

STAR SEARCH 2018
DRAMA MONOLOGUE LEVEL TWO

Sack Lunch
by Justin Street

A Monologue for young actors (age 11-14)

Scene opens on a young person trying to look through a crowd, though they are shorter than all of the unseen people surrounding them. They are carrying a grocery bag.

Mom? Mom? Mooooooooommm!!!!

Great - just great. I'm going to be in so much trouble. How come *I'm* the one who gets left behind all the time? Stick close, she said. Stay where you can see me, she said. Everyone looks the same from the shoulders down. There must be, like, five thousand people here - and they're all wearing robes.

I don't see my my brother either. Mr. Perfect. Of course he's not lost. He's the oldest and the most responsible. He's also the tallest, so it's easier to see. I could probably be more responsible if I were taller. He always gets to help out.

He's probably with our little brother. He's sick. That's why we're here. Mom heard that some guy who had been helping people was out in a boat, so everyone in town came out to meet this great helper. I don't know. It sounds like magic. I'm too old to believe in magic.

My little brother has been sick a long time. He was born that way. Mom thinks maybe this helper can do something. No one else has been able to. I wish I could help. I wish I could do magic and make him better. Like a miracle or something. I'm too old to believe in magic. Still, I wish I could. I like to help.

But no, the only thing I'm good for is holding our lunch. That *is* helping, Mom said. Doesn't feel like it. This stinks. No, really, it stinks. We have a sack of bread and some fish. Fish sandwiches. *Again*. I asked if we could have date butter and jelly sandwiches, you know, a D, B, and J - but my older brother doesn't like jelly, and dates make my little brother's lips itchy. It's fine. It's just that a DB and J sandwich wouldn't smell like this in the heat.

You know what though, no one seems to mind the smell. In fact, everyone keeps eyeballing our lunch. It is way past lunchtime, and we've been out here all day. I know I'm hungry.

Hey, one of the helper's friends is looking for food. Yikes. Even if we walked all the way back to town, I don't think they could feed this many people. I guess I could share our stuff for fish sandwiches. It'd be nice to get rid of this stinky fish.

I don't know. I think Mom would be mad.

On the other hand, maybe if the helper had lunch, he could help my brother. Maybe. I know it won't feed all these hungry people, but maybe it'll help a little.

I mean, I'm still too old to believe in magic.

I think.