



Sample Pages from
Middle School Monologues: Girls

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MIDDLE SCHOOL MONOLOGUES: GIRLS

EDITED BY
Lindsay Price



Middle School Monologues: Girls

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Tamara

PLAY: Wait Wait Bo Bait

GENRE: Comedy

TIME: 2:00



DESCRIPTION

Tamara is waiting to hear from a boy who said he'd call. She has been going crazy in her room waiting all day for the call.

ACTING HINTS

Make sure the piece is performed with tonal variety. Tamara should alternate between serenity and insanity.

Is this the first time a boy has ever told Tamara they'd call her? Why does she wait? What's so special about the boy? What led Tamara to give the boy her number?



(singing a made-up melody into a hairbrush microphone) Oh Mr. Phone. Why don't you ring? Why don't I hear you sing in the night? Oh Mr. Phone. One ding-a-ling is all I need to make it right. *(speaking as if to a Vegas night club audience)* Thank you. Thank you very much, I'm here all week. You know, just before I go, I'd like to send out a little word. Just a little word out there to all the guys in the world. *(singing)* To all the guys in the world. If you meet that special girl. Don't make her wait by the phone. All alone. 'Cause that's not nice. She might curse you and wish that you had lice. How'd you like that? Have to shave your head and buy a hat.

(speaking) Thank you. Thank you very much. Try the buffet. All you guys out there in the world. Could you do us gals a favour? It's just a simple, teeny, tiny, little thing.

Tamara

If you don't want to call a girl then don't ask for her number. Sounds easy, don't you think audience? Don't ask for her number. Don't look her in the eyes and say "I'm going to call you." Don't say it. Don't say those five little words. Would that be so hard? I don't think so. "I'm going to call you." Five little words that make girls all over the world cancel their plans and sit in their rooms going absolutely mental waiting for stupid boys to call. I know my life would be a lot better off if I had never heard them, isn't that right audience? Ah, you're a beautiful crowd. (*singing*) For centuries girls have waited for that invitation to the ball. 'Cause a stupid boy has told her, "I'm going to call." For centuries girls have believed but over and over and over and over and over and over and over and over again we've been deceived. When will we learn? When will we ever, ever, ever, ever, ever, ever, learn?

(*speaking*) Thank you. Thank you very much. Tip your waitress! Our next act is Gammy Sam and his trained seal, Jo Jo. Jo Jo can play *You Light Up My Life* on the castanets. Let's hear it for Jo Jo!



Snowflake

PLAY: The Snow Show

GENRE: Drama

TIME: 1:15



DESCRIPTION

Snowflake describes her love of snow angels.

ACTING HINTS

The character is caught between being a child and being a teenager. Why is important to the character that she make snow angels every year? If the angel has made no mistakes, what mistakes has the character made?

She used to be very close with her sister and is no longer. Think about what their relationship was like when they were younger and what it's like now. Why does the sister call the character a 'freak'?



I make snow angels. Every year. Not as many as when I was a kid, but every year. It's my tradition. My sister and I used to make them together. We'd wake up and see our lawn turned into a field of white. Untouched. Pure. A blank page. No mistakes. We'd race from the door to the middle of the lawn; arms out, fly back. Wheeeeeeeee! Arms: flap flap flap. Legs: flap, flap, flap. The trick is getting up without disturbing the angel. Points lost if you smudge her or leave a footprint on her beautiful pure dress. (*throwing her arms into the air*) First to the back door wins!

(*she lowers her arms*) My sister and I don't really... we're not really on the same page anymore. She has her friends. She doesn't see the magic in snow angels. "Why do you do that, freak?" She complains about having to shovel the

Snowflake

driveway, scraping ice off the car. “Did you see what that stupid snow did to my suede boots?” On the snowiest day this winter she goes to the mall. I wait till she’s gone. “See you later, freak.” And I run out to the middle of the lawn.

She stands still and speaks without the gestures.

Arms out, fly back. Wheeeeeeee! Arms: flap flap flap. Legs: flap, flap, flap. Carefully, carefully, standing. (*she looks down*) She’s beautiful. Pure white. No mistakes.

She takes a deep breath and lets it out. She smiles weakly.

No mistakes.





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