

Monologues for Ages 13 - 15

ANTIGONE

Sophocles, adapted by Jean Anouilh

ANTIGONE: Understand! The first word I ever heard out of any of you was that word “understand.” Why didn’t I “understand” that I must not play with water - cold, black, beautiful flowing water - because I’d spill it on the palace tiles. Or with earth, because earth dirties a little girl’s frock. Why didn’t I “understand” that nice children don’t eat out of every dish at once; or give everything in their pockets to beggars; or run in the wind so fast that they fall down; or ask for a drink when they’re perspiring; or want to go swimming when it’s either too early or too late, merely because they happen to feel like swimming. Understand! I don’t want to understand. There’ll be time enough to understand when I’m old....If I ever *am* old. But not now.

THE WITCHES

Adapted by David Wood from the book by Roald Dahl

BOY: Bruno! Bruno Jenkins! (*to audience*) I should be sad. I should feel desperate. I mean, I've never dreamed of being a mouse, like I've dreamed of being, say, a film star. But now that I am one, I'm beginning to see the advantages. I know mice sometimes get poisoned or caught in traps but boys have to go to school. Mice don't. Mice don't have to pass exams. When mice grow up they don't have to go out to work. I'm free! Ah! Bruno! Listen, now that we're both mice, I think we ought to start thinking about the future. You're a mouse too, Bruno. Look at your paws. Look, there are worse things than being a mouse. You can live in a hole. You can creep into the larder at night and nibble through all the packets of biscuits and cornflakes. Follow me. Down the corridor, run like mad. Don't forget that anyone who catches you will try to kill you. Come on!

BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS

Neil Simon

STAN: I got fired today. It's was on account of Andrew. The guy who sweeps up. Well, he was cleaning the floor in the stockroom and he lays his broom against the table to put some junk in the trash can and the broom slips, knocks a can of linseed oil over the table and ruins three brand-new hats right out of the box. Nine-dollar Stetsons. It wasn't his fault. He didn't put the linseed oil there, right? So Mr. Stroheim sees the oily hats and he gets crazy. He says to Andrew the hats are going to have to come out of his salary. Twenty-seven dollars. So Andrew starts to cry. Forty-two years old, he's bawling all over the stockroom. I mean, the man hasn't got too much furniture upstairs anyway, but he's real sweet. He brings me coffee, and always laughing, telling jokes. I never understand them but I laugh anyway. Anyway, I said to Mr. Stroheim I didn't think that was fair. It wasn't Andrew's fault. Mr. Stroheim says, "You wanna pay for the hats, big mouth?" So I said, "No. I don't want to pay for the hats." So he says, "Then mind your own business, big mouth." So Mr. Stroheim looks at me like machine-gun bullets are coming out of his eyes. And then he calmly sends Andrew over to the factory to pick up three new hats. Which is usually my job. So guess what Mr. Stroheim tells *me* to do? He tells me to sweep up. He says, for this week I'm the cleaning man. Everybody is watching me now, waiting to see what I'm going to do. I felt the dignity of everyone who worked in that store was in my hands. So I grit my teeth and I pick up the broom and there's this big pile of dirt right in the middle of the floor...and I sweep it all over Mr. Stroheim's shoes.

NORA 1: Mom! Laurie! Aunt Kate! I've got incredible news, everybody! Wait'll I tell you what's happened to me. I'm fainting! I'm absolutely fainting! I can't believe this whole day! I have to tell everyone. Everybody inside for the big news! Sit down, Mom, because I don't want you fainting on the floor. Okay, is everybody ready? I'm going to be in a Broadway show! It's a musical called *Abracadabra*. This man, Mr. Beckman, he's a producer, came to our dancing class this afternoon and he picked out three girls. We have to be at the Hudson Theater on Monday morning at ten o'clock to audition for the dance director, but on the way out he took me aside and said the job was as good as mine. I have to call him tomorrow. I may have to go into town to talk to him about it. They start rehearsing a week from Monday and then it goes to Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Washington...and then it comes to New York the second week in December. There are nine big musical numbers and there's going to be a big tank on the stage that you can see through and the big finale all take place with the entire cast all under water...I mean, can you believe it? I'm going to be in a Broadway show, Mama!