



A WASTE OF A TOTALLY GOOD JELLY BEAN

A Child (ages 5-11) speaks to his dad. The child has just shared his Easter jelly beans with his dad who has gobbled up a handful of them all at once. Steven implores his dad to eat the jelly beans the “right” way.

The Child:

There is a wrong way. There's really a wrong way and you're doing it, Dad! You're doing it so wrong. Wrong wrong wrong! You're totally wasting them! You know how hard it was for me to get those? I mean, I waited all year...since last Easter. And—I—I—I don't mind sharing with you. Really. I like it when I can give you something that I really like and you like it too. But—this—this is just wrong, Dad. When someone gives you 20 jelly beans, and they're all different flavors like popcorn and chocolate pudding and blueberry, you don't just—you don't just shove them all in your mouth at once! Then you don't taste anything and it's just this giant blob of like, I don't know, sugary melted plastic or something. You gotta eat them one at a time. Then you can taste each one, and it lasts, like, 15 minutes. The way you do it—the wrong way—means it's gone in 30 seconds. You tell me not to waste water, which is basically free—and a bag a jelly beans is like, I don't know, ten dollars? So think about your actions, Dad. Before you eat the rest of those jelly beans.

(pause)

Just think about it.

Shepherd Superpowers

SAM, aged 5-12 years old, is playing the part of a shepherd in a Christmas Pageant. It is the night of the performance and he/she, along with other shepherds, have been playing outside in the mud in their costumes. They have returned to the church, moments before the performance is about to start and the pageant director is not happy. Sam speaks to the Pageant director, Mrs. Wendell.

SAM:

What you're forgetting—I mean—think about it—what you're forgetting is that, is that, is that, shepherds weren't neat. They didn't, like, have a washing machine or something. They were out in the dirt with the sheep and stuff and probably had to, I don't know, like, sleep in a mud puddle sometimes? If it was raining? And you told us to really try to think like our character, like, what would a shepherd be doing if he was just out there with the sheep all day? And like, I think, a shepherd would probably be playing. Because he has all those sheep to jump over and stuff, and maybe all the other shepherds to play with too, so I was thinking they'd probably be playing Superheroes.

(pause)

So, really. I know you're kinda mad that we have all this mud on our costumes and we gotta go on stage in ten minutes, but, really, we were just kinda doing what you asked us to, Mrs. Wendell. We're just trying to be good shepherds.

I AM A SHARK

Jaime is a child or teen (may be played by a male or female actor), anywhere from 10-20 years old. Jaime is standing at a beach when confronted by a group of bullies.

JAMIE:

Sometimes, when I stand on the beach and look out at the ocean, I imagine I'm a shark. My feet are hot, so hot they're burning. Burning so much, I start to not feel the pain anymore. I take several deep breaths, and I breathe out the heat through my nose. I can feel it leaving me. My feet are tingling. A little numb. But I feel no pain. I am a shark. I'm swimming through the water and you can cut me with your knives, but my skin is hard and I am tough. And I feel no pain. A boy, this boy I know, but wish I didn't, runs out of the ocean and past me. I feel the cold water he's brought in on my legs. He's tossed sand on me too and it's sticking to me. I reach my hand down to feel the roughness on my legs. It's like sandpaper. His friend runs out of the water too, chasing him, and he bumps into me. Pushes past me. My body turns with him, but my feet stay grounded. Like a rooted flower blowing in the wind. I don't fall over. He yells something. *Freak...Try again..Knock...*but I can't make out these words. I can't understand them. My head is under water. Sound is muted down here. I am swimming fast. I am a shark. As two bodies now run past me, run into me, there is the sound of laughter. My roots were not deep enough. My face is burning hot against the floor of the beach. My hands push my body up and I taste sand in my mouth. It's rough in my mouth now. Like my legs, my arms, my chest. I feel a kick to my side, but it is nothing to me. I am strong. My skin is tough. I feel nothing. I am a shark.

Monologues written and produced by Tara Meddaugh