

The Wardrobe
By Janet B. Milstein

Comic

Katie accidentally discovered a way to get her mom to buy her new clothes. Here, she shares her secret with a good friend.

Katie: Last week my mom bought me chocolate ice cream while she shopped in the mall! It taste so good that I licked it real hard and it fell on my yellow shirt. I started to cry cause it was all messy and cold, so my mom bought me a new pink shirt. Then we were driving to my best friend's birthday party, and by accident I spilled my Juicy-Juice all over my white dress! Even my mom couldn't wipe the purple stains out. I felt so bad, I started crying! So my mom stopped at the store and bought me a pretty red dress. I figure, if I keep spilling my food, by next month I'll have a brand new wardrobe!!

Award winner: Comedy Monologue Competition, International Modeling & Talent Association, New York 1998 Convention.

The Star Chart

By Janet B. Milstein

Comic

Jenna really doesn't feel like doing her chores tonight, so she decides to trick her little sister into doing them for her.

Jenna: Julie, see this chart? It's a list of chores that Mom made. It says, "make bed, set the table, clean room." Each time I do one of these things, Mom gives me a star. A shiny star! A beautiful star! Sometimes even gold! Look over here. There's my name and - hey! Your name isn't on here at all! Oh no! That means you can never, ever, ever get any stars! That's not fair. I bet you'd love lots of pretty stars, wouldn't you? Mom must think you're too young to earn stars. Hey! I have an idea to help you out, Julie. I'll make a chart like this with your name on it and keep it under your pillow. Then every time you clean up my room or make my bed, I'll give you three stars! I'll feel kinda sad to only get one measly star from Mom, but I'll do it cause I know it will make you happy. Want some cool silver stars right now?! Okay - go set the table.

Award winner: Comedy Monologue Competition, International Modeling & Talent Association, New York 1998 Convention.

A Place Called Heaven

By Janet B. Milstein

Dramatic

Danni's mom has been very sick and got home last night from the hospital. This morning, Danni creeps into her mom's room to see if she's okay.

Danni: Mommy? Are you awake? What happened to your hair?! It was there when you came home from the hospital yesterday. *(Beat.)* A wig?! Daddy told me the doctors had to cut some off, but why'd they take it all? It's scaring me. Will it grow back? *(Beat.)* Well, maybe you can get lots of pretty wigs and I'll brush them for you. I'm so glad you're home. I missed you. Daddy can't cook very good. But I got to eat lots of pizza. Daddy said the doctors didn't make you all better. Maybe me and Daddy can make you chicken soup like you make when I'm sick. And then you'll get better and we can go to the playground and Chuck E. Cheese and - *(Beat.)* Why not? *(Beat.)* Where are you going? To a new hospital? *(Beat.)* Heaven? Will you come back? *(Beat.)* Mommy, no! I don't want you to go there! Don't leave! Stay with me. I love you, Mommy. Please promise you won't go away.

Award winner: Drama Monologue Competition, International Modeling & Talent Association, Los Angeles 2000 Convention.

The Grown-Up
By Janet B. Milstein

Comic

Matthew decides it's time to act grown up like his dad.

Matthew: Dad, can I borrow your razor? *(Beat.)* Because I finally grew a mustache today. Look. *(Beat.)* Well look closer, it's there. I can see it. And I have to shave it off right away or I'll never get a girlfriend. It'll look stupid and get food stuck in it. Besides, girls don't like mustaches cause it feels gross when you kiss them. *(Beat.)* Lisa Rosen told me. Dad, you're going to have to face the fact that I'm all grown up. I'm a man now, and I have to start doing grown-up things like you do. Like shaving and wearing cologne and showering on a regular basis. *(Beat.)* Mow the lawn? Hey, look! My mustache was just a fuzz from the blanket. I guess I don't have to shave after all!

Award winner: Comedy Monologue Competition, International Modeling & Talent Association, New York 2001 Convention.

Outside Dad's Footsteps
By Janet B. Milstein

Dramatic

Adam tries to make his dad understand that he needs to live his own life.

Adam: I got a "C" on my math test. That's not so bad. It's average, Dad.

(Beat.) But it's really hard for me right now. I have tons of homework, band practice, karate, and rehearsal for the play every night. That's a lot of stuff.

(Beat.) I know good grades are important, but so is everything else. I'm trying as hard as I can. What am I supposed to do? *(Beat.)* Quit the play?! No, that's not fair! We're already in the third week of rehearsal and I've got the lead role. I can't quit now. Dad, I know you got bad grades when you were in school and you don't want me to do the same thing. But don't you see? You're trying to make me be perfect because you weren't. It's like I'm supposed to make up for your life. Well this is *my* life. And I'm not perfect, Dad. I never will be. Acting is the one thing that really makes me happy. I'm going to pass all of my classes. Just not with straight A's. That doesn't make me a failure, Dad. And it doesn't make *you* one either.

Award winner: Drama Monologue Competition, International Modeling & Talent Association, Los Angeles 2000 Convention.