



Another Golden Cow

Monologue Collection

Christian Kiley

Big Dog Publishing

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CSI: Elementary was performed by Kevin Slemboski at Etiwanda High School, 2007.

Heart of Gold was performed by Chelesa Piker at the California State Long Beach High School Theatre Festival, 2008.

A Thousand Words was performed by Megan Puckett at Etiwanda High School, 2007.

Teacherdroid was performed by Rahma Gharib at the California State Long Beach High School Theatre Festival, 2008.

The Sit-In was first performed by Lareesa Weisebeck at Etiwanda High School, 2007.

Frosted Options was performed by Christian Kiley at Theatre Neo, Los Angeles, CA, 2002.

Another Golden Cow was performed by Craig Littleton at Etiwanda High School, 2006.

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MONOLOGUE COLLECTION. Showcase your comedic acting skills with this collection of ten monologues, which features a host of wacky and memorable characters. In “CSI: Elementary,” a crime scene investigator poses as a substitute teacher to solve the mysterious disappearance of an elementary school teacher. In “Heart of Gold,” a woman confronts her ex-boyfriend with her new love, a goldfish. In “A Thousand Words,” Sarah meets her future in-laws and realizes she might be marrying into the wrong family. In “Teacherdroid,” a student suspects that her history teacher is a cyborg. In “The Sit-In,” a diner patron demonstrates his love for one of the servers. In “Cookies,” a disgruntled girlfriend discovers her boyfriend is only interested in her mother’s cookies. In “Presto Espresso,” a small town resident drinks a few too many frappuccinos and lattes when a new coffee shop opens. In “Olympic Gold,” a young mother proudly watches her child participate in her first gymnastics class. In “Frosted Options,” a runner finds a Pop-Tart on the road and decides to eat it. In “Another Golden Cow,” a frustrated teacher tries to persuade the principal to purchase some red pens, grade books, and light bulbs.

Performance Time: Approximately 20-30 minutes.

Author’s Note

Please feel free to use your creativity to add vividness to these characters and to cut the monologues to fit the needs of your particular performance, audition, competition, or classroom endeavor. I hope these monologues serve you well and help you magnify your talents.

Characters

(1 M, 3 F, 6 flexible)

SUBSTITUTE: Crime scene investigator who poses as a substitute teacher to try and solve the sudden disappearance of an elementary school teacher; flexible.

BERKLEY: Confronts her ex-boyfriend with her new love, a goldfish in a plastic bag; female.

SARAH: Fiancée who meets her future in-laws and realizes she might be marrying into the wrong family; female.

STUDENT: Student who suspects her history teacher is a cyborg; flexible.

DENNY: Loves Denny's Restaurant and a waitress who works there; male.

CASEY: Girl who has been upstaged by her mother's cookies; female.

SAMMY: Small-town resident enchanted with a new coffee shop; wears a coffee-stained shirt and has whipped cream on his/her upper lip; flexible.

PARENT: Parent of a young child taking gymnastics; flexible.

RUNNER: A hungry jogger who loves Pop-Tarts; wears a jogging suit; flexible.

TEACHER: Frustrated teacher in desperate need of a red pen, grade book, and light bulb; flexible.

NOTE: For flexible roles, change pronouns accordingly.

Props

CSI Elementary: Teacher's desk (optional).

Heart of Gold: A clear bag with a gummy fish or plastic goldfish inside. The plastic bag can be filled with water, if desired. Note: Have a towel handy to dry up any wet areas particularly during competitions and auditions.

Teacherdroid: A bag or backpack, a remote control, a water bottle, a desk, a framed family photo.

The Sit-In: Chair, small table, coffee cup, tableware, and a small bowl or container with packets of jelly and dairy creamers, restaurant check.

Cookies: A small table, two chairs, books, and notebooks.

Presto Espresso: Frequent customer card.

Frosted Options: Pop-Tart.

Olympic Gold: A diaper bag and/or a stroller can be used to indicate another sibling (optional).

Another Golden Cow: A small table, elaborate-looking espresso machine, a tray of pastries, and a red pen.

**“I’m not going
to end up
in a shallow grave
under the monkey bars.”**

CSI Elementary

(AT RISE: An elementary school classroom. A Substitute Teacher enters and addresses the class. Note: This monologue provides a unique opportunity for the actor to use a variety of focal points as he/she colorfully re-enacts the story of Mrs. Donaldson's disappearance.)

SUBSTITUTE: Good morning, class. My name is [Mr. Peters], [Or Mrs. Peters if female] ...and I will be your teacher for today. We don't know how long Mrs. Donaldson will be gone, but I'm sure she misses your bright, shining faces and the tiny pittance she receives for being the keeper of this putrid dungeon. *(Pause. To student.)* Yes, dear, I was saying how much she misses you. *(To class.)* Now, let's get out our Social Studies books. *(Pause. To another student.)* Math is usually first, I see. Look, I don't want to make this personal, but [Mr. Peters'] father was an engineer and kept pushing, pushing, pushing the math. It led to some real anxiety issues for [Mr. Peters] and his future pursuit of anything with numbers. As a result, I can't even balance my own checkbook. *(To Damien, a student.)* Excuse me...what is your name? Damien? How appropriate. Would you put the lighter away, Damien? *(To Bonnie, another student.)* Yes? Are you his mini attorney? Thank you, Bonnie, I am aware of the First Amendment. *(To class.)* Open your Social Studies books before someone gets hurt. *(Pause. To Bonnie.)* No, Bonnie, that was not a threat. I'm going to hang you upside down by your shoelaces from the flagpole—now that's a threat. *(To Damien.)* Sit down, Damien, I don't want to step outside. *(To class.)* Page 27, please. Nomads, my favorite. Can anyone tell me what a nomad is? *(Pause. To Bonnie.)* Yes, Bonnie, they are very much like a substitute teacher, pathetically going from one short-term job to the next. *(To class.)*

[END OF FREEVIEW]

“Every five seconds
“it’s like
falling in love
all over again.”

Heart of Gold

(AT RISE: Berkley enters, carrying a goldfish in a small plastic bag and confronts her ex-boyfriend.)

BERKLEY: *(To ex-boyfriend.)* I don't love you anymore. That's right. You've been replaced. *(Pause.)* By whom? *(Indicates goldfish.)* Right here, baby cakes. Right here. This little fish. A goldfish. The king of the sea, or lake, pond, fish tank, bowl, this plastic bag, whatever. *(Pause.)* You know very well what I mean. This is my true love. And he doesn't hold some stinking grudge just because I set his clothes on fire on the front lawn and danced around them in an ancient hunting dance. He doesn't even wear dress shirts. And he listens. I mean, *really* listens. He doesn't nod off to sleep and snore through my deepest thoughts and feelings. *(Pause.)* What are you doing? Don't look at him like that...like you're going to eat him. Well, you're not. You would try, though. *(Shaking the bag as she gets caught up in the emotion.)* And he would fight, fight like a great white guppy-shark, and he would beat your insides black and blue and cause you to suffer tremendous internal injuries that would baffle even the most brilliant surgeons. And you would die in solitary agony. That's right...alone and in pain like that time I kicked you in the privates after forgetting our anniversary. *(Pause.)* Don't talk about him like that. You don't think he can hear you, but he can. He has a rare brain disorder. He can only remember things for five seconds and then...darkness. It's painful, but we're working through it. Every five seconds it's like falling in love all over again. *(Pause.)*

[END OF FREEVIEW]

**“It’s not like some kind
of freaky family tradition,
is it?”**

A Thousand Words

(AT RISE: The home of Sarah's future in-laws. Sarah enters. Note: Sarah's sense of panic and embarrassment increases as she discovers more and more about her fiancé's family. The specific use of the fourth wall is important in assigning physical locations to the people and things that Sarah sees during the monologue.)

SARAH: *(Whispers to her fiancé.)* Doug. Doug. Can I speak with you for a moment? Do you know what I just saw? *(Pause.)* Yes, the toilet. I was in the bathroom, after all. *(Pause.)* Yes, the little seashell soaps are very cute. *(Pause.)* No, I didn't hold them up to my ear so I could hear the ocean. Do you know what is in there? A painting. *(Pause.)* Not Yosemite, no. A painting of your mother. *(Pause.)* I wouldn't call it a *family* portrait. She is riding a unicorn...naked. *(Pause.)* Oh, I'm sure that it is your mother, and I'm very sure she is naked. Go look at it yourself. *(Pause.)* You're familiar with it? It's been around awhile? So when you were a boy, a young boy, and you brought over other young boys to play at your house and they had to pee...they got to see your mother. All of her. *(Pause.)* Oh, my. I mean, I'm not a prude, but...you're not expecting me to do something like that? It's not like some kind of freaky family tradition, is it? All the women in the family have to have a nude mural painted with the mythological creature of their choice. *(Thinks.)* I would choose a dragon—and some pants and a blouse. This is insane! I need to go somewhere. If I see your mom, she will know I've seen it.

[END OF FREEVIEW]

“Once,
you might have been human,
but not anymore.
Something has taken over
your brain.”

Teacherdroid

(AT RISE: A history classroom. There is a desk with a framed family photo on it. A student enters, carrying a bag or backpack. Note: The Student's suspicion builds as the monologue progresses.)

STUDENT: *(Suspicious. To teacher.)* Mr. Keller, can I talk to you for a moment? I was wondering if you could answer a few questions about the lesson yesterday. You were talking about the results of the Civil War. Could you repeat them for me? Wait, let me get my notebook. *(She looks through her bag. Feigned surprise.)* Oh, look, a universal remote control. What's that doing in my bag? If I were to say, point this at you and press some buttons, would anything happen? Never mind. Okay, I'm ready. Proceed. *(Pause.)* The railroads? Interesting, interesting. The North had more. *(Pause.)* Of course. Is that a bar code on your forehead? *(Pause.)* No, it's not meant to be a joke. I see it. It may be faint, but it's there. And how do you give us our grade averages so quickly and rounded to the hundredth? Who does that besides an AP math teacher or some kind of freaky savant? *(Pause.)* No! Back away! I know what you are! Once, you might have been human, but not anymore. Something has taken over your brain. You are a cyborg! Who, or what, is your wife? A toaster, a plasma television, a laptop? What will your offspring be? Nano iPods?! And, now, I have made the fatal error. I am alone with you. From what concealed location will you release the flying syringes full of brainwashing fluid that will turn me into another android for your sinister plan of world domination? *(She grabs her water bottle.)* Don't come a step closer!

[END OF FREEVIEW]

**“That’s the thing
about persistence.
It just keeps coming
back for more.”**

The Sit-In

(AT RISE: Inside a Denny's restaurant. There is a chair, a small table, a coffee cup, tableware, and a small bowl or container with packets of jelly and dairy creamers. Denny is camped out at a table eating breakfast food, drinking coffee, and talking to a waitress.)

DENNY: *(To Waitress.)* Yeah, I love it here. Really. I mean, I hate to be predictable, but I'll have the Grand Slam again. I know I've had it for the last three weeks, three meals a day, but when you've found something you really love, why stray? Right? *(Pause.)* Scrambled will be fine. You make me feel that way, scrambled. I mean truly. I love it here. I really do. It gets lonely sometimes. But the booth is soft. I take naps. Just short ones. I don't really sleep per se. The bathrooms are clean and the newspaper racks are right outside. When you're not working, I talk to Denise or Frank. They're pretty nice. After the first day, Frank told me to go home, that you "had a boyfriend" and that this was a terrible waste of time. That's the thing about persistence. It just keeps coming back for more. Actually, in this case, it or I never leave. *(Pause.)* Sure, I'll take a spot more coffee. I do feel I'm taking advantage of the liberal refill policy here. But "free refills" really can be interpreted in a number of ways. That's why the fine print is so important, I suppose. I love to watch you refill the ketchup bottles. So methodical. Like a pre-surgery ritual that a doctor might go through. And your uniform...the apron...the hint of maple syrup.

[END OF FREEVIEW]

**“That’s quite
a cookie
you invented
there.”**

Cookies

(AT RISE: At home. There is a small table with books and notebooks on it and two chairs. A girl is studying for a Chemistry exam with her boyfriend.)

CASEY: *(To boyfriend.)* You want to study first or watch some T.V. or what? I've got to be honest, this chem test has got me pretty stressed. I mean, Mr. H is going to cover the big periodic table on the wall with butcher paper. He specifically said "butcher paper." It's a little intimidating. Don't you think they should change the name of that? Butcher paper. I mean, unless you want a classroom full of little bloodthirsty Monets and Van Goghs, I would change it to art paper or something. *(Pause.)* Sorry. What's wrong? *(Pause.)* Oh. You're hungry. My bad. Can't study on an empty stomach. I could make you a sandwich or we could order pizza. I think we still have some 7-layer dip left...probably right on the edge of expiration. Want to risk it? *(Pause.)* Yeah, yeah. Me, neither. *(Pause.)* Is my mom home? I don't know. I can see. She's probably upstairs reading. That's all she does. Reads and bakes cookies. Constantly. Like some kind of a scholarly Betty Crocker or cerebral Keebler elf or brainy Pillsbury Doughgirl.

[END OF FREEVIEW]

“And there was
this strong,
hypnotizing
smell in the air.”

Presto Espresso

(AT RISE: At home. A small-town resident, wearing a coffee-stained shirt and whipped cream on his/her upper lip, excitedly describes the town's new coffee shop to his/her mother. Note: Sammy speaks with a caffeine-induced erratic rhythm.)

SAMMY: Momma, Momma! Did you hear the news yet? No, no, not about Jud Baker's pig...though that is mighty sad. I was about to go into Mel's Market when I saw a big ol' truck setting in front of that vacant building where Pete's Pizza used to be. Yeah, it was Paul's Pasta before that. And Penelope's Pool Hall before they shut that down on account of the seedy goings on there. *(Pause.)* What? There ain't nothing on my lip. *(Pause.)* Whipped cream! No, Momma, cream is for the weak. *(Wipes whipped cream off of lip.)* Well, the truck had "Presto Espresso" written on the side in this bright, alien, neon, goo-like writing. And they were unloading things. Crazy things, Momma! Like spaceship engines and brain-sucking devices. I mean, I've been schooled enough to know that they weren't those things. But, nonetheless, that's what they looked like. And there was this strong, hypnotizing smell in the air. Remember that time cousin Zara came from Los Angeles with that fancy French roasted coffee and tried to make us lattes? *[Lattes]* *(Pause.)* Like that, only stronger. So strong is the smell that you can't even get a whiff of Barney's Barbeque Pit.

[END OF FREEVIEW]

**“Look at them.
They’re like electrons
bouncing off of each other.
It’s a toddler revolution!”**

Olympic Gold

(AT RISE: A gymnastics class for young children. A parent is watching his/her daughter practice gymnastics and talking to a fellow parent.)

PARENT: *(To another parent.)* Isn't this great? I mean, who would have thought that they would have a gymnastics class for 2-year-olds. Fantastic. Look at them. They're like electrons bouncing off of each other. It's a toddler revolution! Take cover behind the pommel horse. Am I right? *(Notices.)* Except for those two in the matching leotards. What is with that, trying to one-up everyone else? I mean, we get it. They're twins and they're on human growth hormones. They should be in a circus. *(Pause. Realizes she is speaking to the twins' parent. Changes to positive tone.)* Oh. I meant Cirque du Soleil. They're adorable. And very talented. You should be so proud. Our little girl is right... *(Points.)* ...there. Yep. *(Pause.)* Yeah, she's having a little trouble with her forward roll. *(Pause. Offended.)* Well, I wouldn't say that. I don't think there is a remedial class. *(Hostile.)* Maybe your little steroid lab experiments should be at a communist training facility on some frozen glacier. *(Pause.)* You're getting them ready for the toddler Olympic trials? We haven't even started potty training Jennifer yet.

[END OF FREEVIEW]

**“I suppose
one bite
wouldn’t hurt...”**

Frosted Options

(AT RISE: On a road. A Jogger enters, jogging. The Jogger runs past a single Pop-Tart, which is laying on the ground, and then circles back to it. Note: To avoid choking, the actor should not attempt to eat the entire Pop-Tart at the end of the monologue. Instead, the actor can take a manageable bite and then smash the Pop-Tart onto his/her face.)

RUNNER: What? *(Runs in circles around the Pop-Tart.)* This is odd. Really very odd. Looks like there hasn't even been a bite taken out of it. Did someone just—? No, they couldn't. Could they? Just abandon a Pop-Tart like that? Sick. That is really sick. Not to mention unsanitary. *(Continues to run past the Pop-Tart then turns back around.)* I wonder sometimes what exactly people are thinking. *(Again slowly circling the Pop-Tart.)* I could understand part of a Pop-Tart. But this is the entire Tart. Untouched. There are no apparent abnormalities about it. Poor Pop-Tart. I wonder if I could—? No! Certainly, no! *(Continues to run but stops and runs in place facing out.)* What about the days of hunter-gatherers? A nomad wouldn't turn his nose up at a Pop-Tart with a little road grime on it. Course, a nomad might pick nuts out of Buffalo dung and eat those, too. I could pick the Tart up and put it on the sidewalk. That would be the right thing to do. *(Runs back to the Pop-Tart. Circles the Pop-Tart and looks around to see if anyone is watching.)* I'll do it quickly and that will be that. *(Picks up the Pop-Tart and continues running. He notices a neighbor giving him a dirty look. To neighbor, shouts.)* No, no, no. Mrs. McCormack, it's not what it looks like.

[END OF FREEVIEW]

“Quite a few
of the light bulbs
are burnt out,
and the new math teacher
threatened
to prick her index finger
and grade with that
since we are out of red pens.”

Another Golden Cow

(AT RISE: Principal's office. There is a small table with a red pen, a tray of pastries, and an espresso machine on it. A Teacher enters, looking frustrated. Note: The teacher's depraved state becomes more obvious and extreme as the monologue progresses.)

TEACHER: *(To principal.)* I hate to barge in on you like this, but we are in desperate need of supplies in the teachers' room. And I don't use "desperate" out of context. We have nothing in there. No paper for the copy machines. No toner. In fact, several days ago, I thought a repairman was coming into the teachers' room to fix the copy machine, but he took it away. I assumed he would bring it back fixed. He's not going to bring it back, is he? *(Pause.)* And there aren't really adequate places to work. The kindergarten chairs were cute on the first day, but they lose their allure after trying to squeeze our butts in them for four months. Mr. Finkel had to get hemorrhoid surgery due to the strain on his hindquarters. Quite a few of the light bulbs are burnt out, and the new math teacher threatened to prick her index finger and grade with that since we are out of red pens. To her credit, I think she was joking. Also, of lesser concern, yet equally disturbing, is the fact that the vending machine hasn't been refilled since Thanksgiving. This wasn't even an issue until Mrs. Wilson and Mr. Tanner were fighting over a bag of pretzels like two pit bulls. And when the bag ripped open like a piñata, the others threw themselves on the floor to get a few of the morsels. It was terrifying. *(Pause.)* I question the mental health of many of my colleagues. Mr. Snodgrass came out of the restroom mumbling something about "if he had not been a Boy Scout he might have had to wipe his butt with his hand."

[END OF FREEVIEW]