

3rd/4th Monologue Options for Girls

THE SECRET GARDEN

MARY: I don't know anything about boys. Could you keep a secret, if I told you one? It's a great secret. I don't know what I should do if anyone found it out. I believe I should die! I've stolen a garden. It isn't mine. It isn't anybody's. Nobody wants it, nobody cares for it, nobody ever goes into it. Perhaps everything is dead in it already; I don't know. And I don't care, I don't care! Nobody has any right to take it from me when I care about it and they don't. They're letting it die, all shut up by itself. It's mine now.

THE LION, THE WITCH, & THE WARDROBE

Lucy: It's all right. It's all right. I've come back. Why, haven't you all been wondering where I was? I've been away for hours and hours. It was just after breakfast when I went into the wardrobe, and I've been away for hours, and had tea, and all sorts of things have happened. No, Peter. I'm not just making up a story for fun. I was in the wardrobe. It's - it's a magic wardrobe. There's a wood inside it, and it's snowing, and there's a Faun and a Witch and it's called Narnia; come and see. There! Go in and see for yourselves. But - but where has it all gone? No. It wasn't a hoax, I promise. Really and truly. It was all different a moment ago. Honestly it was.

Comedic Monologues:

***My Own Room* by Janet B. Milstein**

Dad, just hear me out. I want my own room. You promised a long time ago. Nobody ever uses the guest room downstairs. We never have any guests. I've been sharing a room with Jill for 3 years now. I need privacy. I need more space. I want to be able to talk to my friends without her listening in, and do my homework without her bugging me to play with her. I'm responsible. I'm all grown up now. She still sleeps with her Snoopy night-light on. She's messy. She snores. She's making my life miserable! She's... what? I can? I can have the guest room?! Wow, I'll have the whole huge room all to myself. That gigantic room downstairs with no one but me. (*Realizing she'll be scared all alone.*) Daddy? Can Jill sleep in my room tonight?

***Squishy Lockers* by Janet B. Milstein**

Mr. Saler, I need to talk to you since you're the principal and this is very important. Our lockers are way too small. Every time I stuff my coat in, I'm scared it won't ever squeeze back out. I put my Chia Pet in my locker and he sprouted major hair and now he's jammed. If I scrape him out, he'll lose his hair. And he's ugly when he's bald. And now we're gonna be part of "Read Across America." Miss Miller told us to put books and pillows in our lockers to read later in the hallway. We can't fit pillows in our puny lockers! Maybe a pillowcase. An open book is bigger than my locker door. How am I gonna read across America when I can't even read across my locker? Look, you know Dana Ford, right? She's the teeniest girl in my class and even *she* can't fit in her locker. We just tested. And now she's stuck with only one leg in! One leg! This is your fault. Now what are you gonna do about it?

Monologue from *You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown* by John Gordon

A 'C'? A 'C'? I got a 'C' on my coat hanger sculpture? How could anyone get a 'C' in coat hanger sculpture? May I ask a question? Was I judged on the piece of sculpture itself? If so, is it not true that time alone can judge a work of art? Or was I judged on my talent? If so, is it fair that I be judged on a part of my life over which I have no control? If I was judged on my effort, then I was judged unfairly, for I tried as hard as I could! Was I judged on what I had learned about this project? If so, then were not you, my teacher, also being judged on your ability to transmit your knowledge to me? Are you willing to share my 'C'? Perhaps I was being judged on the quality of coat hanger itself out of which my creation was made...now is this not also unfair? Am I to be judged by the quality of coat hangers that are used by the dry cleaning establishment that returns our garments? Is that not the responsibility of my parents? Should they not share my 'C'?

BOY OR GIRL Comedic Monologue:

***Reinventing Time* by Janet B. Milstein**

Mom, I know I'm up late, but I have a really good reason. Remember last week when we were getting ready to go to Six Flags? I asked you how much longer you'd be and you said, "Just a minute." I watched the clock and you took sixteen minutes. Then yesterday when I was starving for dinner, I asked you when it would be ready, and you said, "In a minute." That was fourteen minutes. And today when you were on the computer and I wanted to use it, you told me you'd only be a minute. It took you eighteen minutes. Well, tonight when you said it was bedtime, I asked if I could stay up a little longer and you said, "Okay, just for a few minutes." So, I figured I had about an hour.

Disney Dangers by Kidz Konnection

Hello... I would like to take a moment to talk to all of you about the dangers of taking your parents to Disneyland. First off, we are all here with a big group, and who wants to be discovered by a classmate when your mom is wearing Mickey Ears... then of course, there is your dad's fascination with roller coasters. This could go one of 2 ways, either really fun if he likes all the same rides you do... or if your dad is like mine, then you should avoid them altogether. My dad made me wait in line for the highest... the fastest, and most exciting ride at Disney... Space Mountain... the line was forever, then we climb into a car that zips off... I started to question my dad about the 4 corndogs he had wolfed down while waiting in line... then it happened... As soon as we hit the first dip in the track... (WWWWaaaaarrffff!!!) my dad HURLS!!! I think it must have hit some people in the cars behind us, because for being at Disney.... I sure heard a lot of BAD language... thank goodness Space Mountain is in the dark so no one knew who did it. If you go... I suggest sitting in the front.