

# **YOUR HOMEWORK ATE WHAT?**

*Monologues for Young People,  
Teens, and Young Adults*

*by Daniel S. Kehde*

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## **SECTION I**

### **PIECES FOR AND ABOUT YOUNG PEOPLE**

## **Woes of a Fairy Godmother**

Young people today. I warned her. I did. I said, "Don't you dally when you hear that clock. Don't you be standing around sipping punch and munching cookies when the chimes sound. No sir. You'd best be well down those stairs and back in the carriage or it'll be squash and rodents for you all." That's what I said. You'd think she'd listen, wouldn't you. Well, wouldn't you? And did she? Noooooo. She went right on dancing with that man until it was nearly too late. Twirling and swirling about she was, while the music danced about her like a current of golden fireflies. She with her hand in his and their eyes locked on one another in a gaze so deep the entire ball was lost in its reflection. *(Pause.)*

But did she listen? Noooooo. Did she mind the time? Noooooo. Did she watch the grand clock as it neared the hour? Noooooo. She kept right on dancing. With that man. With his sword, and uniform and dark hair swept perfectly back across his brow. Bong. One. Now was she deaf? No. Bong. Two. And yet there she was out in the middle of the dance floor as if nothing was wrong. Bong. Three. And the ball goes parted to watch their prince and his beautiful young mysterious partner glide effortlessly across the dance floor. Bong. Four. Was that a look in her eyes? A momentary return to consciousness while in the arms of her true love? Wrong. Bong. Five. There, in the corner, positively green with envy, stood her stepmother and two stepsisters. Had they recognized her? Bong. Six. Oh good grief, dear. Snap out of it. Snap out of it. Bong. Seven. "Oh dear. What was that?" At last! Bong. Eight. "Oh, but I must go. I must go. Good-bye, good-bye." Bong. Nine. "Wait, but where are you going? Who are you? What is your name?"

Bong. Ten. Stupid. Didn't even tell him her name? What's up with that? Bong. Eleven. She's on the steps, oops, there goes that pesky shoe. And in the carriage and off.

Bong. Twelve. *(Pause.)* Yuk, what a mess! Pumpkin everywhere!

The dress is ruined, the poor girl's hair's a mass of sticky orange slime and all that's left intact of the whole evening is one slime-covered glass shoe which, I might add, it took the better part of the day to clean to its former luster. If she'd listened she could have been out of that dress, away from the carriage and sitting comfortably home by the fire long before midnight, but did she listen? Nooooooo. And now we'll never even get the missing shoe back. Oh. Would someone answer the door? Cinderella, will you get the door please? Cinderella!

## **Two Doors Down From Henry**

They don't tell you much about guys like Henry – not in school – and I think that's weird, I mean, Henry's okay – when you get to know him. If you get to know him. The trouble is – most kids just don't. But I like him. He makes me laugh – and cry sometimes. But mostly he's just Henry – and he's my friend. And I really don't blame the other kids. I mean, Henry's in that wheelchair and that's pretty weird to begin with. He has what they call cerebral palsy which he got when he was born and didn't get enough oxygen. So he can't walk or use his hands hardly at all and he's got these really thick glasses, so I guess I understand when the kids thought he was stupid his first day at school. I don't think I would have talked to him either except that he and his family moved into the house two doors down about a week before Henry came to school. That was weird. Even before the moving van came, there were workman out front building a ramp to the front door and another out to the patio in back. Really nice ones, with brick walls and stuff, so we all kind of knew that there was going to be someone in a wheelchair moving in.

Henry rolled over, like, the second day they were there. "Hi." "Hi." "You didn't think I could talk, did you?" "I don't know." "You didn't." Okay, so I didn't. But there he was, looking up at me through those glasses and smiling like a little elf on wheels. "I can read, too, just like normal people." And he laughed. That's the thing about Henry – his laugh. You can't help but smile every time he laughs.

So he's got this electric wheelchair, I guess because he can't move his arms enough to use a regular one, and it goes really fast, well, pretty fast when you get it all charged up. I think his mom plugs it into the wall at night after Henry goes to sleep and then it'll go all day, unless Henry starts playing around on it. Which is really where the story begins.

Henry'd been in school for a few weeks already when the weather started getting warm enough to go outside for recess and that meant the kickball games could start up

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