

Choose 1 of the selections below to memorize and perform

MALE MONOLOGUES

1. Papes for the newsies! Line up! The name's Wiesel. But you can call me "mister." Drop the cash and move it along. Next! Have a look at this: a new kid. Twenty for the new kid. Let's see the dime. Come on, cash up front. C'mon. Cough up the cash or blow. You seen how nice I was to dis new kid? And what did I get for my civility? Ungrounded accusations. Here. Now take a hike.
2. Listen, fellas....I know somebody put yis up to this. Probably paid you some extra money too. Yeah? Well, it ain't right. Pulitzer thinks we're gutter rats with no respect for nuthin', includin' each other. Is that who we are? Well, we stab each other in the back and, yeah, that's who we are. But if we stand together, we change the whole game. Fellas, for the sake of all the kids in every sweatshop, factory, and slaughter house in this town, I beg you...throw down your papers and join the strike.
3. Hey! You see the pape? We're front page news, above the fold. Oh yes, above the fold. Everyone wants to meet the famous Jack Kelly. Even Spot Conlon sent a kid just to say: next event you can count on Brooklyn. How about that? They got us this time. I'll grant you that. But we took round one. And with press like this our fight is far from over. We got them worried. Really worried. And that is what you call a beginning.
4. You attend the rally and speak against the hopeless strike, and I'll see your criminal record expunged and your pockets filled with enough cash to carry you, in a first-class train compartment, from New York to New Mexico and beyond. Defy me, and I will have you and every one of your friends locked up in The Refuge. I know you're Mr. Tough Guy, but it's not right to condemn that little crippled boy to conditions like that. And what about your pal Davey and his baby brother, ripped from their loving family and tossed to the rats? Will they ever be able to thank you enough?

FEMALE MONOLOGUES

1. Hey, you up there, shoo! No kids allowed in the theater. (recognizing him) Jack Kelly, man of mystery. Get yourself down here and give me a hug. Where have you been keepin' yourself, kid? Where better to escape trouble than a theater? Say, Jack, when you've got time, I want you to paint me some more of these backdrops. The last one you did is a doozy. Folks love it. And things have been going so well that I can actually pay.
2. These are drawings of The Refuge, aren't they? Is this really what it's like there: three boys to a bed, rats everywhere, and vermin? Snyder told my father you were arrested for stealing food and clothing. This is why, isn't it? You stole to feed those boys. I don't understand. If you were willing to go to jail for those boys, how could you turn your back on them now? My father has eyes on every corner of this city. He doesn't need me spying for him. And I never lied.

MALE OR FEMALE

1. I wanna beat the other fellas to the street. I don't want anyone should see; I ain't been walkin' so good. Someone gets the idea I can't make it on my own, they'll lock me up in The Refuge for good. I don't need folks. I got friends. Be a pal, Jack. Help me down. (loses his footing and almost falls) Whoa!! No, I wanna go down. I don't need the limp to sell papes. I got personality.