thanks for joining me for today's

survival lesson. Tomorrow we will talk about the dangers left behind by the past inhabitants of this planet, and their sonic weapons of torture. *(Holds up a pair of headphones)*

# The True Feelings of Godzilla

**By:** Jordan Onyia, Age 10, Newfoundland, Canada

**Description:** Godzilla is looking for a little understanding as he apologizes for his actions.

Guys, I know I knocked over a couple of buildings, but if you were my size, you would too. I'm not such a bad guy if you really get to know me. I don't mean to alarm you. I bet you'd scream too if you stubbed your toe on a corner store. Oh, and sorry about the hot dog guy, he made me mad when he got my order wrong. It gets lonely being this big and living in the ocean. That's why I thought the Statue of Liberty would make a nice girl friend. Sorry I knocked her over. It was an accident. By the way, it is hard to turn with a tail this long. Sometimes, stuff gets swept away, you know. Tell City Hall that I'm sorry their building is now a boat. So give a monster a break will ya?

# Santa Life

**By:** Ava I., Age 15, Arizona, USA

**Description:** What is Santa's life like during the other 364 days of the year?

Everyone knows what Santa does on that one special day of the year. But have you ever wondered what his life is like the other 364 days? Well, let me enlighten you. Santa's got a bit of a weight issue. I mean, the guy spends his entire night squeezing down chimneys, carrying a giant sack of presents. I bet his exercise routine is like, "Do 50 squats, eat 50 cookies, repeat." And let's talk about his fashion sense. Red and white? Really? It's like he's the ultimate brand ambassador for Coca-Cola. But let's not forget the list of naughty and nice kids. I can just picture Santa sitting there, scratching his head, trying to remember if little Tommy was the one who stuck gum in his sister's hair or if it was Jimmy. And what happens if he mixes up the lists? Imagine waking up to a lump of coal because Santa had a temporary lapse in memory. Awkward! And what about those flying reindeer? It's like Santa found the world's most talented animals and said, "You know what? Let's form a supergroup." And Rudolph, the star of the show, gets all the attention with his shiny nose. I bet the other reindeer are jealous and plotting some sort of reindeer revenge. So, next time you're sitting by the fireplace, eagerly waiting for Santa's arrival, take a moment to appreciate his bizarre life. After all, behind that big, jolly belly and white beard, there's a man who's got the world's most ridiculous job. And if he can bring joy to millions while managing an army of flying reindeer, well, he deserves a round of applause and maybe a cookie or two.

# Circle of Unhappiness

**By:** Isabelle Bidal, Age 18, Ontario, Canada

**Description:** A young teenager struggles with their appearance and clothing

It's not that I don't think I'm beautiful, I do... sometimes. The problem is that no matter how many times you tell me this shirt doesn't make me look bad or that skirt fits perfectly, the mirror tells me otherwise. I mean how long will it take for me to realize it doesn't matter? It's one thing to say but I need to believe it. I know I should just wear things that make me happy. I know that nobody cares enough to judge what I look like when they have their own insecurities. I know it isn't worth this much energy and anxiety, but I can't stop. The shirt is too tight, or too loose, or not the right colour, and the pants are too rigid, or too short, or too... everything. I'm just in this circle of unhappiness because I don't look like I want to. I don't look like everyone else, and I don't know how to fix it. But...maybe that's okay. Maybe, just maybe, if I could find happiness in people and experiences, rather than clothes and looks, I would wake up and look forward to picking an outfit every day. Maybe... a source of anxiety could become a source of joy. It just takes a lot of work, and I don't know if I can do it.

# Wedged

**By:** Isabelle Bidal, Age 18, Ontario, Canada

**Description:** A straight-A student finds themselves in detention

Hey! Can you stop? Just for a second? Tapping your pencil on my chair for this whole 30 minutes won't make the time go by quicker. (*tapping persists*) Okay, fine, you want to talk? I can talk. Let's start with this – I have NEVER been in detention. Okay? I have been a straight-A student since I came out of the womb. I have participated in clubs you have never even heard of and my extracurricular record spans 5 pages. I have been captain of the debate club since you said your first word and believe it or not, sitting here beside (*pause*) obvious genius' like you is not exactly how I wanted to spend my time tonight. Why am I here? All I wanted to do was share some of my knowledge with this girl in class. (*embarrassed*) Unfortunately for me, I may have gone a bit overboard and called her a stupid wheel of cheese... Now I'll never be invited to her parties... It's not my fault some people are just born idiots...(*pause*) Can you.. Stop tipping your chair back. You're gonna... aaaand you fell.

# From Ribeye to Filet Mignon

**By:** Liam Cantin, Age 12, Quebec, Canada

**Description:** A middle aged dog is determined to not like babies...Especially not the one his human parents have brought home.

This is the worse day of my life, for real this time. Worse than the time I had a tick stuck in my ear. I swear it wasn't my fault. It was a big misunderstanding. I never intended to chew and steal the pacifier, I thought it was for me, a new gift! You would've snapped too if your owner brought back one of those revolting creatures, also known as a B.A.B.Y. Man, all they do is cry and cry and cry, twenty-four seven. This baby has stolen ALL of MY attention. How do you think that makes me feel, huh? One minute they're all like aww who's a good boy, who wants a doggy ice cream treat, do you want a belly rub, or a head scratch? What about a nice LONG walk? Then of course "Baby Erk" had to drop into our home. And they just dumped me, that's right, dumped me for that ugly, smelly, poop machine. I'm lucky if I eat three times a day. I used to get Ribeye, now all I get is Filet Mignon, the portion size dropped significantly, as well as the fat content! Uhhhh, I just vomited, thinking about him. You know what I need? A vacation. That would feel sooo good. I'd finally get a break from him pulling my poor tail and plucking my precious apricot colored-fur. Oh yes, my nose would finally be able to smell the sweet scent of roses. I wouldn't be stressed to step in his "acid reflux" secretions. Oh, is that a piece of PB&J he just threw on the floor? You know what, maybe "Baby Erk" isn't so bad? Maybe I can tolerate him? Just this once. No!!! I didn't say we can be friends...don't go putting words into my mouth!

# Are You There God? It's Me Cassidy

**By:** Amira Reid, Age 16, Ontario, Canada

**Description:** A teenager reaches out to God to get some answers about her recently dead friend.

People come to you when they need answers right? I guess that's why I'm here, I need an answer. I want to know why she did it, and why I was stupid enough to never suspect her. I mean that stupid account basically ruined my life! I know that's weird to say now that she's dead, but everyone was talking about me, laughing at me, and making fun of me. Ellie helped me pick myself up by day, and by night wrote about how hilarious it all was in her diary. Am I even allowed to be mad at her? She was my best friend and I loved her so much, but how can I watch the entire school honour her memory and think she's a saint when she was the reason most of the students were depressed? Listen I don't know how this works exactly... I'm not ... you know the religious type. I don't suppose you can just locate her quickly up there and ask why she did it and then pass the message on to me? *(waits for a response)* Yeah... I didn't think so.

# Death No More

**By:** Lauren Mohr, Age 14

**From:** Manitoba, Canada

**Description:** A soldier finds out they have died in battle.

The last thing I remember is trying to duck from the horrific sounds coming from the other end of the field. I felt pain and then...black nothingness. I woke up in a familiar place. I couldn't remember but then it came to me...I was home. Finally, no more feelings of fear and terror. No more death. No more loss. No more depression. I made my way out to the kitchen and then I saw her. The beautiful woman I was going to marry one day standing there just in her beauty alone. We are only sixteen, so Mom thinks we're too young, but one day it'll happen. I just know. The feeling of excitement came up inside of me and I ran to her, to comfort her from feeling alone. But then I realized that tears were overflowing from her eyes. She fell to the ground. Sadness filled the room when I saw it. The paper she was holding with my name and the time of death. William Jones 15/05/1942.



# Every Flavor of the Rainbow

**By:** Georgia E. Alberta, Canada, Age 13

**Description:** An ice cream flavor is having an identity crisis.

Hi, I'm Neapolitan. (Smirks at audience, winking flirtatiously.) I come from a mixed family, my mom's like half cherry, dad's rocky road. Its makes me a whole lot of chunky, with a side of smooth. (Looks around, pause.) What was I talking about... Oh yeah, people ask what my biggest flaw is... I guess I'm just too strong. They just can't take all this flavor, you know? (Gestures to entire body. Pauses.) It's hard for me, you know? (Tone switches, slightly hesitant.) I have no idea who I am. My one aunt is certain I'm Vanilla, my uncle thinks I'm chocolate. But I'm strawberry too right? In the freezer section, the flavors pretty much stick to their own kind. Vanilla with Vanilla and Chocolate with Chocolate. They never accept me the way I am. That's okay, though. I'm going to be myself even if they don't accept me. I'll scoop out my own sorta life. Maybe I'll travel the kitchen, see the counter... visit the tower of pizza. We all need to accept who we are, like that Miss Strawberry chic. She's natural, and I respect that. Even if she stalks me day and night. It's kinda' creepy... I can't even re-freeze without being sure she's not looking. But hey, at least she's not one of those dairy-free flavors. I don't buy that for a second.

# How Do You Silence Your Phone?”

**By:** Addison Steffer, Age 14, Texas, USA

**Description:** A villain gets a phone call from their mother while fighting a hero.

Well, well, well... take a look at what we have here. It would appear that you and the rest of your so-called “heroes” have been bested by a villain. By me! (Laughs manically) Oh, you poor, poor thing. You thought I was bad before? Just wait. I have all the power now. This is all going according to plan. And now, nobody can stop m- (phone rings) ...One second please... (answers phone, starts whispering) ...no, no, Mom, I can't talk right now. I'm busy. (Pause, getting louder) What do you think I'm doing? I'm working! Just turn on the news. You'll see me. (pause) Mom, I will not wave at the camera, I have a reputation to uphold. (pause) No, no, no, no, no, don't get dad. (waves) I'm waving, see? I'm waving! HI MOM! (Stops waving, turns back, and sighs) Anyway, why were you calling? Yes, of course, I'm coming to dinner, why wouldn't I be? (pause) No, Mom, I am not inviting them. (pause) I don't know, maybe because we are MORTAL ENEMIES? (Pause, turns to the hero) My Mom wants to know if you want to come for dinner tomorrow night. (Turns back to phone) They said no. (pause, turns back to hero) She said to tell you that it's meatloaf. (Turns back to phone) It's still a no. (pause) Ok, I really have to go now, Mom. Stop calling me while I'm at work. (pause) Because I don't know HOW to silence my phone. (pause) What do you mean there's a button? There's no button! (pause) Mom, I am not asking them to help me silence my phone. Do you know how embarrassing that would be? (pause) Fine, fine, I'll ask. (Turns to hero) How do you silence your phone? (Turns back to phone) They don't know either. (pause) Ok, Mom, I have to go, just don't call me while I'm working, ok? I'll see you tomorrow. (pause) Mhm, I love you too, bye. (Turns back to hero) Where was I? Oh, yes, that's right, I will become the most powerful villain on this planet, and NO ONE CAN STO- (phone rings) Mom, we just talked about this, what do you need? (pause) Wait, Stacy's Mom did what? (Pause, turns to hero) Sorry,

I really need to take this. You can go. We can do this another time. (Turns back to the phone and walks away) You have got to be kidding. She cut all of her hair off? What does Stacy think about that? (exits)

Royalties free monologues can be found at

**Drama Notebook Script Library**

**<https://www.dramanotebook.com/monologues-teenagers/>**