

## Babysitting is a Scam – A Comedic Monologue (1 min)

*(A preteen/teen girl stands center stage, arms crossed, clearly frustrated.)*

You know what? Babysitting is a total scam. I thought, “Oh, easy money! Watch some cute kids, feed them some mac and cheese, let them watch cartoons—boom, I’m rich.” That’s what I thought. That was a lie.

First of all, no one tells you kids have *superpowers*. Like, the ability to disappear in the exact two seconds you look away. I was watching little Benny—I blinked, and suddenly, he was gone. Just *gone*. I thought maybe he had turned invisible. Or teleported. Turns out, he was under the sink, eating a sponge. A *sponge*. I don’t even know what to do with that information.

Then there’s Sophie, who I’m *pretty sure* is a criminal mastermind. I told her it was bedtime, and she just... stared at me. Like she was calculating my weaknesses. Then she goes, “I’ll tell my mom you said a bad word.” I did *not* say a bad word. But suddenly, I’m begging a five-year-old not to frame me for a crime I didn’t commit.

Oh, and *nobody* mentions the chaos that is bedtime. It’s like trying to wrangle wild animals—who also happen to be *lawyers*. “I need water.” “I need another story.” “I’m allergic to this pillow.” Since when? “The moon is too bright.” The *moon*, guys. What am I supposed to do? Call NASA?

And the worst part? The pay. After three hours of fighting for my life, their mom hands me a crumpled ten-dollar bill and says, “You’re a lifesaver!” A *lifesaver*? Ma’am, I should be getting hazard pay.

So yeah. Babysitting? Absolute scam. But... (sighs) I already agreed to do it again next Friday. Because, apparently, I *never* learn.

*(She shakes her head as lights fade.)*

**(End monologue.)**