

Your Name: _____

Leading Center: _____

Laban Choice: _____
(choices for THIS monologue)

Monologue from *Lost in Yonkers*
Grandma Kurnitz (pg 36-37)

GRANDMA (*She holds up her cane*) I'll just say something . . . I think about dis inside. Because anger hass been in me for a long time . . . Vy should I do dis? . . . Vot do I owe your father? . . . Ven did he ever come around here after he married your mother? I never saw him . . . Because she turned him against me. His own mother . . . She didn't like me, I didn't like her. I'm not afraid to tell da truth either . . . I don't vish anybody's death. Maybe she vas a goot mother to you, may she rest in peace, to me she vas nothing . . . And your father was afraid of her. Dot's vy he stopped coming here. You're big boys now, how many times haff I seen you since you were born? Four, five times? . . . Dose are not grandchildren. Dose are strangers . . . And now he comes to me for help? . . . He cried in my bedroom. Not like a man, like a child he cried. He vas always dot vay . . . I buried a husband and two children and I didn't cry. I didn't haff time. Bella vas born vit scarlet fever and she didn't talk until she vas five years old, and I didn't cry . . . Your father's sister, Gertrude, can't talk vitout choking and I didn't cry . . . Und maybe one day, they'll find Louie dead in da street and I von't cry . . . Dot's how I vas raised. To be strong. Ven dey beat us vit sticks in Germany ven ve vere children, I didn't cry . . . You don't survive in dis world vitout being like steel. Your father wants you to grow up, first let *him* grow up . . . Ven he learns to be a father, like I learned

36

to be a mother, den he'll be a man. Den he von't need my help . . . You think I'm cruel? You tink I'm a terrible person? Dot a grandmother should say tings like dis? I can see it in your faces vot you tink . . . Goot, it'll make you hard. It'll make you strong. Den you'll be able to take care of yourselves vitout *anybody's* help . . . So dot's my decision. Maybe one day you'll tank me for it. (*She gets up*) Give da boys an ice cream cone, Bella. Den come inside and finish my legs.

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Monologue from *Lost in Yonkers*
Grandma Kurnitz (pg 35-36)

GRANDMA So! You haff no place else to go. Dot's vy you want to live vith Grandma . . . Alright . . . Alright . . . So now Grandma vill tell you vy she doesn't tink you should live vit her . . . Dis house is no place for boys. I'm an old woman. I don't like to talk. I don't like noise. I don't like people in my house. I had six children once, I don't need more again . . . Bella and I take care of the store six days a veek and on Sunday ve rest. Today is Sunday and I'm not resting . . . Bella is not—she's not goot vit people too long. A little bit yes, then she gets too excited . . . You understand vot I'm saying? . . . Vot vould you do here? There's no games in dis house. There's no toys in dis house. I don't like the

35

LOST IN YONKERS

radio after six o'clock. The news yes, dor's all . . . Ve go to sleep nine o'clock, ve get up five o'clock. I don't have friends. Bella don't have friends. You vould not be happy here. And unhappy boys I don't need.