

## Monologue Options for 3rd - 5th Grade

### Comedic Monologues

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

Sally: 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'?

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

Schroeder: 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. (awkward exit)

#### ***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.

### ***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

### ***Alice in Wonderland* by Lewis Carroll**

Alice: (*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 realized 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!

### ***Lord of the Flies* by William Golding**

Piggy: 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."

### ***The Diary of Anne Frank* by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett**

Anne: I can't believe it! Did he really say, "a diary"? I'll start revising it tomorrow! Maybe one day I could even publish a novel. The Secret Annex—based on my diary! Unless you write yourself, you can't know how wonderful it is. When I write I shake off all my cares. But I want to achieve more than that. I want to be useful and bring enjoyment to all people, even those I never met. I want to go on living even after my death!

### ***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.

### ***The Long Walk Home* by Sena Ramlyn**

It’s been hours and I’m still lost. (*looks around*) Where am I? I think this is the right way, but I’m still scared. What if I don’t ever find my way back? (*shaking head*) I knew I never should’ve taken this route. I know better than to trust my instincts. (*to self*) Calm down, you will be okay. You will find your way back. I wish it was that easy. I don’t know which way to go, and this forest is so creepy and full of shadows! (*sits on a tree stump*) Why did I take this route? What did I expect would happen? I am so lost. I don’t even want to go back! How am I going to explain this whole situation? Even if I try, I know I’ll get the inevitable “Why didn’t you take the normal route?” which will make me even more embarrassed. I just want to go home, man. (*standing*) I guess I’ll just have to keep going even though this eerie forest is making me feel like I’m going insane. There has to be a way out of here. I’ll find it eventually.