



55 Audubon Street • New Haven, CT 06510-1205
Phone 203-777-5451 • Fax 203-782-3596
Jason Hiruo, Director

Dear ECA Theatre Applicant,

The faculty is looking forward to meeting you! Please try to relax. We want you to do well and will do everything we can to assure you have a successful experience. Before you present your monologue, we will play a few theatre games within a group setting to help ease your nervousness. You will also have a chance to hear about the Theatre Department from both faculty and students and you will be given a chance to ask questions. Your review will include improvisations. Please wear comfortable clothes. Do not wear high heels, tight pants, short skirts, or any clothing that may be restrictive.

For your review:

- **Memorize** and prepare a monologue from either a play of your choice, one you have written yourself, or one of the enclosed monologues.
- Your monologue should be between 1-3 minutes in length.
- Read the play your monologue is from so that you have an understanding of both the story and the character.
- When you perform your monologue, know who your character is talking to and what you want from that person.
- **Take your time.** Often students rush because they are nervous. So please, slow down!
- Be sure to break down the monologue into playable sections (beats) so that you have variances in both attack and vocal choices.
- Try to have images or pictures in your mind of what you are talking about. This will help you have a connection to the words you are saying.
- Imagine a situation that you have been in that is similar to your monologue. This will also help you connect emotionally.

Upon Arrival:

Registration for Theatre applicants will be at the Audubon Street school entrance. Due to the high volume of people in the building, we ask that parents/guardians return to pick up their student(s) in the allotted time once their child's review has concluded. Only student applicants will be allowed into the review space.

Break-A-Leg!

Sincerely,
Ingrid Schaeffer
Department Chair, Theatre

Female Audition Selections

Drink the Wild Air

by Staci Swedeen

#1 OLIVIA

(OLIVIA, 13, fiddles with her necklace as she writes/dictates a letter.)

March 14, 1969. Dear Dad... *(Pauses, collecting herself)*

This is the third time I've written you since you moved away and I haven't heard anything back. Have you gotten any of my letters? You said just because you were divorcing Mom didn't mean you were divorcing me so I shouldn't feel...you know... even though you were moving to California and getting remarried.....to Syliva. Oh never mind. Our English teacher, Mr. Sundean, says letters should be written in a spirit of cheerfulness. Seriously? What if you don't have anything to be cheerful about? What if Grandpa's right and the world is going to hell in a hand basket? What if school sucks? Huh? What about that? And Dad, Mr Sundean talked to Mom, and now, because of my whole anti-nature thing, she and Grandpa have decided to send me to some crappy camp out in the woods this summer. Unless I can come spend the summer with you? Please? Please?! This is a matter of life and death! If I don't hear back from you -

(correcting/scribbling out)

Looking forward to hearing back from you at your earliest convenience. Sincerely -

(reconsidering/correcting)

Cheerfully yours, your daughter."

(The lights go down on Olivia who is anything but cheerful.)

#2 OLIVIA

(Olivia, 13 is away at summer camp where she is learning to face some of her fears and sort through her feelings about her parents' recent divorce. It is 1969.)

I have a nightmare where I'm in the middle of the ocean and I keep slipping further and further away. So far I can't even see the shore. Sometimes it feels like my whole body is going to explode. Or dissolve. I'm an Alka Selter tablet. Plop plop, fizz fizz. And I want it all to stop, you know? Just. Stop. I think about it, sometimes. I do. Just...disappearing under a wave. My Mom and Dad would be so sorry, right? Maybe they'd even get back together. But I can't figure out a way to do it without hurting, or without a lot of blood. Still. In my dream I'm slipping away. The water is salty and tastes like tears. Then I wake up.

#3 RACHEL

(Rachel is teaching her fellow camper Olivia how to swim in the lake. Olivia is quite nervous.)

We will start with something easy - floating. Here, give me your hand. I'm going to hold you and you're going to float cause your lungs are like built-in buoyancy tanks.

(Rachel goes into the water and holds up Olivia on her back)

I got you. And I'm going to keep talking, okay? 'Cause talking is a good way to distract you and let your body do what your head thinks it can't. So listen to me. Are you listening? Just because you couldn't swim before doesn't mean you should give up forever. Think about keeping your hips to the sky Hips up, hips up! My swimming coach used to say to think of swimming like being an astronaut in outer space going toward the stars. And that it's all about letting go. Let go. Let go, let go! Okay, better. Monkey, Starfish, Soldier. It's how I teach little kids to swim. Think about those three positions: a monkey scratching under it's arms - do it - *(Olivia does)* - a starfish with arms and legs splayed out - do it - *(Olivia does)* -- and a soldier ramrod straight. Got that? My father was in the Olympics and when I was learning to swim he just threw me in the pool. I think it was cause my Dad was jealous of me, cause everything was behind him and it is all before me. Never mind. When I say "inhale up" I want you to think of filling an oxygen tank, and when I say "exhale out" think of blowing out a fire. Are you ready for that?

SPINE

by Bill C. Davis

Claire, 13, talking to her dying brother, 11

Setting: a country home in Connecticut, the present. Dramatic

Claire's younger brother, Christy, is dying. Here, she speaks to him for what she knows will be the last time.

It's really weird that you can't talk. But I know what you want to say. I do. You want to say, "Claire - you're a very good sister." And I want to say, "You're a very good brother"

-you are, Christy. You're a better brother than Mike. I guess that's not saying very much. Charlene and Reesy and Jenny ask about you. They worry about you. They worry that you're having pain, 'cause I told them when I've heard you yell. I didn't tell them when you cried - I wouldn't do that. But a few times you screamed. The first time you did that, I was so scared.

It was the most scared I've ever been until just a little while ago - until just before I gave you your present. That was the most scared I've ever been. But that's not my secret. *(Pause.)* I thought something awful once - not too long ago. Remember July fourth? You wanted us to go to the lake and I wanted us to go to the ocean, because they have the best fireworks; in the sky and in the water - like stereo. But you wanted to go fishing in the lake. I was real mad. I was so mad, because that's what always happens. Whenever you want to go somewhere that's where we always go. And I wished something awful - I was wrong - I know I was, but I wished- I said to myself, "I wish he'd hurry up and ..." *(She can't say it.)* It was bad to think that, and I really didn't think it long. I just wanted to see the fireworks from the boats. And that's not what I wish. I wish you'd never die. That's what I really wish, Christy. I'm sorry. Blink that you forgive me. *(Christy blinks.)* Thanks Christy. *(Claire kisses him. She leaves his bed.)*

THIN MINTS

(A teenage girl has come to sell Girl Scout cookies. She hates it. She's way too old for the outfit. Play the monologue tired, sarcastic and annoyed.)

Hello and good afternoon how are you fine thank you would you like to purchase some Girl Scout cookies? We have new low-carb options and this year, all our coconut cookies are made from real organic coconuts from real organic coconut farms like in Africa.

(The person asks a question.)

Sixteen. Why.

(The person asks another question.)

'Cause my mom says it's gonna look good on my college applications

'cause all I got as far as extracurriculars go is Drama and my Uncle Brad says only drug addicts and democrats do "Drama." Do you want cookies or what?

(The person asks another question.)

No, I'm all out of "Thin Mints."

(The person asks a question.)

'Cause EVERYONE wants Thin Mints, what, you think you're original? You don't look very original.

(The person asks a question.)

'Cause you drive a Toyota Camry and you look boring now do you want cookies or what lady, 'cause I GOTTA SELL COOKIES 'CAUSE I GOTTA GO TO COLLEGE AND MY MOM SAYS IF I DON'T GO TO COLLEGE I'M GONNA END UP ON THE STREET LIKE THAT GUY WHO SELLS GIANT BALLOONS AND LIVES UNDER THE FREEWAY, AND I DON'T WANNA SELL BALLOONS AND LIVE UNDER THE FREEWAY -

(The person asks a question.)

-NO I DON'T HAVE THIN MINTS!

Save Me

A teen is at a wedding, and really doesn't wanna be there until...

I'm currently at a wedding. I'm having, what you might call, an out-of-body experience. Over there? Next to the fat lady who looks like Barney from behind? Over there? That's me. And everyone is here and staring straight forward and these people -- my second cousin and her dork boyfriend-no-fiance-no-wait-in-two-minutes-HUSBAND-- these people are exchanging phony vows and all I can do is sit there and think about how [a] I'd much rather be FLOSSING. And [b] I'm never, ever, EVER EVER EVER EVER NEVER NEVER EVER gonna get married. EVER!

'Cause I hate this and I hate the fact that just 'cause they decided they like each other we all have to give up a Saturday morning out of our busy lives, Saturday mornings where we could be, I dunno, vacuuming, or bathing the dog, or, did I already use "flossing"?

Save me. Take me away from this painful experience, these shoes my mom made me wear, the smell of beef jerky that this lady in the purple dress is oozing out of her pores, the organist who's playing just a HAIR out of tune... Save me.

I hate weddings. And I don't understand them. And I hate the fact that they have the phrase "everlasting love"... like, come on... Really?! That sounds like an ENYA song... That sounds like a "new fragrance only at Macy's"... That sounds like a--
(*Sees something*)

Whoa. Second row. Third aisle from the left. Sitting next to the old dude with the sideburns... Who... Is... That?
(*growls flirtatiously*)

Don't get me wrong. I'm... still never going to get married. I still hate weddings. But, well, there's always the reception...

Brighton Beach Memoirs

By Neil Simon

Nora reminisces about her father who has passed away.

Nora

When I was six or seven Daddy always brought me home a little surprise. He'd tell me to go get it in his coat pocket. So I'd run to his coat and put my hand in and it felt as big as a tent. I wanted to crawl in there and go to sleep. And there were all these terrific things in there, like Juicy Fruit gum or Spearmint Life Savers and bits of cellophane and crumbled pieces of tobacco and pennies and rubber bands and paper clips and his grey suede gloves that he wore in the winter time. After he died, I found his coat in Mom's closet and I put my hand in the pocket. And everything was gone. It was emptied and dry cleaned and it felt cold . . . And that's when I knew he was really gone. (*thinks a moment*) I wish we had our own place to live. I hate being a boarder. Listen, let's make a pact . . . The first one who makes enough money promises not to spend any on herself, but saves it all to get a house for you and me and Mom. Is it a pact?

A Loss of Roses

By William Inge

A young woman recalls her first day of school.

Lila

I remember my first day at school. Mother took me by the hand and I carried a bouquet of roses, too. Mama had let me pick the loveliest roses I could find in the garden and the teacher thanked me for them. Then Mama left me and I felt kinda scared, 'cause I'd never been any place before without her; but she told me Teacher would be Mama to me at school and would treat me as nice as she did. So I took my seat with all the

other kids, their faces so strange and new to me. And I started talking with a little boy across the aisle. I didn't know it was against the rules. But Teacher came back and slapped me, so hard that I cried, and I ran to the door 'cause I wanted to run home to Mama quick as I could. But teacher grabbed me by the hand and pulled me back to my seat. She said I was too big a girl to be running home to Mama and had to learn to take my punishment when I broke the rules. But I still cried. I told Teacher I wanted back my roses. But she wouldn't give them to me. She shook her finger and said, when I gave away lovely presents, I couldn't expect to get them back.....I guess I never learned that lesson very well. There's so many things I still want back.

THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK

By Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett

Anne

Look, Peter, the sky. (*She looks up through the skylight.*) What a lovely, lovely day! Aren't the clouds beautiful? You know what I do when it seems as if I couldn't stand being cooped up for one more minute? I think myself out. I think myself on a walk in the park where I used to go with Pim. Where the jonquils and the crocus and the violets grow down the slopes. You know the most wonderful 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?.....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.....all risking their lives for us every day.....When I think of these good things, I'm not afraid anymore.....I find myself, and God, and I.....

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

By William Shakespeare

Helena

How happy some o'er other some can be! Through Athens I am thought as fair as she. But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so; He will not know what all but he do know: And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes, So I, admiring of his qualities: Things base and vile, folding no quantity, Love can transpose to form and dignity: Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind; And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind: Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste; Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste: And therefore is Love said to be a child, Because in choice he is so oft beguiled. As waggish boys in game themselves forswear, So the boy Love is perjured every where: For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne, He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine; And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt, So he dissolved, and showers of oaths did melt. I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight: Then to the wood will he to-morrow night Pursue her; and for this intelligence If I have thanks, it is a dear expense: But herein mean I to enrich my pain, to have his sight thither and back again.

SAINT JOAN

By George Bernard Shaw

Joan

Yes: they told me you were fools, and that I was not to listen to your fine words nor trust to your charity. You promised me my life; but you lied. You think that life is nothing but not being stone dead. It is not the bread and water I fear: I can live on bread: when have I asked for more? It is no hardship to drink water if the water be clean. Bread has no sorrow for me, and water no affliction. But to shut me from the light of the sky and the sight of the fields and flowers; to chain my feet so that I can never again ride with the soldiers nor climb the hills; to make me breathe foul damp darkness, and keep from me everything that brings me back to the love of God when your wickedness and foolishness tempt me to hate Him: all this is worse than the furnace in the bible that was heated seven times. I could do without my warhorse; I could drag about in a skirt; I could let the banners and the trumpets and the knights and soldiers pass me and leave me behind as they leave the other women, if only I could still hear the wind in the trees, the larks in the sunshine, the young lambs crying through the healthy frost, and blessed blessed church bells that send my angel voices floating to me on the wind. But without these things I cannot live; and by your wanting to take them away from me, or from any human creature, I know that your counsel is of the devil, and that mine is of God.

A Raisin in the Sun

By Lorraine Hansberry

Beneatha

Me?... Me?... Me, I'm nothing... Me. When I was very small... we used to take our sleds out in the wintertime and the only hills we had were the ice-covered stone steps of some house down the street. And we used to fill them in with snow and make them smooth and slide down them all day... and it was very dangerous you know... far too steep... and sure enough one day a kid named Rufus came down too fast and hit the sidewalk... and we saw his face just split open right there in front of us. And I remember standing there looking at his bloody open face thinking that was the end of Rufus. But the ambulance came and they took him to the hospital and they fixed the broken bones and they sewed it all up... and the next time I saw Rufus he just had a little line down the middle of his face... I never got over that. * That that was what one person could do for another, fix him up--- sew up the problem , make him all right again. That was the most marvelous thing in the world... I wanted to do that. I always thought it was the one concrete thing in the world that a human being could do. Fix up the sick, you know--- and make them whole again. This was truly being God. * No--- I wanted to cure. It used to be so important to me. I wanted to cure. It used to matter. I used to care. I mean about people and how their bodies hurt...

I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings

By Maya Angelou

Marguerite

Mr. Principal, dear teachers, fellow graduates, and dear parents and friends. Our speaker just told us that he was improving the education facilities in Stamps. He's given us the chance to become basketball players and cooks. Well, I want to thank you Mr. Johnson for this chance, but I don't think I'm going to take it. I didn't

memorize the whole of *The Rape of Lucrece* so I could be a cook or a cleaning lady. See, I give Mr. Johnson all the rights he wants, but I don't believe he has the right to decide that my only hero has got to be a first line football player. I got other heroes. For example, Edgar Allen Poe because like what he said, and I lied the way he said it. My teachers, because they showed me a map. And on that map, I saw that the world went past Stamps, Arkansas, United States of America, North American Continent. And I got another hero...me! And me as not just a proud member of the graduating class of The Lafayette County Training School. Me as a proud member of the Negro race, the wonderful, beautiful Negro race. Well, I'd like to thank Mr. Johnson for the paved playing fields, but I'm not gonna run on it. I got other things to do.

Either Male or Female Monologue

Breeding Ground -- Male or Female

Excuse me. I know you told me to have a seat, but did you notice that all the chairs in this room are fabric? Not vinyl, fabric. Don't you realize that fabric chairs are not sanitary? There could be lice or crabs or God knows what else crawling around in those cushions. You could at least offer me some Saran wrap. And what's more, they stink. Can't you smell that foul odor wafting this way? It's disgusting. Hang a sign, "Have you showered today? If not, go home." Look, I'm here to see a therapist to talk about my issues, and believe me, I have issues. But meanwhile, you're subjecting me to more emotional trauma over this godforsaken waiting room. Now, what are you going to do about it? Okay, I'm sitting. I'm sitting. I can't do it.

Do Something – Male or Female

(Pat is frustrated because her (or his) pet isn't as interesting as everyone else's. Or, at least, that's what Pat thinks.)

Come on... Come on... Move. MOVE! This sucks. You suck. Go faster. Do a trick. Something. Come on.

Jeremy got a German Shepherd and Betty got a python. A BURMESE PYTHON. My mom decides, 'cause we live in an apartment, it'd be a good idea to get me you.

But what ARE you? You're a lame little nothing. You're a...you're a nothing. I can't take you to the park, I can't take you for a walk, nobody cute is gonna come up to me like, hey, nice NOTHING you have there...

DOOOOO SOMMMEEEEETHINGGGGGGGG.

Maybe if I poke you. Maybe...maybe all you really need is a little stimulation. Maybe just a little....

(Pat pokes the little pet. The pet then SNATCHES Pat's finger and doesn't let go-.)

AAAAAAAAG HHHHHHH LET GO LET GO LET GO LET GO LET GO!!! AAAAAGGHHH FINE FINE FINE! I TAKE IT BACK! UNCLE! I SAY UNCLE!

(Pat runs around the room in pain.)

I'M SORRY I'M SORRY AGGGHH !!!!

I'M SORRY YOU'RE NOT A NOTHING YOU'RE NOT LAME YOU'RE-

(It lets go. Pat steps away from it, terrified. A beat. Pat takes a breath, recovers, fixes her (or his) hair. Another beat, then Pat slowly comes in closer, looks at the pet, leans in closer, and closer, and closer... in awe.)

AWESOME.

PHOTOSPOT - Male or Female

(A high school amateur photographer works at a lame PhotoSpot booth at a mall, and he takes his job way too seriously.)

OK. So. So just sit. Right there. Very good. Yeah. That looks good. *(Takes a picture)* That looks great. Here, try moving, there, right, great. *(Takes a picture)* GREAT. PERFECT. DON'T MOVE. Hold that pose. Stay right there. *(Takes a picture)* Yeah. Great. That's beautiful. Give me "beautiful." *(Takes a picture)* Yeah. Give me "intimidating." Yeah. *(Takes a picture)* Perfect. Give me "attitude." *(Takes a picture)* Give me "I don't care." *(Takes a picture)* Yeah. *(Takes a picture)* Great. Heck yeah, you do your thing. You do it. *(Takes a picture)* YEAH. Give me "rock star." *(Takes a picture)* You got it. You know it. Just one more second. Yeah. There you go. *(Takes a picture)* Awesome.

(To someone who's calling from behind him.) Just one more shot. Please don't, please don't interrupt me when I'm working. Please don't... just -NO -we almost had it. Don't take him. Don't move him, NO! GEESH! COME ON LADY! We almost had "perfection." This was gonna be, this was gonna be, something! This was gonna be really really something!

(He gets screamed at) Don't talk to me like I'm some kind of idiot, lady. I'm taking Photography at school. I take "Advanced," OK? I know. Yes.....Yes I know why you came here. Yes I know and NO, no I don't care. How about that. Huh?! I know you came for some lame Christmas-card pictures but that's not what he wanted. I know. I know he's three. I know. But he wanted more. He - I could tell. He wanted to say something. He's got something more to say than just "Merry Christmas" lady, but, you don't understand.

That's \$25.62 with tax...

(She pays him, leaves, he gives her the standard line, like a disappointed robot.)
And thank you for coming to PhotoSpot...

(Calling at the next customer.) Next?...

That's a nice cocker spaniel, sir. Yeah. We can do a whole session, just put him over here...

Oh yeah... *(Takes a picture, gets more excited.)* OH YEAAAAH ...

SAFETY PATROL – Male or Female

(A sixteen- or seventeen-year-old Safety Patrol talks to us about his (or her) experiences as, well, a total loser. CAPS indicate when he (or she) is screaming at fellow students. If possible, he (or she) wears one of those orange/yellow belts.)

WALK! DON'T RUN! I SAID DON'T RUN STEVEN THIS ISN'T THE OLYMPICS.

(To the audience.)

Safety Patrol. I'm Safety Officer 1091077. Registered with the National Safety Patrol and everything. Six years I've been a Safety Officer... with the "Big P," I like to call it, the "Orange Force" or something, too, I'm trying to think up another name, some-thing really ---OFF THE GRASS! *(And back to the audience.)*

I'm the only one here....there, well there were more of us when we were in middle school, junior high, there were even more of us when we were in elementary sch -

-WALK! *(And back to the audience.)*

But the numbers dwindle, you know. People get other..."interests"... I guess. They sell out, if you ask me. Sell. Out. Track? Cheerleading? Drama? You kidding? When's the last time those clubs ever helped keep anyone safe? French Club? Please, they don't even get a badge -

THE SIDEWALK'S THERE FOR A REASON TRISH AND YEAH I SEE YOU CHEWING GUM IN SCHOOL! PUT THE CELL PHONES AWAY PEOPLE DON'T CLOG THE HALLS THIS ISN'T SOCIAL HOUR.

(And back to the audience) The administration has asked me, on, numerous occasions, personally, asked me, to stop doing this. And I know why... I make them look bad. I'm a little more... how should I put this...

"dedicated" than they are...

-GET TO CLASS REGGIE THE BELL RANG YOU'RE LATE WHAT ARE YOU DOING JUST STANDING THERE LOOKING AT ME

(Suddenly the Patrol gets hit in the stomach with an egg. Yolk drips off him. He doesn't move just looks out at us and confesses ...)

Eggs. That happens once in a while too.

SILENT TREATMENT - Male or Female

(A young woman (or man) has just pulled her (or his) first major betrayal, and she (or he) is now more sorry than she or he has ever been. During a car ride home, Dad won't say a word.)

Talk to me. Say something. Please? Don't give me that... don't give me some silent treatment thing...Just... just say something.

(A beat. Waiting. Nothing.)

This is worse than being grounded, would you just ground me?
PLEASE! Come on...something? Say something?!!

(A beat.)

I'm sorry. Is that it? Is that what you wanna hear? I'm sorry, OK Dad? Now say something.

(A beat.)

What more do you want? What more do you want from me? I said I'm sorry and I meant it and I'm begging you to please just Dad just please...
I didn't... I didn't think. OK? I wasn't thinking. I was stupid and it's totally TOTALLY my fault and it was, it was, well whatever it was just stupid. I was being... I was just stupid...

Jerry said he wouldn't tell anybody and so did Sarah and it's not like I'm trying to push the blame anywhere it's just... the worst part of the whole thing is that...is that you asked me and you told me you wouldn't get mad and you told me just to be honest, just, just to be honest with you...
... and I lied to you.

And I'm ... Sorry isn't even the word anymore, Dad ... I'm ... Please...please say something.

How to Eat Like a Child: And Other Lessons in Not Being a Grownup

By Delia Ephron

This musical comedy revue is treated like an instruction manual for children. Each song, sketch, or monologue has a title. The following monologue is called "How to Watch More television." The actor can actually recite the title prior to performing the monologue if he/she chooses. Darien was the name of the child that originally performed this piece. There is no specific age or gender assigned to this monologue. Be careful not to play it all one way. Use different tactics. Beg, negotiate, threaten, sob, flatter etc...

Darien

Please, Mom, please. Just this once. I'll only ask this once. I promise, if you let me watch this show, I'll go to bed the second it is over. I won't complain. I won't ask for a drink of water. I won't ask for anything. Please. If you let me do this, I'll never ask you for anything ever again. Never. Please, Mommy, please. You are the nicest mommy. You are the sweetest, nicest mommy. I promise I won't be cranky tomorrow. I promise I'll go to bed tomorrow at nine. Please, please, please.

(pause)

Why not! Just give me one reason. I told you I'll be good. I told you I'll go to bed. Don't you believe me? Don't you trust me? Some mom- doesn't even trust her own kid. Look, I'll just close my eyes and listen. I won't even watch it! Oh, Mom, why can't I?

You're a Good Man Charlie Brown

By Clark Gesner

Snoopy: *(on top of doghouse, speaking over music)* Here's the World One I flying ace high over France in his Sopwith Camel, searching for the infamous Red Baron! I must bring him down! Suddenly, anti-aircraft fire, 'archie' we used to called it, begins to burst beneath my plane. The Red Baron has spotted me. Nyahh, Nyahh, Nyahh! You can't hit me! *(aside)* Actually, tough flying aces never say 'Nyahh, Nyahh, Nyahh'. I just, ah...Drat this fog! It's bad enough having to fight the Red Baron without having to fly in weather like this! All right, Red Baron! Where are you? You can't hide forever! Ah, the sun has broken through...I can see the woods of Montsec below...and what's that? It's a Fokker triplane! Ha! I've got you this time, Red Baron *(SFX: machine gun fire)* Aaugh! He's diving down out of the sun! He's tricked me again! I've got to run! Come on Sopwith Camel, let's go! Go, Camel, go! I can't shake him! He's riddling my plane with bullets! *(SFX: machine gun fire)* Curse you, Red Baron! Curse you and your kind! Curse the evil that causes all this unhappiness! *(SFX: plane engine sputtering towards silence)* Here's the World War I flying ace back at the aerodrome in France, he is exhausted and yet he does not sleep, for one thought continues to burn in his mind...Someday, someday I'll get you, Red Baron!

The Right Box

By Eleanor Harder

(A school hallway. TINA (or TOM), a high school student, stomps in angrily, carrying a paper and pen, stops, and addresses the audience.)

I'm really steamed! I have to fill out this dumb form, and it's got these little boxes that say "Caucasian," "Black," "Asian," "Native American," "South Pacific," and stuff, and I'm supposed to check which one I am. And I told the lady that, and she give me this bored look and says, *(imitating)* "just check the right box and bring it back to me!" The right box? I don't fit in any of them. *(Grins)*

I have a friend who told them she was "Blaxican," and she didn't see any box for that. Well, I could say that, too. Blaxican, I mean, "cuz I've got some black on my dad's side and Mexican on my mom's. But my dad's great-grandfather was Native American, and my mom's grandmother was Irish! So---What am I? I don't see any box her for me.

We've got this big ol' dog. Got him out of the pound when he was just a puppy. He's two now, and nobody can figure out what he is. Well, he's a mix, we know that. But a mix of what is a real mystery. He's got a lot of fur that I guess you'd call multicolored, and his tail can't decide to curl up or down, and his eyes are kind of yellowish. I'm making him sound terrible. But he's really a great looking dog. And when we took him to the vet's for his shots, the vet said so, too. He said he could have some German shepherd and collie, maybe some chow, even a little coyote in him, he wasn't sure, but he was certainly a splendid-looking dog. That's just what he said—a splendid-looking dog. I know they call dogs that aren't purebreds "mutts." So, *(shrugs)* guess ours is a mutt. A splendid looking one. *(Thinks.)*

Then maybe people are like mutts, too? I don't think I like the sound of that. Mutts. Somewhere I read that mutts are stronger than purebreds, and they live longer, too. I don't know if that works for human mutts, but I hope so. 'Course, when I think of the people I know, or have heard about, most of them are mutts, too.

Well, like, most everybody's a mix of something. So what does that mean? We're *all* stronger, and we'll *all* live longer? I don't know. (*Looks at paper*) Maybe I'll just write down "mutt" on this. I can just see the lady's face when I hand it in. (*Grins.*) Or maybe I'll make up a name just for me, like (*thinks*) Hmm—Native American, Irish, Black and —Nat-Am-Iri-Blaxicana. Nat-Am-Iri-Blaxicana. (*Repeats in rhythm.*) Nat-Am-Iri-Blaxicana. Yeah! Sounds good. A lot better than mutt. (*Grins as she marks paper*) There. Now that the right box! (*Exits triumphantly.*)

Male Monologues

Drink the Wild Air

by Staci Swedeen

#1 JIMMY

(Jimmy is a teenager who is spending his summer at Camp Waccamaw, a camp for boys. It is 1969. Raymond, the camp counselor, has just given a pep talk on courage. Jimmy and his fellow campers are mounting a climbing wall at this point in the play. Jimmy is at the top of the wall when he delivers this speech.)

Raymond keeps giving us all these lectures on courage, and overcoming obstacles, and facing our demons. You know what takes courage? Going to high school. Always feeling that someone's behind you. Whispers in your ears, all the rumors. The feeling that you're not normal, that you're weird but still trying to fit in. High school is where the demons live. I want to pack up my bags and move somewhere no one knows me. My old man keeps asking what I'm going to do with my life. How the hell should I know? Maybe I'll hitch hike across the country. Maybe I'll enlist. My dad says, "You better not be one of those hippies like your brother Darryl." Rowing across a lake, hiking through the woods, listening to the wind in the trees. You don't have to think. I love being outdoors.

#2. JIMMY

(Jimmy, 15, is waiting by the lake at summer camp. Sound of lapping water, the moon overhead. He skips a rock, waits some more. Finally Olivia enters, the girl he likes.)

I wasn't sure you were going to come.
(Awkward pause.)

I don't know how to begin. I wanted to tell you that...you know I've always liked you. I don't understand how we got to this weird place, but I remember the first time I saw you in choir - and the talks we had about music - And I wanted to tell you...I think you're smart, and you're pretty, and you're brave.
(BEAT)

You really hurt me when you didn't believe me and stopped talking to me in school. Wait! What was that? Maybe it was a shooting star?

Do you know that every atom in your body came from a star that exploded? Yeah. Carbon, nitrogen, oxygen, and iron were created when stars exploded and that's what we are made of. Stardust. Crazy, huh? Some exploding star gave its life for you.

#3 JIMMY

(Jimmy is 15 years old and away at summer camp. In this scene he is speaking with his friend Olivia, the girl he likes. She has been feeling sad about her parents' divorce.)

I like being outdoors because you don't have to think. Or maybe it's that it causes you to think in a different way. It's like walking through a magic palace and most people never even notice. There are sycamore and horse chestnut trees that have stood here for hundreds of years. There are plants like lupine, sweet fern, or butterfly weed that may last only a season. These rocks under our feet were once part of an ancient ice sheet going back maybe 30,000 years. This lake in front of us contains fishes, frogs and all kinds of life we can't see. *(quoting Ralph Waldo Emerson)* "Live in the sunshine, swim the sea, drink the wild air's salubrity." Cool word, huh? Means healthy, or something like that. So Emerson was basically saying be positive in life, there's a whole ocean to explore out there, don't be afraid...and "drink" what makes you better and happy. Because there's star dust in you.

Gabriel is Mr. Cool - Male

(Gabriel talks to his good friend, Zack. They're at the Junior Prom, and Zack is nervous about a girl he likes very much. Gabriel is firm with Zack, borderline mean, but he CAN be, because they're such good friends. Gabriel talks fast and slick, like a fourteen-or fifteen-year-old car salesman, or a fourteen-or-fifteen-year-old James Bond.)

Be smooth, Zack. Be smooth. Like cool. Like me. It's not that hard to do, imitate me. Half our school does it. Who started the collar-popping thing? ME. And don't act like I'm making that up 'cause you know I'm not. It's a family tradition: We invent cool stuff. My grandfather invented the high-five. I swear. You want me to call my dad? He'll tell you.

Look at her, sizing you up. YOU should be sizing HER up. Get over there. Offer her some punch. Ask her if she's having a good time. Anything. Just get over there, talk to her. *(Pulling him back.)* NOT YET! You don't wanna look too desperate. Do something cool. Lean against that wall. Like THIS! *(He does it, much cooler. to demonstrate.)* Pull out your cell phone. I DON'T CARE THAT NO ONE'S CALLING YOU, DO IT. Put it to your ear. PUT IT TO YOUR EAR ZACK.

Smile. Laugh like someone just said something hilarious. Don't giggle, LAUGH.

Not super cool. Yes, you'd rather be somewhere else, but she's not that bad. You never say "cool" or "great" or "awesome" you say, "not that bad." Nothing impresses you. That's the message you wanna send. "I-have-cooler-stuff-to-do-but-if-I-had-to-talk-to-anyone-here-I-guess-it-could-be-you."

And un-tuck your shirt, where are you, church? Smile. Not so big. Better. This is easy. This is gonna be real easy. Never mind, tuck your shirt back in, you look horrible. I don't know what it is, you just look horrible. No, not fat. I KNOW YOU'RE NOT FAT...

OK. Most important thing: Do a breath check. It's when you check your breath, that's what it is. Just like, act like you 're scratching your nose, but exhale and cup it and smell, like this. (*He demonstrates.*) Good. Good? OK...There she is. You can do this, Zack. You got this. Be cool. On three, you go for it. OK? One, two, three. (*Zack goes.*) That's my boy... You should pay me, you know that?

(*He watches Zack go. Gabriel looks around at the kids at the junior Prom, all less cool than he is.*)

You should all be paying me. (*He drinks his punch like it's a Martini*)

I give you people something to strive for.

The Day My Father Died

BY CARL COHEN

In the following monologue, a boy explores his mixed emotions after the death of his father.

Carl

My father died this morning. I was in the middle of Dr. Strange when my mom told me. She said I could finish my comic but then I had to come into the living room and cry with her and my sister. It wasn't sudden or anything. I knew for a long time that he was dying. We all did. My mom tried to tell me that he was getting better, but I knew it was a lie. See, the thing is, I really didn't want him to get better. He was a much nicer person when he was sick. He didn't have the strength to hit me and he hardly ever yelled anymore. He was sent home from the hospital for a while, but there were oxygen tanks and syringes all over the house. It was getting kind of ugly so my mom had him sent back. I felt really bad for a long time because the sicker he got, the happier I became. See, he didn't just hit me, he used to beat me up pretty bad, and as he got worse and worse, I got less and less afraid of him. Sometimes, when I was by myself I even laughed, because I would look into his eyes and I knew he was afraid. I wanted him to feel the way he made me feel. You know, I really loved him a lot. Even when he was hitting me I loved him. Each time, I thought, after this, everything will be alright. But it never was. I bet he really loved me a lot too. He just didn't know how to show it.

You're a Good Man Charlie Brown

By Clark Gesner

Charlie Brown

I think lunchtime is about the worst time of day for me. Always having to sit here alone. Of course, sometimes, mornings aren't so pleasant either. Waking up and wondering if anyone would really miss me if I never got out of bed. Then there's the night, too. Lying there and thinking about all the stupid things I've done during the day. And all those hours in between when I do all those stupid things. Well, lunchtime is among the worst times of the day for me. Well, I guess I'd better see what I've got. Peanut butter. Some psychiatrists say that people who eat peanut butter sandwiches are lonely...I guess they're right. And when you're really lonely, the peanut butter sticks to the roof of your mouth. There's that cute little red-headed girl eating her lunch over there. I wonder what she would do if I went over and asked her if I could sit and have lunch with her?...She'd probably laugh right in my face...it's hard on a face when it gets laughed in. There's an empty place next to her on the bench. There's no reason why I couldn't just go over and sit there. I could do that right now. All I have to do is stand up...I'm standing up!...I'm sitting down. I'm a coward. I'm so much of a coward, she wouldn't even think of looking at me. She hardly ever does look at me. In fact, I can't remember her ever looking at me.

Why shouldn't she look at me? Is there any reason in the world why she shouldn't look at me? Is she so great, and I'm so small, that she can't spare one little moment?...SHE'S LOOKING AT ME!! SHE'S LOOKING AT ME!! *(he puts his lunch bag over his head.)* ...Lunchtime is among the worst times of the day for me. If that little red-headed girl is looking at me with this stupid bag over my head she must think I'm the biggest fool alive. But, if she isn't looking at me, then maybe I could take it off quickly and she'd never notice it. On the other hand...I can't tell if she's looking, until I take it off! Then again, if I never take it off I'll never have to know if she was looking or not. On the other hand...it's very hard to breathe in here. *(he removes his sack)* Whew! She's not looking at me! I wonder why she never looks at me? Oh well, another lunch hour over with...only 2,863 to go.

The Dark at the Top of the Stairs

by William Inge

SAMMY: I always worry that maybe people aren't going to like me, when I go to a party. Isn't that crazy? Do you ever get kind of a sick feeling in the pit of your stomach when you dread things? Gee, I wouldn't want to miss a party for anything. But every time I go to one, I have to reason with myself to keep from feeling that the whole world's against me. See, I've spent almost my whole life in the military academies. My mother doesn't have a place for me, where she lives. She...she just doesn't know what else to do with me. But you mustn't misunderstand about my mother. She's really a very lovely person. I guess every boy thinks his mother is beautiful, but my mother really is. She tells me in every letter she writes how sorry she is that we can't be together more, but she has to think of her work. One time we were together, though. She met me in San Francisco once, and we were together for two whole days. She let me take her to dinner and to a show and to dance. Just like we were sweethearts. It was the most wonderful time I ever had. And then I had to go back to the old military academy. Every time I walk into the barracks, I get kind of a depressed feeling. It's got hard stone walls. Pictures of generals hanging all over...oh, they're very fine gentlemen, but they all look so kind of hard-boiled and stern...you know what I mean. Well, gee! I guess I've bored you enough, telling you about myself.

The Breakfast Club

By John Hughes

High school jock Andrew explains how he landed himself in Saturday detention--with a very surprising result.

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 his 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 him to think I was cool. He's always going off about, 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 and weak, and I started thinking about my father and his attitude about weakness, and the next thing I knew I... 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 sittin' in Vernon's office, all I could think about was Larry's father and Larry having to go home and explain what happened to him. And the humiliation, the complete humiliation he must have felt. It must have been unreal. I mean, how do you apologize for something?

Nice People Dancing to Good Country Music

By Lee Blessing

Jason

You only been here a few hours. I been here all summer. He's nuts. He makes me work in his crumby business. I'm on my vacation, and he makes me push beer cases around in the back room down there. He's a creepoid jerk. Today he told me to move twenty cases of Schlitz from the front wall to the back wall, and restack 'em. It's the same twenty cases I moved from the back wall to the front wall yesterday. He can't decide where they're "the most efficient." Efficient, my roaring butt. I'm going home tomorrow---what the hell do I care where they are?!

I'm doing this work for him, and when I'm done he comes in and looks at it, and say he liked it better the other way. So I dumped three cases of Schlitz on his foot. He start screaming like crazy, and threw a bottle at my head. He could've killed me, the stupid mother. You know, that's the only thing Jim ever did I liked. Started callin me Jay Bob. Jay Bob is just as stupid a name as Jason, but at least you can claim your folks didn't know any better.

A Midsummer Night's Dream

By William Shakespeare

Bottom

[Awaking] When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer: my next is, 'Most fair Pyramus.' Heigh-ho! Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's my life, stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it was: man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was--there is no man can tell what. Methought I was,. and methought I had,.. but man is but a patched fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke: peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.