

**Don't look and it won't hurt**  
**By Richard Peck**

*Carol is the middle sibling, a teenager who lives in a small town called CLAYPITTS with her divorced mother who works in a "restaurant."*

**CAROL:** Out at the city limits, there's a sign that says: "WELCOME TO CLAYPITTS, PEARL OF THE PRAIRIE," and If you believe that, you'd believe anything. The truth is, it's the kind of town you drive through without even noticing. But what can you expect with a town called "Claypitts?"

It's where we live though, in the wrong end of it at that, in half a house, which makes sense, in a way, because...well, we're only sort of half a family: three not-exceptional daughters, and one exasperated Mother.

Mom works at the restaurant out by the Interstate exit. It's called "The Pull-Off Plaza," how's that for real class? If you've ever been in the place, you've probably seen her. She's the lady with the orangey hair and the black dress, holding the menus and saying, "How many, please?" All night long.

When they get really rushed or shorthanded, she has to pitch in and help the waitresses. After nights like that, she comes home with this...destroyed look on her face, and sits in the living room with her feet in a pan of hot water.

One morning, I found her still sitting there, sound asleep. There she was, in her girdle and her black dress and her bracelets, with her feet swollen and dead-white in the cold water. I started to wake her up, but I was beginning to cry. So left her where I found her. And I cried all the way to school.

There was a time when I thought the whole world began and ended right here. Believe me, this was not an encouraging thought, considering we're not exactly what you'd call Prominent Members of the Community.

I've lived in Claypitts for fifteen years. The only time I've ever been out of town was for one trip to Chicago. I went there a few months ago to see my sister. I'd like to go again someday and really have a look around. The trip I made was more of a mission.

I went up there to check on Ellen. She's seventeen (going on 12 the way she acts sometimes.) My other sister's Liz. She's nine, but a sort of...elderly...nine. She's half little kid and half little old lady. I'm Carol. The one in the middle. And being in the middle never seemed like much of a life to me.

**The Diary of Anne Frank**  
**By Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett**

*This play is adapted from the diary kept by Anne Frank as she and her family hid from the Nazis in Amsterdam during World War II. In 1942 eight Jews – the Franks, the Van Daans and Dr. Dussel, a dentist – sought asylum in the attic of a warehouse belonging to Mr. Frank's firm. These hunted people lived together for two years, depending on four former employees of Mr. Frank for food and necessities. Anne began her diary at the age of 13, and has given the world a tender, beautiful document about a girl growing up and the human spirit under terrible adversity. The attic hiding place was discovered in 1944 and its inhabitants were sent to concentrations camps. In the next few months, they all died except for Otto Frank, who was freed in 1945 by the Russians. When Amsterdam was liberated, he returned and was given the diary that Miep, one of their benefactors during their hiding, had saved.*

*The following Monologue is from a scene near the very end of the play. Peter Van Daan, a quiet and unhappy seventeen-year-old has just rushed into his little room in despair. Anne, displaying a developing maturity, is trying to console him*

*It is the last time they are together for the scene immediately precedes the entrance of the Nazis. The asterisks indicate Peter's short responses.*

**ANNE:**

Look Peter, the sky (looks up through 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 thing 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 the people we know...Mr. Kraler, Miep, Dirk, the vegetable man, 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 that've 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...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 a hundreds of years, but some day...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 life...(She breaks off). Listen to us, going at each other like a couple of grownups! Look at the sky now, isn't it a lovely day? (She holds out her hand to him)

## **American Dreams: Lost and Found**

**By Studs Terkel**

**Linda Haas**

*Sixteen-year-old Linda goes to a large technical high school in Chicago, where most of the students are from blue-collar families. Her father and mother are hard working, intelligent people who were not able to attend college. Linda isn't certain whether or not she'll go on to a school either, but she does want to make her mark in the world.*

LINDA HAAS: My father is a butcher at the A & P for twenty-six years. Never misses a day. He could be dying and he goes to work. The German heritage in him, you go to work and that's that. I feel sorry for him because he's like a fish out of water. I just feel he would be happier if he could be back in West Virginia.

I think for my father and his generation, the dream was to have a home and security and things like that. It was because of the poverty they came from. I don't know what it is now. The kids I go to school with, when they talk about their dreams, they don't talk about a home and having money in the bank. It's more like trying to have a personal satisfaction. They don't know what they want. I don't know what I want. I don't know what my dreams are. There's so many things I'd like to do, and then...

I would like to go to college and do something, really contribute something. But I look at my neighborhood and my friends and my family and I think: Me going to college and being a writer, that would separate me from them. I would feel like I was breaking away. Like I just couldn't come back and sit on the front porch with my friends. It wouldn't be the same. I'd be the outcast. Every day I wake up: Oh, I'll go to college. The next day: No, I'm not. I'm going to try to get a job when I graduate. So I don't know.

Other people I know that went on to college come back to the neighborhood in the summer, to visit their friends – we're sitting around talking, the feeling's different. They treat them differently. It's not really resentment. It's like envy. They can't just goof around with them anymore. It's like they regard them as some different person they never met before. It's sad to me. I wouldn't want them to act like I wasn't their friend any more.

The few we knew that have been to college; some of 'em do feel superior and look down upon the neighborhood. They're ashamed to tell people where they live. It's a back neighborhood where I live, but it's where I live. It's my home and I'm not ashamed. I would love to go to college.

**ELIZABETH:** From: Frankenstein

I am the cousin of the unhappy child who was murdered, or rather his sister, for I was educated by, and have lived with his parents ever since and even long before his birth. It may, therefore, be judged indecent in me to come forward on this occasion. But when I see a fellow-creature about to perish through the cowardice of her pretended friends, I wish to be allowed to speak, that I may say what I know of her character. I am well acquainted with the accused. I have lived in the same house with her, at one time for five and at another for nearly two years. During all that period she appeared to me the most amiable and benevolent of human creatures. She nursed Madame Frankenstein, my aunt, in her last illness, with the greatest affection and care. And afterward attended her own mother during a tedious illness, in a manner that excited the admiration of all who knew her, after which she again lived in my uncle's house, where she was beloved by all the family. She was warmly attached to the child who is now dead, and acted toward him like a most affectionate mother. For my own part, I do not hesitate to say that, notwithstanding all the evidence produced against her, I believe and rely on her perfect innocence. She had no temptation for such an action. As to the bauble on which the chief proof rests, if she had earnestly desired it, I should have willingly given it to her, so much do I esteem and value her.

**CATHERINE:** Wuthering Heights

I wouldn't be you for a kingdom! Nelly, help me to convince her of her madness. Tell her what Heathcliff is: an unreclaimed creature, without refinement, without cultivation; an arid wilderness of furze and whinstone. I'd as soon put that little canary into the park on a winter's day, as recommend you to bestow your heart on him! It is deplorable ignorance of his character, child, and nothing else, which makes that dream enter your head. Pray, don't imagine that he conceals depths of benevolence and affection beneath a stern exterior! He's not a rough diamond - a pearl-containing oyster of a rustic: he's a fierce, pitiless, wolfish man. I never say to him, "Let this or that enemy alone, because it would be ungenerous or cruel to harm them;" I say, "Let them alone, because I should hate them to be wronged:" and he'd crush you like a sparrow's egg, Isabella, if he found you a troublesome charge. I know he couldn't love a Linton; and yet he'd be quite capable of marrying your fortune and expectations: avarice is growing with him a besetting sin. There's my picture: and I'm his friend -- so much so, that had he thought seriously to catch you, I should, perhaps, have held my tongue, and let you fall into his trap. Banish him from your thoughts. He's a bird of bad omen: no mate for you.

**DUCHESS:** Play: The Dutches of Padua

Better for me I had not seen your face.  
O think it was for you I killed this man.  
*GUIDO recoils: she seizes his hands as she kneels.*  
Nay, Guido, listen for a while:  
Until you came to Padua I lived  
Wretched indeed, but with no murderous thought,  
Very submissive to a cruel Lord,  
Very obedient to unjust commands,  
As pure I think as any gentle girl  
Who now would turn in horror from my hands--  
You came: ah! Guido, the first kindly words  
I ever heard since I had come from France  
Were from your lips: well, well, that is no matter.  
You came, and in the passion of your eyes  
I read love's meaning, everything you said  
Touched my dumb soul to music, and you seemed  
Fair as that young Saint Michael on the wall  
In Santa Croce, where we go and pray.  
I wonder will I ever pray again?  
Well, you were fair, and in your boyish face  
The morning light seemed to lighten, so I loved you.  
And yet I did not tell you of my love.  
'Twas you who sought me out, knelt at my feet  
As I kneel now at yours, and with sweet vows,  
Whose music seems to linger in my ears,  
Swore that you loved me, and I trusted you.  
I think there are many women in the world  
Who had they been until this vile Duke mated,  
Chained to his side, as the poor galley slave  
Is to a leper chained,--ay! many women  
Who would have tempted you to kill the man.  
I did not. Yet I know that had I done so,  
I had not been thus humbled in the dust.  
*Stands up.*  
But you have loved me very faithfully.  
*After a pause approaches him timidly.*  
I do not think you understand me, Guido:  
It was for your sake that I wrought this deed  
Whose horror now chills my young blood to ice,  
For your sake only.  
*Stretching out her arm.*  
Will you not speak to me?  
Love me a little: in my girlish life  
I have been starved for love, and kindness  
Has passed me by.

**Catholic Schoolgirls**  
**By Casey Kurtti**

*Catholic Schoolgirls is a memory play. The main character, Elizabeth, is in the first grade when she delivers this monologue. She talks directly to the audience.*

**ELIZABETH:**

Okay, everybody. This is church. This is God's house. If you ever have to talk to him, just come right in and kneel down in one of these long chairs and start talking. But not too loud. In here you have to be real quiet. You might wake up the statues and they are praying to Jesus. (Bows her head.) Oh, I forgot to tell you something. Whenever you hear the name "Jesus" (bows) you have to bow your head or else you have a sin on your soul. Now, over there is the statue of Jesus' mother. Her name is The Blessed Virgin Mary. She is not as important as Jesus (bows), so you don't have to bow your head when you hear her name. All the girls sit on her side when they go to mass.

The boys sit over there, on the other side, with the statue of Saint Joseph. He is Jesus' father. (Bows.) Hey, you forgot to bow your head. Don't do that 'cause you'll have a black spot on your soul and you'll go straight to hell. Now in hell, it is real hot and you sweat a lot and little devils come and bite you all over. If you are real good, you get to go to Heaven. The best thing about Heaven is that you get to meet anyone you want. Let's say I wanted to meet Joan of Arc – no, no...Cleopatra. I would go to one of the saints and he would give me a permission slip and I would fill it out and take it to Jesus. (Bows.) Hey, you didn't bow your head. Okay, I warned you. Then I would fly across Heaven, 'cause when you get in, they give you wings, and I would have a chat with Cleopatra. The only thing is that I hope everyone gets accepted into Heaven or else I would never see them again.

That's all I wanted to say, I just wanted to tell you a few important things. I hope I haven't hurt anyone's feelings, but that's the way it is.

**Play** *Silhouette: A Cinderella Story*

**Author** *Brandhi Williams*

**Role** *Heidi Quinn*

**Actor** *Raeanna Russel*

Heidi: *(talking to herself, she has very few tears coming down her face)* Heidi, remember when you were Miss Confident, when what anyone said to you or about you didn't matter? You wish you could go back to the days when popularity was only on T.V., and now look at you, you're sitting in your room crying because Jason broke up with you right before the dance. You're worried that everyone's going to make fun of you for showing up without a date. You say that it doesn't bother you and it doesn't matter but it does, you told Jason everything, you dated since the seventh grade and now he dumps you Junior year, and the worst part, for someone else. And Amy has been your best friend since the fifth grade but Michel was more comforting about it. *(wipes away her tears)* What's wrong with me, why am I crying like an idiot, I don't need boys to be happy. I am going to go to that dance and show them that Heidi Quinn only has to be loved by three people in the world to be happy and that's Me, Myself, and I. 'Cause I don't anybody else. And chances are Jason wasn't right for me anyway. Because if he really loved me he wouldn't break my heart. So I'm going to pick up the pieces of this broken heart and put it back together, because God has a plan for me, and I'm sure it's not for me to be with Jason. So from this point on. I'm done *(grabs her keys and exits)*



**Play** *The Seagull*

**Author** *Anton Chekhov*

**Role** *Nina Mikhailovna Zarechnaya*

Men and lions, eagles and partridges, antlered deer, geese, spiders, the silent fishes dwelling in the water, star-fish and tiny creatures invisible to the eye—these and every form of life, ay, every form of life, have ended their melancholy round and become extinct. . . . Thousands of centuries have passed since this earth bore any living being on its bosom. All in vain does yon pale moon light her lamp. No longer do the cranes wake and cry in the meadows; the hum of the cockchafers is silent in the linden groves. All is cold, cold, cold. Empty, empty, empty. Terrible, terrible, terrible. *[A pause]* The bodies of living beings have vanished into dust; the Eternal Matter has converted them into stones, into water, into clouds; and all their spirits are merged in one. I am that spirit, the universal spirit of the world. In me is the spirit of Alexander the Great, of Caesar, of Shakespeare, of Napoleon, and the meanest of the leeches. In me the consciousness of men is merged with the instinct of animals; I remember everything, everything, everything, and in myself relive each individual life. I am alone. Once in a hundred years I open my lips to speak, and my voice echoes sadly in this emptiness and no one hears. . . . You too, pale fires, you hear me not. . . . The corruption of the marsh engenders you towards morning, and you wander till the dawn, but without thought, without will, without throb of life. Fearing lest life should arise in you, the father of Eternal Matter, the Devil, effects in you, as in stones and water, a perpetual mutation of atoms; you change unceasingly. In all the universe spirit alone remains constant and unchanging. *[A pause]* Like a captive flung into a deep empty well, I know not where I am nor what awaits me. One thing only is revealed to me, that in the cruel and stubborn struggle with the Devil, the principle of material forces, it is fated that I shall be victorious; and thereafter, spirit and matter are to merge together in exquisite harmony and the reign of Universal Will is to begin. But that cannot be till, little by little, after a long, long series of centuries, the moon, the shining dog-star and the earth are turned to dust. . . . Till then there shall be horror and desolation. . . . Behold, my mighty antagonist, the Devil, approaches. I see his awful, blood-red eyes .

**Film** *Uncle Vanya*  
**Play** *Uncle Vanya*  
**Author** *Anton Chekhov*  
**Role** *Sonya*  
**Actor** *Joan Plowright*

What can we do? We must live out our lives. Yes, we shall live, Uncle Vanya. We shall live all through the endless procession of days ahead of us, and through the long evenings. **We shall bear patiently the burdens that fate imposes on us.** We shall work without rest for others, both now and when we are old. And when our final hour comes, we shall meet it humbly, and there beyond the grave, we shall say that we have known suffering and tears, that our life was bitter. And God will pity us. Ah, then, dear, dear Uncle, we shall enter on a bright and beautiful life. We shall rejoice and look back upon our grief here. A tender smile — and — we shall rest. I have faith, Uncle, fervent, passionate faith. We shall rest. We shall rest. We shall hear the angels. We shall see heaven shining like a jewel. We shall see evil and all our pain disappear in the great pity that shall enfold the world. Our life will be as peaceful and gentle and sweet as a caress. I have faith; I have faith. My poor, poor Uncle Vanya, you are crying. You have never known what it is to be happy, but wait, Uncle Vanya, wait! We shall rest. We shall rest. We shall rest.

**Film** *Hamlet*

**Play** *Hamlet*

**Author** *William Shakespeare*

**Role** *Ophelia*

**Actor** *Kate Winslet*

How should I your true love know  
From another one?

By his cockle bat and' staff  
And his sandal shoon.

Say you? Nay, pray You mark.

He is dead and gone, lady,

He is dead and gone;

At his head a grass-green turf,

At his heels a stone.

O, ho!

Pray you mark.

White his shroud as the mountain snow-

Larded all with sweet flowers;

Which bewept to the grave did not go

With true-love showers.

Well, God dild you! They say the owl was a baker's daughter.

Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be.

God be at your table!

Pray let's have no words of this;

but when they ask, you what it means, say you this:

To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,

All in the morning bedtime,

And I a maid at your window,

To be your Valentine.

Then up he rose and donn'd his clo'es

And dupp'd the chamber door,

Let in the maid, that out a maid

Never departed more.

Indeed, la, without an oath, I'll make an end on't!

By Gis and by Saint Charity,

Alack, and fie for shame!

Young men will do't if they come to't

By Cock, they are to blame.

Quoth she, 'Before you tumbled me,

You promis'd me to wed.'

He answers:

'So would I 'a' done, by yonder sun,

An thou hadst not come to my bed.'

I hope all will be well. We must be patient;

but I cannot choose but weep to think they would lay him i' th' cold ground.

My brother shall know of it; and so I thank you for your good counsel.

Come, my coach! Good night, ladies. Good night, sweet ladies.

Good night, good night.

## CHARGE

A monologue from the play by Eric Kaiser

**MARTHA:** In the beginning, I am mean and greedy and selfish. This is symbolized by three things, A: There is a half-finished sculpture of an angel in my garage. B: There is a hungry little boy that sleeps on my doorstep every night that I call the police on. And C: I have a dying father that I haven't talked to in years. Then one day I see the error of my ways. I don't know how, I don't know. But I see it. Then: *[Pause, a little smile.]* The song comes on. And in the three minute duration of this song, I make all of the changes I need to in my life. They are symbolized by A: I finish the angel sculpture in my garage, and incidentally it is a masterpiece. B: I feed the little hungry boy on my porch, I bring him in the home and incidentally he becomes a senator and loves me. And finally C: I call my Father and tears stream from our eyes as we tell each other we love one another, and incidentally moments later he dies. But I tell him in time. And then moments later all is right in the world and this is symbolized by an ambient, light that my soul generates. *[She is choked up.]* Excuse me. Excuse me. It's just so dramatic. I do all that in the duration of a three minute song. It frustrates me so that I can't change like that. It is amazing how the people whose stories are told by movies, during the duration of one song, can switch their whole life around. I want a dramatic life like that.

**EVE'S DIARY**  
**A monologue from the book by Mark Twain**

**EVE:** We are getting along very well now, Adam and I, and getting better and better acquainted. He does not try to avoid me anymore, which is a good sign, and shows that he likes to have me with him. That pleases me, and I study to be useful to him in every way I can, so as to increase his regard. During the last day or two I have taken all the work of naming things off his hands, and this has been a great relief to him, for he has no gift in that line, and is evidently very grateful. He can't think of a rational name to save him, but I do not let him see that I am aware of his defect. Whenever a new creature comes along I name it before he has time to expose himself by an awkward silence. In this way I have saved him many embarrassments. I have no defect like this. The minute I set eyes on an animal I know what it is. I don't have to reflect a moment; the right name comes out instantly, just as if it were an inspiration, as no doubt it is, for I am sure it wasn't in me half a minute before. I seem to know just by the shape of the creature and the way it acts what animal it is. When the dodo came along he thought it was a wildcat--I saw it in his eye. But I saved him. And I was careful not to do it in a way that could hurt his pride. I just spoke up in a quite natural way of pleasing surprise, and not as if I was dreaming of conveying information, and said, "Well, I do declare, if there isn't the dodo!" I explained--without seeming to be explaining--how I know it for a dodo, and although I thought maybe he was a little piqued that I knew the creature when he didn't, it was quite evident that he admired me. That was very agreeable, and I thought of it more than once with gratification before I slept. How little a thing can make us happy when we feel that we have earned it!

**A monologue from the play by Alice Gerstenberg**

**MRS. PRINGLE:** I shall go mad! I'll never entertain again--never--never--people ought to know whether they're coming or not--but they accept and regret and regret and accept--they drive me wild. This is my last dinner party--my *very last*--a fiasco--an utter fiasco! A haphazard crowd--hurried together--when I had planned everything so beautifully--now how shall I seat them--how shall I seat them? If I put Mr. Tupper here and Mrs. Conley there then Mrs. Tupper has to sit next to her husband and if I want Mr. Morgan there--Oh! It's impossible--I might as well put their names in a hat and draw them out at random--never again! I'm through! Through with society--with parties--with friends--I wipe my slate clean--they'll miss my entertainments--they'll wish they had been more considerate--after this, I'm going to live for myself! I'm going to be selfish and hard--and unsociable--and drink my liquor myself instead of offering it gratis to the whole town!--I'm through--Through with men like Oliver Farnsworth!--I don't care how rich they are! How influential they are--how important they are! They're nothing without courtesy and consideration--business--off on train--nonsense--didn't want to come--didn't want to meet a sweet, pretty girl--didn't want to marry her--well, he's not good enough for you!--don't you marry him! Don't you dare marry him! I won't let you marry him! Do you hear? If you tried to elope or anything like that, I'd break it off--yes, I would--Oliver Farnsworth will never get recognition from me!--He is beneath my notice! I hate Oliver Farnsworth!

**AN IDEAL HUSBAND**

**A monologue from the play by [Oscar Wilde](#)**

**MABEL CHILTERN:** Well, Tommy has proposed to me again. Tommy really does nothing but propose to me. He proposed to me last night in the music-room, when I was quite unprotected, as there was an elaborate trio going on. I didn't dare to make the smallest repartee, I need hardly tell you. If I had, it would have stopped the music at once. Musical people are so absurdly unreasonable. They always want one to be perfectly dumb at the very moment when one is longing to be absolutely deaf. Then he proposed to me in broad daylight this morning, in front of that dreadful statue of Achilles. Really, the things that go on in front of that work of art are quite appalling. The police should interfere. At luncheon I saw by the glare in his eye that he was going to propose again, and I just managed to check him in time by assuring him that I was a bimetallist. Fortunately I don't know what bimetallism means. And I don't believe anybody else does either. But the observation crushed Tommy for ten minutes. He looked quite shocked. And then Tommy is so annoying in the way he proposes. If he proposed at the top of his voice, I should not mind so much. That might produce some effect on the public. But he does it in a horrid confidential way. When Tommy wants to be romantic he talks to one just like a doctor. I am very fond of Tommy, but his methods of proposing are quite out of date. I wish, Gertrude, you would speak to him, and tell him that once a week is quite often enough to propose to any one, and that it should always be done in a manner that attracts some attention.

**A monologue from the play by Nick Zagone**

*(A prison visiting station.)*

**GWEN:** Look what I brought. Surprise! A picnic! They said they'd let me bring this in. Look! A pic-a-nic basket. Like Yogi Bear! Eh? Boo-boo? Let me just set this up, EVEN though I know you can't eat, I just thought it would be nice to take us back... oh, here they come. Well of course I know he can't accept it, there's a window between us duh! How's he supposed to eat anything in that straight jacket thing anyway? Geez, cops sure are stupid. Oh shoot - I busted the crackers —now just get back over there officer Fratello, he ain't goin' no where!

Now. So I thought we'd have a little picnic just like we did on our first date, up in the park? Ya know, by that first girl they found, down by the river? Well of course you remember. A little cheese, salami, French bread, this is that good French bread, it's from Safeway. And this is the coup de gracie. *(pulls out bottle of wine)*

Hm? It's a merlot. Like... like we used to have. Like blood huh? That's why the Christian's drink it. 'Cause Jesus gave his blood at the Last Supper. Cistercians and Benedictines grew grapes for wine in the middle-ages for the mass. Yeah, I've been doing some research. Proud of me? Now I see your eyes. No this was my idea, not the cops.

Look bear, you know, you know what they're saying? Not the papers. Them. These detectives. Oh poop-bear... they're saying you ate those girls. Ate them. They saw bite marks on... the bones. I told them that it must have been a critter or somethin', a wolf, a bear or... but they said the marks, the in-den-ta-tions match your teeth. Now I need to know. I need to know now. You're all I know, you're the only person I can believe. No more secrets because...

Character name: Val



Gender: Female  
Age Range: 20 — 35  
Play: A Chorus Line  
Duration: 0 — 2 minutes

So, the day after I turned 18, I kissed the folks goodbye, got on a Trailways bus - and headed for the big bad apple. Cause I wanted to be a Rockette.

Oh, yeah, let's get one thing straight. See, I never heard about "The Red Shoes," I never saw "The Red Shoes," I didn't care about "The Red Shoes." I decided to be a Rockette because this girl in my home town - Louella Heiner - had actually gotten out and made it in New York. And she was a Rockette. Well, she came home one Christmas to visit, and they gave her a parade. An actual parade! I twirled a stupid baton for two hours in the rain. Unfortunately though, she got pregnant over Christmas. Merry Christmas - and never made it back to Radio City.

That was my plan. New York, New York. Except I had one minor problem. See, I was ugly as sin. I was ugly, skinny and homely. Get the picture? Anyway, I got off this bus in my little white shoes, my little white tights, little white dress, my little ugly face, and my long blonde hair - which was natural then. I looked like a nurse! I had 87 dollars in my pocket and seven years of tap and acrobatics. I could do a hundred and eighty degree split and come up tapping the Morse Code.

Well, with that kind of talent I figured the Mayor would be waiting for me at Port Authority. Wrong! I had to wait 6 months for an audition. Well, finally the big day came. I showed up at the Music Hall with my red patent leather tap shoes. And I did my little tap routine. And this man said to me: Can you do fankicks? - Well, sure I could do terrific fankicks. But they weren't good enough. Of course, what he was trying to tell me was...it was the way I looked, not the fankicks. So I said goodbye to Radio City and the Rockettes! I'm gonna make it on Broadway!

Well, Broadway, same story. Every audition. I mean I'd dance rings around the other girls and find myself in the alley with the other rejects. But after a while I caught on. I mean I had eyes. I saw what they were hiring. I also swiped my dance card once after an audition. And on a scale of 10....they gave me for dance 10. For looks: 3.

- **Character:** Alysa
- **Gender:** Female
- **Age Range(s):** Teenager (13-19)
- **Type of monologue / Character is:** Descriptive, Lamenting, Frustrated, Talking to the audience
- **Type:** Dramatic
- **Year:** 2002
- **Period:** Contemporary
- **Genre:** Drama, Comedy
- **Description:** Alysa gets ready for her prom night and shares her feelings with the audience

**Summary:** When it Rains Gasoline is a play about teenage high school life and its hard realities. We have several characters that fall into stereotypes, the jocks, the nerds and the cheerleader. In this monologue we find Alysa, a cheerleader, getting ready for her prom night and freaking out about it. She tells us how this is the most important night of her life.

ALYSA: "Do you realize that tonight is the most important night of my life? Oh my God! Do you? It's like totally more important than cheer tryouts. It's more important than my first kiss, the first day of middle school, the first day of high school, the first day of Driver's Ed, more important than my driver's license, more important than any of my ex-boyfriends, more important than my current boyfriends... I mean friend. It is the pinnacle of the high school experience. The prom. Prom night. The night that I will remember for the rest of my life. I spent six hundred dollars on my dress. Anyway, Jane Hickman spent a thousand... She's a total daddy's girl. For her sixteenth birthday, her Dad bought her a brand new Ford Explorer. For my sixteenth birthday I only got a two year old Taurus. Whatever. Some girls are just born with a silver spoon in their mouth. She's such a snobby little rich girl. A little rich girl whose parents buy her anything she wants. Her parents have a swimming pool and a tennis court. All we have is a jacuzzi. One time she told me she (Makes quote signs with her fingers.) liked my outfit. She's such a snob. I know what she meant. She was making fun of my new designer jeans. She thinks they're out of fashion already. \*\*\*\*. Oh well, I'm not going to let Jane Hickman ruin the most important night of my life. My six hundred dollar dress is way more stylish than that over-priced rag she's gonna' wear. That little That little . I'm gonna' be homecoming royalty for sure. Homecoming queen! I hate Jane Hickman. Hicky Hickman, 'cause she's always got a hicky on her neck. That little hootchie mamma better not be getting on the royal court. I'd just kill myself if she was homecoming queen. I'd kill myself! It's bad enough her dress cost more. It's bad enough she's got a newer car. It's bad enough she's got a pool and a tennis court. I hate my parents. I can't believe you're related to my Mom. She's so lame. At least you have money. We sure don't. Why don't we have a pool and a tennis court? My Mom is so lazy all she does is sit around at the computer. My Dad's never around. He's always at the (Makes quotes with her fingers again.) office. Whatever that means. Like if he was at the (Makes quotes one last time.) office, he'd be making money right? Well, maybe he needs to get his butt in gear and get his daughter a fifteen hundred dollar dress so she doesn't look like a bag lady at the prom. That's what I'm going to look like. A bag lady! Jane Hickman is gonna' be prom queen for sure. This is gonna' be the worst night of my life."

- **Character:** Jill
- **Gender:** Female
- **Age Range(s):** Teenager (13-19)
- **Type of monologue / Character is:** Depressed, Lamenting, Insecure, Talking to the audience, Reminiscing life story/Telling a story
- **Type:** Dramatic
- **Year:** 1999
- **Period:** 20th Century
- **Genre:** Farce, Family, Tragedy, Drama
- **Description:** Jill reflects on her life after having tried to commit suicide

**Summary:** The play has four characters, Dad, a famous Elvis impersonator who is now paralyzed because of a car accident, his promiscuous, alcoholic and anorexic wife Mam, his 14 year old daughter Jill, who grows obsessed with food to cope with his family life, and Stuart, a good looking young baker who sleeps with them. Unable to cope with his depressing and difficult life, Jill tries to commit suicide but survives. In this monologue, after surviving her suicide attempt, Jill reflects on her life, on what keeps her or her mom going through all that darkness. "It's the little things, maybe life's about those tiny moments that keep us going through all that darkness...."

**Jill:** "Somewhere in that fall something was irrevocably changed and when I woke up I couldn't remember why it was that I'd tried to commit suicide...And I knew it was alright. Even if Dad was a cripple. And I asked Mam what had kept her going. Through everything that had happened. And she said she didn't know.. But she said there was one time when she first brought him home. There was this one day when she just couldn't cope any more and she got all these pills and a bottle of whisky and lined them all up in a row. And just before she was going to take them, she heard Dad moan from next door and she went in to see him. And she looked down at his face and on it was a smile. Just a brief smile. For a second. And then it was gone.

And maybe life isn't about the tragedies. Maybe that's just what's normal, hurt and heartache, and loneliness and despair. Maybe life's about those tiny moments that keep us going through all that darkness. The little things. Like a delicious supper, or a tiny moment of kindness, or a smile- just for a brief second. Maybe it's about not giving up, and maybe we all have to try. But I'll tell you one thing life's bloody weird, isn't it?"

- **Character:** Georgeanne
- **Gender:** Female
- **Type of monologue / Character is:** Insecure, Reminiscing life story/Telling a story
- **Type:** Comic
- **Year:** 1993
- **Period:** 20th Century
- **Description:** Georgeanne sees an old boyfriend at her friend's wedding
- **Location:** ACT 2 Scene 2

## Summary

This play takes place during the wedding reception of a newly married couple, Tracy and Scott. Georgeanne is a friend of Tracy's and in this monologue she tells the other bridesmaids how she felt when she saw a guy she used to date at the wedding.

GEORGEANNE:

"I was walking down the aisle, first thing I saw was the back of his head. It just jumped right out at me. I recognized that little hair pattern on the back of his neck, where his hair starts, you know where it comes to those two little points, and it's darker than the rest? I always thought that was so sexy. Then I looked at him during the ceremony, and something about the way the light hit his face ... I swear, it just broke my heart. And then outside, I saw him talking to this stupid girl in a navy blue linen dress with absolutely no back, I mean you could almost see her butt. And he was smiling at her with that smile, that same smile that used to make me feel like I really meant something to him.

And then it all came back, just bang, all those times I sat waiting for his phone call, me going out of my way to make things convenient for him. Having to take a fucking taxi cab to the Women's Health Center that day because It was so cold my car wouldn't start. And later that awful, awful night I sat out in front of his apartment building staring at Tracy's burgundy Cutlass in the driveway, just wishing I was dead. You know, I started smoking cigarettes that night. And if I ever die of cancer I swear it's going to be Tommy Valentine's fault. (She lights a cigarette, stands and wanders around listlessly.) God! I feel like I am going crazy! My cousin George, he's a nurse, he says I am the perfect type to get some weird disease because I'm so emotional.

- **Character:** Phoebe???
- **Gender:** Female
- **Age Range(s):** Young Adult (20-35), Adult (36-50)
- **Type of monologue / Character is:** Lamenting, Frustrated, Reminiscing life story/Telling a story
- **Type:** Dramatic
- **Year:** 1901
- **Period:** 20th Century
- **Genre:** Romance, Drama, Comedy
- **Description:** Phoebe laments to her sister that she feels old
- **Location:** ACT II

## Summary

The play is about the love story between Miss Phoebe Throssel and Valentine Brown. At first Phoebe is disappointed as her love interest leaves for war without proposing to her. Then, 10 years later, when Valentine comes back, Phoebe disguises herself as "Miss Livvy", a younger and more flirtatious version of herself as she notices that Valentine considers her old. At first Valentine is captivated by her but at the end he realizes Phoebe is the woman he really loves.

In this monologue Phoebe is talking to her sister and expresses her frustrations about the fact that Valentine is attracted to another woman

**PHOEBE:** "I am tired of being ladylike. I am a young woman still, and to be ladylike is not enough. I wish to be bright and thoughtless and merry. It is every woman's birthright to be petted and admired; I wish to be petted and admired. Was I born to be confined within these four walls? Are they the world, Susan, or is there anything beyond them? I want to know. My eyes are tired because for ten years they have seen nothing but maps and desks. Ten years! Ten years ago I went to bed a young girl and I woke up with this cap on my head. It is not fair. This is not me, Susan, this is some other person, I want to be myself.....If you only knew how I have rebelled at times, you would turn from me in horror. I have a picture of myself as I used to be; I sometimes look at it. I sometimes kiss it, and say, "Poor girl, they have all forgotten you. But I remember.".....I keep it locked away in my room. Would you like to see it? I shall bring it down. My room! Oh, it is there that the Phoebe you think so patient has the hardest fight with herself, for there I have seemed to hear and see the Phoebe of whom this [looking at herself] is but an image in a distorted glass. I have heard her singing as if she thought she was still a girl. I have heard her weeping; perhaps it was only I who was weeping; but she seemed to cry to me, "Let me out of this prison, give me back the years you have taken from me. Where is my youth? Oh, where are my pretty curls?"

- **Character:** rose
- **Gender:** Female
- **Age Range(s):** Teenager (13-19), Young Adult (20-35)
- **Type of monologue / Character is:** In love, Insecure, Afraid, Confessing
- **Type:** Dramatic
- **Year:** 1929
- **Period:** 20th Century
- **Genre:** Romance, Drama
- **Description:** Rose must choose: her growing love for Sam, or freedom.

## Summary

Set in New York in the 20s, this play takes place entirely in front of an apartment building. It has various story lines and follows various characters. One of them is Rose Maurant who is in love with her neighbor Sam Kaplan but is also dealing with problems with her job and boss. In this monologue, Rose is saying goodbye to Sam as she wants to leave New York city and doesn't want to commit to the relationship.

**ROSE:** "Well, I haven't really had any time to do much thinking. But I really think the best thing I could do, would be to get out of New York. You know, like we were saying, this morning - how things might be different, if you only had a chance to breathe and spread out a little. Only when I said it, I never dreamt it would ever be this way. I like you so much, Sam. I like you better than anybody I know....

It would be so nice to be with you. You're different from anybody I know. But I'm just wondering how it would work out...

There's lots of things to be considered. Suppose something was to happen - well, suppose I was to have a baby, say. That sometimes happens even when you don't want it to. What would we do then? We'd be tied down then, for life, just like all the other people around here. They all start out loving each other and thinking everything is going to be fine - and before you know it, they find out they haven't a got anything and they wish they could do it all over again - only it's too late..

It's what you said just now - about people belonging to each other. I don't think people ought to belong to anybody but themselves. I was thinking, that if my mother had really belonged to herself, and that if my father had really belonged to himself, it never would have happened. It was only because they were always depending on somebody else, for what they ought to have had inside themselves. Do you see what I mean, Sam? That's why I don't want to belong to anybody, and why I don't want anybody to belong to me..

I want love more than anything else in the world. But loving and belonging aren't the same thing. Sam, dear, listen. If we say good bye now, it doesn't mean that it has to be forever. maybe someday, when we're older and wiser, things will be different. don't look as if it was the end of the world, Sam!

It isn't, Sam! If you'd only believe in yourself, a little more, things wouldn't look nearly so bad. because once you're sure of yourself, the things that happen to you, aren't so important. The way I look at it, it's not what you do that matters so much; it's what you are. I'm so fond of you, Sam. And I've got such a lot of confidence in you. Give me a nice kiss!"