DRAMATIC FEMALE MONOLOGUES FOR TWEENS AND YOUNG TEENS
A Collection of Eight Monologues

by
Deborah Karczewski

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5. The Evil Stepsister
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The Cotillion Dress
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CHARACTER: A girl realizes that one person's hand-me-down can be another's treasure.

And then my mom yelled, "How many times do I have to say, 'No?' Now wash the dishes!"

And so I screamed even louder, "Wash your own dishes! I hate you!" I slammed the kitchen door and ran like a maniac until I reached the park. I found the biggest swing on the playground and started swinging back and forth...a giant, crazed girl in the middle of a bunch of little kids. It's just that I was so mad. All I did was ask Mom for a new dress for The Cotillion. She got all holier-than-thou and said, "I can't believe that this community is still having that ridiculous ball for girls your age. When you're older, you'll have a prom. Why do all of these mothers want their daughters to grow up so fast?"

Then, after putting down the absolutely most exciting night in middle school, she had the nerve to tell me to try on Lisa's cotillion dress. Is she out of her middle-aged mind? I can't wear a used dress! Who does she think I am?

And then she started to cry! I mean, I'm the one whose life she's ruining, and she's the one crying! She tells me that since the divorce she's having problems making ends meet and can't afford the little extras. Little! She considers The Cotillion little! Ahhh! She says that Lisa's dress has only been worn once and that nobody in my class has even seen it! Like that's a decent excuse!

So, there I am, swinging like a monkey with rabies, and I see Julie Lipton heading for the swing set with her little brother. Well, I suppose I was starting to calm down because I was beginning to feel like an idiot.

"Hey Julie, your brother can have this swing if he wants." (as Julie) "Oh Hi! Thanks a lot!" she said.

As Julie was helping her brother onto the swing, I could not believe what I saw. She was wearing my diamond shirt! They weren't really diamonds, and it wasn't really my shirt...not any more anyway. You see, last year I was in the DIY phase. You know – "Do It Yourself?" I had gotten one of those DIY Rhinestone Kits, and I sparkled up everything in sight: my jeans, my purse, my book bag, but especially my favorite T-shirt. I attached clear rhinestones all around the neckline. I swear they looked like real diamonds! But wouldn't you know my sister Lisa shrunk my diamond shirt in the wash. The last I ever saw of that shirt was when Mom added it to the box of items she was taking to the local charity center.

"Um. . .Julie," I said, "I like your shirt."

"Gee thanks!" she replied. My mom brought it home for me yesterday! Moms! Just when they start to drive you crazy, they surprise you!

I felt a huge rock growing in the pit of my stomach. As I walked home, that rock grew until it was a gigantic boulder. When I got there, everyone had already left for their assorted obligations. The house seemed so empty. I picked up everybody's junk around the living room. Then I washed all of the dirty dishes. Dried them, too. Now, I'm going upstairs to try on Lisa's cotillion dress. I think it'll go great with my silver shoes.

THE END