

“Junie B Jones” by Barbara Park

JUNIE B: Dear First Grade journal. Yay! Yay! Hooray! Today is the last week before winter break! Winter break is the school word for I gotta get out of this place, I tell you. ‘Cause blabbermouth May is tattletailing on me every day almost! That’s how come yesterday I chased her down on the playground. And I threw grass on her head. It was very fun. Except I hope Santa did not see me do that. That guy watches me like a hawk this time of year.

“Matilda” by Roald Dahl

BRUCE: It was the biggest burp I had ever done. It was the biggest burp I had ever heard, the biggest burp I had ever heard about. It was like the entire world went silent for that burp to exist, as a huge cloud of chocolaty gas wafted from my mouth and drifted... across class... Past Lavender... Past Alice...Past Matilda... and then, my great big beautiful chocolaty burp, which now seemed to have a mind of it’s own, wafted full into the face of the Trunchbull.

“Finding Nemo” by Andrew Stanton, Bob Peterson, Lee Unkrich and David Reynolds

DORY: No. No, you can't. ...STOP! Please don't go away. Please? No one's ever stuck with me for so long before. And if you leave...if you leave... I just, I remember things better with you! I do, look! P. Sherman, forty-two...forty-two... I remember it, I do. It's there, I know it is, because when I look at you, I can feel it. And...and I look at you, and I...and I'm home! Please...I don't want that to go away. I don't want to forget.

“Matilda” by Roald Dahl

LAVENDER Hello. I’m Lavender by the way. Matilda’s best friend. There’s a bit coming up that’s all about me. Well, not exactly about me, but I play a big part in it. But I’m not gonna say what happens because I don’t want to spoil it for you. (Pause) Alright, look, what I do is I volunteer to get the Trunchbull a jug of water. And then... No! I don’t want to tell you anymore because I don’t want to ruin it! (Pause. Starts to go). Well on the way back I find a newt. A newt is a really ugly lizard that lives in water, so I pick it up and – No! I will not say anymore! (Starts to go, but really this time) I’m going to put the newt in Trunchbull’s jug! It’s going to be brilliant!

“Peter Pan” by J.M. Barrie

PETER: Who’s there? Is anyone there? What! (To Tink) Wendy and the Boys have been captured by the Pirates? I’ll rescue her! I’ll rescue her! What? Oh, that’s just my medicine. Poisoned? Nonsense! Who could have poisoned it? I promised Wendy to take it and I’m going to, as soon as I’ve sharpened my dagger. Why, Tink, you’ve drunk my medicine! What’s the matter with you? It was poisoned! You drank it to save my life. Tink. Dear... Tink... you’re dying? Your light is growing faint, and if it goes out that means you’re dead. Your voice is so low I can scarcely hear what you’re saying. You say you think.. you think you could get well again if... if... if what Tink? If children believed in fairies. (To audience) Do you believe? Say quick that you believe. If you believe, clap your hands!

“Willy Wonka & the Chocolate Factory” by Roald Dahl

VERUCA: My daddy always gives me what I want. Some may say he spoils me, HA, I just say he loves me! So last week I saw a sign about some Golden Ticket competition, I didn’t really know what they were for but I did know that there were only five in the entire world. I told Daddy I must have one and if I didn’t get one, I would scream. That always works, Daddy hates it when I scream – especially when they have paid £50,000 for voice lessons. So anyway, Daddy told his workers to stop what they were doing and take the wrappers of all these candy bars instead. I had to wait a whole three days until they found one, and do you know what? That minimum wage hag tried to steal it! Luckily, Daddy was there to stop her. So now I have my ticket. I still haven’t got the eighth pony I’ve asked for though, if I don’t get it soon I shall scream!

“Crazy Stupid Love” by Dan Fogelman

ROBBIE: Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote in *The Scarlet Letter*: ‘No man for any considerable period can wear one face to himself and another to the multitude, without finally getting bewildered as to which may be the true.’ (Robbie puts down the paper, ignoring the jeers.) I am not bewildered! Jessica Riley is my soulmate. She’s the one! I know it to be true, and so now do the multitude. (correcting himself) Multitudes? (then, deciding) No, multitude. I have marked myself with this Scarlet J, Jessica! For you. Because your name starts with a J. It’s just tape and construction paper but one day I will get a permanent tattoo when I’m old enough that my parents won’t freak out on me.

“Fifth of July,” by Lanford Wilson

SHIRLEY: (Quietly determined.) I’m going to be the greatest artist Missouri has ever produced. No – the entire Midwest. There have been very famous people – world famous people – Tennessee Williams grew up in Missouri. He grew up not three blocks from where I live now! All his formative years. And Mark Twain. And Dreiser! And Vincent Price and Harry Truman! And Betty Grable! But me! Oh God! Me! Me! Me! Me! I am going to be so great! Unqualified! The greatest single artist the Midwest has ever known! A painter. Or a sculptor. Or a dancer! A writer! A conductor! A composer! An actress! One of the arts! People will die. Certain people will literally have cardiac arrests at the magnitude of my achievements. Doing something astonishing! Just astonishing! I will have you know that I intend to study for ten years, and then burst forth on the world. And people will be abashed! Amazed! Astonished! At the magnitude. Oh, God! Look! Is that she? Is that she? Is it? IT IS! IT IS SHE! IT IS SHE!

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! (She collapses on the floor. Slowly getting to a sitting position; with great dignity). She died of cardiac arrest and astonishment at the magnificence of my achievement in my chosen field. Only Shakespeare, Michelangelo, Beethoven, and Frank Lloyd Wright have raised to my heights before me!

“You’re a Good Man, Charlie Brown,” by Clark Gesner and John Gordon

CHARLIE: There’s that cute little red-headed girl eating her lunch over there. I wonder what she would do if I went over and asked her if I could sit and have lunch with her?...She’d probably laugh right in my face...it’s hard on a face when it gets laughed in. There’s an empty place next to her on the bench. There’s no reason why I couldn’t just go over and sit there. All I have to do is stand up...I’m standing up ...I’m sitting down. I’m a coward. I’m so much of a coward, she wouldn’t even think of looking at me. She hardly ever does look at me. In fact, I can’t remember her ever looking at me. Why shouldn’t she look at me? Is there any reason in the world why she shouldn’t look at me? Is she so great, and I’m so small, that she can’t spare one little moment?...SHE’S LOOKING AT ME SHE’S LOOKING AT ME (he puts his lunch bag over his head).

“You’re a Good Man, Charlie Brown,” by Clark Gesner and 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’? [teachers voice is heard] Thank you, Miss Othmar. (to audience) The squeaky wheel gets the grease!

“To Kill A Mockingbird” by Harper Lee (screenplay adaptation by Horton Foote)

JEM: There goes the meanest man that ever took a breath of life. He has a boy named Boo that he keeps chained to a bed in that house over yonder. Boo only comes out at night when we are asleep and it’s pitch dark. When you wake up at night you can hear him. He walks like this. (he slides his feet along the sidewalk) Once I heard him scratching on our screen door, but he was gone time Atticus got there. But judging from his tracks, he’s about six and a half feet tall. He eats raw squirrels and all the cats he can catch. There’s a long, jagged scar running across his face. His teeth are yellow and rotten. His eyes popped. And he drools most of the time. I was standing in my yard one day when his mama come running out and yelling, “He’s killing us all.” Turned out Boo was sitting in the living room cutting up the paper for his scrapbook and when his daddy come by, he reached over with his scissors and stabbed him in his leg, pulled them out, and went on back cutting the paper. They wanted to send Boo to the asylum, but his daddy said no Radley was going to any asylum, so they locked him up in the basement of the Courthouse till he almost died of the damp and then his daddy brought him back home. And there he is to this day, sittin’ in there with his scissors, lord knows what he’s doin’ or thinkin’. Look. Didn’t you see him? He was just there at the window. And watch out- he’s liable to come running out with his scissors and stab us all.

“Alice In Wonderland” by Alice Gerstenberg adapted from Lewis Carroll

ALICE: Sometimes when I'm all alone I walk up to the looking-glass and talk to the other Alice. She's so silly, that Alice; she can't do anything by herself. She just mocks me all the time. When I laugh, she laughs; when I point my finger at her, she points her finger at me; and when I stick my tongue out at her she sticks her tongue out at me! Kitty has a twin too, haven't you darling? (Alice goes to the mirror to show Kitty her twin.)

Don't you wish sometimes you could go into looking-glass house? See!

(Alice stands on an armchair and looks into the mirror)

There's the room you can see through the glass; it's just the same as our living-room here, only the things go the other way. I can see all of it-all but the bit just behind the fireplace. Oh! I do wish I could see that bit! I want so much to know if they've a fire there. You never can tell, you know, unless our fire smokes. Then smoke comes up in that room too-but that may be just to make it look as if they had a fire-just to pretend they had.

The books are something like our books, only the words go the wrong way. Won't there ever be any way of our getting through, Uncle?

“Treasure Island” by Robert Louis Stevenson

JIM HAWKINS: All throughout that dreadful night I labored to steer the ship away from its anchorage and into a hidden cove on the north side of the island. It was a huge task for a boy half the size of the helm itself, and I wonder now that I was able... what with the wound of the knife in my shoulder, and the memory of Israel Hands' fall into the sea. It was nearly dawn when I finally beached the Hispaniola. By that time, I hated Treasure Island, and only wanted to see the faces of my dear friends. (*Lights of dawn rise. JIM stumbles on, stops before the stockade fence and stands, panting and exhausted. Breathless*) Doctor Livesey! Captain Smollett! I'm back! Squire Trelawney? It's Jim Hawkins come back! (*Silence. JIM takes a couple of steps towards the stockade door*) Hello! (*Silence. Jim takes another step toward the door*). It's Jim Hawkins! I've saved the ship!

“The Adventures of Pippa Higgins,” by Joseph Arnone

PIPPA: My father built his very own animal gadget which, when used, will make any living creature fall peacefully asleep. He would never harm any living creature, ever. My father is a craftsman and an inventor and he creates wonderful contraptions to help make improvements in science and technology. My father loves animals and all living life and he wished to help Radford the Rabbit because he was ill. The same way my father helped Faris the Fox and Tabata the Turtle. My father helps all animals in need

by taking them into his work lab and treating them with medicine. After he nurses them back to health and they make a full recovery, they are stronger, faster, smarter and happier than ever before. (beat) Don't you think it possible that what you consider a magical wand was actually my father's invention?

"The Lightning Thief" by Stephen Fry

THE INFANT PRODIGY: Hermes proved himself to be the most extraordinarily pert and precocious baby that ever drew breath. Within a quarter hour of his birth he had crawled from one side of the cave to the other, throwing out comments to his startled mother as he did so. Five minutes later he requested a light so that he might better examine the cave's walls. Being offered none he struck two stones together and kindled a flame. This had never been done before. Now standing upright (and still not half an hour old), this remarkable infant announced that he was going for a walk. "The close confines of this cramped cavern are occasioning me uncomfortably acute claustrophobia," he said, inventing both alliteration and the family of "-phobia" words as he spoke. "I shall see you presently. Get on with spinning or knitting or whatever it is, there's a good mother."

"Ferris Bueller's Day Off" by John Hughes

FERRIS: Incredible. One of the worst performances of my career and they never doubted it for a second. What a beautiful day! Parents always fall for the clammy hands. It's physical evidence of illness. It's a good, non-specific symptom. Parents are generally pretty hip to the fever scams. And to make them work, you have to go to a hundred and one, hundred and two. You get a nervous mother and you end up in a doctor's office and that's worse than school. Fake a stomach cramp and when you're doubled over, moaning and wailing, just lick your palms. It's a little stupid and childish but then so is high school. Right? This is my ninth sick day this semester. If I go for ten, I'm probably going to have to barf up a lung. So, I absolutely must make this one count.

"CINDERELLA: A Musical Panto" by Kathryn Peterson

ELLA: In my kingdom, everybody works hard and no one thinks they're better than anyone else because they come from a different class. And in my kingdom, animals are equal to people and they'll teach you a thing or two, if you bother to stop and listen. And in my kingdom, trees are magic. When you climb into their branches, you can be anything you want.

There's no difference between you and I, Barnaby. In my kingdom of Hazleberg, all princesses must work for years as servants. It's our royal duty. We scrub floors and clean out fireplaces and hang out the laundry. It gets us down and dirty, keeps us...real.

“A Christmas Carol” by Zak Berkman (adapted from Charles Dickens)

FRED: I have always thought of Christmas as a kind, forgiving, charitable time. The only time in the long calendar of the year when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely; They think of others below or above their station as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave. That’s why, Uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe Christmas has done me good, will do me good: and I say, God bless it.

“A Little Princess” by Richard LaGravenese and Elizabeth Chandler

SARA: There isn't any party left, Emily -- there isn't any princess - there's nothing left but the prisoner in the Bastille. I won't cry. I'll go to bed and sleep. I can't pretend any more to-night.

I wish I could. I'll go to sleep and perhaps a dream will come to pretend for me- I'll suppose a little to make it easier. Suppose there was a bright fire in that grate-with lots of little dancing flames-suppose there was a soft rug on the floor and that was a comfortable chair-and suppose the attic was furnished in lovely colors- (*Voice becomes dreamy*)

And suppose there was a little table by the fire with a little hot supper on it-and suppose this was a beautiful soft bed with white sheets and fleecy blankets and large downy pillows-suppose-sup-p-ose-sup-o-se-

(Falls asleep. Sara wakes slowly, sees the wonderful change and is bewildered)

What a nice dream. I feel quite warm. (*Stretches out arms, feels blanket dreamily*) I don't want to wake up- (*Trying to sleep*) Oh, I am awakening. (*Opens eyes, sees everything-thinks she is dreaming*) I have not wakened. I'm dreaming yet. (*Looks around smiling, bewildered but waking*) It does not melt away-it stays. I never had such a dream before. (*Pushes bedclothes aside, puts feet on floor, smiling*) I am dreaming, it stays real-I'm dreaming, it feels real. (*Moves forward, staring about her*) It's bewitched, or I'm bewitched. I only think I see it all. But if I can only keep on thinking it, I don't care, I don't care. A fire, a little supper. A fire I only dreamed wouldn't be hot. (*Jumping up, sees dressing-gown and slippers*) A dressing gown! (*Holding it to face then putting it on*) It is real-it is, it must be. It's warm, it's soft. (*Puts feet in slippers, cries out*) Slippers-they are real too. They are real, it's all real. I am not-I am not dreaming. (*Sees books on cushions. Runs to them.*) Books, books- (*Opens one, turns over leaves rapidly*) Some one has written something. Oh, what is it? (*Runs to lamp. Reads aloud*) "To the little girl in the garret, from a friend." (*Clasping book to her breast, grabs up Emily and hugs her*) Oh Emily, oh papa- (*Kneels*) Papa, I have a friend, I have a friend!

“Little Women” by Louisa May Alcott

LAURIE: I know something about doing the bidding of cross old people. I get tutored. My grandfather has great plans for me, and bought me out of the draft. I am someday to be a tedious titan of industry! SO I must grind away ‘til college, where I will learn how to do what I don’t wish to do, in order that I may do MORE of what I don’t like in the future. I’m not very good at being a “gentleman.” So perhaps we should—be ourselves. Pause. I’d rather be a girl than a boy. Then I wouldn’t have to do all the things that men are supposed to: waste away life in billiards and business, march off to war, be as unfeeling as granite! If I were a lady, I’d compose on the piano all day, and nobody would bother me.

OPEN-ENDED MONOLOGUES – Not from plays

MONOLOGUE #1: SHARING

Some people think I don’t like sharing, but that isn’t true at all. I love sharing. I mean, what’s not to love about being able to go up to someone and say, “Hey, can I have some of that candy?” And then they give you some! Or, “Can I ride your bike for a while?” And then you get to ride their bike! Sharing is awesome. Sometimes you have to be careful, though. Like if someone comes up to me and says, “Can I have one of your cookies?” Well, if I gave them a cookie, then I might not have any cookies left to share with other people and that would be, like, the opposite of sharing. So I have to say no. Because sharing is really important.

MONOLOGUE #2: SCOUT

Before we moved here, we had this big dog named Scout. Mom always said he was a total mutt, but I think he was also part collie. And maybe part golden retriever. But he was definitely at least half mutt. Scout was supposed to be the whole family’s dog, but he was really mine. I mean, after school, it was me he would be waiting for. And when anyone threw his ball, I’m the one he always brought it back to. And at night, it was always my bed he slept in. But before we moved here, my Mom found out we weren’t allowed to have any pets, so we had to give him away to my cousins. I don’t really talk about it, but sometimes I dream about Scout. He’s got his ball in his mouth and he’s looking for me. And I’m saying, “Here, Scout. I’m right here.” But he doesn’t hear me, and he can’t see me, and I’m saying, “I’m right here. Scout. I’m right here.” And then, I don’t know, I guess I wake up . . . I don’t know if Scout dreams about me.

MONOLOGUE #3: NEWS

Why do you watch the news every night, Dad? It's booooooring! It's always the same. The news is just a bunch of guys talking. It's just so boring! Can't we watch the cartoon channel? Don't you like to laugh? I feel like my head is going to explode all over this room I'm so bored: pow! Splat! Smush! Here, I'll be the news guy: "Tonight, everyone is very boring in the whole world. The whole world is boring and bunch of other guys said boring things and the weather is boring. Have a boring night. I'm boring. Good night." That's it! I just did the news for you. Now you don't have to watch it! Let's watch cartoons!