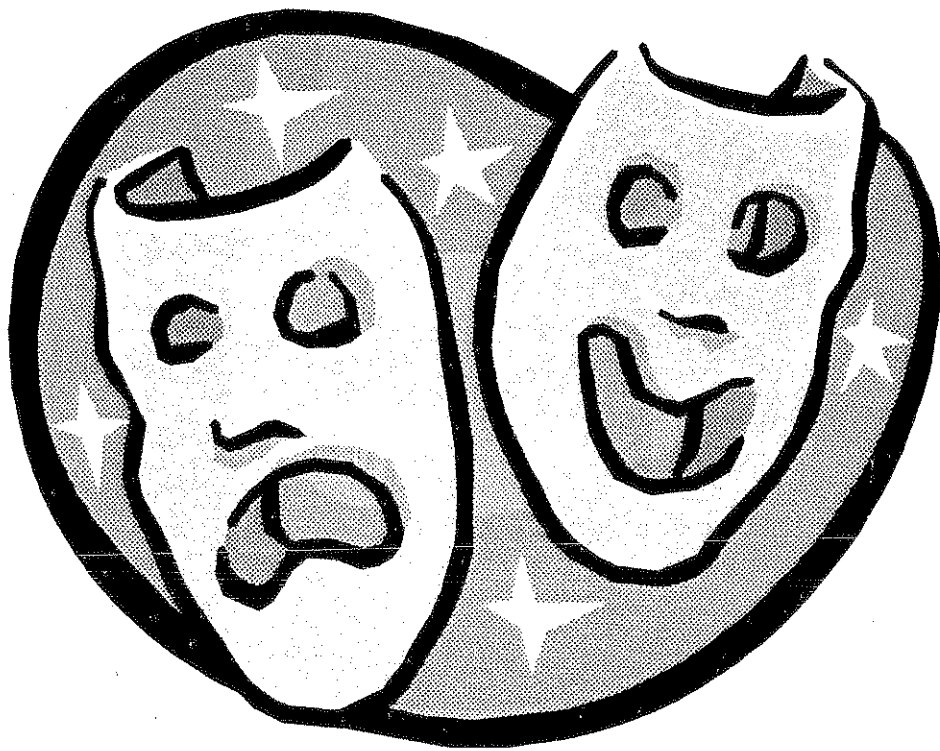


# *ale* Drama 10



Monologue Selections

**Drama 10**  
**Monologue Selections**

**Table of Contents**

**Monologues for Males**

American Graffiti	page 30
The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel	page 31
Boy In A Box	page 32
The Breakfast Club	page 33
Butterflies Are Free	page 34
Candid	page 35
The Day the Earth Stood Still	page 36
Dr. Strangelove	page 37
Eat Your Heart Out	page 38
Fame – Montgomery	page 39
Fame – Ralph # 1	page 40
Fame – Ralph # 2	page 41
Gotcha	page 42
Jaws	page 43
Less Than Zero	page 44
M*A*S*H	page 45
Midnight Express	page 46
Monologues for Teenagers – Colin	page 47
Monologues for Teenagers – Doug	page 48
Monologues for Teenagers – Larry	page 49
Mr. Deed's Goes to Town	page 50
My Sweet Charlie	page 51
A Turn for the Nurse	page 52
When Harry Met Sally	page 53

"American Graffiti" takes place on a single evening near the end of the summer of 1962 in a small California town. The principal characters are all adolescents living in a world of sock hops, ducktails, bobby socks, and ponytails. The main evening activity consists of cruising down the town's main street in whatever car you happen to own. John Milner happens to own the town's fastest "hot rod". John is the stereotype "bad kid" from the early '60s. he's a dropout, dressed in jeans and a white t-shirt, sure of himself and his position in his souped up deuce coupe. On this particular evening, John was cruising the strip and invited any one of the female occupants of a passing car to join him for a ride. The girls respond by sending out the thirteen year old sister of one of them and roaring off before John can react. As it turns out, John becomes stuck with Carol, the young girl, but as the night goes on, he finds that he comes fond of this exasperating kid. The following monologue takes place in the town's junkyard, where John has taken Carol to show her the wrecks of some of the old "fast cars" and reminisce about the "good old days".

**John Milner:** Over there's Freddy Benson's Vette. He got his when he hit head-on with some drunk. He never had a chance. He was a damn good driver, too. What a waste when somebody gets it and it ain't even their fault. (Pause.) That one over there was Walt Hawkins ... a real idiot. He wrapped it around a tree out on the highway with five kids in it. Can you believe he was draggin' with five kids in the car? How dumb can you get? All the idiots get it sooner or later. Maybe that's why they invented cars. To get rid of the idiots. But it's tough when they take someone with them. (Pause.) I've never been beaten ... a lot of punks have tried. That '41 Ford over there used to be the fastest wheels in the valley. I never got a chance to race him. He got his in '55 in the hairiest crash ever happened around here. He was racing a '54 Chevy out on the old Oakdale Highway and every damn kid in town was there. The Chevy lost its front wheel doing about 85. The jerk had torched his spindles to lower his front end and it snapped right off. He slammed into the Ford and then they both crashed into a row of cars and all those kids watching. Eight kids killed including both drivers ... looked like a battle field. The Board of Education was so impressed that they filmed it and show it in Driver's Education classes. Anyways, since then, street racing's gone underground. No spectators, I mean. Too bad. O, every once in a while, two guys will agree to meet out on the old highway and word gets around and you might get a bit of a crowd ... but it ain't like before. Used to be that winnin' a race meant more. People would see you and know you were the best. I don't know ... maybe it won't be like that anymore. But I'm still here, and I'm still the best around. People all know that. I don't need nothin' else. **(Black Out.)**

**Note:** In the postscript of the movie, we learn that John Milner was killed by a drunk driver in June, 1964

## The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel

page 31

This is about the short life and violent death of Pavlo Hummel, an American soldier in the Vietnam war. The play is told by the use of flashbacks and with a host – Ardell who was a friend of Pavlo. This monologue ends the play. Ardell speaks as he watches Pavlo – the victim of a hand grenade – being lifted onto a stretcher.

**Ardell:** Pavlo didn't die right off. Take him four days, thirty-eight minutes. And he don't say nuthin' to nobody in all that time. No words; he just kind of lay there and look up. Then, just before he die, he starts cryin' and says, "Please donn't let me go," as if any one of us could stop him dyin'! and when he finally die, he bitin' his lower lip, I don't know why. So they take him, they put him ina blue rubber body bag, zip it up tight, and haul it off to the morgue in the back of the quarterton, where he get stuck naked in the refrigerator along with the other boys killed that day and the beer and the cheese and the tuna and stuff that the guys who work in the morgue keep in the refrigerator except when it's inspection time. The bag gets washed and hung out to dry on a line back at the morgue so it's ready to be used again. Who knows? It might be used for me tomorrow. (Pause.) Then, ... lemme see, well, Pavlo finally he gets shipped home, and his mother cry a lot, and his brother and sister get all depressed. His brother go out and get stink drunk 'cus he so depressed. And Joanna (NOTE: Joanna was Pavlo's ex-girlfriend.), she reads his name in the paper, and she let out this little gasp and say to her mother across the kitchen table, "Jesus, mom, I used to go out with that boy. Oh, damn the war, why can't we have peace? I think I'll call his mother." Ain't it some kind of world? (Ironical laugh.) Soooo ... that about it. That about all I got to say. Am I right, Pavlo? Did I tell you true? You got anything to say? Oh, man, I know you do; you say it all out. **(Black out)**

A boy, left brain damaged by an accident recalls how it happened and describes his new "life."

**Casey:** Allied Van Lines. The very last thing I remember is Allied Van Lines. Big, huge orange letters on the side ... these bright headlights like ... like a snakes eyes ... and this awful, awful horn like a scream or a howl. It's the last, the very last thing I ever ... felt. (Pause.) I can't see. Or feel. Or eat. Or smell. I can't hear. I suppose I'm in a room in some hospital somewhere. Somebody ... the nurses I guess ... flex my limbs every morning, but it's not me anymore. It's just a carrot, I guess ... you know, a vegetable. They must think I'm brain dead, that I can't think anymore. I may look quiet and dead by hey, I'm still in here. I'm still thinking. I still ... I still "am" (Pause.) I was coming home on my bike from my girlfriend's house that night and I keep trying hard to remember the last thing I said to her. I mean, was it something like, "See you later"? I keep trying to remember if I told her that I loved her. I really want to think that I did. I used to think about it a lot but I don't anymore because it's like a knife that cuts me ... cuts me real deep right down to the bone, I mean, if I can say that I still have bones. (Pause.) For a while, I thought I would go crazy. I mean, nothing's real anymore. It's like, before, I could walk into my room and see my bed and I could count on waking up the next day and it would still be a bed. But now, it's just something I make up in my mind. It's not real. I make it up and put it someplace in my mind and then I fall asleep or something and I go back to that place and it isn't there! And so I've got to make it up all over again. (Pause.) So now I try to keep control. I'm in a room that's twenty by twenty by twenty. I'm wearing a blue sweatshirt and jeans. I am writing this with a pencil that is four inches long ... on the wall of this room that's the inside of my skull. (Pause.) And I am still here. **(Black Out.)**

Five high school students, Brian, Andy, Alison, Clair, and John, must spend Saturday in detention at school. Their assignment is to write a one thousand-word essay on who they are. The five represent different cliques in the school and are described by one of the group as "a brain, an athlete, a basket case, a princess, and a criminal". Although they don't know each other in the morning as the day progresses, each has revealed something very personal about him/herself and the five become friends. Andy "the athlete", reveals in the following monologue the reason he was given the detention. He also reveals to the others, and to himself, how he really feels about himself and his father.

**Andy:** Do you guys know what I did to get in here? I taped Larry Lester's buns together. Yeah, you know him? Well then, you know how hairy he is, right? Well, when they pulled the tape off, most of the hair came off and some skin, too. And the bizarre thing is, is that I did it for my old man. I tortured this poor kid because I wanted my dad to think I was cool. He's always going off, you know, when he was in school, all the wild things he used to do, and I got the feeling that he was disappointed that I never cut loose on anyone, right? So, I'm sitting in the locker room and I'm taping up my knee and Larry's undressing a couple lockers down from me and he's kinda skinny, weak, and I started thinking about my father and his attitude about weakness, and the next thing I knew, I jumped on top of him and started wailing on him. Then my friends, they just laughed and cheered me on. And afterwards when I was sitting in Vernon's office, all I could think of was Larry's father and Larry having to go home and explain what happened to him. And the humiliation, the goddamned humiliation, he must have felt. It must have been unreal. I mean, how do you apologize for something like that? There's no way. It's all because of me and my old man. God, I hate him! He's like ... he's like this mindless machine I can't even relate to anymore. "Andrew, you've got to be number one. I won't tolerate losers in this family." That son-of-a-bitch! You know, sometimes I wish that my knee would give out and I wouldn't be able to wrestle anymore. Then he could forget all about me. **(Black out)**

This monologue opens the play. Don, in his early twenties is "lean and good looking" with neatly combed hair. He is listening to a tape when the phone rings. He is from Scarsdale, New York, and trying to make it on his own in an apartment in New York City. This is quite a challenge because Don is blind. The playwright describes Don Talking on the phone "in a tone indicating he has said this hundreds of times."

**Don:** (Speaking to the ringing phone – after the second ring.) I'm fine, thank you. How are you? (Crosses above director's chair to sofa and turns off recorder. Phone continues to ring.) It's warm here. How is it in Scarsdale? (Crosses to sink, puts glass in it.) Well, it's warm here, too. (Crosses and picks up the phone.) Hello, Mother ... I just knew. When you call the phone doesn't ring. It just says "m" is for the million things she gave you. I'm fine, thank you. How are you? ... (sits on sofa.) It's warm here. How is it in Scarsdale? Well, it's warm here, too. The apartment is great. I love it. Last night? It didn't do anything last night. I mean I didn't go out. I had some friends in – a little party ... I don't know how many people were here. Do you have to have a number? Twelve and a half, how's that? ... No, they didn't stay too late ... When? (Rises, picks up phone, crosses with it to table.) No! No, not this afternoon ... I don't care. Come to town and go to Saks, but you're not coming down here. Because we agreed to two months, didn't we? (Suddenly the noise of the TV in the next apartment is heard.) What? ... No, I didn't turn on my radio. It's coming from next door ... I don't know ... a girl ... She just moved in a couple of days ago ... I don't know her name. I haven't met her ... It's her radio. Don't worry, it won't go on ... Yes, I'll tell her ... No, I don't want you to tell her. Just go to Saks and go home ... I can hardly hear you. We'll talk tomorrow. Goodbye. (Hangs up, crosses to the wall that separates the two apartments and raps angrily.) Hey, would you please ... (knocking louder and shouting.) Would you mind lowering your radio? **(Black Out.)**

This play takes place in a high school auditorium. The main character, T.J. Toeffler, is speaking to his high school art teacher – Mrs. Paschal – to try to explain why he did not present his photo essay assignment to the class. Eventually, he decides to present it to her alone. The photo essay turns out to be a photo record of his mother deserting the family. T.J. starts this scene offstage. The audience hears his singing a death-march, “Da da da-da da da-d-da da-da da-da.” As he marches on stage to the music, he holds his hands seemingly tied behind his back. He halts at center stage and stops his death march.

**T.J. Toeffler:** Wait! Before you shoot, I’m entitled to some last words. No, not to plead my innocence – let me die with the truth on my lips. I confess. I confess to everything. I did skip four days of school in the last two weeks. I did willfully neglect my assignments, and was inattentive to the point of rudeness in class. I did blatantly refuse to present my photo essay to my peers, despite having full knowledge of the consequences. (With exaggerated remorse. I am guilty. I am guilty of all these crimes, and others too numerous to mention. So, I embrace my punishment – or at least I would if my hands weren’t tied behind my back – and I accept my death. But before I die, I beg for your forgiveness. (A deep shuddering sigh.) Aim for my heart, the source of all my crimes, and make my end mercifully quick. Adieu. Bang! (he is “hit in the right shoulder.) To the left! Bang! (He is “hit” in the left leg.) Higher! Bang! (At last, the heart.) Bulls eye! (He “dies”. Then, he recovers with a flourish and bows.) Well, what do you think, Mrs. Paschal? Not funny, huh? You are not amused. Angry? Are you still angry? Furious? Just not if I’m getting close. I’m sorry, Mrs. Paschal. I don’t blame you for being angry. I don’t even blame you for not talking to me. Given the opportunity, I I wouldn’t talk to me either. I wanted to show my photo essay to the class, really. I know I’ve been a great disappointment to you, and I wanted to make it up to you, but I just couldn’t bring myself to do it. Something happened. My title was going to be “Fear of the Future” but I just got more involved with the present. Very involved. Maybe too involved, I don’t know. It wasn’t just a class project anymore. It got personal. Very personal. Oh, I know you say all art is personal. But this is different. This isn’t art, this is my life, this is ... real. I know, I know – all art is real – but this is different. Maybe I need to explain – no, not explain I wouldn’t know how. How do you explain when your mom leaves without saying anything. She just ... left. **(Black Out.)**



Klaatu is an alien emissary from another planet. He has a message for people of Earth but world government leaders mistrust him, even though he insists that he comes in peace. He is attacked and injured and must go into hiding. Taking on an assumed identity, and appearing to be normal a human being, he meets and observes average earthlings and learns about our planet. Eventually, Klaatu is tracked down and killed. However, he is brought back to life by his people. Klaatu finally delivers his message to Earth from the steps of his departing spaceship.

**Klaatu:** I am leaving soon and you will forgive me if I speak bluntly. The universe is growing smaller every day and the threat of aggression by any group anywhere can no longer be tolerated. There must be security for all or no one is secure. This does not mean giving up any freedom except the freedom to act irresponsibly. Your ancestors knew this when they made laws to protect themselves and hired policemen to enforce them. We of the other planets have long accepted this principle. We have an organization for the mutual protection of all planets and for the complete elimination of aggression. A sort of United Nations on the Planetary level. The test of any such higher authority, of course, is the police force that supports it. For our policemen, we created a race of robots. Their function is to patrol the planets in space ships like this one and preserve the peace. In matter of aggression, we have given them absolute power over us. At the first sign of violence, they act automatically against the aggressor. And the penalty for provoking their action is too terrible for words. The result is that we live in peace, without arms or armies, secure in the knowledge that we are free from aggression and war. We do not pretend to have achieved perfection, but we do have a system and it works. I came here to give you the facts. It is no concern of ours how you run your own planet, but if you threaten to extend your violence, this earth of yours will be reduced to a burned-out cinder. Your choice is simple. Join us and live in peace. Or pursue your present course and face obliteration. We will be waiting for your answer. The decision rests with you. **(Black out)**

This movie is satire about a nuclear showdown. An insane American general has ordered thirty-four fighter jets to attack their targets inside the Russian border with their nuclear weapons. The careful planning that this general had made behind this attack leaves no way for it to be called off. The President of the United States meets with his joint Chiefs of Staff in the war room to discuss the crisis. Finding no solution, the President orders his staff to get the Soviet Premier on the hot line. The following is the President's side of the conversation with the Russian leader.

**The President:** Hello ... uh, hello, Dimitri, I ... I can't hear you with that music playing. Could you turn it down? ... That's better. I can hear you fine. Can you hear me fine? ... Good. Well, we're both coming through fine. ... I agree. It's good to be fine. ... Now, Dimitri, you know how we're always talking about something going wrong with the bomb? ... The bomb, Dimitri, the hydrogen bomb ... Well, now, what has happened is, uh, one of our generals, he had a sort of, well, he went a little funny in the head. And ... uh ... he went and did a silly thing ... Well, I'll tell you what he did. He ordered his plane to attack your country ... Well, let me finish ... Well, listen, how do you think I feel about it? Why do you think I'm calling you? Just to say hello? ... Of course I like to speak to you. Of course I like to say hello. ... Not just now, but anytime ... Listen, Dimitri, we'd like to give your Air Staff a run-down on their targets ... I KNOW they're your boys ... No, this is not a trick! ... I've been over the whole thing with your Ambassador. Now, who do we call? ... What was that? ... The People's Air Defense Headquarters. Where is that, Dimitri? ... In Omsk. Right. Oh, you'll call them first, will you? Good. Listen, do you have the phone number handy? ... What? ... I see, just ask for Omsk Information, ... Uh-huh. ... I'm sorry, too, Dimitri. ... I'm very sorry ... All right, you're sorrier than I am, but I am sorry as well. I'm as sorry as you are. ... Dimitri, don't say that you're more sorry than I am because I'm capable of being just as sorry as you are! So we're both sorry, all right? ... All right. ... Yes, I'll talk to you later. Well, maybe. ... I didn't mean anything by that! Goodbye! **(Black out)**

This is a humorous play that takes place in a Manhattan restaurant. Charlie is a personable and attractive young waiter who wants to be an actor. Between comical scenes with customers, he comes downstage and talks directly to the audience. The following monologue opens the play.

**Charlie:** If there's one thing I can't stand in the theatre, it's walking out alone on stage at the beginning of the evening to open a show cold. (Grins.) But it's better than waiting tables. I'm Charlie, (Ironic) ... your waiter for the evening. I'd rather be onstage tonight. Waiting tables is a toy job. You probably don't know what a toy job is. I'll explain. A toy job is a job that you don't really care about, that you do to make a living, while you wait for the chance to do the job you want to do. (Beat. He measures the audience.) But maybe you know already. Being a waiter is sort of a standard job for an actor; it's expected. I mean, if you're a dentist or an insurance salesman and someone says "Where're ya' workin' nowadays", and you say, "I'm a waiter at this little French place on fifty-sixth street," they think you're a failure. But if you're an actor, they understand. So. (Indicates the restaurant with a gesture) Ici, personne ne parle francais. (Beat.) Yeah, well I didn't get it the first time either. It means no one here speaks French. It's really a lunch place. At lunch they use four waiters. After lunch through dinner; one waiter. (Indicates himself.) We just get a few semi-regulars in the evening, and now, between lunch and dinner, nothing. (By now Charlie has started to fiddle with things on the tables. Straightening.) The foods good, French, reasonable. At lunch you can get a great meal here for about three-fifty four bucks. Of course, the price soars if you start ordering little extras, like coffee. (A Girl enters.) She's gotta be kidding. It's mid afternoon. (He checks his watch.) Three-thirty. (To the Girl.) Bonjour, m'mselle. **(Black Out.)**

Montgomery McNeil is a student at New York City's School of the Arts, a school that caters to students who are deeply interested and skilled in areas such as drama, music, art, and dance. Montgomery's Drama teacher has instructed the class to share a painful memory – a time when they realized something about themselves that was unpleasant and hurt. After much careful thought, Montgomery has decided to share the most personal and painful memory he has. The following monologue involves Montgomery sharing this memory with the Drama class.

**Montgomery McNeil:** I guess I always felt I was, well, different. But I didn't know what it was I didn't feel strange or unusual, or anything. Just different. Besides, when you're a kid, you don't know what it's like to be the same, or different. You only know what it's like to be you. But I started not liking the feeling of being me. And the older I got, the less I liked it. I thought I was going through a phase. That's what everyone told me. And so I didn't let it worry me when I was ten. Except ... they told me the same thing when I was twelve. And fourteen. Well, I didn't think a phase should last four years. Especially a phase like this. So my mother took me to Dr. Goldham – that's my analyst. I liked him right away. I could talk to him. I could tell him how I felt and he didn't just pretend to listen and really be ignoring me – like my mother did. I mean, my mom's great. She's beautiful – of course, all sons think their mom's beautiful – but mine really is. The only thing is she doesn't listen to me. Oh, she hears me all right, but she doesn't listen. Do you know what I mean? Anyway, I talked to Dr. Goldham. We talked a lot. For weeks and weeks. I kept asking him what was wrong with me. So, finally, he leveled with me. He said it was probably a "life choice". It's funny, you. "Gay" used to mean such a happy kind of word once. Not that it bothers me anymore. I'm pretty well-adjusted, really. I mean, never being happy isn't the same as being unhappy. Is it? Dr. Goldham explains it real well. He explains a lot of things ell. He's helped me a lot. It's just that ... I wonder what it's like to be happy. **(Black Out.)**

Ralph Garcie is a Puerto Rican student at New York City's School of the Arts, a high school specially catering to students deeply interested and talented in the areas such as music, dance, art, and acting. Ralph's Drama teacher has instructed the class to talk about a painful memory from their pasts. Ralph's rough, brass exterior falls as he talks about his memory of when he heard that his idol – real-life actor Freddie Prinze – was killed when he shot himself in the head. This event actually did happen and it has never been completely proven whether it was an accident or whether Prinze committed suicide. The following monologue is Ralph's recollection of the event.

**Ralph:** I was coming home from school one day, as usual. And I had a couple pieces of business to attend to in the neighborhood. It was January. It was snowing like crazy. Santa Claus had ripped everybody off. He'd split for Toy Town, or Igloo City, or the North Pole, or wherever the hell he goes. So anyway, I was going home and I found this note. It said my two chicks were in church. I said, "What the hell are my two chicks doing in church? Did somebody die or something?" That was a joke. That was supposed to be a joke. (Pause.) Anyway, I went home. And I dropped a little incense to unwind a little bit, like I always do. And I put on the TV set, and there was this guy on the TV. And he was talking about Freddie Prinze. . . he said that Freddie ... He said that Freddie Prinze put a gun to his head and he ... and he killed himself. You know, it was an accident, man! I mean, he was very gifted, you know! You always laughed at him, 'cus he was very talented. And, you know, sometimes you didn't want to laugh at him, but you laughed at him anyway. But those news bastards! They had to say he was depressed! That he was suicidal! I mean, they wanted his ass, you know! 'Cus he didn't think living was such a heavy trip! I mean, we can't have happy people walking on this planet! Everybody's got to be so god-damned serious! Everybody's got to suffer so the damned witchdoctors, and underarm deodorant spray people, and the plastic surgeons can stay in business! And we can all go to church and pray to the God up there that made this world that we're all so miserable in in the first place! (Pause.) Well, now I'm here! And I'm in this damned school! And I'm getting' it right back for Freddie, man! I'm getting' it right back for Freddie. **(Black out)**

\*\*\*NOTE: Although I have "cleaned up" the language of this monologue considerably, I have left some profanity in because I felt it was necessary to the mood and the character of the piece. HOWEVER, if you prefer, by all means drop the profane words or change them to other words that you would prefer to say.

Ralph Garcie is a Puerto Rican high school student at New York's School of the Arts. Ralph lives in a South Bronx low-income area and it is he who holds together his family of mother and little sisters. Ralph is usually a brash, loud spoken type who dreams of being a stand-up comedian like his hero, Freddie Prinze. Throughout the movie, however, Ralph opens up on several occasions and we see how vulnerable and sensitive he really is. One night, while Ralph is at a rehearsal, his five-year old sister is attacked by a junkie. Ralph is devastated by this because of his guilt of "not being there". In the following scene, Ralph is speaking to Doris, who will become his girlfriend, about his family and, most specifically, about his real father and what happened to one of his sisters.

**Ralph:** My sister ... my five-year old sister is attacked by some creep. And I wasn't ever there! My father shoulda been there but ... see, we're kinda between fathers right now. (Pause.) See, you gotta understand. A Puerto Rican woman ... she thinks her kids haveta have a father. I mean, love and that stuff has nothing to do with it. We got an extra room and my mother rents it out and the next thing you know ... a new father. For a while anyways. We usually go through a few a year. They're okay, mostly. They usually stay a few months and they help to keep the rats out ... and I don't mean the animal type rats ... I mean the real thing. The junkies and the winos and the creeps that set fires ... and attack little girls. (Pause.) I got three sisters, see. One of 'em ... Maria ... she's in a special place. We see her a couple times a year. She had a birth defect. (Pause.) No, that's a lie. May father ... my real father ... who ain't nothing special ... who's off doing time in the New York State Prison ... he got bothered one night because she was laughin'. I was tellin' her some stories ... just kid stuff, you know, about flyin' carpets and dragons. See, we didn't have no TV or nothin'. So I was tellin' her stories ... and he got mad. He was always sayin' that I was lyin', see ... and I was just tellin' stories and makin' my little sisters laugh. And this one night, he just comes down on me like always and while he's beatin' on me I keep sayin' I don't tell lies ... I tell stories and I make people laugh and that's a gift, not a goddamn lie ... and HE can't do it. And he says if he can't do it, he sure can stop it, and Maria, she gets in the way all of a sudden, and he puts her head through a wall. (Pause. He is beginning to cry.) It wasn't a hard wall. Me and my fat head, I'da been okay. But Maria ... well ... she wasn't. (Pause.) But she still laughs a lot. She's got the prettiest little laugh ... (He can not go on. He buries his head in his hands. **Black Out.**)

Holding three teachers hostage, a student berates them for their indifference.

**Kid:** I could see it in your eyes. I can see what you think. It's in your eyes. My first day here. Sitting in the assembly. Hundreds of us – the new kids. Grade eights. All of us sitting in rows and you wondering along the front, your eyes flickering over us ... deciding who's doing what, who's going where. Flick of the eyes – he's got a nice jacket. Clean pants and shirt – good marks for him. Oops, long hair – not in my class. Freaky clothes – go somewhere else. Like Party says, you see the “no-hoppers” ... forget them. Get them out of your way. (Pause.) Listen to the talk, speech day – the mayor's here ... talking. About how proud he is of this school, this ever so terrific school. Everyone all together, all of us with chances, dozens of subjects to choose from, something for everyone, reach out and take what you want. But ... I watched your eyes ... not even looking at the poor sod of a mayor. “Humor him,” your eyes said. “He's a dreamer.” (Pause.) Now, I found out I was right. My brother, my brother – wow, what he said about it when I came here! This is a great chance for you, kiddo, he said to me. Better than the secondary school he went to. Paradise. So different, he said ... and he was supposed to know. He knows the mayor – delivered leaflets for him at the last election. Knew all about what was going to happen in this school. This is your big chance, kiddo, he says. (Pause.) He was wrong. Anything you want, you can get here – glittering prizes! For the rest of us, we're factory fodder. Chucked in, chucked out. No hope, no dreams. Achievement successes ... the only way we're judged. Test scores, essay results, project grades. All them A students, them B students, the honor roll. The awards winners. All them clever bastards going on to university. What a clever principal, what a terrific group of teachers, what a great school! What a fantastic school! Yeah, well, what about us? What about the rest of us? Who cares about us? What about ME, eh?

**(Black out)**

## Jaws

Amity Island – a seaside resort – is terrorized by a giant shark. Police Chief Brody – a marine biologist – hire a fishing boat owned by a salty old seadog named Quint to find and kill the shark. After their first day of shark hunting, they sit in the galley of the boat and Quint relates this story.

**Quint:** A Japanese submarine slammed two torpedoes into our side, Chief. We was coming back from the island of Tarawa. We'd just delivered the bomb; the Hiroshima bomb. Eleven hundred men went into the water. The vessel went down in twelve minutes. Didn't see the first shark for about an hour and a half. Tiger. Thirteen footer. You know how you know that when you're in the water, chief? You tell by looking from the dorsal to the tail. Well, we didn't know, but our bomb mission had been so secret, no distress signal had been sent. They didn't even list us overdue for a week. Very first light, Chief, sharks come cruisin'. So we formed ourselves into tight groups. You know it's kind of like squares in a battle, like you see on a calendar, like the Battle of Waterloo. The idea was, shark'd come to the nearest man and he'd start pounding, hollering and screaming. Sometimes the shark would go away, but sometimes he wouldn't go away. Sometimes that shark – he looks right into your eyes. You know the thing about a shark, he's got lifeless eyes, black eyes, like a doll's eyes. When he comes at you, he doesn't seem to be living until he bites you and those black eyes roll over with white and then you hear that terrible high-pitched screaming. The ocean turns red. Despite all the pounding and the hollering, they all come in – rip you to pieces. Nobody that first dawn. Later that day, our group lost a hundred men. I don't know how many sharks, maybe a thousand. We averaged six men an hour. On Thursday morning, Chief, I bumped into a friend of mine; Herbie Robertson from Cleveland. Baseball player, bo's'n's mate. I thought he was asleep. Reached over to wake him up. He bobbed up and down in the water just like a kind of top upended. Well, he'd been bitten in half below the waist. A young pilot – a lot younger than Mr. Hooper. Anyway, he saw us and he come in low and three hours later a big fat PBV come down and starts to pick us up. You know, that was the time I was most frightened, waiting for my turn. I'll never put on a lifejacket again. So, eleven hundred men went into the water; three hundred and sixteen men came out. The sharks took the rest. June the 29<sup>th</sup>, 1945. Anyway, we delivered the bomb. **(Black Out.)**



Clay grows up in the life of California's fast lane. Sex 'n' drugs 'n' rock 'n' roll are the only binding elements of his purposeless life. At eighteen, Clay returns to Los Angeles for Christmas vacation from his Eastern college. He finds he is still as lost as when he left. The following monologue describes a sad image of Christmas Day with his family.

**Clay:** It's Christmas morning and I'm high on coke, and one of my sisters has given me this pretty expensive leather-bound datebook, the pages are big and white and the dates elegantly printed on top of them in gold and silver lettering. I thank her and kiss her and all that and she smiles and pours herself another glass of champagne. I tried to keep a datebook one summer, but it didn't work out. I'd get confused and write down things just to write them down and I came to this realization that I didn't do enough things to keep a datebook. I know that I won't use this one and I'll probably take it back to New Hampshire with me and it'll just lie on my desk for three or four months, unused, blank. My mother watches us, sitting on the edge of the couch in the living room, sipping champagne. My sister's open their gifts casually, indifferent. My father looks neat and hard and is writing out checks for my sister's and me and I wonder why he couldn't have written them out before, but I forget about it and look out the window, at the hot wind blowing through the yard. The water in the pool ripples. Later, that afternoon, while reading the paper at twilight by the pool, I see a story about how a man tried to bury himself alive in his backyard because it was "so hot, too hot". I read the article a second time and then put the paper down and watch my sisters. They're still wearing their bikinis and sunglasses and they lie beneath the darkening sky and play a game in which they pretend to be dead. They ask me to judge which one of them can look dead the longest; the one who wins gets to push the other in the pool. I watch them and listen to the tape that's playing on the Walkman I'm wearing. The Go-Go's are singing "I wanna be world's away! I know things will be okay when I get world's away." Whoever made the tape then let the record skip and I close my eyes and hear them start to sing "Vacation" and when I open my eyes, my sister's are floating face down in the pool, wondering who can look drowned the longest. **(Black out)**

This episode is about Hawkeye's involvement with a nurse named Millie Carpenter. One night, after a "romantic encounter" with Hawkeye, Millie went for a walk because she couldn't sleep. On the walk, she was killed. Hawkeye is asked to speak the eulogy at Millie's funeral. Because he didn't know much about Millie, Hawkeye asks other people to help him but he finds that no one else really knew that much about Millie, either. He goes to Father Mulcahy, who gives him Millie's diary to read. This helps Hawkeye get to know Millie a bit more. The following is the eulogy that Hawkeye speaks for Millie.

**Hawkeye:** A few days ago, Father Mulcahy asked me to speak at Millie's funeral. I didn't know what to say. I asked other people but Millie was as much a mystery to them as she was to me. Then, Father Mulcahy gave me Millie's diary. I spent a long time reading it and got to know Millie Carpenter in those pages. I'll start with the fudge. Millie received a big box of it from the States but she only gave one piece to each nurse. That was typical. She didn't seem to share much with other people. Well, I know now that Millie gave the rest of the fudge to the wounded in pots-op. She was working the night shift so no one was around to see it. I guess none of us really saw Millie. We thought she was kind of distant and unfriendly. In fact, she looked upon us with a kind of awe, because she felt we'd done our jobs so well for so long. She could have told us that but she wasn't able to. As she wrote many times, she was just shy – so shy that she couldn't express her deepest feelings. I've learned something from Millie. You see, I'm a lot like her. I mean, I'm not shy. I cover up my feelings with jokes. But I never tell people closest to me what I want to tell them – that I care. It's too late for Millie to change but maybe we can take a page from her diary and I'd like to start right now and let a little of what I feel show through. To all the people here – who I've sweated and endured with – you're very important to me. And those closest to me, who mean so much to me – Colonel Potter Father Mulcahy, Klinger, Margaret, Charles, and Beej. I love you all. And goodbye, Millie. **(Black out)**

"Midnight Express" is the true story of Billy Hayes, a twenty-one year old American who was caught trying to smuggle two kilos of hashish out of Turkey. Billy was caught at the airport and the Turkish authorities, attempting to prove to the American government that they were indeed trying to cut down on drug smuggling, decided to make an example of Billy. He is sentenced to four years and two months at Sagmalcilar Prison, a virtual hell on earth. With only 53 days remaining in his sentence, Billy is called before the Turkish High Court, which decides to make a further example of him and re-sentences him to life imprisonment, with no possibility of parole for thirty years. Billy is brought into the Court for this re-sentencing and delivers the following monologue. Eventually, Billy took the "Midnight Express" – the prison slang for escape – and made his way out of Turkey for freedom.

**Billy Hayes:**       What is a crime? And what is the punishment? The answer seems to vary from place to place, and from time to time. What is legal today is suddenly illegal tomorrow because some society says it's so; and what's illegal yesterday all of a sudden gets legal today because everybody's doing it and you can't throw everybody in jail. I'm not saying this is right or wrong. It's just the way things are. But I spend 3 ½ years of my life in your prison and I think I paid for my error and if it's your decision today to sentence me to more years, I ... I ... (pause) You know, my lawyers told me to "be cool ... to not get upset or angry. If you're good, you can maybe get a pardon, an amnesty, an appeal, this that and the other thing." Well, that's been going on now for 3 ½ years ... and I've been playing it cool and I've been good and I'm tired of being good 'cause you people gave me the belief that I had 53 days left. You hung 53 days in front of me and then you took them away! And Mr. Prosecutor! I just wish you could stand right there where I'm standing and feel what that feels like! "Cause then you'd know what Mercy means, Mr. Prosecutor, and you'd know the concept of fair play, of justice ... but I guess that's just like asking a bear to crap in a toilet! For a nation of pigs, it's funny you don't eat 'em. Go ahead, give me the sentence. Jesus forgave his executioners, but I can't! I hate you! I hate your nation! I hate your people! And I damn your sons and daughters! 'Cause you're all pigs. I'll never forgive you for what you've done to me! And I'll get out of here one day! You've not killed me! I'll get out of here one day ... and whether I do or I don't ... I hope you all rot in hell!

**(Black out.)**

Colin, the new kid, agonizes over his loneliness and his inability to relate to others. He speaks of the problems of adjusting to a new school and how unfair and cruel other kids can be.

**Colin:** Meeting people, making new friends isn't easy. Not for me, anyway. It never has been. It's tough. I've never been this outgoing person who can just walk up to someone and start talking to them just like that. Some kids can. I envy them. They're lucky. (Pause.) Coming here from Detroit and moving to this new neighborhood and starting a new school is murder. It's hard to settle in, to readjust. It's like I'm from outer space or something. A freak you know? It seems like nobody wants to have anything to do with me. Back home, the kids were friendly. Here, they're cold. Unless you've been through it, you've got no idea how hard it is for a person to make a change from one city to another. Here you are one day in comfortable surroundings and then, the next thing you know, you're in the middle of a jungle. Everything's so foreign and strange. And no friends, that's the worst part of it. (Pause.) I've talked about it with my parents but they don't seem to understand, they think I should be able to pick up and keep going as usual. Easy for them, maybe. What they don't understand is kids usually think someone new is a nerd. And they'll come right out and say so and the other kids laugh and then everyone thinks you're a nerd and they don't even know a thing about you! You'd like to say, "Hey, creeps, give me a chance!" But you don't because you don't want to put them off any further. So you take their crap and pretend it doesn't hurt. (Pause.) But it does. It hurts like hell! And it makes you wonder why some people go out of their way to be so cruel. All I want is a chance. **(Black out)**

Doug, tired of hearing his parent complain about modern TV and movie violence, compares movies of today with those of his parents' day.

**Doug:** Mom and Dad are always raving about how great the old movies were. How they had less sex and violence; how they were more romantic; how much better the actors were. No way! I've watched some of the old flicks. A lot of 'em. Like "Gone With the Wind". My Mom's favorite. There's no violence in that??? The CIVIL WAR! Like there's one scene where the whole town's on fire and people are screaming and there's blood and bodies all over the place. And how about the acting? Awful! Like this one scene where Scarlett's up on this hill and she's doing this big dramatic number and gesturing all over the place like some nut. Hey, we've got bimbo's in our drama class that can do better than that! (Pause.) Then, there's this gangster movie with James Cagney. "White Heat". He goes and shoves this guy into the trunk of a car and then pumps bullets into it. He wastes this dude and the whole time he's got this crapeating grin on his face! That's no violent? Give me a break! When I mention this to my Dad, he says it's not as bad as today because you never saw the guy get it. Hey, that's worse! Apparently, he's never heard of imagination. Like those old movies where the girl's chained to this buzz saw. Is that gross or what? You can imagine her being chewed up like and orange peel in the garbage disposal! And the sex. Hey, do me a favor. Sometime, check out the girls in some of those films. They weren't picked for their great pair of eyes, I'll tell you that! (Pause.) Mom and Dad are right about one thing, though. They don't make movies like they used to. And thank goodness for that! **(Black Out.)**

Charlie, a young Negro man, recalls his horrifying experience while he demonstrated for human rights.

**Charlie:** We assembled in the Mount Zion Baptist Church and marched up to the business district. We were all very orderly. I was relieved. And disappointed. But when we got to the main street. All the people were waiting, lining the street on both sides, cursing, spitting, jeering. And every now and then, a rock would come flying in among us. But we didn't even turn our heads. Jeez, it made me proud. Just to be with all those brave people marchin'. (Pause.) And then a white man hit me. Why me, I don't know. But he stepped off the curb and hit me. I hit him back. First time I had hit anybody since I was a kid. They swarmed off the curb and grabbed me. Instead of going limp as we'd been told to do, I fought back. I kicked and bit and butted. And I broke loose. And I ran. God, how I ran. And they chased me. Yelling and screaming, and I knew if they caught me, they'd kill me. It was then I knew what it felt like to be a nigger. For the first time in my life, I knew. I ran until I couldn't run another step but I kept running. I came to an alley and I ran in there. I heard one of them screaming, "Stop, you black nigger, you black bastard!" and \*\*\* scared as I was, I wondered how he had breath to scream. When I reached the end of the alley, I saw it was a dead end and I knew I was cornered. I was shriveled up with fright and curled up into a ball down in the dirt. And then they were kicking me and yelling, "Nigger, get up, nigger!" and I realized suddenly it wasn't a mob, it was just one man, just one white man kicking me, and I got up out of the dirt. And I looked at him and it was his turn to be frightened. He snatched up a brick and tried to brain me with it but I got it away from him. (Pause.) And I killed him with it. **(Black out)**

\*\*\* NOTE: I have used the author's original wording here. Feel free to change it if you wish.

Larry talks about the death of his father and the sense of loss he feels.

**Larry:** It was two years ago today that my dad died. Yep, already two years. And, you know, it's still hard to believe. I mean, like I still look for him to come walking in the back door every night with this big grin on his face. (Pause.) He died suddenly. I mean, he was always so healthy and strong. Indestructible, you know? I don't remember him ever being sick a day. Then, one night he comes home complaining of his pain, this burning sensation in his chest. Right here. (He indicates a spot near the base of his sternum.) He thought it was the stomach flu or heartburn or something. So he got a whole bunch of stuff from the drugstore and started watching his diet. But the pain didn't go away. In fact, it kept getting worse. It got so bad that one morning he couldn't go into work. He finally broke down and saw a doctor and send him to a specialist who said he had to have an operation. The night before he went into the hospital was the first time I ever saw my dad afraid. It was in his eyes – the fear – you could see it. We all sat up late that night because he didn't want to go to bed. He must have suspected something. When they operated, they found out that cancer was eating him alive and he had maybe six months. It was awful – I turned to Jello inside. Mom decided to close up the house and rent us a place in Florida so Dad could be somewhere warm and sunny for ... until ... (Pause.) He died three days later. Just like that. It was a terrible shock. It was the first time I'd ever been around death. I mean, close hand. It was the first time I'd felt the sudden jolt of it. It was like a hot knife going right through every part of me. It took me a long time to get over his death. The shock of it kind of nailed me to the ground for a while. But I got over it – I mean the grieving part. You have to. But I still think of him and I still miss him. I always will. I mean, after all, he was my dad. **(Black Out.)**

Mr. Deeds is a small-town man who has inherited \$20 million. He went to New York to live but finds nothing there but greed and people after power and his money. He cannot understand this so he decides to give away all his money and move back to his town. He does this by buying farmland and giving it to poor people who need it. This, and the fact that he continually plays a tuba, causes people to call him insane. In this monologue, Mr. Deed's tries to explain his behavior to a court.

**Mr. Deeds:** Well, I don't know where to begin. There's been so many things said about me that I ... About playing my tuba, seems like a lot of fuss has been made about that. If a man is crazy because he plays a tuba, then somebody better look into because there are a lot of tuba players running around loose. Of course, I don't see any harm in it. I play mine whenever I want to concentrate. That may sound funny to some people but everybody does something silly when they're thinking. For instance, the judge here is an O filla'. You wonder what that is? You fill in all the spaces in the O's with your pencil. I was watching the judge do that. That may make you look a bit crazy, your honour, just sitting there filling in the O's, but I don't see anything wrong 'cause that helps you think. Other people are Doodlers. That's a name we made up back home for people who make foolish designs on paper when they're thinking. Almost everyone is a doodler. Did you ever see the telephone book in the phone booth? People draw the most idiotic things when they're thinking. (Picks up a piece of paper.) This is a piece of paper that Dr. Von Haller was just scribbling on. I can't figure out what it is. One minute it looks like a monkey and the next minute it looks like a picture of Mr. Cedar. You look at it, judge. Exhibit A for the defense. It looks kind of stupid, your honor, but I guess that's all right if Dr. Von Haller has to doodle to help him think. That's his business. Everyone does something different. Some people are ear pullers; some are nail biters. Mr. Semple over there is a nose twitcher and the lady next to him is a knuckle cracker. So you see, everybody does silly little things to help them think. Well, I play the tuba. What's the harm in that? **(Black out)**



Multi-millionaire Oliver Stratton has decided to leave all his wealth and social position and go to Tibet to become a monk. He has converted all his assets into cash and all his relatives are scheming to either get into his will or into the safe library where the money is stashed. Sylvia Crane – one of Oliver's greedy relatives – has tried to gain favor by pretending to be selfless and sympathetic. She has asked him why he is dumping his rich life in favor of living in a cave in the Himalayas. She has just intuitively suggested to him that the reason must be a woman. Oliver sighs, nods, and answers her.

**Oliver:** Am I going to the Himalayas because of a woman? Yes. Yes, you're right. It is a woman. A one-of-a-kind woman. Drab, but charming. Middle-aged, but kind. Not too bright, but gentle. And it wasn't that she didn't love me – she did. She said so. (Pause.) You see, I was returning from Europe. The ship was cruising gently through the night. I was standing on the foredeck, looking at the sea, and thinking about life – and love – and the meaning of it all. I turned my head and there she was ... being sick over the rail. Ah, but when she straightened up, our eyes met. Then suddenly, her hand closed over mine on the rail. Something urged inside of me. And I could tell she felt the same way. And the next moment ... we were both being sick over the rail. After that, ours was a whirlwind romance. We had both lost our hearts – among other things. We exchanged seasick remedies for hours. The ship was to dock in the morning. I took down her name and address on the inside of a gum wrapper – Juicy Fruit – and put it in my pocket. The next day, in the confusion of docking and all, I never saw her. But I got home and took the gum wrapper out of my pocket – and the ink had smeared! I couldn't read it. I had been smuggling some French perfume. It had popped its cork and run all over the gum wrapper. I called detectives, put ads in papers, had leaflets scattered from planes, put messages inside fortune cookies – but to no avail. I couldn't recall her name. It had been night on the boat deck, I hadn't been feeling too steady, so I couldn't give the detectives a very good description. I tried to imitating her voice for them – but they just laughed. And so – I'm going to try to forget. I'm going to become a monk. I'll shave my head and my eyebrows, get a robe and a rice bowl, sit on a rock in the Himalayas, and sigh a lot. **(Black out)**

Middle-aged Harry tells his friend Jess of the unfeeling way that his wife left him the week after his birthday.

**Harry:** Friday, Helen comes home from work, and she says, "I don't know if I want to be married anymore." Like it's the institution, you know, like it's nothing personal, just something she's been thinking about in a casual way. I'm calm. I say, "Why don't we take some time to think about it?" You know, don't rush into anything. Next day, she says she's thought about it, and she wants a trial separation. She just wants to try it, she says. But we can still date, she says, like this is supposed to cushion the blow. I mean, I got married so I could stop dating, so I don't see where "we can still date" is a big incentive, since the last thing you want to do is date your wife, who's supposed to love you, which is what I'm saying to her when it occurs to me that maybe she doesn't, so I say to her, "Don't you love me anymore?" and you know what she says? "I don't know if I've ever loved you." The she tells me that someone in her office is going to South America, and she can sublet his apartment. I can't believe this. And the doorbell rings. "I can sublet his apartment." The words are still hanging in the air, you know, and there are moving men there. Now I start to get suspicious. I say, "Helen, when did you call the movers? And she doesn't say anything, so I ask the movers, "When did this woman book you for this gig?" and they're just standing there, three huge guys, one of them wearing a t-shirt that says, "Don't mess with Mister Zero". So I said, "Helen, when did you make this arrangement?" She says, "A Week ago." I said, you've known for a week, and you didn't tell me?" And she says, "I didn't want to ruin your birthday." **(Black out)**