

CAWTHRA PARK SECONDARY SCHOOL

REGIONAL ARTS PROGRAM - DRAMA MONOLOGUE PACKAGE

Read over the six monologues provided in the package. Select the one that interests you the most; the one you can “see” yourself performing. Memorize it exactly. Line security is important. Check the pronunciation of any words unfamiliar to you. Practice saying the monologue aloud, suggesting the personality of the character you are portraying through your tone of voice and body language. Costumes and props are not required.

1. I always said politicians are a little lower than one-celled parasites in the natural order of things. But I never thought the Prime Minister of Canada would renege on a promise made to his people. No matter how many stupid people wanted him to! Now they can call up whomever they like, whenever they like! Farm boys, law office clerks, college students. Call them all up! *Take them all!* *Pause.* Of course, Harry was dancing on air. “That softhearted Scotsman finally woke up to the fact there’s a war on! And that means manpower! That means bodies!” Yes, Harry. That means bodies on top of more bodies on top of more bodies. *Pause.* I didn’t put any sugar in his grapefruit juice this morning. He hates that. It makes his whole face pucker up. I said, “It was an accident, Harry.” *Pause.* It wasn’t.

2. 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 houses 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 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 human being could do. Fix up the sick, you know—and make them whole again. This was truly being God... 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 mean this thing of sewing up bodies or administering drugs. Don't you understand? It was a child's reaction to the world. I thought that doctors had the secret to all the hurts... That's the way a child sees things—or an idealist.

3. Isn't there one thing that strikes you as strange in our sitting here like this? We have been married now eight years. Does it not occur to you that this is the first time we two, you and I, husband and wife, have had a serious conversation? In all these eight years- longer than that-from the very beginning of our acquaintance, we have never exchanged a word on a serious subject. I'm not speaking about business matters. I say that we have never sat down in earnest together to try and get at the bottom of anything. You have never understood me. I have been greatly wronged, Torvald-first by papa and then by you. You have never loved me. You have only thought it pleasant to be in love with me. I was simply transferred from papa's hands into yours. You arranged everything according to your own taste, and so I got the same tastes as you-or else I pretended to, I am really not quite sure which- I think sometimes the one and sometimes the other. When I look back on it, it seems to me as if I had been living here like a poor woman-just from hand to mouth. I have existed merely to perform tricks for you, Torvald. But you would have it so. You and papa have committed a great sin against me. It is your fault that I have made nothing of my life.

4. Well, I spent six or seven years after high school trying to work myself up. Shipping clerk, salesman, business of one kind or another. And it's a measly manner of existence. To get on that subway on the hot mornings in summer. To devote your whole life to keeping stock, or making phone calls, or selling or buying. To suffer fifty weeks of the year for the sake of a two week vacation, when all you really desire is to be outdoors, with your shirt off. And always to have to get ahead of the next fella. And still--that's how you build a future. Hap, I've had twenty or thirty different kinds of jobs since I left home before the war, and it always turns out the same. I just realized it lately. In Nebraska when I herded cattle, and the

Dakotas, and Arizona, and now in Texas. It's why I came home now, I guess, because I realized it. This farm I work on, it's spring there now, see? And they've got about fifteen new colts. There's nothing more inspiring or--beautiful than the sight of a mare and a new colt. And it's cool there now, see? Texas is cool now and it's spring. And whenever spring comes to where I am, I suddenly get the feeling, my God, I'm not getting anywhere! What the hell am I doing, playing around with horses, twenty eight dollars a week! I'm thirty-four years old, I oughta be makin' my future. That's when I come running home. And now, I get here, and I don't know what to do with myself. (After a pause) I've always made a point of not wasting my life, and every time I come back here I know that all I've done is to waste my life.

5. Listen! You think I'm crazy about the warehouse? You think I'm in love with the Continental Shoemakers? You think I want to spend fifty-five years down there in that—celotex interior! With—fluorescent tubes! Look! I'd rather somebody picked up a crowbar and battered out my brains—than go back mornings! I go! Every time you come in yelling that “Rise and Shine!” “Rise and Shine!” I say to myself, “How lucky dead people are!” But I get up. I go! For sixty-five dollars a month I give up all that I dream of doing and being ever! And you say self—self's all I ever think of. Why. Listen, if self is what I thought of, Mother, I'd be where he is—gone! As far as the system of transportation reaches! Don't grab at me, Mother! I'm going to the movies! I'm going to opium dens! Yes, opium dens, dens of vice and criminals' hangouts, Mother. I've joined the Hogan gang, I'm a hired assassin, I carry a tommy-gun in a violin case! They call me Killer, Killer Wingfield, I'm leading a double-life, a simple, honest warehouse worker by day, by night a dynamic czar of the underworld, Mother. I go to gambling casinos, I spin away fortunes on the roulette table! I wear a patch over one eye and a false mustache, sometimes I put on green whiskers. On those occasions they call me—El Diablo! Oh, I could tell you things to make you sleepless! My enemies plan to dynamite this place. They're going to blow us all sky-high some night! I'll be glad, very happy, and so will you! You'll go up, up on a broomstick, over Blue Mountain with seventeen gentlemen callers! You ugly—babbling old—witch....

6. My name is Nellie McClung and I'm a disturber. Disturbers are never popular. Nobody likes an alarm clock in action, no matter how grateful they are later for its services! But I've decided that I'm going to keep on being a disturber. I'm not going to pull through life like a thread that has no knot. I want to leave something behind when I go; some small legacy of truth, some word that will shine in a dark place. And I want that word to be ...

DEMOCRACY! Democracy for Women. Because I'm a firm believer in Women who set the standards for the world and it is up to us, the Women of Canada, to set the standards ... HIGH! Maybe I'm sort of a dreamer, maybe I sort of naive ... but I look at my little girls and boys and I think I want a different world for them than the one I was born into. I look at them and my heart cries out when I see them slowly turn towards the roles the world has carved for them: my girls, a life of cooking and sewing and services the needs of men; and the boys, scrapping and competing in the playground, then right up into the corridors of government, or even worse, the battlefields. I want them to have a choice about their lives. We mothers are going to fight for the rights of our little girls to think and dream and speak out. We're going to refuse to bear and rear sons to be shot at on faraway battlefields. Women need the vote to bring about a better, more quitable, peaceful society, and we're going to get it!