

Drama 8  
DRAMATIC MONOLOGUES  
June 2018

Xavier Junior High

Keegan Brake - "Hamlet"

To be, or not to be: that is the question:  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep;  
No more; and by a sleep to say we end  
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wish'd.  
To die, to sleep;  
To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;  
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
Must give us pause: there's the respect  
That makes calamity of so long life;  
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,  
The insolence of office and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
When he himself might his quietus make  
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,  
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,  
But that the dread of something after death,  
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn  
No traveller returns, puzzles the will  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have  
Than fly to others that we know not of?  
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;  
And thus the native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,  
And enterprises of great pith and moment  
With this regard their currents turn awry,  
And lose the name of action.—Soft you now!  
The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons  
Be all my sins remember'd.

## **Logan Burden - "Wall Street" (1987)**

**Well, ladies and gentlemen, we're not here to indulge in fantasy, but in political and economic reality. America, America has become a second-rate power. Its trade deficit and its fiscal deficit are at nightmare proportions. Now, in the days of the free market, when our country was a top industrial power, there was accountability to the stockholder. The Carnegies, the Mellons, the men that built this great industrial empire, made sure of it because it was their money at stake. Today, management has no stake in the company! The point is, ladies and gentleman, is that greed – for lack of a better word – is good. Greed is right. Greed works. Greed clarifies, cuts through and captures the essence of the evolutionary spirit. Greed, in all of its forms – greed for life, for money, for love, knowledge – has marked the upward surge of mankind. And Greed – you mark my words – will not only save Teldar Paper but that other malfunctioning corporation called the USA**

## Emma Joan Major - "The Bear"

I want to care less about caring so much...I think that's been my biggest—well, one of my problems, anyway...there have been times in my life when I have been lucky to 'let go' completely and I'm flying but flying in such a way where it feels as though something greater than me is carrying me afloat; a connection to something higher, wider. Does that sound corny? (beat) It's different. I want that all the time, more rooted naturally within my inner self if that makes any sense, without all the fuss and mental shit that clogs me up, getting in the way. The battles are exhausting. Sometimes, I get the bear and other times, the bear gets me...

YΣMΧ "The Fraternal Order of United States Marines."



[www.facebook.com/Fraternal.order](http://www.facebook.com/Fraternal.order)

## "YOU CAN'T HANDLE THE TRUTH!"

"Son, we live in a world that has walls, and those walls have to be guarded by men with guns. Who's gonna do it? You? You, Lieutenant Weinburg? I have a greater responsibility than you could possibly fathom. You weep for Santiago, and you curse the Marines. You have that luxury. You have the luxury of not knowing what I know. That Santiago's death, while tragic, probably saved lives. And my existence, while grotesque and incomprehensible to you, saves lives. You don't want the truth because deep down, in places you don't talk about at parties, you want me on that wall. You need me on that wall. We use words like honor, code, loyalty. We use these words as the backbone of a life spent defending something. You use them as a punch line. I have neither the time nor the inclination to explain myself to a man who rises and sleeps under the blanket of the very freedom that I provide, and then questions the manner in which I provide it. I would rather you just said thank you, and went on your way. Otherwise, I suggest you pick up a weapon and stand a post. Either way, I don't give a damn what you think you are entitled to."

Jack Nicholson, "A Few Good Men."

Steven Nzoyamara - "Henry V"

O For Muse Of Fire

O for a Muse of fire, that would ascend  
The brightest heaven of invention,  
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act  
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!  
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,  
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,  
Leashed in like hounds, should famine, sword and fire  
Crouch for employment. But pardon, and gentles all,  
The flat unraised spirits that have dared  
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth  
So great an object: can this cockpit hold  
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram  
Within this wooden O the very casques  
That did affright the air at Agincourt?  
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may  
Attest in little place a million;  
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,  
On your imaginary forces work.  
Suppose within the girdle of these walls  
Are now confined two mighty monarchies,  
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts  
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder:  
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;  
Into a thousand parts divide on man,  
And make imaginary puissance;  
Think when we talk of horses, that you see them  
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth;  
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,  
Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times,  
Turning the accomplishment of many years  
Into an hourglass: for the which supply,  
Admit me Chorus to this history;  
Who prologue-like your humble patience pray,  
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

Jacob Rubia - "Spoon River"

I HAVE studied many times  
The marble which was chiseled for me—  
A boat with a furled sail at rest in a harbor.  
In truth it pictures not my destination  
But my life.  
For love was offered me and I shrank from its disillusionment;  
Sorrow knocked at my door, but I was afraid;  
Ambition called to me, but I dreaded the chances.  
Yet all the while I hungered for meaning in my life.  
And now I know that we must lift the sail  
And catch the winds of destiny  
Wherever they drive the boat.  
To put meaning in one's life may end in madness,  
But life without meaning is the torture  
Of restlessness and vague desire—  
It is a boat longing for the sea and yet afraid.

Katie Scott - "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (Hermia)

How happy some o'er other some can be! Through Athens I am thought as fair as she. But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so; He will not know what all but he do know. And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes, So I, admiring of his qualities. Things base and vile, holding no quantity, Love can transpose to form and dignity. Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind, And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind. Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste; Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste. And therefore is Love said to be a child, Because in choice he is so oft beguiled. As waggish boys in game themselves forswear, So the boy Love is perjured everywhere. For there, Demetrius looked on Hermia's eyes, He hailed down oaths that he was only mine; And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt, So he dissolved, and showers of oaths did melt. I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight. Then to the wood will he to-morrow night Pursue her; and for this intelligence If I have thanks, it is a dear expense. But herein mean I to enrich my pain, To have his sight thither and back again

Jaskiran Vaid - "Bubble World"

Pink dress, purple dress, white dress...that's all I hear. Brown shoes, white shoes, yellow shoes. On and on and on. Me, me, me, me, me...You are so wrapped up in your little world, Jess. You're in this bubble that you need to break out of and realize that there are things in life other than having your face constantly in your phone. Becoming a zombie.

We never hang out like we used too. And whenever we do hang out you are either text messaging someone or calling someone else or hanging up posters on your bedroom wall. It's like the only time we can go anywhere or do anything is if it revolves around something just you want to do. God forbid I suggest something YOU don't like.

*(beat)*

We used to always do things together. I feel like we don't click anymore. For once it would be nice for you to call me and ask what I'm up to, do something I like doing for a change. I want us to hang out more and I want us to have fun again. Don't you?

Ethan Hoffe - "Fight Club" (Chemical Burn speech)

TYLER: This is a chemical burn.

TYLER: It will hurt more than you've ever been burned and you will have a scar.

TYLER: Stay with the pain, don't block this out.

TYLER: Look at your hand. The first soap was made from the ashes of heroes. Like the first monkeys shot into space. Without pain, without sacrifice, we would have nothing!

TYLER: Stop. This is your pain, this is your burning hand. It's right here!

TYLER: No what you're feeling is premature enlightenment.

TYLER: This is the greatest moment of your life, man! And you're off somewhere missing it.

TYLER: Shut up. Our fathers were our models for God. And, if our fathers bailed, what does that tell us about God?

TYLER: Listen to me. You have to consider the possibility that God doesn't like you, he never wanted you. In all probability, He hates you. This is not the worst thing that can happen...

TYLER: We don't need him. Frig damnation. Frig redemption. We are God's unwanted children? So be it!

TYLER: Listen. You can run water over your hand and make it worse, or -- look at me! -- or you can use vinegar and neutralize the burn.

TYLER: First you have to give up. First you have to know, not fear, know that someday you're gonna die

TYLER: It's only after we've lost everything that we're free to do anything.

TYLER: Congratulations. You're one step closer to hitting the bottom.

Luke Noble - "Tom Has To Go"

"Why? There are so many other options! Why did you pick the school that is half-way across the country?" He didn't answer. When summer was almost over and the time had come for him to leave, I couldn't handle it. He was standing at the door, all packed and ready to go. I watched him as he said goodbye to my mom and dad. I was so overwhelmed that I just zoned out. Then, it was my turn to say goodbye. When he approached me, I looked up to see puddles of tears forming in his eyes. He reached out to me and I hugged him, trying desperately to keep it together. I never wanted to let go. I wanted time to stop. Then, my father tapped me on the shoulder and said, "Tom has to go. He is going to miss his flight." I slowly took my arms away. I watched as he walked to the door and gave me one last wave. As the door shut behind him, crazy thoughts swirled in my head. What if he forgets all about me? All those memories... swoosh! Out the door they go. What if he never comes back? I turned away and lost control. I covered my face and I cried. I cried harder than I have ever cried before.



Dominick Taylor - "Macbeth"

Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  
To the last syllable of recorded time;  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!  
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
And then is heard no more. It is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.

Nathan Young

**Wait, did you guys call me a thief right here, did you really just call me a thief?! Ok you know, that hurts. How could you say that? Well you know what? It's ok, cause you can say whatever you want about me because I don't really think of myself as a thief, I think of myself more as an artist. I take pride in my skills. To me, it's more of an art. No one can match my skills or mastery. Listen up guys I can break into any house anywhere, anytime, take whatever I want, in and out ten minutes no prints no evidence nothing. If it wasn't for that stupid roadrunner trap that the old man had I'd be in Brazil by now instead of here talking to you idiots. I could be on the beach right now tanning like a churro with a margarita in one hand and a woman on the other sitting on my lap! Do I feel bad about what I do for a living, no. So, you can say all you want about me, but I know for a fact that I'm more of an artist than I am a thief.**