

Monologue Options

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead by Tom Stoppard (Rosencrantz)

Do you ever think of yourself as actually dead and lying in a box with a lid on it? It's silly to be depressed by it. I mean one thinks of being alive in a box, one keeps forgetting to take into account the fact that one is dead... Which should make all the difference... Shouldn't it? I mean, you'd never know you were in a box, would you? It would be just like being asleep in a box. Not that I'd like to sleep in a box, mind you, not without any air—you'd wake up dead, for a start, and then where would you be? Apart from inside a box. That's the bit I don't like frankly. That's why I don't think of it. Even taking into account the fact that you're dead, it isn't a pleasant thought.

Charlotte's Web by Joseph Robinette, adapted from the book by E.B. White (Charlotte)

I feel peaceful. Your future is assured. All these sights and sounds will be yours to enjoy, Wilbur—this lovely world, these precious days. You have been my friend. That in itself is a tremendous thing. I wove webs for you because I liked you. After all, what's a life anyway? We're born, we live a little while, we die. A spiders' life can't help being something of a mess, with all this trapping and eating flies. By helping you, perhaps I was trying to lift up my life a trifle. Heaven knows anyone's life can stand a little of that.

Charlotte's Web by Joseph Robinette, adapted from the book by E.B. White (Templeton)

So it's 'Hurry up, Templeton' is it? Ho, ho. And what thanks do I get for these services, I would like to know? Never a kind word for old Templeton, only abuse and wisecracks and side remarks. Never a kind word for a rat. Who made trip after trip to the dump? Why, it was old Templeton! Who saved Charlotte's life by scaring that Arable boy away with a rotten goose egg? Well, bless my soul, I do declare it was old Templeton. Who bit your tail and got you back on your feet this morning after you fainted in front of the crowd? Old Templeton. Has it ever occurred to you that I am sick of running errands and doing favors? What do you think I am, anyway, a rat-of-all-work?

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Jason and the Golden Fleece by John Olive (Orpheus)

Three is a very lucky number. If we had a huge warship, bristling with weapons and dozens of sailors, it would attract attention. Our enemies would send dozens of ships to meet us. But three sailors on a small craft, with finesse, and resourcefulness, and... a lot of luck, can go wherever they want. We three, we intrepid three. Jason. Orpheus. Hercules. We are, and I say this of course with deep humility, Thessaly's pride. I tell you true, my friends, when the gentle fingers of dawn pinch the cheeks of the sky to bring forth the first blush of day we will sail upon the vast Sea of Pontus where lurk dangers and monsters and powers unknown. Are we frightened? Of course we are frightened, but we know that the fire of our resolve will melt fear away.

Spamtown by Phillip Dawkins (Jude)

I won! I won the whole tournament and you! weren't! there! Everyone's parents were there. The loser's parents were there. I was actually jealous of the losers. You're always on the picket line yelling "No Fair No fair!", that Hormels cares more about Hormels than it does about people. Well, you care more about Hormels than you do about your own DAUGHTER! You wanna know what's not fair? Being your kid in this stupid town is NOT! FAIR!

The Secret Garden by Marsha Norman, adapted from the Novel by Frances Hodgson Burnett (Mary)

I found your mother's garden. It's been locked up out there, just like you've been locked up in here, for ten years. Because your father doesn't want anybody in it. Only I Found the key. And the other night, after Dr. Craven and Mrs. Medlock found us here together, I ran out into the storm and found the door. And now Dickon and I are working on it every day, and you can come too and—Well, right now, there's this tangle of cines allover everything because nobody's been taking care of it, but Dickon says if we cut away all the dead wood, there'll be fountains of roses by summer. You *must* see it.