

Student Exemplar: Danica's 3.3 Monologue (Final Draft)

Note: The marker's comments appear in the boxes in the margin.



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A young girl stands in the middle of the stage, looking at the audience, her toes at the very edge. She is angry and upset, gesturing at the audience like she is ready to fly off the handle. A single light shines directly overhead, obscuring her features. She begins to speak...

Adrienne: Okay, so this is crap right? First, I do not believe a frigging thing you have said about anything to do with Sophie.

(Voice rises in volume)

Nice! I see you reviewed the tutorial. This really helps set the tone of the piece.

Me? "I" am the one who terrorized Sophie? It's all Adrienne's fault, right Braidie? What about you Braidie? I was there just like you and I saw what you did too.

(Yelling)

Don't blame all of this on me!

(Calm)

Look, that time when we decided: yes WE decided that day would be penalty day; I was the first to be penalized don't you remember? I didn't just talk it Braidie, I walked it. You sure had fun that day didn't you Braidie? Didn't you write FP on your hand just like everyone else, including Sophie? So here we are...you saying all this garbage to Trevor and expecting him to believe that you were, what? An innocent bystander? C'mon Braidie, you were there and played the same part as me, as anyone else. Stop trying to change the subject by talking about your Mum, Braidie, cuz it won't work.

(Monotone Voice)

I am on to you. Just like everyone else is.
(continued)

Great place for a break, Danica. Leaves the audience wondering "What's next?"

Student Exemplar: 3.3 Danica's Monologue (Final Draft, continued)

The stage is still bare. Adrienne sits on a step, alone, under the harsh glare of a streetlight. She is smoking and the wreath of gray encircles her head like a scarf, floating slowly away. Her head is in her hands. She looks up and speaks to no one in particular.

(With Surprise and Anger)

Adrienne: Wow. Seriously. I cannot believe what that little brat is saying about me. The worst? Everyone believes her. Why? Am I that bad? I have friends. I have a family. I hold a job after school. I do my homework. I play volleyball. I am just like every other well-adjusted teenager at school. Ok, ok, so I like to kid. I tease people. That's who I am: Miss Sarcastic. Everybody says so. Sarcasm is funny! I joke and people always laugh. So I like to tease Sophie a little more than others. Does that make me a **criminal**?

Your tone is angry; however, the following direction seems more subdued. Interesting choice.

(Quieter)

Braidie is a hypocrite - she was there - did she try and stop us? She played the same games we all did. When we called Sophie "IT" so did Braidie. Hypocrite. We sat in the front, the boys in the back. They made noise and threw things. We were always good. Even Braidie said so. Sophie didn't get to see Hamlet because of what Sophie did on that bus - she opened the flippin' window, and we laughed...like always. We laughed.

(Hesitation)

That day at the beach...so what? So she was scared. When isn't that little mouse Sophie scared? Scared of her own shadow...HA!

(continued)

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(Anger and Indignation as Voice **Rises**)

And then your brother, the brat, dared to hit me with a rock. I could've been killed you know.

I like the fact that you are taking this character through a range of emotions – very real and natural.

(Reflective and **Quieter**)

Afterwards we all lay on the beach (without Sophie) and were really happy. I mean, look what I do for you, Braidie. Without me, would you do anything? No, you would just be another Sophie...another "IT"... another...target...for **me**.

I like what you have done. You have kept the words, but have used wrylies to direct the reader's understanding. Bravo!

(Stop. Stunned Look on Face. Voice barely above a whisper)

The lights go dark as Adrienne sits on the step lighting another cigarette. The lighter flame reveals her face and there, hanging on her cheek, is a tear.
(595 words)

Wow. You made this more powerful with some simple formatting and direction.