

## Monologue Choices: Boys

### **Pancho – Stand and Deliver**

Let me tell you something about school. Besides the fact that it sucks – you got all these dense teachers tryn’ to brainwash you into thinkin’ the way they do. I mean, I really want to think like them. “Those who can, do. Those that can’t, teach.” That’s what Uncle Nando says. He dropped out of school when he was younger than me. Talked himself into a job as a carpenter’s apprentice. Now, Uncle Nando’s like 32, and runs his own construction company. I mean, he’s got it made. He don’t even gotta work Saturdays if he don’t wanna. Got a big screen TV right in his office. Drives a Tans Am that’s already paid off. I’m tellin’ you. The chicks are all over his shit. As soon as I get a decent job, I’m outta here. Probably start as an apprentice mechanic. This way I can get parts for my car at a discount. I got a ’74 Mustang, and as soon as I start bringing in the dough, I’m gonna fix the body, paint it candy-apple red, turn the rims inside out, install a stereo system you can hear a block away and get my engine purring like a tiger, Roaaow!! By the time I’m Nando’s age, I’ll be the boss of my own body shop. (Like an exaggerated TV commercial) “You got a problem with your car take it down to Pancho’s. Ten percent off to any woman who wears a dress up to here.” (Laughs at his own joke) Hey, I know some of you are thinkin’, this guy up here is full of himself. But I really know how to get around. I’m a walking road map. Ask anybody in Garfield. I get anyone anywhere fastest way possible, guaranteed. (Rapid Fire) El Dorado Disco in Long Beach? Even though it seems out of the way, jump on the 5 to the 710. Unless it’s rush hour. Then you take Soto to Slauson, left on, left on Atlantic but skip the light and cut through the Thrifty’s parking lot, then you’re on Atlantic all the way to Ocean, make a right and then you hit Shoreline. And you can put pedal to the metal on the way home ‘cause the cops don’t use radar at night. See? That’s why I’m in no hurry. ‘Cause I know where I’m going. Won’t be long ‘fore I’m cruising around in the fiercest piece of machinery in East Los. Pick up any ruca I want. That’s right, man. Don’t need no high school diploma for that.

### BRIGHTON BEACH MEMIORS

Eugene: What are you putting on all those things for? You’re leaving home? I have eight cents worth of stamps if you want that too. The medal you won for the hundred yard dash two years ago. You gave it to me. You can have it back if you want it. (Beat) I’ll probably have to stay home and work if you leave. We’ll need the money. (On the verge of tears) What do you have to leave for? They’ll get over it. They won’t stay mad at you forever. I was mad at you and I got over it. I don’t see what’s so bad about you. (Eugene sits there in silence for a while, then turns to the audience.) I guess there comes a time in everybody’s life when you say, “This very moment is the end of my childhood.” When Stanley closed that door, I knew that moment had come to me... I was scared. I was lonely. And I hated my mother and father for making him so unhappy... I even hated Stanley a little because he left me there to grow up all by myself. And I hated [my mother] for leaving Stanley’s name out when she called us for dinner. I don’t think parents really know how cruel they can be sometimes... (A beat) At dinner I tried to tell them about Stanley, but I just couldn’t get the words out... I left the table without even eating my ice cream... If it was suffering I was after, I was beginning to learn about it.

## FENCES

Cory: I live here too! I ain't scared of you. I was walking by you to go into the house cause you sitting on the steps drunk, singing to yourself. I ain't got to say excuse me to you. You don't count around here any more. Now why don't you just get out my way. You talking about what you did for me... what'd you ever give me? You ain't never gave me nothing. You ain't never done nothing but hold me back. Afraid I was gonna be better than you. All you ever did was try and make me scared of you. I used to tremble every time you called my name. Every time I heard your footsteps in the house. Wondering all the time... what's Papa gonna say if I do this?... What's he gonna say if I do that?... What's he gonna say if I turn on the radio? And Mama, too... she tries... but she's scared of you. I don't know how she stand you... after what you did to her. What you gonna do... give me a whupping? You can't whup me no more. You're too old. You're just an old man. You crazy. You know that? You just a crazy old man... talking about I got the devil in me. Come on... put me out. I ain't scare of you. Come on! Come on, put me out. What's the matter? You so bad... put me out! Come on! Come on!