

**MONOLOGUES FOR BOYS:****SLUGWORTH:****Charlie & The Chocolate Factory (Roald Dahl)**

I congratulate you, little boy. Well done. You found the fifth Golden Ticket. May I introduce myself. Arthur Slugworth, President of Slugworth Chocolates, Incorporated. Now listen carefully because I'm going to make you very rich indeed. Mr. Wonka is at this moment working on a fantastic invention: the Everlasting Gobstopper. If he succeeds, he'll ruin me. So all I want you to do is to get hold of just one Everlasting Gobstopper and bring it to me so that I can find the secret formula. Your reward will be ten thousand of these. (he flips through a stack of money) Think it over, will you. A new house for your family, and good food and comfort for the rest of their lives. And don't forget the name: Everlasting Gobstopper.

**BEAN:**

*Bean is playing hide and seek with a bunch of boys. He can't find anybody.*

Hey, where did everybody go? I give up! I counted to a hundred, like you said. It took a really long time. Where is everybody? I said I give up! I can't find you! I've been looking for ages. Can anybody hear me? This isn't funny any more, you guys. Come out, come out, wherever you are! Come on, guys. Let's play a different game! We could play tag outside. Or maybe we could have a snack and play video games. I'll let you guys play first! I promise! Just come out. I can't find you, OK? I give up. What more do you want from me? Guys? Hey, guys?

**PUCK: (for our Shakespeare for Teens class)****From a Midsummer Night's Dream**

My mistress with a monster is in love.  
Near to her close and consecrated bower,  
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,  
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals  
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,  
Were met together to rehearse a play  
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.  
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,  
Who Pyramus presented in their sport,  
Forsook his scene and entered in a brake,  
When I did him at this advantage take,  
An ass's nose I fixèd on his head.  
Anon his Thisbe must be answerèd,  
And forth my mimic comes.

**POETRY OPTIONS:****How to make friends with a snail. A guide by William the Snail Whisperer McGee**

If you find yourself on the street, without a friend  
in sight.

Look for a silver trail, shimmering in the light.

It's a tell tail sign of a slimey friend to be.

Snails make the best of friends. Trust me.

I'm William the Snail Whisperer McGee.

Follow the line until its end

And discover your tiny little friend

A lettuce leaf is all it will take

To convince a snail to be your mate.

Iceberg, spinach or even cos

Lettuce is lettuce to a snail's snoz

Trust me. I'm William the Snail Whisperer  
McGee.

Share a salad and be on your way

Because your new snail mate has a busy day!

He has his house on his back

And sites to see.

So pick up your slacks

And get home for tea!

That's how to make friends with a snail.

A guide by me: William the Snail Whisperer

McGee

**MONOLOGUES FOR GIRLS:****ANGELA****Six Primroses Each by Ellen Dryden**

Oh Hello! I didn't know there was anybody in here! They must have forgotten about you.... I don't think you ought to sit on the chairs. Not till you've been disinfected!....No! I'm not an evacuee! I'm here with my Auntie Joan to pick out a couple of you. She's in there talking to Miss Deacon. They probably put you in here 'cos you got nits. Or fleas. Or ringworm or something like that! .....It's something dirty people get. Your hair all comes out in little round patches. A lot of the scruffy lot from London get it. They paint your head purple.....I expect they're saving you for Mrs Fitz-Hughes at the Manor. She always takes a load of scruffy ones. They never stay long though! She's got a row of little camp beds in the stables and she makes the evacuees do all the work. Scrub the floors, clean out the pigsties, muck out the hens and black-lead all the grates. And if she has Catholics she makes them eat meat on Fridays, and she made David Goldberg eat a pig's brain- and he was sick all over and she sent him back.

**ALICE****Alice in Wonderland**

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? Hmmm. He won't answer me. And I do so want to know what he is late for. 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!

**VIOLA (for our Shakespeare for Teens class)****Twelfth Night**

I left no ring with her. What means this lady?  
Fortune forbid my outside have not charmed  
her!

She made good view of me, indeed so much  
That sure methought her eyes had lost her  
tongue,

For she did speak in starts distractedly.

She loves me, sure! The cunning of her  
passion

Invites me in this churlish messenger.

None of my lord's ring? Why, he sent her  
none.

I am the man. If it be so, as 'tis,

Poor lady, she were better love a dream.

Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness,

Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.

How easy is it for the proper false

In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!

Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we,

For such as we are made of, such we be.

How will this fadge? My master loves her  
dearly,

And I, poor monster, fond as much on him,

And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.

What will become of this? As I am man,

My state is desperate for my master's love.

As I am woman, now, alas the day,

What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia

breathe!

O time, thou must untangle this, not I.

It is too hard a knot for me to untie!

**POETRY OPTIONS:****My Wonderful Hat**

By Marion Swinger

'My wonderful hat' the magician said,  
'contains much more than just my head.  
To list what's in it would take hours,  
But first, let me produce some flowers  
And here's a rabbit, alive and kicking,  
And a baby hippo, oh, it's sticking.  
Now a hundred hankies tied together,  
Twenty mice, and an ostrich feather,  
And here's the ostrich, mind those legs,  
Followed by two dragon's eggs.  
The mother dragon must be vexed.  
I rather hope she won't be next.'  
He reached inside; out came a gannet  
And after that, a tiny planet.  
'Bother,' the magician said,  
'it's orbiting around my head.'  
He threw the hat upon the floor,  
Then, from its depths, a dragon roared.  
'Oops!' he said. 'Well, mustn't stop,'  
and vanished with a little pop.  
The audience fled with twinkling legs  
As the dragon snarled, "where are my eggs?"