

Your Name: _____

Leading Center: _____

Laban Choice: _____

(choices for THIS monologue)

Monologue from *Lost in Yonkers*

Louie (pg 73-74)

LOUIE Hey, let me tell you somethin'. Guess who hates livin' here more than you? *(He points to GRANDMA'S door)* The old lady with the cane. That's right. Grandma hates runnin' this store. She hates livin' in Yonkers. You know how many friends she's made here in thirty years? . . . Zippo.

LOUIE I never said she was a lot a laughs. I'll tell you the truth. I don't like her much myself. She knows it. Why should I? She used to lock me in a closet for breakin' a dish. A ten-cent dish, I'd get two, three hours in the closet. And if I cried, I'd get another hour . . . No light, no water, just enough air to breathe. That's when I learned not to cry. And after a few times in the closet, I toughened up. But I also never broke another dish . . . No, I didn't like her, but I respected her. Hell of a teacher, Ma was.

LOST IN YONKERS

She was no harder on us than she was on herself. When she was twelve years old, her old man takes her to a political rally in Berlin. The cops broke it up. With sticks, on horseback. Someone throws a rock, a cop bashes in her old man's head, a horse goes down and crushes Ma's foot. Nobody ever fixed it. It hurts every day of her life but I never once seen her take even an aspirin . . . She coulda had an operation but she used the money she saved to get to this country with her husband and six kids. That's moxie, kid.

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Monologue from *Lost in Yonkers*
Louie (pg 55)

LOUIE Yeah, well, he was no good at it anyway. Ma knew what was goin' on. She could tell if there was salt missin' from a pretzel . . . But she wouldn't say nothin'. She'd come up from the store with the milk, siddown for breakfast, knowin' that two scoops of everything was missin', and she'd just stare at you . . . right into your eyeballs, pupil to pupil . . . never blinkin' . . . Her eyes looked like two district attorneys . . . and Eddie couldn't take the pressure. He'd always crack. Tears would start rollin' down his cheeks like a wet confession . . . and Whack, he'd get that big German hand right across the head . . . But not me. I'd stare her right back until her eyelids started to weigh ten pounds each . . . And she'd turn away from me, down for the count . . . And you know what? She loved it . . . because I knew how to take care of myself . . . Yeah, me and Ma loved to put on the gloves and go the distance.

(He takes off his jacket and puts it on the back of the chair)