

Kids Monologues

A) Okay, look, alright, I stole the cake. And honestly I was really, definitely, sort of almost thinking about owning up... maybe? But the thing was I was having a lot of trouble with my belly. You see, the Trunchbull's cake was so good that I'd scoffed it down too quick and now it was beginning to fight back.

His belly rumbles.

Ooops. See?

Rumble. Bruce lets out a truly enormous burp, but really, really enormous, it goes on for ever. It hovers above him.

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 the class...

It drifts across the class.

Past Lavender... Past Alice... Past Matilda...

Drifts past Matilda

...and then, my great big beautiful chocolaty burp, which now seemed to have a mind of its own, wafted full into the face of the Trunchbull.

B) 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!

C) 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.