

Parents,

Please keep in mind that in theatre we deal with a range of emotions. The monologues provided to students are specifically tailored towards this production. These are by no means to be offensive. Please feel free to direct your student towards another monologue you are comfortable with them delivering.

Thank you!

THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE JR

JIMMY: Girls like you arrive here every day, so full of dreams you may as well be sleepwalking. Well, now that you're awake, why not ask yourself, "Do I belong here?" 'Cause New York is great, but the cost of living is high, and I'm not talkin' cash. And I can't help thinking if I were in your shoe* I'd make beeline back to where did you say you're from? Kansas? You don't have a place to stay, no friends or family nearby, and you don't have a job. You ain't got nothin'! (*starts to walk away*). Kansas, was it? You'll soon say to yourself, "Well I had my big adventure, but is sure is good to be back in my own bed."

**not a typo – at this point Millie has lost one of her shoes*

HAPPY WITH A FAILURE

Sometimes you're given everything and it means nothing. My parents gave me all the lessons, all the support... everything I needed to succeed as a classically trained musician, but somehow, I was left feeling empty. I slowly realized what I was doing had nothing to do with me, but everything to do with them. I spent most of my life doing things for others, trying to figure out what other people wanted me to do. I was always guessing at what might make my parents happy, my friends happy... I never asked myself, what would make me happy. I was so worried about people not liking me... and thinking I was selfish. But being selfless can leave a person feeling less. Empty. And without an identity. So I finally got tired of it all and quit. Quit everything... quit the symphony... quit the social pressure... quit worrying about what my parents thought of me. I found out who my real friends were and who could appreciate me for me... not for what I can do or do for them. And you know what I realized after I thought a little bit about myself? I realized I wanted to be a rock star. I know... it's crazy, but it's something I can get excited about... it's something that makes me feel alive. And even if I fail, at least I tried and at least I was happy. How many people can say they are happier with a failure than a success?

BRIGHTEN BEACH MEMOIRS

NORA: I can't believe it. You mean it's alright for you to leave us but it wasn't alright for me to leave you? It was my future. Why couldn't I have something to say about it? I need to be independent. So I have to give up the one chance I may never get again, is that it? I'm the one who has to pay for what you couldn't do with your own life. I'm not judging you. I can't even talk to you. I don't exist to you. I have tried so hard to get close to you, but there was never any room. Whatever you had to give went to Daddy, and when he died, whatever was left you gave to Lauri....I have been jealous my whole life of Laurie because she was lucky enough to be born sick. I could never turn a light on in my room at night or read in bed because Laurie always needed her precious sleep. I could never have a friend over on the weekends because Laurie was always resting. I used to pray I'd get some terrible disease or get hit by a car so I'd have a leg all twisted and crippled and then once, maybe just once, I'd get to crawl into bed next to you on a cold rainy night and talk to you and hold you until I fell asleep in your arms...just once...

CAFETERIA CRUSH

BOY: Hi. (*He sits awkwardly*) So. Cafeteria. Great cafeteria. Come here often? Of course you do. We all do. Every day. Gotta eat. Eating is important. Don't eat, you die. (*pause*) That's unpleasant. (*pause*) Of course we're not going to die. (*pause*) Well, we ARE going to die. Someday. We can't help that, but we can eat and we can prevent that kind of death. The starvation kind of...death? I should stop talking about death. (*pause*) It's morbid. (*pause*) I should stop. (*pause*) I'll...stop. So. Do you shower? Oh my goodness, oh my goodness, I didn't say that. I didn't just – Of course you do. You smell very nice! I just meant...This is not going the way I imagined. Actually, it's going exactly the way I imagined. You're disgusted. Aren't you. (*pause*) You're not saying anything because you are absolutely disgusted. I don't blame you. I don't blame you. (*suddenly standing*) Wait! Don't leave. Please? Give me another chance. I can be normal. I can avoid all abnormal conversation surrounding death and showering, and showering when you're dead. (*pause*) That was a joke. That wasn't an actual topic of conversation. I don't think the dead think about body wash. Ah ha. A smile! Sorry. (*He sits*). I... just wanted to ask you to the movies. That's all. That's what all this is leading up to. So. Would you like to go to the movies.....? With me?

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU

KOLENCHOV (*He is Essie's ballet teacher who tries to no avail to teach her to dance. He speaks with a Russian accent.*): We have a hot night for it, my darling, but art is only achieved through perspiration! You are ready? We begin! Now! Pirouette! Pirouette! (*She hesitates.*) Come, come! You can do that. It's been eight years now! A little freer. A little freer with the hands. The whole body must be free! I am sorry, but I cannot relax! The Czar relaxed and look what happened to him? If he had not relaxed the Grand Duchess Olga Katrina would not be selling baked beans today! I'm sorry. We go back to the pirouette!

CHARLIE BROWN THE MUSICAL

SALLY: A "C"? A "C"? I got a C on my coat hanger sculpture? How could anyone get a "C" in coat hanger sculpture? May I ask a question? Was I judged on the piece of sculpture itself? If so, Is it not true that time alone can judge a work of art? Or was I judged on my talent? If so, is it fair that I be judged on a part of my life over which I have no control? If I was judged on my effort, then I was judged unfairly, for I tried as hard as I could. Was I judged on what I had learned about this project? If so, then were not you, my teacher, also being judged on your ability to transmit your knowledge to me? Are you willing to share my "C"? Perhaps I was being judged by the quality of the coat hanger itself out of which my creation was made...now is this also not fair? Am I to be judged by the quality of the coat hangers that are being used by the dry cleaning establishments that returns our garments? Is it not the responsibility of my parents? Should they not share my "C"? Thank you, Miss Othmar. The squeaky wheel gets the grease!

LEGALLY BLONDE

VIVIENNE: I didn't make you look bad. You just weren't prepared. Try opening a Law book. But I should warn you, they don't come with pictures. Aren't there girls going wild somewhere without you? Oh Warner, is there something you'd like to share with Elle? (*Warner tells Elle Vivienne is his girlfriend. Elle says, "What?"*) He said I'm his girlfriend. You're not going to make it through the semester, let alone get Callahan's internship. Face it, one of these things is not like the others. Some day we will be nominating Supreme Court Justices, and you'll be... tanning. Run home Elle.

THE GLASS MENAGERIE

JIM: Ha – ha, that’s very funny! I’m glad to see that you have a sense of humor. You know – you’re – well – very different! Surprisingly different from anyone else I know! Do you mind me telling you that? I mean it in a nice way – You make me feel sort of – I don’t know how to put it! I’m usually pretty good at expressing things, but – this is something that I don’t know how to say! Has anyone ever told you that you were pretty? Well, you are! In a very different way from anyone else. And all the nicer because of the difference, too. I wish that you were my sister. I’d teach you to have some confidence in yourself. The different people are not like other people, but being different is nothing to be ashamed of. Because other people are not such wonderful people. They’re one hundred times one thousand. You’re one times one! They walk all over the earth. You just stay here, they’re common as – weeds, but – you – well, you’re – *Blue Roses!*

THE GLASS MENAGERIE

TOM: I didn’t go to the moon, I went much further – for time is the longest distance between two places. Not long after that I was fired for writing a poem on the lid of a shoe – box. I left Saint Louis. I descended the steps of this fire escape for a last time and followed, from then on, in my father’s footsteps, attempting to find in motion what was lost in space. I traveled around a great deal. The cities swept about me like dead leaves, leaves that were brightly colored but torn away from the branches. I would have stopped, but I was pursued by something. It always came upon me unawares, taking me altogether by surprise. Perhaps it was a familiar bit of music. Perhaps it was only a piece of transparent glass. Perhaps I am walking along a street at night, in some strange city, before I have found companions. I pass the lighted window of a shop where perfume is sold. The window is filled with pieces of colored glass, tiny transparent bottles in delicate colors, like bits of a shattered rainbow. Then all at once my sister touches my shoulder. I turn around and look into her eyes. Oh Laura, Laura, I tried to leave you behind me, but I am more faithful than I intended to be! I reach for something, I cross the street, I run into the movies or a restaurant, I buy a drink, I speak to the nearest stranger – anything that can blow your candles out! For nowadays the world is only lit by lightning! Blow out your candles, Laura – and so goodbye...

YOU CAN’T TAKE IT WITH YOU

GRAND DUCHESS (*An older former member of the Russian monarchy whose family has fallen on hard times and is now a waitress at Childs’.* She speaks with a Russian accent.): Many of my relatives are in this country. Then there is my cousin, Prince Alexis. He will not speak to the rest of us because he works at Hattie Carnegie. He is in ladies’ underwear. Ah, Kolenkhov, our time is coming. My sister, Natasha, is studying to be a manicurist, Uncle Sergei they have promised to make floorwalker, and next month I get transferred to the Fifth Avenue Childs’. From there it is only a step to Schrafft’s, and then we will see what Prince Alexis says!

YOU CAN’T TAKE IT WITH YOU

ALICE (*Alice is explaining to her fiancé why their relationship can never work.*): Look, Tony, this is something I should have said a long time ago, but I didn’t have the courage. I let myself be swept away because . . . I loved you so. No, wait, Tony. I want to make it clear to you. Listen, you’re of a different world . . . a whole different kind of people. Oh, I don’t mean money or socially . . . that’s too silly. But your family and mine . . . it just wouldn’t work, Tony. It just wouldn’t work. Your mother believes in spiritualism because it’s fashionable, and your father raises orchids because he can afford to. My mother writes plays because eight years ago a type writer was delivered here by mistake.

THE PROMOTION

BROCK: Okay. I think I got it. Alrightie, (*Mutters to self.*) how do I start this? (*Clears throat. Starts again in announcer voice.*) Hi. I'm Brock Bruce, and I am here to tell you why I, Brock Bruce, your hardworking Walmart stock boy of 28 years deserves a promotion. (*Exaggerated wink.*) No! Aw heck. (*Jumps off stool and moves off camera. Grabs weights and does a few exercises to calm down.*) Okay. (*Tries again. Adopts a more serious confident tone.*) Hi. My name is Brock Bruce. You may have seen me at your local Walmart. I have dedicated 28 years to that store, and the fine customers inside it. As a fellow, neighbor, worker, and citizen of this fair town I am here to tell you why I, Brock Bruce, deserves a promotion, and how together, we can make Walmart Great Again! Agh! Too Trump! Mama always said avoid the political talk. (*Sit back down and smile.*) Some of my skills include speed stacking, using candy to locating lost children, and peeling the smiley sticker off first try, no tear! Actually, in grade six I was voted most likely to end up working at Walmart, so who cares about skills when the people have spoken! (*Pause.*) My hobbies include fitness dancing, because you don't get a (*subtly does some body builder poses.*) great body like this from just stocking the shelves. Well if you need any more reasons other than these that which I did just tell you, then I don't think the Walmart smiley face could get this job! And not just because he's just a head, I mean... (*Talking to self.*) Heck, I've worked here 28 years and I can't get this darned promotion. (*Speaking to camera.*) And I really, need this. I mean, it's not even for me. My mama needs a stair lift so she can get downstairs to the fridge; she hasn't seen the kitchen since her twenties! Besides, I think I'm running out of time. But I swear, if I get this promotion I will be the hardest worker you've ever had. I'm Brock Bruce, and I will see you at work tomorrow. I'll be there early. And stay late. Just in case you need to contact me. Brock Bruce. Any time. I'll be there. Okie dokie. (*Waits for a minute for camera to turn off.*) Oh, I have to turn it off. (*Attempts to turn camera off. Struggles and gets frustrated. Yells as he exits.*) MAMA! HOW DO YOU TURN THE CAMERA OFF?

THE MOUSETRAP

MOLLIE: I don't know what the Sergeant thinks. And he can make you think things about people. You ask yourself questions and you begin to doubt. You feel that somebody you love and know well might be – a stranger (*whispering*) That's what happens in a nightmare. You're somewhere in the middle of friends and then you suddenly look at their faces and they're not your friends any longer – they're different people – just pretending. Perhaps you can't trust anybody – perhaps everybody's a stranger. (*She puts her hands to her face.*)

PETER AND THE STARCATCHERS

BLACK STACHE: Perchance you think a treasure trunk sans treasure has put my piratical BVDs in a twist? How wrong you are. Yes, I'd hoped to be hip-deep in diamonds, but they're a poor substitute for what I really crave: a bona fide hero to help me feel whole. For without a hero, what am I? Half a villain; a pirate in part; ruthless, but toothless. And then I saw you, and I thought, "Maybe? Can it be? Is he the one I've waited for? Would he, for example, give up something precious for the sake of the daughter he loves?" But alas, he gives up sand. Now, let's see: hero with treasure, very good. Hero with no treasure.... doable. No hero and a trunk full o' sand? Not s'much. NOW, WHERE'S MY TREASURE?!?

MY FAIR LADY

HENRY HIGGINS: Hmmm. Eliza, you are to stay here for the next six months learning how to speak beautifully, like a lady in a florist shop. If you're good and do whatever you are told, you shall sleep in a proper bedroom, have lots to eat, and money to buy chocolates and take rides in taxis. But if you are naughty and idle you shall sleep in the back kitchen amongst the black beetles, and be walloped by Mrs. Pearce with a broomstick. At the end of six months you shall be taken to Buckingham Palace in a carriage, beautifully dressed. If the King finds out that you are not a lady, the police will take you to the Tower of London, where your head will be cut off as a warning to other presumptuous flower girls (Eliza looks up at him terrified) But if you are not found out, you shall have a present of seven-and-six to start life with as a lady in a shop. If you refuse this offer you will be a most ungrateful wicked girl, and the angels will weep for you. (Seeing by Eliza's reaction that she has understood every word he turns to Pickering, his former tone instantly changed to one of good humor) Now are you satisfied, Pickering?

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU

PENNY (*She is the middle-aged mother of Alice who is scrambling to get dinner ready for the parents of her daughter's fiancé, who have unexpectedly arrived on the wrong night.*): Oh, now, anybody can get mixed up, Mrs. Kirby. It's not a bit of a bother. Ed, tell Donald to run down the store and get half a dozen bottles of beer, and—ah—some canned salmon. Do you like canned salmon, Mrs. Kirby? You can have frankfurters if you'd rather. Well, make it frankfurters and some canned corn, and Campbell's soup. Got that, Ed? And tell him to hurry. Alright, that'll be fine now. (There is a loud explosion of fireworks.) Oh! This is Mr. Sycamore's busiest time of the year. Just before the Fourth of July.

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU

MRS. KIRBY (*Middle-aged mother of Alice's fiancé who is embarrassed by her answers in a word association game and is trying to explain herself to her husband*): I don't know—I just thought of you in connection with the bathroom. After all, you are in there a good deal, Anthony. Bathing, and shaving—well you do take a long time. And I did think of "dull" in connection with the word "honeymoon" because it wasn't much fun down there in Hot Springs that season. All those old people sitting on the porch all afternoon, and—nothing to do at night. Oh, well, would you mind terribly, Alice, if we didn't stay for dinner? I'm afraid this game has given me a headache.

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU

GRANDPA (*He is an older man and the grandfather of Alice, who never does anything unless it is fun. He explains why.*): Well, if they'd relax there wouldn't be times like these. That's just my point. Life is kind of beautiful if you let it come to you. But the trouble is, people forget that. I know I did. I was right in the thick of it: fighting and scratching and clawing. Regular jungle. One day it just kind of struck me: I wasn't having any fun. Just relaxed. Thirty-five years ago, that was. And I've been a happy man ever since.

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU

MR. KIRBY (*He is the middle-aged father of Alice's fiancé, Tony, who is uptight and very concerned with business.*): That's a very easy thing to say, Mr. Vanderhof. But I have spent my entire life building up my business. What do you expect me to do? Live the way you do? Do nothing? What's the matter with that? Suppose we all did it? A fine world we'd have, everybody goes to zoos. Don't be ridiculous, Mr. Vanderhof. Who would do the work?