

## ***MONOLOGUE CHOICES***

### **Chorus/Ensemble Monologue Choice:**

Creeping past the ghostly fountains beside which beggars slept. They ducked into the shadows to avoid being seen by a pair of women at the windows holding candles, which sputtered in the gathering fog. The curfew had sounded long ago and the streets were becoming blacker and more deserted every moment. They could distinguish nothing of the mass of buildings, except black roofs at strange acute angles. And the labyrinth of alleys and bridges like a ball of thread tangled by a cat.

### **Female/Esmerelda Monologue Choice:**

Why do you hate us so much? What did we ever do to you?! I came here to find that boy. It was my fault he was up on the stage in the first place. He's no less human than the rest of us. I dance because I enjoy it. Others enjoy it, too, and give me money. If I had the power of magic, why wouldn't I use it to help myself and my people?! Your grace, there must be some charity inside you. If you've helped that boy, then surely you can extend that kindness to others almost as unfortunate. How you would wish others to treat you, could you not treat them?

### **Male/Quasimodo Monologue Choice:**

Years later, in the crypts below Notre Dame, there were discovered two skeletons. One of which held the other in its embrace. The first was that of a woman with a woven band around her neck. The second was that of a man whose spinal column was crooked. When they tried to detach the skeleton he held in his arms, he crumbled to dust.

### **Male/Frollo Monologue Choice:**

So a gypsy dares to enter this holy place. Your kind aren't allowed here. What are you doing in here? The boy doesn't need your help. He's my charge. God loves even a monster. Some of us are less human. In the moral sense. You dance in public without shame or modesty. Do you also deny possessing black magic? You're clever. You twist the truth just as you twist your body and dance. Our Lord Jesus said something. You see him on the cross there, gazing down on us? Midnight mass is starting. I must go. My child, though your people are lost, maybe something within you can be saved. Stay. Perhaps you'll see what true beauty is and we...We can continue this conversation afterwards.