



## Monologue choices

### Alice in Wonderland

**ALICE:** [*Angrily*] Why, how impolite of him. I asked him a civil question, and he pretended not to hear me. That's not at all nice. [*Calling after him*] I say, Mr. White Rabbit, where are you going? Hmm. He won't answer me. I wonder if I might follow him. Why not? There's no rule that I mayn't go where I please. I--I will follow him. Wait for me, Mr. White Rabbit. I'm coming, too! [*Falling*] How curious. I never realized that rabbit holes were so dark . . . and so long . . . and so empty. I believe I have been falling for five minutes, and I still can't see the bottom! Hmph! After such a fall as this, I shall think nothing of tumbling downstairs. How brave they'll all think me at home. Why, I wouldn't say anything about it even if I fell off the top of the house! I wonder how many miles I've fallen by this time. I must be getting somewhere near the center of the earth. I wonder if I shall fall right *through* the earth! How funny that would be. Oh, I think I see the bottom. Yes, I'm sure I see the bottom. I shall hit the bottom, hit it very hard, and oh, how it will hurt!

### The Adventures of Tom Sawyer

It was a noble big balloon, and had wings and fans and all sorts of things, and wasn't like any balloon you see in pictures. And there was a big crowd around it, making fun of it, and making fun of the man, -- a lean pale feller with that soft kind of moonlight in his eyes, you know, -- and they kept saying it wouldn't go. It made him hot to hear them, and he would turn on them and shake his fist and say they was animals and blind, but some day they would find they had stood face to face with one of the men that lifts up nations and makes civilizations, and was too dull to know it; and right here on this spot their own children and grandchildren would build a monument to him that would outlast a thousand years, but his name would outlast the monument. And then the crowd would burst out in a laugh again, and yell at him, and ask him what was his name before he was married, and what was his sister's cat's grandmother's name, and all the things that a crowd says when they've got hold of a feller that they see they can plague. Well, some things they said WAS funny, I ain't denying that, -- but all the same it warn't fair nor brave, all them people pitching on one, and they so glib and sharp, and him without any gift of talk to answer back with. But, good land! what did he want to sass back for?

### Either:

In the beginning I am mean and greedy and selfish. This symbolized by three things, A: There is a half finished sculpture of an angel in my garage B: There is a hungry little boy that sleeps on my doorstep every night that I call the police on, C: I have a dying father that I haven't talked to in years. Then one day, I see the error of my ways, I don't know how, but I see it. Then: The song comes on. And in the three minute duration of the song I make all of the changes I need to in my life. They are symbolized by A: I finish the angel sculpture in my garage. B: I feed the little hungry boy on my porch, I bring him in the home and incidentally he becomes a Senator and loves me. C: I call my father and tears stream from our eyes as we tell each other we love one another, an incidentally moments later, he dies. But I tell him in time. And then moments later, all is right in the world and this is symbolized by an ambient light that my soul generates. Excuse me, excuse me -- It's just so dramatic. I did all of that in the duration of a three minute song.

**Either:**

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 judged on your ability to transmit your knowledge to me? Are you willing to share this "C"? Perhaps I was being judged on the quality of the coat hanger itself out of which my creation was made...now is this not also unfair? Am I to be judged by the quality of coat hangers that are used by the dry cleaning establishment that returns our garments? Is that not the responsibility of my parents? Should they share this "C" as well?