

Smart

From a Monologue Book

Kelly defends her intelligence to her brother.

You think you're so smart just because you won a stupid chess tournament? Please.....I've beat you 5 times in the last month and I'm 4 years younger than you are. The only reason I can't go to the "tournament" is because you have to be 12 – not because I'm a girl. Girls are just as smart as boys. In fact, I think they're smarter. Remember when you were my age? You were scared out of your mind that mom and dad's waterbed would spring a leak and fill up the room and we'd all be underwater. I was only 4 and I knew that wouldn't happen. Or how about when you plugged in the stereo wire into the wall outlet and blew dad's sound system? Or the time you locked yourself inside the car with the keys. Mom had to call the fire department to get you out. Have I ever done anything like that? I rest my case.

Mary

From a Monologue Book

(young girl)

I love being a girl! I get to have long beautiful shiny hair and wear beautiful dresses with all sorts of shoes with buckles and stuff. I get to wear ballerina costumes with pink frilly tutu's and dress up as a fairy with glittery wings that flutter when I walk like I'm really flying. I get to wear lip gloss and smell like rose petals. Boys don't get to do any of that stuff. If I were a boy I wouldn't think it was very fair to have to wear just pants and shirts all of the time. Boys don't get any cool colors for their clothes, they're mostly like green or brown or something. Plus they don't have any kinds of different shoes. My brother only has 2 pair. Can you believe that? One pair of very smelly sneakers and one pair of brown loafers to wear for nice. Isn't that crazy? Plus, they don't even get to have cool dance costumes. There are two boys in my class and at the recital they wore shorts! NO thank-you! How can boys live like that?

HOPE

From a Monologue Book

In this monologue Hope is talking on the phone with her friend Jenny about Devin and how being smart can be a curse.

Jenny, you've got to be kidding me.....he said that? OH MY GOSH! What am I going to do now? Sure it's easy for you to say. Devin Jamison didn't call you "Brainard the Wonder Nerd". Why does he think that? I'm a SO not a Nerd. He is such a jerk, and after I freakin' cheated and gave him the answers on the science quiz yesterday- With absolutely no fear of the ramifications for myself.Oh, I see you overheard him talking to Zach.....well, whatever, what else did he say?.....what was the context? I mean did he seem like "oh I'm making this up for my buddy, 'cause I don't want him to know I like Hope" or was he like "Hope is such a nerd, I'm totally using her to get a passing grade in science?".....Come on, it matters a lot.....Fine I'll call him up right now and see exactly what....hold on Jen, I got another call....Hello?.....Oh, hi Devin. No, I'm not doing anything.....Sure. how about 6:30?.....ok see you then, bye.....Jen, OH MY GOD, he's coming over tonight to get help with his science project...I never knew Science would be the way to a man's heart!

The Stepsister Speaks Out

From a Monologue Book

It isn't easy being the ugly stepsister. Everybody always feels so sorry for poor little Cinderella, but what about me? I deserve a little sympathy, too. Does MY fairy godmother ever turn up with a magic wand? Does the prince ever dance with me at the ball? Not on your life. The best I can ever hope for with my pumpkins is a decent piece of pie. And as for the rats, well, rats are rats, with their sneaky eyes and skinny tails, nibbling and gnawing at the garbage. I never saw one yet who turned into a coachman.

If you ask me, that Cinderella is weird. Certainly, she isn't normal. Besides the fact that she has naturally curly hair and wears size 4 1/2 shoes, she is so good-natured that it's downright sickening. If you had to dust and sweep and clean all day long, would you go around singing to the birds? Of course you wouldn't. No sensible person would.

Amy
(My Sister Ran Away)
From a Monologue Book

Amy is sitting on her bed holding a necklace.

Last night my sister ran away.
Her and mom got into a big argument.
They were screamin' and yellin'. Ever since my dad died, they fight a lot.
But this was the worst ever.
After awhile my sister when to her room and slammed the door. I thought it was all over, so I went to bed.
But later that night my sister woke me up and told me she was running away. She said she loved me. But she couldn't live with my mom.
And then she gave me her necklace. The one that dad gave her for her birthday. She said it was so I would never forget her.
And then she left.
Mom is still asleep.
But when she wakes up she is going to be very mad.
I don't know what to do.

New Sister
From a Monologue Book

Today I got a new baby sister. She doesn't look anything like me. She's got black hair and dark eyes and she doesn't even look like my mom or dad. We didn't get her from the hospital; we got her from the airport. Last night we got a call from the adoption agency that my new sister will be arriving from Korea early this morning! I was scared. I've been an only child for a long time. I didn't know if I wanted a new sister.

So we're standing at the airport with all these other families that are waiting for their babies. And we waited for hours. Finally, the airplane door opened and all these nurses came out holding little bundles. And each one had a name pinned on its blanket. After what seemed like forever, a nurse came out holding my sister. She handed her to my mom and dad and they started to cry. I didn't want to look. But then my mom handed her to me and I saw the most beautiful face I've ever seen. Wow. Today I became a big sister.

Maggie – A Dream

From a Monologue Book

I had the weirdest dream last night. I was like Snow White and I had these 7 little people around me. But they didn't carry picks and shovels like the dwarves in the movie. Instead, they carried guitars and drums. It seemed we were like a rock band. And I was the singer, which is strange 'cause I didn't even know I could sing. And we were performing in front of this castle for the king...who looked a lot like Scooby Doo. And we sang, "Row, row, row your boat." We sang it really fast. And everyone danced around. And I danced with Scooby Doo! And we danced so fast that we didn't see where we were going. And we danced over the bridge and fell into the moat! And that's when I woke up and noticed my dog, Sloppy, was licking my face.

Stacey – The Annoying Little Sister

From a Monologue Book

I love being a little sister. *(makes a really annoying sound. Like a loud car alarm.)* Annoying, isn't it? I do it to my brother all the time. He gets real mad and tries to hit me. But I yell, "Mom! Drew is trying to hit me!" And that makes him stop real quick. Isn't that great?

I do lots of mean things to my brother. When his girlfriend calls, I tell her, "Drew's not here. He had a big date tonight!" And then when his friends that are boys call, I say, "Sorry, he can't come to the phone. He's on a date with your girlfriend." So far, I've got my brother beaten up three times.

I love being a little sister!

Stephanie – The Kickball Queen of the World

From a Monologue Book

(comes running onstage shouting) I am the kickball queen of the world! You guys should've seen me. I kicked four homeruns in a single game. *(chanting)* I am queen! I am queen! Do you know how to play kickball? It's like baseball only instead of using a bat you use your feet. It's harder than it looks. See, today at the playground, a bunch of high school kids came over and laughed at us for playing kickball. They said it was a sissy game. So I said, "Yeah? Well this sissy *(pointing to herself)* can beat you anytime, any day." And they were like "Yeah, right." So they played us in a game. They didn't have a chance. I got all the middle school kids and we beat them 22 to 7! And that's counting my four homeruns. I am the kickball queen of the world! I wonder if they have kickball in the Olympics?

MOLLY

from Quilters

How I envy you, Jamie, not belonging to nobody and not havin' nobody tellin' you what to do all the time. Seems like I'm never gonna have my freedom. Everything a girl ever does belongs to someone else, don't you know. Like all the quilts we get go to our husbands, and I ain't never gettin' married, that's for darn sure.

Remember when we was little, and you'd tease me about my freckles and my stringy hair, and I'd try to beat you up and I'd end up tearing all my clothes and getting the punishment? Well, I tried to get a patch off that old skirt I wore then, but it just fell apart in my hands. So I stole a piece of this from Mama's special scrap. Recognize it? It was the first time you ever told me I looked pretty in anything. I wore it when you took me to town. And remember that man thought we was man and woman instead of brother and sister? I saw pictures of some faraway places in town. Sure would like to see 'em someday. Maybe we could go together, seein' as how I ain't never gettin' married.

Violet Beauregarde
From Charlie and the Chocolate Factory

(Chewing ferociously on gum, waving arms excitedly, talking in a rapid and loud manner)

I'm a gum-chewer normally, but when I heard about these ticket things of Mr. Wonka's, I laid off the gum and switched to candy bars in the hope of striking it lucky. *Now*, of course, I'm right back on gum. I just *adore* gum. I can't do without it. I much it all day long except for a few minutes at mealtimes when I take it out and stick it behind my ear for safe-keeping. To tell you the honest truth, I simply wouldn't feel *comfortable* if I didn't have that little wedge of gum to chew on every moment of the day, I really wouldn't. My mother says it's not ladylike and it looks ugly to see a girl's jaws going up and down like mine do all the time, but I don't agree. And who's she to criticize, anyway, because if you ask me, I'd say that *her* jaws are going up and down almost as much as mine are just from *yelling* at me every minute of the day. And now, it may interest you to know that this piece of gum I'm chewing right at this moment is one I've been working on for over *three months solid*. That's a record, that is. It's beaten the record held by my best friend, Miss Cornelia Prinzmotel. And was she ever mad! It's my most treasured possession now, this piece of gum is. At nights, I just stick it on the end of the bedpost, and it's as good as ever in the mornings.

ANNIE
from Quilters

My mother tries to make me do quilts all the time, but I don't want nothing to do with it. I told her, "Never in my life will I stick my fingers 'til they bleed." Very definitely. My sister Florry is a real good quilter, I guess. Mother says so all the time. Florry's favorite pattern is the Sunbonnet Sue. Mother taught her how to do appliqué blocks and since then she's made probably a dozen "Sunbonnet Sue" quilts. You've seen 'em, they're like little dolls turned sideways with big sunbonnets on. Florry makes each one different. (*Annie demonstrates, mimicking Florry.*) In one her little foot is turned this way or that, or she'll give her a little parasol, or turn the hat a little bit. People think they're soooo cute. Let me tell you, she's driving me crazy with her "Sunbonnet Sues."

So I decided to make one quilt and give it to Florry. Like I said, I'm not such a good quilter as her, but I knew just what I wanted to do with this one. It's real small. Twin bed size. I finished it and put it on her bed this morning, but I don't think she's seen it yet. I guess I done some new things with "Sunbonnet Sue." I call it the *Demise of Sunbonnet Sue*. Each little block is different, just like Florry does it. I've got a block of her hanging, another one with a knife in her chest, eaten by a snake, eaten by a frog, struck by lightning, and burned up. I'm sorta proud of it. You should see it...it turned out real good!