

Monologue #1: "The Paper"

(Pacing, muttering to themselves, then stopping suddenly as if realizing the clock is ticking.)

Oh no, oh no, oh no. It's due tomorrow. Tomorrow! And I have—what?—a paragraph? Not even a paragraph, it's like... three sentences that don't even make sense. Why did I think watching *just one* episode was a good idea? Or making popcorn? Or reorganizing my sock drawer? I don't even *wear* half those socks! Ugh!

Okay, okay, calm down. Breathe. I can do this. It's just... eight pages. Eight. Pages. About *The Great Gatsby*. Which I read... kind of. I mean, I read the SparkNotes. That counts, right? No. No, it doesn't count.

(pacing, frantic)

Why do I do this to myself? Why do I wait until the last second? I should've started last week. Or last month. Or the day the assignment was given. But nooooo. I had to watch one episode. Just one. Which turned into, like... the entire season. And then suddenly cleaning my closet became a matter of national security.

(suddenly hopeful)

Maybe school will cancel itself? Maybe the internet will... explode? Maybe my teacher will decide, "You know what, never mind, let's all just dance instead!"

(deflates, then steels herself)

Okay. No. No more excuses. I'm gonna write this paper. Eight pages. Easy. I'll just... write one page. Eight times.

(grins, too confident, then immediately panics again)

I'm doomed.

Monologue #2: "Extra Life"

(Smiling, almost embarrassed at first.)

So... yeah. I'm kind of in love. With video games. I know, I know—it sounds silly, but hear me out.

Games are... safe. They don't care if I look weird, or if I trip over my own words, or if I forget what I was even saying. In a game, I can be a hero, a wizard, a space pilot, a plumber who somehow saves the entire world with nothing but a mustache and good jumping skills. Don't ask me how—it just works.

(voice softens, more thoughtful)

And the best part? When I fail—because I *will* fail—the game doesn't give up on me. It doesn't say, "Sorry, you blew it. That was your one shot." No. It gives me another life. A respawn. A chance to try again.

(a little laugh, shaking head)

Man, I wish school worked that way. "Oops, forgot your homework? No problem—respawn!" Life would be a lot less terrifying if we could all just... hit continue.

(beat, then with a proud little shrug)

So yeah. I love video games. Not just because they're fun, but because they remind me that mistakes aren't the end. They're just the start of another level.

Monologue #3: "The Wi-Fi of Doom"

(dramatic evil laugh, then suddenly coughs, clears throat)

At last! My moment has arrived. Forget death rays, forget mutant sharks—those are so last century. My weapon... is the internet.

(leans in, conspiratorial)

Think about it. One bad Wi-Fi signal, and humanity collapses. Emails unsent. Videos buffering. TikToks... frozen mid-dance. Pure chaos!

(building energy, triumphant)

I will hack every router, every smart fridge, every pitiful phone battery! Soon the world will bow to me—because who can survive more than five seconds without checking their notifications?

(beat, softer, smug)

They'll beg me to stop. And I'll say, "Fine. But only if you call me... Supreme Overlord of Unlimited Data!"

(evil laugh, then fumbles with phone)

...Wait. Hold on. Does anyone have the Wi-Fi password?