

Monologue #1:

It was a dark and stormy night in fairyland. A night just perfect for witches. With fairy godmother in the clink, I began to wonder if we were ready for a world turned topsy-turvy. Sweet witches and friendly wolves. Wise wizards and princesses with pig noses. It's a world gone mad but somehow things are looking sunny-side up and we may find some kind of happily ever after in fairytale land.

I was about to call it a day because I had this over easy feeling coming over me... when she rolled in. She had the figure of a fortress and the countenance of a cobra. She was the goddaughter; the witchiest woman west of Walla Walla.

I wondered if this was some kind of yolk. I had already cracked the case of the sleeping prince. Fairy godmother was left with egg on her face. The sleeping spell was only the Easter coloring on a much more rotten egg. She had bigger eggs to fry. And the corruption nearly broke fairytale land apart. Thankfully they had me to put it back together again.

I could continue walking on eggshells around her like everyone else or I could put all my eggs in one basket and say it straight. I knew she was trouble and I told her so. I told her she was like one of those riddles that scramble your brains like, "what came first, the chicken or the egg?"

I told her to beat it unless she wanted to have a talk with all the King's horses and all the King's men.

But then her eyes teared up and I was speechless because I'd never seen this cool egg crack before. Hey, I've got feelings. I'm a bit soft-boiled around the dames. And this dame needed help. And help is what I do, because I'm Humpty Dumpty, Private Egg. Hard-boiled detective.

Monologue #2:

Do you really think he'll last? Now those stars up there in the sky having staying power. I can always count on them. I can always look up and know they'll be there for me. The stars on Earth burn out too quickly. They have a moment where they shine so bright but then poof. They're gone. A memory. Sometimes not even that. But with the stars in the sky, I know they'll be there night after night, always there for me to make a wish. What do I wish for? *(thinks a moment)*

Hope. I wish for hope. Hope for the world. Hope for peace. Hope for a future where no one is more important than anyone else and money is a thing of the past. A future where everyone is taken care of no matter how little they have. I just want to be taken care of... cared for... that's what I hope for. That's my wish.

Monologue #3:

What do you dream about? I dream about dragons. All the time. I know they're not real but I want them to be. Sure, most girls dream of unicorns but I... I love dragons... And fire.

I want to ride my dreams in to the night sky and fly over the moon. Dragons live in dreams. But what if we could make our dreams real? I could fly away from here and never come back. Leave a world of worries behind.

Does that mean the nightmares would be real too? Maybe. It's not worth it then. My nightmares are pretty bad.

I'll keep the dragons in my dreams. I don't need any more nightmares in my life.

Monologue #4:

I know exactly what you mean. People misconwhattionize me all the time. Man, you accidentally knock down some pig's house with a sneeze and they start telling stories about you. And now there's this little girl and her red hood. Who knows what they'll say about this one.

I have self-a-team issues too. Everyone is always going around saying "what a big nose you have" and "what big teeth you have." It hurts. I just want to go away some place where I won't bother anyone.

They're always promising happy endings but where's my happy ending? All that happily ever after seems to be reserved for princesses and cute little animals. Especially bunnies. Why are rabbits always getting happy endings? They're rodents, I tell you. Rodents!

Monologue #5:

[Angrily] Why, how impolite of him. I asked him a civil question, and he pretended not to hear me. That's not at all nice. *[Calling after him]* I say, Mr. White Rabbit, where are you going? Hmm. He won't answer me. And I do *so* want to know what he is late for. I wonder if I might follow him. Why not? There's no rule that I mayn't go where I please. I--I will follow him. Wait for me, Mr. White Rabbit. I'm coming, too! *[Falling]* How curious. I never realized that rabbit holes were so dark . . . and so long . . . and so empty. I believe I have been falling for five minutes, and I still can't see the bottom! Hmph! After such a fall as this, I shall think nothing of tumbling downstairs. How brave they'll all think me at home. Why, I wouldn't say anything about it even if I fell off the top of the house! I wonder how many miles I've fallen by this time. I must be getting somewhere near the center of the earth. I wonder if I shall fall right *through* the earth! How funny that would be. Oh, I think I see the bottom. Yes, I'm sure I see the bottom. I shall hit the bottom, hit it very hard, and oh, how it will hurt!

Why would anybody say that about someone? She's not even fat, who cares what she is wearing! I didn't know there were rules on what to wear and not to wear at school. Just because she isn't a size zero like you doesn't mean she is fat. Look around!

Monologue #6:

(Pointing at people walking by) She isn't perfect. He isn't perfect. No one is perfect. Look at me. I am far from perfect. I bet she has no idea how other people feel when she makes fun of them. The person that she called fat could be the nicest person you meet. So why does it matter what she is wearing? Is it because she isn't wearing Hollister, Abercrombie, or the Buckle? (Did you ever think it's because she can't afford it?)

People shouldn't judge others for what they wear or what size they are. So what? Am I going to get harassed because I wear sweatpants every day? Matter of fact, I don't wear size zero either, so why doesn't everybody just call me fat? Just because people are bigger doesn't mean they should be bullied.

What is sad is that girl called fat doesn't eat lunch and works out every day after school. The boy that everybody calls dumb; he goes home and studies for hours. The girl everybody calls ugly wakes up extra early every morning just to put on enough makeup to be called beautiful. What she doesn't realize she is beautiful without it, but because she is bullied she will never realize that. So why bully people?

Imagine what would happen if makeup disappeared in the world: everyone would look the same. Would they all get made fun of because of all the zits on their face? People should not be judged in this world for what they look like because no one is perfect.

Monologue #7:

What do you dream about? I dream about dragons. All the time. I know they're not real but I want them to be. Sure, most boys dream about superheroes but I... I love dragons... And fire.

I want to ride my dreams in to the night sky and fly over the moon.

Dragons live in dreams. But what if we could make our dreams real? I could fly away from here and never come back. Leave a world of worries behind.

Does that mean the nightmares would be real too? Maybe. It's not worth it then. My nightmares are pretty bad.

I'll keep the dragons in my dreams. I don't need any more nightmares in my life.

Monologue #8:

Miss Watson told me to pray every day, and whatever I asked for I would get it. But it warn't so. I tried it. Once I got a fish-line, but no hooks. It warn't any good to me without hooks. I tried for the hooks three or four times, but somehow I couldn't make it work. By and by, one day, I asked Miss Watson to try for me, but she said I was a fool. She never told me why, and I couldn't make it out no way. I set down one time back in the woods, and had a long think about it. I says to myself, if a body can get anything they pray for, why don't Deacon Winn get back the money he lost on pork? Why can't the widow get back her silver snuffbox that was stole? Why can't Miss Watson fat up? No, says I to myself, there ain't nothing in it. I went and told the widow about it, and she said the thing a body could get by praying for it was "spiritual gifts." This was too many for me, but she told me what she meant--I must help other people, and do everything I could for other people, and look out for them all the time, and never think about myself. This was including Miss Watson, as I took it. I went out in the woods and turned it over in my mind a long time, but I couldn't see no advantage about it--except for the other people; so at last I reckoned I wouldn't worry about it anymore, but just let it go.

Monologue #9:

I've always dreamed of being a hero. I've tried everything to become super. I let a spider bite me... no spider powers; just lots of itching. I tried standing too close to the microwave oven hoping the radiation would change me. Nothing. And I got in trouble for making so many bags of popcorn. But I took it all to school and had a popcorn party. I was a hero that day. So I guess it kinda worked.

I love being a hero. I love helping people. I love making them happy. And I hate bad guys. I hate creeps who hurt people.

There's this kid at school... he is always hurting everyone. I am sick of him hurting us. I just need those super powers. I need something that will make him stop.

(lost in thought) Maybe if I eat more of the school lunches. They look radioactive. If I get enough green hotdogs and brown ketchup in me... something is bound to happen. *(nods in approval)*

And I need a catch phrase like "gonna smoosh me a baddie"... and a cool costume... actually last time I was in the bathroom, I saw the perfect superhero name. Protecto! Instead of a telephone booth like superman, I could use a bathroom stall and those Protecto seat covers could be a cape... and make a toilet paper mask. Nothing scares bad guys more than bathroom stuff. *(thinks then frowns)* Or maybe it will really make them want to give me a swirly. I better rethink this.

Monologue #10:

Don't bring Helen inside, Paris. She will only bring doom on our city. Dooooom!

Doooooooooom! *(She sighs)*

How come nobody ever listens to me? *(She hears someone laughing)*

Apollo? Is that you? Get over here. I thought you gave me the power to see the future? But nobody listens to me. And now I see the walls of Troy falling down. And no one will listen to me about that either.

(She pauses and listens.)

Fine print? What fine print?

(She pulls a scroll from her pocket)

I can't read this. It's a bunch of drawings. It's all Greek to me.

(She listens)

What? It says that?! How could you do this to me? You gods think you're so smart. Well, I know what happens to you. And I'm not telling. See you, never, Apollo.