

## **GRADE 9 MALE MONOLOGUE 2019-2020**

**FOR YOUR AUDITION, SELECT ONE (1)  
FROM THE FOLLOWING FOUR (4) SELECTIONS:**

### **SELECTION #1: I'M NOT MY BROTHER; I'M ME by Peg Kehret**

My brother, Steve, is four years older than I am. He's always been a four-point student and played center on the basketball team. One game, he scored thirty-two points and set a new school record.

My brother, Mark, is three years older than I am. He tends to be on the rowdy side and got into trouble for stealing another school's mascot and trying to overthrow the student council.

It isn't easy to follow two guys like that. People expect me to be like my brothers, whether I am or not. On my first day in Mr. Swenson's chemistry class, he took me aside after class and informed me that he would absolutely not tolerate any experiments with the Bunsen burners other than those which were class assignments. He made it quite clear that if he caught me so much as looking at a Bunsen burner, I could expect immediate detention and would spend it scraping gum off the bottoms of the tables in the library.

I could only blink and nod at him. At that point, I didn't even know what a Bunsen burner was and I certainly didn't know that Mark had once set off a series of minor explosions which resulted in the fire department sending two trucks to school and Mr. Swenson being reprimanded by the principal. For the next two weeks, even though I like chemistry, I was scared to look at anything in the room for fear I'd end up under a library table with a scraper in my hand.

**OR**

### **SELECTION #2: TREASURE ISLAND By Robert Louis Stevenson**

*(This character has been captured by pirates, but is determined to be brave).*

I am not such a fool but I know pretty well what I have to look for. Let the worst come to the worst, it's little I care. I've seen too many die since I fell in with you. But there's a thing or two I have to tell you, and the first is this: here you are, in a bad way, ship lost, treasure lost, men lost, your whole business gone to wreck, and if you want to know who did it – it was I! I was in the apple barrel the night we sighted land and I heard you, John, and you, Dick Johnson, and Hands, who is now at the bottom of the sea, and told every word you said before the hour was out. And as for the schooner, it was I who cut her cable, and it was I that killed the men you had aboard of her, and it was I who bought her where you'll never see her more, not one of you. The laugh's on my side; I've had the top of this business from the first; I no more fear you than I fear a fly. Kill me, if you please, or spare me. But one thing I'll say, and no more; if you spare me, bygones are bygones, and when you fellows are in the court for piracy, I'll save you all I can. It is for you to choose. Kill another and do yourselves no good, or spare me and keep a witness to save you from the gallows.

**OR**

### **SELECTION #3: The Pied Piper by Robert Browning**

#### **Piper**

Good morning! Good grief! We haven't met, have we! Some folk call me – The Mystery Tramp. But they're wrong. This is just my Mystery Tramp disguise. As Mr. Robert Browning says in his famous poem:

I chiefly use my piping charm  
On creatures that do people harm,  
The mole and toad and newt and viper;  
And people call me – (*pauses to think*)

Yes, the Pied Piper. If people know who I really am they bother me blue. "Please Mr. Piper, please, please, please! There's bugs in our rugs and lice in our rice and fleas all over Auntie Louise!" Thing is, I'm tired to me teeth with pest control! I fancy retiring to a very comfortable mountain round here. Called the Koppelburg . . . Know anything about rats? I was more or less brought up with them. Kept a dozen pet rats when I was a lad ... Took 'em to school to keep teacher amused ... Bite me? Bless me, of course they did. It's in the nature of your rat to bite ... Some were bad and none of them good. The barn rat's not so grisly, he's a plump little fellow, living off top of the wheat and dairymilk. He gives you a nice clean little nip. But your sewer rat, he's a different kettle of germs, he is. Nastily class of bite, three-cornered bite, bleeds for ever such a long time ... Can I rid Hamelin of rats? ... Yes – easy as pie ... You'll have no rats tomorrow ... Fifty quid cash, is that fair? ... One thousand golden pounds - ... In a silken purse? Right, if that's the going rate I won't say no, on account of me being poor ... It's a deal.

**OR**

### **SELECTION #4: BANANA BOYS By Leon Aureus and Terry Watada**

**SHEL** (*She anxiously awaits contact from a girl for whom he has fallen. When the monologue begins, he is staring at his cell phone.*)

Okay, cell phone, me and you need to talk. We've been through a lot together. The last 6 months here have been ...marginal. I've given your number to a few people, and so far, no one calls you but The Boys back home. This sucks for both of us. I mean, we came to Ottawa to find someone. To end The Quest. Twenty-four years old, and I still hadn't had a serious girlfriend. Or any sort of girlfriend. I almost had you disconnected. (pause) Don't look at me like that; I didn't go through with it. And do you know why? Because the day we stopped looking ... was the day we met Her. I went twenty minutes out of my way, in minus-thirty-degree weather, to walk Her home, breaking the ice in front of Her with my CSA approved boots so She wouldn't slip and fall. She's wonderful. (He beams.) I gave Her your number, and She said She'd call. So ... cell phone, if ever you were going to ring, if ever you were going to make that special connection...let it be now. You're fully charged. We're sitting in the bathtub where you get the best reception. So...ring (It doesn't ring.) C'mon. Please? (nothing) She's really special. She's got these beautiful eyes, and really great hair, and ... I'm prattling, but ... the way She –

*The phone rings*

Hello? (pause) Kathy! Hi! (pause) No, I'm not busy, just ... waiting... for you. (pause) Oh man, that sounds lame, doesn't it? I didn't ...uh...(pause) Really? Well, I think you're sweet too...