

## GRADE 8 AND 9 MONOLOGUES (MALE)

### OPTION A:

#### **TROUBLE AT HOME by Penny Phillips**

Offstage is heard a slap. A scream. Feet running upstairs. A boy enters the room, slams the door and leans on it, sobbing and out of breath.

#### **SAM:**

I hate her. I really hate her. Why does she have to be so horrible? *(Shouting downstairs.)* I hate you. I'm never going to come out again... ever!

*He slams the door again and stomps across to the window on the edge of the stage.*

I wonder if I could get out of here. Where's the catch? Got it!

*He lifts the sash window and looks out over the audience.*

It's getting dark. *(Looking down.)* Oh, it's not too high up. I could sit on the edge of the porch. That will teach her. She'll think I've run away. She'll think I've jumped. She'll think I'm splattered on the road and a large lorry has run over me. Well, flat on the path, anyway! Hmm. I'll need to be comfy, and something to eat... a pillow and... where did I put those little Easter eggs.

Right, here goes.

*He climbs out of the window onto the edge of the stage and then side-steps along with the pillow, bag of sweets and catapult, improvising the problems and the noises.*

Phew! Made it! Right... Right, I'm here. This will teach her... I'm cold... NO... No, I'm not cold... I'm not... She made me miss my tea. And my television!... I can hear it. I hate her. When she comes looking for me, I'll shoot her with my catapult. *(Looking around for a missile.)* What can I shoot at her? *(Fumbling in his pockets.)* I know, I'll use these tiny eggs: she gave them to me, she can have 'em back again! I bet they'll hurt.

*He unwraps an egg and eats it.*

It tastes funny. I wonder if she poisoned them... Yuk!

*He spits the egg out over the edge.*

I feel sick. I bet she's poisoned them. Oh no, I really do feel ill, my head's all swimmy. It's getting really dark. Maybe I'm going blind!

*He sees someone coming up the garden path.*

Mum! Mum!... I'm up here, above the front door. Oh, Mum, Katy's been horrid to me again. She slapped me and I hate her! She poisoned my Easter eggs.

*He listens for a moment.*

It was because I put super glue on the dog. The vet's in the kitchen now. Mum, I'm sorry.

**OPTION B:****WHISTLE DOWN THE WIND by Mary Hayley Bell**

The village children are taught in their Sunday School that one day Jesus will return to the world. A criminal is on the run in the area, and 12-year-old SWALLOW finds a sick and hungry man in her father's barn whom she believes to be Jesus. In this scene in the barn she tells some of the local children about the man.

**SWALLOW:**

Can you keep a secret? A really big secret? You've got to hold up your hand and do the 'See this wet' routine:

See this wet, see this dry,  
Cut my throat if I tell a lie...

This is a great and fabulous secret known to none but those within these walls. You have to join a society to be allowed to know the secret, and all who know must swear never to divulge. Will you absolutely swear? If you ever breathe a word something ghastly will happen to you... alright... That's Jesus... We have proof. We were in here messing about. There was a sort of knock on the door and I opened it. He stood there smiling at us, and said, 'Knock on the door and it shall be opened unto you'... And I said, 'Who are you?' and he stood staring round this place, not answering at once, and then suddenly said, rather loud: 'JESUS'... just like that... His legs were all cut and his boots and socks crammed with mud and he kind of lurched. I asked Him if I should get someone and He said 'Don't tell them till I've recovered'... He's ill... too ill to talk. He's been asleep for six hours!... In the daytime!... The grown-ups may not believe... suppose they try and take Him away... after all they did last time... But we can have a gigantic meeting, we can tell them all... swear them all to secrecy. There's hundreds of children around here and every child knows other children. We can bring them a few at a time to see Him and hear His words. Little by little we can spread the news to children all over the country that the first people to know Jesus has come back will be the children. And... if the grown-ups try to take Him away again, we'll defend Him... Hundreds of us!

**OPTION C:**

**P'TANG YANG KIPPERBANG by Jack Rosenthal**

ALAN DUCKWORTH is 14 and a pupil at a co-educational school. He has all the usual adolescent worries about growing-up, and at present his life is a mixture of cricket and appearing in the school play, opposite the girl he loves, the unattainable and lovely Ann. In this scene, which takes place outside Ann's house, she has been friendlier than before, and this gives ALAN courage.

Time: The late 1940s, after the Second World War.

**ALAN:**

*(looking at ANN. He speaks quietly, solemnly, completely unselfconsciously, and very, very simply).* You're beautiful, Ann. Sometimes I look at you and you're so beautiful I want to cry. And sometimes you look so beautiful I want to laugh and jump up and down, and run through the streets with no clothes on shouting 'P'tang, yang, kipperbang' in people's letterboxes. *(Pause.)* But mostly you're so beautiful - even if it doesn't make ME cry it makes my chest cry. Your lips are the most beautiful. Second is your nape... *(After she queries this word.)* The back of your neck. It's termed the nape... And your skin. When I walk past your desk, I breathe in on purpose to smell your skin. It's the most beautiful smell there is... It makes me feel dizzy. Giddy. You smell brand-new. You look brand-new. All of you. The little soft hairs on your arms... But mostly it's your lips. I love your lips. That's why I've ALWAYS wanted to kiss you. Ever since 3B. Just kiss. Not the other things. I don't want to do the other things to you. *(Pause.)* Well. I DO. ALL the other things. Sometimes I want to do them so much I feel I'm - do you have violin lessons?... *(ANN is rather thrown by this.)*... On the violin. *(She doesn't.)* Well, on a violin there's the E string. That's the highest pitched and it's strung very tight and taut, and makes a kind of high, sweet scream. Well, sometimes I want you so much, that's what I'm like... *(A pause. ANN thanks him for this remark.)*... I always wanted to tell you you were lovely. Personally, I always think it's dead weedy when Victor Mature - or whatisname - Stewart Grainger - or someone says a girl's lovely. But you are. *(Pause.)* And I know girls think it's weedy when boys call them sweet. But you are. *(Pause.)* I don't suppose I'll ever kiss you now in my whole life. Or take you to the pictures. Or marry you and do the OTHER things to you. But I'll never forget you. And how you made me feel. Even when I'm 51 or something.

**OPTION D:**

**KING JOHN by William Shakespeare**

The wicked King has imprisoned his young nephew, ARTHUR, Duke of Bretagne, and has sent orders to his keeper, HUBERT, that the boy's eyes are to be put out. Here, ARTHUR pleads with HUBERT.

**ARTHUR:**

Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?  
And will you?  
Have you the heart? When your head did but ache  
I knit my handkercher about your brows,  
The best I had, a princess wrought it me,  
And I did never ask it you again;  
And with my hand at midnight held your head,  
And like the watchful minutes to the hour,  
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,  
Saying 'What lack you?' and 'Where lies your grief?'  
Or 'What good love may I perform for you?'  
Many a poor man's son would have lain still  
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;  
But you, at your sick service, had a prince.  
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love  
And call it cunning: do, an if you will,  
If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,  
Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?  
These eyes that never did nor never shall  
So much as frown on you?

## **GR. 8 AND 9 FEMALE MONOLOGUES**

### **OPTION A:**

#### **Invisible Friends written by Alan Ayckbourn**

First performed in 1989 at the Stephen Joseph Theatre, Scarborough, the play is about a very ordinary girl called LUCY. With her father glued to the telly, her mother preoccupied with local gossip and her brother, known as 'Grisly Gary' shut up in his room listening to heavy metal music, no one wants to know about her place in the school swimming team. So LUCY revives her childhood fantasy friend, Zara. Only this time, Zara materialises, bringing with her an idealised father and brother, and showing her how to make her real family vanish.

In this scene, LUCY has just come out of Gary's bedroom having failed to make him listen to her, as she tries to tell him her good news above the sound of the stereo. She enters her own room and introduces the audience to her invisible friend, Zara.

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#### **LUCY**

You may have heard my mum talking about my invisible friend. Do you remember?

Well, that's my invisible friend, Zara. (Introducing her) This is Zara. I want you to meet Zara. Zara, say hallo. That's it. Will you say hallo to Zara, my invisible friend? I invented Zara - oh, years ago - when I was seven or eight. Just for fun. I think I was ill at that time and wasn't allowed to play with any of my real friends, so I made up Zara. She's my special friend that no one can see except me. Of course, I can't really see her either. Not really. Although sometimes I . . . It's almost as if I could see her, sometimes. If I concentrate very hard it's like I can just glimpse her out of the corner of my eye. (She is thoughtful for a second) Still. Anyway. I've kept Zara for years and years. Until they all started saying I was much too old for that sort of thing and got worried and started talking about sending for a doctor. So then I didn't take her round with me quite so much after that. But she's still here. And when I feel really sad and depressed like I do today, then I sit and talk to Zara. Zara always understands. Zara always listens. She's special. Aren't you, Zara? (She listens to Zara) What's that? Yes, I wish he'd turn his music down, too. I've asked him, haven't I? (Mimicking Gary) 'How can I hear it if I

turn it down, I can't hear the bass then, can I?' I used to have pictures in here but every time he put a disc on they fell off the walls. (Pause. The music continues) I mean, don't get me wrong. We like loud music, don't we, Zara? We love loud music. Sometimes. (Yelling) BUT NOT ALL THE TIME.

(Pause)

Why doesn't he ever listen to quiet music? Just once. Wouldn't that be nice? . . . But if he did that, he wouldn't be Grisly Gary then, would he?

(Pause)

Oh, Zara, did I tell you I've been picked for the school swimming team? Isn't that exciting? Yes. Thank you. I'm glad you're excited, too. Good.

(Pause)

(Shouting) IF ANYONE IS INTERESTED AT ALL, I WAS PICKED FOR THE SCHOOL SWIMMING TEAM TODAY. WHAT ABOUT THAT, FOLKS?

(She listens. No reply)

Great. Thanks for your support, everyone. (Tearful) They might at least . . . They could have at least . . . Oh, Zara . . . I know you're always here, but sometimes I get so . . . lonely...

**OPTION B:**

**Random Thoughts In A May Garden – James Saunders**

STAGE DIRECTION ARE IN BOLD PRINT AND IN ITALICS AS WELL AS IN BRACKETS.

**KATIE:**

**Sit side on, poised. Hands in lap, one on top of the other. Staring straight ahead. *Pause for a count of seven (one and two and etc.) Start trying to glance down at hands without moving too much.* I think there's a fly *Pause* on the back of my hand. *Pause* Walking. *Pause* I can't look down. I can't even flap my hand or swat it or I shall come out all blurred and I'll get the blame for spoiling the photograph. *Sarcastic – childlike* 'Anne sat still, see hoe still Anne sat, why couldn't you sit still like everybody else?' *Indignant* Well, I can. I don't want to be called Katie fidget whenever they show it to anyone. *Pause* I can just imagine, how awfullll. *Pause* **Stand, back up a few steps I'd go through the whole of my life with it. Looking and gesturing along stage (to family, poised for photograph)**The perfect photograph in memory of the wedding of dear Emily – where is she now, why isn't she in the photograph, it's heeer wedding? **Step into front stage left and turn to face audience only there in the corner little Katie all blurred. *Pause* 'What a fidget, Katie fidget, she always was a fidgety child' *Pause* I wonder if Georgie will fidget. Look to where Georgie sits They've sat Georgie on the other side. **Move to stand behind chair** He was standing behind me, **mimic action** he put his bony chin on my shoulder-blade and moved it about, it hurt, I told him to get off. I'd have **mimic action** shrugged my shoulder up only *Pause* I was afraid he'd bite his tongue. *Childlike thoughtfulness* That was considerate of me, only I'm afraid nobody will ever know . . . I wonder if I'll ever get credit for it, in Heaven perhaps. And anyway, if he's cried I'd have got the blame, because I'm older and should know better. **Wander into middle of stage** Anne never gets the blame if she upsets me **Stop in centre stage, front on I'm pig in the middle. Stage left** One day I shall be grown up. *Excited as though I'll no longer get into trouble for teasing/upsetting my siblings* I shall be as old as Anne, and *Really excited* then as old as Emily and **place hands in front of self, like I'm holding a bouquet and walk across stage like I'm walking down the isle get married, and *Like it would be the worst thing in the world* then as old as my mother with children and *Like it REALLY would be the worst thing in the world* then as old and granny Burridge, and then I shall Plop onto seat **DIE** like Grandad Burridge and Granny Filkins. *Sad* And Bertie. I'm eleven. *Thinking* Bertie would be *Pause* thirteen. **Snap back to reality** Anyway, I didn't want Georgie's monkey face next to mine, he always looks funny in photographs. **Point to opposite********



side of stage Georgie had to go to the other side to balance the picture. I suppose otherwise it would fall over or something. *Pause* Silly way of putting it, balance, *Pause* balance is for weight not pictures. He'll probably crack the lens *Long pause* . . . Georgie spilt something down his front, I don't know what it was, Mother was *Emphasise ages* trying to get it off so that it wouldn't show in the photograph. It would be more typical if it did. **Back to original sitting position. Sitting side on, poised. Hands in lap, one on top of the other.** I hope this fly shows, but I don't suppose it will. My hands are folded, one *Pause* on the other *Pause* as I've been taught. *Pause* I'm wearing a large bow. I'm looking, *Long pause* looking, *Long pause*, looking at the camera. *Sort of flippant* This picture will last forever. But I shall die.

**OPTION C:**

**JANE EYRE adapted by Jacqueline Emery**

Adapted from Charlotte Bronte's famous novel, this scene shows JANE - a young orphan living in a loveless home - punished by being locked in 'the red room' in which her uncle died.

**JANE:**

Let me out! Let me out! I won't say my prayers. I won't! I won't! I don't care if Miss Abbott is right and something bad does come down the chimney to take me away. I really wish it would, then I wouldn't have to live in this horrible house again. But... I don't think it will and I'm scared. Scared of this lonely, cold bedroom; scared of those shadows and those flickering lights. Oh. my head is aching so much after that fall! It just isn't fair to lock me away in here. If Uncle Read had been alive he would never have allowed them to be so hard and cruel to me. Oh, why did they do it? Why?

Oh! There's a light on the wall and it's moving towards me. Oh look, the shadows and the lights... they seem to be moving across the room. They're coming closer. They're closing in on me. Help! Help! Bessie! Aunt! I can't bear it any longer! Let me out! Let me out! Please open the door. Please take me out. Let me go to the nursery. I'm afraid. Let me hold your hand, Bessie. Please don't turn away from me. Oh aunt, have pity. Forgive me! I can't endure it. Let me be punished some other way.

**OPTION D:**

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