

Monologue choices for Middle School Theater Auditions

DIARY OF ANNE FRANK ANNE Look, Peter, the sky. (she looks up through the skylight) What a lovely, lovely day! Aren't the clouds beautiful? You know what I do when it seems as if I couldn't stand being cooped up for one more minute? I think myself out. I think myself on a walk in the park where I used to go with Pim. Where the jonquils and the crocus and the violets grow down the slopes. You know the most wonderful part about thinking yourself out? You can have it any way you like. You can have roses and violets and chrysanthemums all blooming at the same time? It's funny. I used to take it all for granted. And now I've gone crazy about everything to do with nature. Haven't you? (softly) I wish you had a religion, Peter. Oh, I don't mean you have to be Orthodox, or believe in heaven and hell and purgatory and things. I just mean some religion. It doesn't matter what. Just to believe in something! When I think of all that's out there. The trees. And flowers. And seagulls. When I think of the dearness of you, Peter. And the goodness of people we know, all risking their lives for us every day. When I think of these good things, I'm not afraid any more. I find myself, and God, and I... We're not the only people have had to suffer. There've always been people that've had to. Sometimes one race, sometimes another, and yet...I know it's terrible, trying to have any faith when people are doing such horrible things, but you know what I sometimes think? I think the world may be going through a phase, the way I was with Mother. It'll pass, maybe not for hundreds of years, but someday I still believe, in spite of everything, that people are really good at heart. Peter, if you'd only look at it as part of a great pattern. That we're just a little minute in the life? (she breaks off) Listen to us, going at each other like a couple of stupid grownups! Look at the sky now. Isn't it lovely?

George -Our Town

I'm celebrating because I've got a friend who tells me all the things that ought to be told me. I'm glad you spoke to me like you did. But you'll see. I'm going to change. And Emily, I want to ask you a favor. Emily, if I go away to State Agricultural College next year, will you write me a letter? The day wouldn't come when I wouldn't want to know everything about our town. Y'

know, Emily, whenever I meet a farmer I ask him if he thinks it's important to go to Agricultural School to be a good farmer. And some of them say it's even a waste of time. And like you say, being gone all that time – in other places, and meeting other people. I guess new people probably aren't any better than old ones. Emily – I feel that you're as good a friend as I've got. I don't need to go and meet the people in other towns. Emily, I'm going to make up my mind right now – I won't go. I'll tell Pa about it tonight.

Wilder, Thornton. *Our Town* Harper Publishing, 1957, pp.66-7.

Zero (character from the book Holes)

It was the right decision that I have dug Stanley's hole because he wasn't the culprit who spread Mr. Sir's sunflower seeds and it would be mean if he comes back from the warden, punished for what he "had done". I am the fastest digger in camp so it was okay that I have done it because I would have finished my hole anyway.

Maybe we can become friends now! I like Stanley because he isn't like the other boys who treat me badly. Yesterday I've seen him reading a letter from his mother.

Wouldn't it be awesome if I could read letters or books as well? This guy could teach me the alphabet! Yes, that's a great idea. Now I am sure that I haven't done anything wrong. Stanley is a good guy, I want to become friends with him for sure. Thinking of what I have done and what I want to ask him we could make a deal that he teaches me the alphabet and I can dig a part of his daily hole. I hope that he is going to accept my suggestion!

Antonio Garcia from the movie *Freedom Writers*

Ms. G?

Can I read something from my diary?

This summer was the worst summer in my short 14 years of life.

It all started with a phone call.

My mother was crying and begging, asking for more time as if she were gasping for her last breath of air.

She held me as tight as she could and cried. Her tears hit my shirt like bullets and told me we were being evicted. She kept apologizing to me.

I thought, 'I have no home. 'I should have asked for something less expensive at Christmas.'

On the morning of the eviction, a hard knock on the door woke me up. The sheriff was there to do his job.

I looked up at the sky, waiting for something to happen.

My mother has no family to lean on, no money coming in. Why bother coming to school or getting good grades if I'm homeless?

The bus stops in front of the school.

I feel like throwing up. I'm wearing clothes from last year, some old shoes and no new haircut. I kept thinking I'd get laughed at.

Instead, I'm greeted by a couple of friends who were in my English class last year. And it hits me, Mrs. Gruwell, my crazy English teacher from last year, is the only person that made me think of hope.

Talking with friends about last year's English and our trips, I began to feel better.

I receive my schedule and the first teacher is Mrs. Gruwell in Room 203. I walk into the room and feel as though all the problems in life are not so important anymore.

I am home. "

A Little Princess

written by Richard LaGravenese & Elizabeth Chandler

Sara: I don't have a mother either... she's in heaven with my baby sister... But that doesn't mean I can't talk to her, I talk to her all the time... I tell her everything and I know she hears me because... because that's what angels do. My mom is an angel and yours is too. With beautiful satin wings, a silk dress, and a crown of baby rosebuds, and they all live together in a castle. And do you know what it's made out of? Sunflowers. Hundreds of them, so bright they shine like the sun. And when they want to go anywhere they just whistle, like this...(whistles) and a

cloud swoops down to the front gate and picks them up and as they ride through the air, over the moon and through the stars... until they are hovering right above us, that's how they can look down and make sure we're all right. And sometimes they even send messages. Of course you can't hear them with all the noise you were making... but don't worry they'll always try again... just in case you missed them.

Monologues from Little Women:

BETH: I was never like the rest of you, making plans about the great things I'd do, I never saw myself as anything much, just shy, stupid little Beth, who's only use was at home. Why does everyone want to go away? I love being home, but I don't like being left behind. Now I'm the one going ahead, No one can stop God if He wants me, But I'm afraid I shall be homesick for you... even in heaven.

LAURIE: Thank you, Mrs. March, I am really here on behalf of my grandfather. He asked me to present his compliments and his apologies. He asked me to say [thinking hard trying to remember exactly what his grandfather said] that he feels he has been very remiss in not calling to pay his respects to you, the daughter of his old friend, but he hopes that you will forgive the tardiness of an old man who ventures but rarely into society. And he hopes that you will do him the honor of accepting these two bottles of wine with the compliments of the season.—oh, and these flowers are from me. I picked them myself in the conservatory.

I have had the pleasure of meeting your daughter Jo when her kitten ran into our garden. She is full of life, isn't she? She told me that she wants to be an authoress and Meg is the pretty one, isn't she, and Beth the rosy one who stays at home a good deal; and the curly-haired one who sketches and paints is Amy, I believe? You will have to excuse me...

Why, you see, I often hear them calling to one another, and when I am alone at home I can't help looking over here at your house; you seem always to be having such good times.

Sometimes you don't draw the curtains, and when the lamps are lighted it's like a picture to

look in and see you all at the table or busy with some household task, I am afraid that I can't help watching. I live with my grandfather although it feels as if I am alone my parents are both dead. Grandpa lives among his books and doesn't take much interest in what happens outside. Mr. Brooke, my tutor, only comes in during the day so I am rather much alone at times. That's why I am afraid I have taken to watching all your comings and goings.:Thank you very much, Mrs. March, it's good of you to receive me so kindly. I will give your message to Grandpa and tell him.

Violet's Monologue from Unfortunate Events

I just don't understand why we can't be moved to a new home! It doesn't matter if he gets to choose how he parents us, this is unfair. He gave us one rickety bed to sleep in, a pile of rocks to play with, and countless chores to do everyday. He calls us orphans! He asked us to make dinner without a recipe or even a request for what he wanted. He left us with little money to buy the groceries to make his oh-so-special dinner. We made puttanesca sauce with pasta and he wanted roast beef. He said that because he was our new guardian he was not to be tested and demanded that we make him and his guest roast beef. In his anger, he picked up Sunny with one hand and just held her in the air. Klaus then tried to grab Sunny out of his arms and got slapped across the face by Count Olaf. Count Olaf smiled and raised Sunny higher. Mr. Poe please, I'm begging you take us away from Count Olaf. He's always talking about the family fortune. He only wants our family fortune and nothing more. He doesn't care about us or anyone else. We know that he is hatching a plan to take our family fortune. Yes, I know that the fortune can't be touched until I come of age, but he's going to figure out a way to take it. Mr. Poe you have to do something! We'll prove it to you Mr. Poe! We'll figure out a way to prove that Count Olaf is evil and when we do, you will take us away from him, won't you? Thank you, Mr. Poe.