

5th/6th Monologue Options for Girls

ANNE OF GREEN GABLES

ANNE: I'm Anne of Green Gables and I've come to confess. It was all my doing, Miss Barry. Diana would never think of such a thing as racing to a bed and jumping on it. She's far too lady-like, whereas I am merely an orphan who doesn't know any better. So I think you ought to forgive Diana.

I don't know what it's like to be wakened from the few hours of precious sleep granted an old woman in a strange bed by two ferocious, wild girls landing on her head, but I can imagine it must have been terrifying in the extreme. And if you had any imagination you could have put yourself in our place.

We honestly didn't know you were in there, and you scared us half to death. You should just imagine how exciting it was going to be for me to sleep in a spare bedroom, reserved for important company such as yourself. As it was, I had to sleep with Minnie May, and you don't know how she kicks. Mine was the sleep of the bitterly disappointed, Miss Barry. I was forced to lie awake all night with the knowledge that I had cost Diana her career as a world famous concert pianist.

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.