

DRAMATIC FEMALE MONOLOGUES FOR TWEENS AND YOUNG TEENS

By Deborah Karczewski

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A Collection of Eight Monologues
by
Deborah Karczewski

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The Cotillion Dress

by
Deborah Karczewski

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

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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.

END OF PLAY

STICKS AND STONES

by
Deborah Karczewski

CHARACTER: A girl who discovers that it's not as easy being on the receiving end of insults as it is on the giving end.

"Sticks and stones may break my bones, but words will never hurt me...it's a lie. Words *do* hurt.

I've got this little brother. His name is David, but I call him Dingbat. Yesterday at breakfast, I was already in a terrible mood. Mom had just told me that we all had to go to the field hockey game. These things always happen to me. Since Bethany's three years older than I am, I'm expected to drop all of my plans to watch Her Highness hit a stupid ball into a stupid net. It was even worse when Taylor lived at home, but now that he's at college, that's one less sibling around to ruin all of my plans.

Dingbat always seems to know how to make a bad mood worse. He purposely burped so loud and began to laugh so hard that his chair toppled right over onto my bare foot!

"Ouch!" I screamed. "Get off me, you accident!"

"What are you talking about?" he asked.

"You were an accident! Mom and Dad never wanted you in the first place! Think about it, Dingbat. There's three years between Taylor and Bethany...three years between Bethany and me. Mom and Dad planned for three years in between each child. Then, everything's going fine until – BAM – six years later, you're born! You don't fit into the three-year plan. You're just an ugly accident!"

"Melanie Ann Humphry!" I know when Mom's super angry when she uses my whole name. "Bethany...David...go to your rooms and get ready for the field hockey game. Melanie, don't you move! I will be right back!"

I shook nervously in my chair until Mom returned. She looked like she had been crying. She was holding a photo album. "Mom?" I tried to begin.

"No. Not a word, young lady. Do you hear me?" I nodded anxiously.

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"Here's a picture of you when you were born. Look how adorable you were. Here's a picture of you with Taylor and Bethany. You were their special doll baby, you know. Here you are at age three...you have ice cream all over your sweet, little face. And here you are hugging your baby sister."

"But Mommy, " I interrupted, "I don't have a baby sister."

"That's right, Melanie. Do you remember when you and Taylor and Bethany had to live with Grandma and Grandpa for a few months?"

"No...wait...yes, I think so...It was a long time ago. Wasn't it?"

"Yes." Mom's tears were beginning to fall on the picture album. "That was the worst time of our lives. I thought that none of us would ever feel happiness again. But three years later, David was born. David was *not* an accident. He is our blessing." I couldn't speak. "Melanie," Mom continued, "I'm sure that by tomorrow I will feel differently. But right now, you are such a disappointment, my dear. A terrible disappointment."

That word hit me like a bee sting. Disappointment. I don't think that there is another word in the whole English language that could hurt as much.

Stick and stones? (*covers her face with her hands.*)

END OF PLAY

PADSY

by
Deborah Karczewski

CHARACTER: A girl who must accept a new pet after the death of her puppy.

(kneeling and looking sadly at a blanket bundled to look as though a sleeping puppy lies within) No offense. There's nothing really wrong with you. You're . . . pretty cute, actually. It's just that you're not . . . my Socksy. If I kept you . . . it would be like I'm forgetting everything he meant to me.

I wish Aunt Sandy hadn't brought you here. I know she just wanted to cheer me up, but . . . this is just too hard! How can she expect me to forget my very best friend? Mom and Dad had Socksy even before I was born! I can't remember a single day when he wasn't there for me. He's even in most of my baby pictures. The best one was when I was two. Socksy and I got to my birthday cake before any of the guests arrived. It's so cute. We both climbed onto the kitchen table and dove head first into the cake. You can see a mess of crumbs and frosting with four guilty eyes poking out and one sticky tail. No, I can't! It's just too soon!

Look how your little belly goes in and out as you sleep. You're so tiny that I can see every breath you take. Socksy passed away in his sleep. That's the best way, I guess. He was so old that we had to keep him in the kitchen. He had to stay on the tiles in case of accidents, poor thing. Besides, he couldn't make it up the stairs or jump onto the furniture anymore. I made a bed for him out of old towels. He used to look so sad when I went to bed those last few months. It was like he was thinking, "Why can't I sleep in your bed anymore?" I miss his warm body on my toes.

I bet you'd like to sleep with me. I mean, we could give it a try until Aunt Sandy goes back home. Then, you've got to go. Sometimes Socksy would have doggy nightmares in his sleep. He'd start to breathe really quickly and kick me with his two back legs. It was so adorable!

That's how I named him, you know. There he was, kicking away, and I noticed that his back feet were white like he was wearing gym socks! You always hear of people naming their dogs Bootsy or Boots, but I'm the only one who had a Socksy.

Look at that! You have white marks, too! But yours are higher up, kind of where your back knees are. It's as though you're wearing knee pads like my brother wears for ice hockey. What could I call you? Kneesy? That sounds pathetic. Padsy? Hmm. Got to admit it; it's unusual. Padsy. I'm willing to bet that I'd be the only one who has a Padsy.

(scrambling up) No, I can't do this. It's not right. It's an insult to my Socksy. Wherever he is, he'll think I don't love him anymore. But . . . Socksy loved me, too. I know he did. And he wouldn't want me to cry forever. Would he?

(lying down and cuddling next to the blanket bundle) I can smell your puppy breath, Padsy. It's nice. It's like a mix of milk and crackers. You're a cozy little thing. I haven't slept that well since Socksy . . . Sweet dreams little one. *(and shuts her eyes)*

END OF PLAY

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