Monologue Options

Millie Option #1

(Millie is excitedly explaining something she believes. She's full of wonder.)

Do you ever think about how weird it is that grown-ups stop believing in things?

Like, when you're little, everything feels possible. A snowman could come alive. A present could have a secret inside. A story could actually be real.

But then you get older and everyone starts saying things like, "Be realistic," and "That's impossible."

Which I think is funny… because adults believe in tons of things they can't see.

They believe in love. They believe in hope. They believe tomorrow can be better than today.

So why is it so strange that I believe there's a little more magic in the world?

Maybe magic isn't always about flying or wishes or fairy dust.

Maybe it's just the feeling you get when your family is together, when your favorite Christmas song comes on, or when your mom makes hot chocolate and pretends she didn't make extra marshmallows just for you.

I don't think growing up means you have to stop believing.

I think it means you get to choose what's worth believing in.

And I'm choosing Christmas magic.

Because honestly…

the world is a lot more fun that way.

Millie Option #2

Okay. I've done some research. And I've come to a conclusion.

Adults are not actually in charge of anything. They just look like they are.

For example: Mom says, "We are leaving at a reasonable time."
But then suddenly there's no coffee, someone can't find a shoe, and Dad is arguing with a map like it personally offended him.

So clearly… no plan.

And another thing—adults LOVE pretending they're calm. But they are never calm! They just whisper things like, "Okay… okay… we're fine…" while clearly not being fine.

Meanwhile kids are honest. If I'm stressed, I say I'm stressed. If I don't like something, I announce it immediately to everyone within hearing distance.

Very efficient system.

Also, adults always say, "Because I said so." Which is funny… because that's not a reason. That's just giving up in sentence form.

I tried it once on Beckett. He did not accept it. So I think even kids know the system is flawed.

But I've noticed something else too. Even though adults are kind of chaotic… everything usually works out anyway. So I think there might be a secret. Maybe the plan is… there is no plan. Just a lot of pretending, some coffee, and hoping no one notices you forgot the important stuff.

Honestly?

I think I could do that job.

Beckett Option # 1

You know what everyone always gets wrong about adventures? They think it's about the treasure. The gold, the legends, the ancient secrets buried under a thousand years of dirt. It's not.

It's about the moment you're standing in a cave, there's a giant stone door in front of you, and every single person with you says, "Maybe we should turn around." That's the moment you know you're exactly where you're supposed to be.

Because someone has to take the first step. Someone has to chase the mystery. Someone has to believe there's something out there bigger than homework and video games and the same boring routine every day.

Maybe I don't have a map. Maybe I don't know what's waiting on the other side.

But I've learned something…

The greatest discoveries aren't found by people who stay safe.

They're found by people brave enough to get a little lost. And honestly? I've always been pretty good at getting lost.

Beckett Option # 2

People always ask me why I still use a Polaroid.

They're like, "Beckett, you have a phone. You can take a thousand pictures in one second." Yeah… I know… and that's kind of the problem. When you can take a picture of everything, you stop really looking at anything.

But with a Polaroid, you have to wait. You take the picture… and then you actually have to be patient enough to see what comes out. And sometimes it's blurry. Sometimes it's not what you expected. But those are usually the ones that matter.

Because life isn't perfect lighting and perfect poses.

It's your little sister laughing when she thinks nobody's watching. It's your dad trying to pretend he knows how to cook. It's Grandma making the same Christmas cookies she's made forever.

I think that's why I take pictures. Not because I'm trying to freeze time. Because I know I can't. I just want proof that, for one second… everything was exactly where it was supposed to be.

Claire Option #1

Okay. Everybody says Christmas is the most wonderful time of the year… which is obviously something people say when they are not currently trying to pack for a family road trip.

Because apparently, leaving the house for four days requires twelve outfits, three different chargers, a stuffed animal named "Mr. Waffles," and somehow… an entire camera collection?
Beckett, honey, you're going to your grandparents' house, not documenting the migration patterns of rare birds. You do not need six lenses.

And Millie… sweetheart… we talked about this. You cannot bring every single Christmas decoration from your room. Grandma has decorations. The tree will survive without your glitter reindeer. But I have to admit… I'm excited. It's been a long time since we've all been together. And yes, Ben's parents can be… *a lot.*

Actually, they raised Ben, so technically… they're responsible for all of his weird habits. The coffee obsession. The inability to throw anything away. The fact that he thinks every problem can be solved by making a spreadsheet.

I guess what I'm saying is… Christmas with family is messy. It's loud. It's unpredictable.

But maybe that's exactly why we go. Because somehow, between the chaos, the arguments, and the missing luggage… you end up making memories you didn't know you needed.

Now… who packed the toothbrushes?

Because it was definitely not your father.

Claire Option # 2

I just want everyone to understand something before we start this trip… Christmas magic does not happen by accident.

Christmas magic happens because someone remembers the gifts, packs the snacks, charges the devices, finds the missing shoe, and prevents your father from leaving the house wearing two completely different socks.

Yes, Beckett, I know you're fifteen now and "too old" for family traditions. That's what you said last year… right before you spent forty minutes trying to figure out which ornament you made in kindergarten was yours.

And Millie… I love your enthusiasm. I really do. But Grandma's house is not a toy store. We do not need to bring every stuffed animal you own. They're going to be okay here. They have a home. They have feelings. They'll miss you, but they'll survive.

I know going back to your grandparents' house is a big deal for your dad. It's been a long time since everyone was together.

And families are funny. We spend so much time trying to make things perfect… when really the best moments are usually the ones where everything goes wrong.

So if the car breaks down, or your uncle says something awkward, or your grandfather starts telling the same story for the tenth time…

We'll just call it tradition.

Now… has anyone seen my coffee?

Because apparently I packed everything except the one thing keeping this family alive.

Holly Option #1

Funny thing about houses… people think they're made of bricks and wood and walls.

But they're not.

A house is made of the things that happen inside it. The laughter. The arguments. The late-night conversations. The little moments that nobody thinks will matter… until years later, when those are the moments you miss the most.

I remember when Ben was little, he used to run through these halls like he owned the place. Which, honestly, he acted like he did.

He would build forts, make up adventures, and swear he was going to discover something no one else ever had. And somehow… he grew up.

That's the strange thing about being a mother. You spend your whole life teaching your children how to stand on their own…

and then one day you realize you miss being needed.

But maybe that's what Christmas is for.

It reminds us that no matter how far we wander, no matter how much time passes… there's always a way home.

And sometimes, the greatest adventure isn't finding something new. It's finding your way back to the people who have been waiting for you all along.

Holly Option # 2

Alright… six cinnamon rolls. One for each person.

Well… eight, because Ben has always had the appetite of a teenage boy trapped inside a grown man's body.

I still remember when he was little. He'd sneak into the kitchen before Christmas morning and try to convince me he was "just checking" if Santa came.

Of course, Santa always left crumbs behind… and somehow they looked exactly like the ones on Ben's fingers.

Children think they're clever. But mothers know everything.

We know when they're lying. We know when they're upset. We know when they say, "I'm fine," and they are absolutely not fine.

And that's the funny thing about being a mother… your children grow up, move away, build their own lives… but somehow you're still standing in the kitchen making their favorite breakfast because a part of you remembers them exactly as they were.

These aren't just cinnamon rolls.

They're a little reminder that no matter how old you get… no matter how far away you go… there will always be a place where someone is waiting to feed you.

Now… hopefully everyone arrives before I have to explain why the kitchen looks like a flour explosion happened.

Although… knowing this family, they'll probably think that's just another Christmas tradition.

Supporting Character Audition Monologue

YES! YES! PERFECT—YOU'RE JUST IN TIME!

Do you hear that? That's not machinery… that's *imagination screaming to be unleashed!*

Welcome, welcome, WELCOME to the Toy Factory—where normal is a rumor and safety regulations are more of a… *suggestion!*

Now, before you ask—NO, I cannot guarantee that every toy behaves the same way twice. That would be BORING. And boredom is the true enemy of joy!

Look over there—don't blink—you'll miss it! That's the Self-Painting Paint Set. It paints *you back* if it likes your ideas!

And that? That's the Clockwork Giraffe Division. We had seven. We now have… "approximately seven," depending on how you define *time.*

(laughs, spins)

People think toys are simple. HA! Simple is a word invented by people who ran out of imagination!

A toy is not a toy—it's a spark! A question! A tiny explosion of wonder disguised as plastic and joy and possibly minor chaos!

And I know what you're thinking… "Is he in control?"

Of course I am!

Mostly.

Well—emotionally, yes. Logistically? We're *thriving in uncertainty!*

Now then—

Who's ready to press the button labeled "ABSOLUTELY DO NOT PRESS"… and see what happens when we stop asking permission from reality itself?!