

Monologue Options for 3rd - 5th Grade

Comedic Monologues

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

I'm sorry to have to say it to your face, Lucy, but it's true. You're a very crabby person. I know your crabbiness has probably become so natural to you now that you're not even aware when you're being crabby, but it's true just the same. You're a very crabby person and you're crabby to just about everyone you meet. Now I hope you don't mind my saying this, Lucy, and I hope you'll take it in the spirit that it's meant. I think we should be very open to any opportunity to learn more about ourselves. I think Socrates was very right when he said that one of the first rules for anyone in life is 'Know Thyself'. Well, I guess I've said about enough. I hope I haven't offended you or anything.

***Pick Me!* by Janet B. Milstein**

Ooooooh, ooh, ooh! Here! Pick me! I wanna go first! Pleeeeease! (*Yelling*) Miss Janet, can you hear me?? Meeee, go, first! Hey, c'mon! What do I gotta do to get noticed around here? (*Jumping on each word.*) Pick me, not Nick. He's gonna get sick! (*Stops jumping.*) Well, he always does. Barf, barf, barf! (*beat*) Okay, I'm being good. See? (*Sits down, hands folded.*) I'm quiet. Hey Miss Janet, I'm being really quiet. Look how quiet I am! I'm as quiet as a mouse. Quieter, 'cause mice squeak. I'm quiet like a bug. They don't talk at all. Miss Janet, you look so pretty. I like your dress. And you have nice hair like my mom's- brown and gray. So can I go? Please? (*beat.*) Wow, I can!?! Yes! Cool! Woo! Hey... what were we gonna do again?

***The Monster Under the Bed* by Janet B. Milstein**

Shhh. It's under the bed. I'm really, completely serious. That's why it's dark in here. Watch out! That was my knock-em-sock-em doll. It's okay if you knocked the head off. That's supposed to happen. Listen, I gotta get rid of the monster myself because my mom doesn't believe me. (*Points.*) See that Barney night-light? She thinks that it scared it off already. Of course, I heard the monster laughing the other night. You know, like (*Imitates evil laugh.*) But I've got a plan, Joey, and I need your help. The monster lives in the space between the bed and the floor. If there is no space, then there is no monster. Got it? Good. Now, stand up on the bed with me. This is for a good cause. Remember we're stronger than teh bed frame. Alright... ready.... Set... JUMMM - (*starts to jump, but stops.*) Hi Mom.

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

“Do you know what I intend? I intend to be a queen. When I grow up I’m going to be the biggest queen there ever was, and I’ll live in a big palace and when I go out in my coach, all the people will wave and I will shout at them, and...and...in the summertime I will go to my summer palace and I’ll wear my crown in swimming and everything, and all the people will cheer and I will shout at them... What do you mean I can’t be queen? Nobody should be kept from being a queen if she wants to be one. It’s usually just a matter of knowing the right people.. ..well... if I can’t be a queen, then I’ll be very rich then I will buy myself a queendom. Yes, I will buy myself a queendom and then I’ll kick out the old queen and take over the whole operation myself. I will be head queen.

***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?

Addy from Stage Milk

(*Screams*) Look what happened! Oh no, oh no, oh noooooo! What am I going to do? It won’t come out! No, Mom, you can’t cut my hair! There must be another way! This is all Daddy’s fault. He gave me that Hubba Bubba gum. Two whole pieces! I can’t help that I fell asleep. My hair will be way too short if you cut it! Can’t you wash it out? Isn’t there anything we can do? I don’t want to lose all my hair!

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... (WWWaaaaarrffff!!!) 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.

Dramatic Monologues

Lord of the Flies by William Golding

I expect there's a lot more of us scattered about. You haven't seen any others, have you? I'd run and have a look about with you, but my auntie told me not to run, on account of my asthma. Can't catch me breath. I was the only boy in our school what had asthma. And I've been wearing specs since I was three. I expect when we find the others, we ought to have a meeting. And we'll want to know all their names, and make a list. I don't care what they call me, so long as they don't call me what they used to call me at school. They used to call me 'Piggy.' No. Please! I said I didn't want to be called - -" Oh. Oh fine. Just so long as you don't tell the others."

Outside Dad's Footsteps by Janet B. Milstein

I got a "C" on my math test. That's not so bad. It's average, Dad. But it's really hard for me right now. I have tons of homework, band practice, karate, and rehearsal for the play every night. That's a lot of stuff. I know good grades are important, but so is everything else. I'm trying as hard as I can. What am I supposed to do? Quit the play?! No, that's not fair! We're already in the third week of rehearsal and I've got the lead role. I can't quit now. Dad, I know you got bad grades when you were in school and you don't want me to do the same thing. But don't you see? You're trying to make me perfect because you weren't. It's like I'm supposed to make up for your life. Well this is *my* life. And I'm not perfect, Dad. I never will be. Acting is the only thing that really makes me happy. I'm going to pass all of my classes. Just not with straight A's. That doesn't make me a failure, Dad. And it doesn't make *you* one either.

Colin - The Secret Garden

The springtime. I was thinking that I've really never seen it before. I scarcely ever went out, and when I did go I never looked at it. I didn't even think about it. That morning when you ran in and said 'It's come! It's come!' you made me feel quite queer. It sounded as if things were coming with a great procession and big bursts and wafts of music. I've a picture like it in one of my books - crowds of lovely people and children with garlands and branches with blossoms on them, everyone laughing and dancing and crowding and playing on pipes. That's why I said, 'Perhaps we shall hear golden trumpets' and told you to throw open the window.

Alice - Alice in Wonderland

(Angrily) Why, how impolite of him. I asked him a civil question, and he pretended not to hear me. That's not at all nice. *(Calling after him)* I say, Mr. White Rabbit, where are you going? Hmm. He won't answer me. And I do so want to know what he is late for. I wonder if I might follow him. Why not? There's no rule that I mayn't go where I please. I – I will follow him. Wait for me, Mr. White Rabbit. I'm coming, too! *(Falling)* How curious. I never realised that rabbit holes were so dark . . . and so long . . . and so empty. I believe I have been falling for five minutes, and I still can't see the bottom! Hmph! After such a fall as this, I shall think nothing of tumbling downstairs. How brave they'll all think of me at home. Oh, I think I see the bottom. Yes, I'm sure I see the bottom. I shall hit the bottom, hit it very hard, and oh, how it will hurt!

Mary - *The Secret Garden*

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.