Monologue Choices:

You may pick one of the following OR chose and prepare your own monologue. Monologues MUST BE MEMORIZED!!

Choice 1 for girls: SITTING AROUND TALKING

Hi. My name is Hannah Mae Bindler. I live right across there, across that little patch of grass. My back door faces your back door. If you saw someone painting our place last week and figured someone was moving in, well, Honey, you were a hundred percent right, cause we just did. Me and my lug Carl Joe. We’re your new next door neighbors. How about a cup of coffee? I brought my own cup. I didn’t leave you much choice, did I? If I was you, I’d fill my cup and ask me to sit down. Already we couldn’t be happier with Westchester County and we only hope Westchester County can be happy with us. Back home in little ol’ Austin, Texas, Westchester County is notorious for its opulent homes, proximity to the Big City. Saw you mowing your lawn last night. Immediately I became intrigued. I love physical activity. Then you were done. The light goes on in your TV room. You sit down, but you don’t turn it on. You just sit there looking at the blank screen. "My," says me to myself, "this is one Westchester honey who’s different. Must be some kind of unique thoughts filling up her head." Boy, am I excited. When I get excited, I have trouble breathing. It’s a common occurrence with people of passion. Finally your light goes out. That’s when I knew that little ole me had to come knock at your door and say "Hi!" Hi!” You’re just like my sister Lucy Sue, she wasn’t much of a talker either. The more you want her to say something, the quieter she gets. (Stops and hears phone ringing) Honey, your phone’s ringing. Sure you got yourself a sweet-looking kitchen. Everything where it oughta be. Right out of Better Homes and Gardens. We’re remodeling and we still haven’t landed on the right color scheme. Well I better get going’. Thanks for the cup o’ joe!

Choice Two for girls:

DIARY OF ANNE FRANK

ANNE

Look, Peter, the sky. (she looks up through the skylight) What a lovely, lovely day! Aren’t the clouds beautiful? You know what I do when it seems as if I couldn’t stand being cooped up for one more minute? I think myself out. I think myself on a walk in the park where I used to go with Pim. Where the jonquils and the crocus and the violets grow down the slopes. You know the most wonderful part about thinking yourself out? You can have it any way you like. You can have roses and violets and chrysanthemums all blooming at the same time? It’s funny. I used to take it all for granted. And now I’ve gone crazy about everything to do with nature. Haven’t you? (softly) I wish you had a religion, Peter. Oh, I don’t mean you have to be Orthodox, or believe in heaven and hell and purgatory and things. I just mean some religion. It doesn’t matter what. Just to believe in something! When I think of all that’s out there. The trees. And flowers. And
seagulls. When I think of the dearness of you, Peter. And the goodness of people we know, all risking their lives for us every day. When I think of these good things, I'm not afraid any more. I find myself, and God, and I... We're not the only people have had to suffer. There've always been people that've had to. Sometimes one race, sometimes another, and yet... I know it's terrible, trying to have any faith when people are doing such horrible things, but you know what I sometimes think? I think the world may be going through a phase, the way I was with Mother. It'll pass, maybe not for hundreds of years, but someday I still believe, in spite of everything, that people are really good at heart. Peter, if you'd only look at it as part of a great pattern. That we're just a little minute in the life? (she breaks off) Listen to us, going at each other like a couple of stupid grownups! Look at the sky now. Isn't it lovely?

Choice Three for girls:

**SUMMERTREE**

by Ron Cowen

Mother

You know, when it comes, you think it’s going to be a terrible surprise, that you’ll tear it up or wad it into a little ball, that you’ll scream or go insane. Or at least cry. But you don’t. You know it’s happened before the telegram arrives. Something in your mind heard the clicks of the teletype machine addressing you as "Dear Mr. and Mrs. so-an so," and adding its deep felt regrets, before you even see the paper. I went out in the back yard and sat down in the grass under the tree. It’s been years since I’ve sat in the grass. So I sat there and I thought back to when we had this Irish Setter. Her name was Ginger. It was funny to be thinking about an old dog at a time like that, but that’s what I was thinking. I remembered how I used to pretend I was crying because it would upset her. She’d run over and jump on me—and she was a very big dog—and she’d whine and lick my face. She really thought I was crying. Then I would burst out laughing and push her away. One day she got sick and I had to take her to the vet. He said she would have to stay there, and to take her upstairs where he had a room full of cages where he kept the dogs. Ginger was so sick she could hardly get up the stairs. I tried to help her, but all my pushing and pulling probably hurt her more. When we got into the room, all the dogs started barking and lumping around. It scared Ginger and she tried to run away. But she could hardly move. So she just cried. I led her into her cage and then I ran down those stairs, so glad to be away from there. I never saw Ginger again. She died, and I guess they tossed her into the incinerator somewhere. I never cried until that day in the back yard. (Pause.) And I don’t even know if I was crying for Ginger . . . or my Son.

Choice One for Boys:

**From Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind. Joel:**

Random Thoughts, for Valentines day, 2004. The day’s a holiday invented by greeting card companies, to make people feel like crap. I ditched work today. Took a train out to Montauk. I don’t know why. I’m not an impulsive person. I guess I just woke up in a funk this morning. I have to get my car fixed.
“Hi Sydney? It’s Joel. Listen, I don’t feel very well today. No. Food poisoning I think.”
It’s freezing on this beach! Montauk in February. Brilliant, Joel. ... (Referring to his journal)
Pages are ripped out, don’t remember doing that. It appears this is my first entry in two years.
Sand is overrated. It’s just tiny little rocks. If only I could meet someone new. I guess my chances of that are somewhat diminished, seeing as I’m incapable of making eye contact with a woman I don’t know. Maybe I should get back together with Naomi. She was nice, nice is good. She loved me. Why do I fall in love with every woman I see who shows me the least bit of attention?

Choice Two for boys:

From War of the Worlds

ARTILLERYMAN: This isn't a war. It never was a war, any more than there's war between man and ants. There's the ants builds their cities, live their lives, have wars, revolutions, until the men want them out of the way, and then they go out of the way. That's what we are now--just ants. After Weybridge I went south--thinking. I saw what was up. Here's intelligent things, and it seems they want us for food. First, they'll smash us up--ships, machines, guns, cities, all the order and organization. All that will go. At present we're caught as we're wanted. A Martian has only to go a few miles to get a crowd on the run. And I saw one, one day, out by Wandsworth, picking houses to pieces and routing among the wreckage. But they won't keep on doing that. So soon as they've settled all our guns and ships, and smashed our railways, and done all the things they are doing over there, they will begin catching us systematic, picking the best and storing us in cages and things. That's what they will start doing in a bit. Lord! They haven't begun on us yet. Don't you see that? Cities, nations, civilisation, progress--it's all over. That game's up. We're beat. There won't be any more blessed concerts for a million years or so; there won't be any Royal Academy of Arts, and no nice little feeds at restaurants. They ain't no further use. Those who mean to escape their catching must get ready. I'm getting ready. I'm going on, under their feet. I've been thinking about the drains. Of course those who don't know drains think horrible things; but under this London are miles and miles--hundreds of miles--and a few days rain and London empty will leave them sweet and clean. The main drains are big enough and airy enough for anyone. Then there's cellars, vaults, stores, from which bolting passages may be made to the drains. And the railway tunnels and subways. Eh? You begin to see?