



Rainbow Valley Monologues - by L.M. Montgomery - Adapted by Taffy Geisel

MONOLOGUES FOR GIRLS

Mary Vance - *Mary is an orphan who has run away from a cruel mistress. She is spending her first night with a pastor's family. Faith and Una have made her a bed in the attic. In the middle of the night, they hear Mary crying, and rush upstairs to see what is wrong.*

I ain't cryin'. (*she wipes her eyes defiantly*) I was just thinking of having to go back to Mrs. Wiley - and of being whipped for running away - and - and - and of going to (*she points downward, toward hell*) - you know - for telling lies. What is to become of me? (*she sobs*) You don't understand. You don't know anything about it. You've got a home and a kind father - he doesn't beat you, and you get enough to eat, such as it is - though that old aunt of yours doesn't know anything about cooking. Why, this is the first day I ever remember of feeling as if I'd enough to eat. I've been knocked about most of my life, and Mrs. Wiley is a holy terror, that's what she is, and I'm just scared stiff when I think of going back to her. Thanks for letting me sleep in your attic. and for being nice to me. I never remember anyone being kind to me before.

Una - *sweet, shy Una thinks their neighbor, Mrs. Elliott, would be a good possibility for adopting Mary. Una is afraid of Mrs. Elliott, but wants Mary to have a good home. She gathers up all her courage, and goes to Mrs. Elliott's house to ask her to take Mary in.*

Mrs. Elliott. won't you take Mary Vance? I mean, keep her - adopt her. Oh, Mrs. Elliott, please do. She's so afraid of being sent to another hard place. Mrs. Wiley treated her bad, and never gave her enough to eat. Once, Mary got pneumonia. She was fatally ill! Mrs. Wiley wouldn't even send for the doctor - she said she wasn't going to such expense for an orphan. Mary is a very hard worker. And she's so smart. I know you wouldn't be sorry if you took her. I've never heard her swear, although I think she might. But you could teach her what was right. And even when she lived with Mrs. Wiley, she went to church every Sunday she got off. I don't know how much she got out of the sermons. But she was mighty thankful to go someplace where she could sit down for a spell. Some one has to take her, Mrs. Elliott.

Faith Meredith - *Norman Douglas is a very quarrelsome man who hasn't been to church in a long time. Faith feels she must persuade him to come back to church, so that her family will not have to move away. Faith cautiously approaches Mr. Douglas, who is sitting on his porch. He rudely yells at her, and thoughts of pleading for his financial support flee from her.*

How dare you talk like that to me! I thought you were a gentleman, instead of someone who would yell at a young girl. I am not afraid of you. You are a rude, unjust, tyrannical, disagreeable old man. Susan says you are sure to go to - well, not heaven - and I was sorry for you, but I'm not now. Susan said your wife never had a new hat for ten years - no wonder she died. I am going to make faces at you whenever I see you after this. Every time I am behind you, you will know what is happening. Father has a picture of the devil in a book in his study, and I mean to go home and write your name under it. And, no, I will not sit down with you! I am going home!"

Faith Meredith - *a visiting preacher has come to the manse. Without Faith knowing it, Aunt Martha kills Faith's pet rooster, and serves it for dinner. Faith is broken hearted, and tells her grown up friend, Rosemary West, how she feels.*

Miss West, why does everybody seem to think it funny that I should have loved my rooster Adam so much? If it had been a horrid cat that was killed, nobody would have thought it strange for me to be so sad. When Lottie Warren's kitten had its legs cut off by the binder, everybody was sorry for her. She cried two days in school and nobody laughed at her. And all her chums went to the kitten's funeral, and helped her bury it - only they couldn't bury its poor little paws with it, because they couldn't find them. It was a horrid thing to have happen, of course, but I don't think it was as dreadful as seeing your pet eaten up by a visiting preacher. You can't imagine what it was like to sit at the table, and watch that man carving up my rooster friend. It wasn't fair, was it, Miss West? And now, everybody is laughing at me.

Faith Meredith - *on an impulse, Faith gives her only good pair of stockings to a very poor girl who lives in her village. In their town, the wearing of decent stockings was a very hard and fast rule. Faith didn't realize that, by giving her stockings to the girl who was freezing that she would have none of her own. Faith must stand up and face her father's congregation, to explain her actions, and clear her father's name.*

I want to explain to everybody how it was I came to go to church without stockings on, so that everybody will know that my father was not to blame one bit for it. I gave my only pair of black stockings to Lida Marsh, because she hadn't any, and her poor little feet were awful cold. No child ought to have to go without shoes and stockings in a Christian community before the snow is all gone, and I think the Ladies Aid Society ought to have given her stockings. When she had gone away, looking so proud and happy, the poor little thing, I remembered that all I had to wear were the horrid red and blue things Aunt Martha knit last winter for me out of some yarn that Mrs. Burr sent us. It was dreadfully coarse yarn and all knots, and I never saw any of Mrs. Burr's own children wearing things made of such yarn. I just couldn't wear those stockings, So I just decided I would put my boots on and come to church that way. I can't see why it was so wrong and I was so careful to wash my legs just as clean as my face, but anyway my father wasn't to blame for it.

Una Meredith - *Una feels that it is best for her father to re-marry, and she gets up the courage to go talk to Miss West. Una thinks that the scrapes she and her siblings have gotten into are the reason Miss West turned down her father's proposal.*

Excuse me, Miss West? I came to - I came to ask you to marry Father. You see, everybody is saying that you wouldn't marry Father because my siblings and I are so bad. We are never bad on purpose. And if you will only marry Father we will all try to be good and do just what you tell us. Please, Miss West. Don't you like him? You don't know how nice he is. After you turned him down, Father felt so bad, and I slipped into the study to see if I could help him - he likes me to comfort him, Miss West -and he didn't hear me come in, and I heard him say that he loves you. Won't you marry him? And, if you do, you won't turn Father against us, will you? You won't make him hate us? Mary Vance says stepmothers are all like that - and that they all hate their stepchildren. Faith never believed her. Faith loves you already. And when you come to live with us, can you teach me to cook - a little - and sew - and do things? I don't know anything. I won't be much trouble - I'll try to learn fast. Won't you marry Father, please?

MONOLOGUES FOR BOYS

Walter Blythe - *second oldest brother of the Blythe clan (Anne and Gilbert's children). He is a quiet, sensitive young man, with the heart of a poet. He has had a bad toothache for some weeks, but is too afraid to go to the dentist.*

Oh, Faith, I had a terrible night last night. I know I could go to the dentist. but I'm afraid of the pain - and the bleeding - it's so ugly. I couldn't sleep a wink - so I just paced up and down the floor and imagined I was an early Christian martyr being tortured at the command of Nero. That helped for a while. Susan said the toothache served me right for sitting up in the cold garret yesterday writing poetry trash. But she started up the kitchen fire and got me a hot-water bottle, and it stopped the toothache. As soon as I felt better I told Susan my poetry wasn't trash. I like writing poetry - you can say so many things in it that are true in poetry but wouldn't be true in prose. I told Susan so, but she said to stop my jawing and go to sleep before the hot water bottle got cold,

Walter Blythe - *Walter Blythe and Faith Meredith were walking home from school, when the very crass Dan Reese taunts Faith, calling her pig-girl - and adds more insult by declaring that the stories written by Mrs. Blythe are nothing but lies. Walter comes to the boiling point.*

You hold your tongue, Dan Reese! You have no right to call Faith 'Pig Girl'! She is a kind, motherless girl, who obeys her father, and is a good friend to my family. And my mother does not write lies! She writes excellent stories - full of fancy, and good morals, and high ideals - things you would know nothing about! You have insulted my friend, and you have insulted my mother. You know I abhor fighting. But I can no longer ignore the insults to the ladies I care about. Take your medicine, Sir! (*Walter takes a gigantic slug at Dan, then pins him to the ground*) You're the coward, Dan. You called innocent ladies names, because you didn't think I would fight. Now, you know better. William Shakespeare said 'Fear is more pain than is the pain I fear.' You know what, Dan? I'm not afraid of you anymore. (*he pushes Dan away from him, dusts off his hands*) You can go.

Carl Meredith - *is a boy who loves animals and insects and all the creations of God's living world. He always has some creature in his pocket, and studies them quite seriously. When Mary Vance scolds him for bringing a frog to Sunday School, he defends his family honor by trying to explain some of their scrapes.*

I only let my frog out for just a second, Mary Vance, then I popped it right back in my pocket again. It didn't hurt anybody - it's just a poor little frog! And there wasn't anything wrong with our praying competition last week. I think a graveyard is a very good place to pray in. I didn't take the contest in real earnest - I knew I had no chance of winning the prize. So I just folded my hands over my stomach and closed my eyes and groaned after every sentence like Deacon Hazard does - how'd I know he would go driving by right at that moment? I know that caused quite a ruckus. And how could we know people would think we were having a tea party in the graveyard? Aunt Martha won't let us blow bubbles in the house. And the bubbles were jolly pretty. They reflected the trees and the hills and the harbour like little fairy worlds, and one -it floated up, and busted on top of the Methodist church spire. Even the Methodists can't mind a bubble bursting on their spire!

Jerry Meredith - *Jerry is the oldest son of the paster. He and his siblings are always getting into scrapes, so they decide to form a good behavior club, to encourage each other to behave in ways more pleasing to society. He talks to his brother Carl, and sisters Faith and Una.*

We've been getting into scrapes and people think we are bad. We don't have a mother, and Father is always so busy being a minister. We've nobody to bring us up. So we must bring ourselves up. We will form a Good-Conduct Club, and punish ourselves every time we do anything that's not right. If we will just stop to think things over, and ask ourselves if the congregation would be bothered about what we are about to do, we could save ourselves from getting into all sorts of scrapes. We won't have many rules, and we will think up the punishments for breaking the rules as we go along. We'll hold a session of the Club here in the graveyard every night and talk over what we've done through the day, and if we think we've done anything that isn't right or that would disgrace Dad, the one that does it, or is responsible for it, must be punished. That's the rule. And the punishment must fit the crime. And anyone who won't accept the punishment will be banished from the club!