BOTH BOYS AND GIRLS

Lady Bracknell

Mr. Worthing, I confess I feel somewhat bewildered by what you have just told me. To be born, or at any rate bred, in a hand-bag, whether it had handles or not, seems to me to display a contempt for the ordinary decencies of family life that reminds one of the worst excesses of the French Revolution. And I presume you know what that unfortunate movement led to? As for the particular locality in which the hand-bag was found, a cloak-room at a railway station - it could hardly be regarded as an assured basis for a recognised position in good society. I would strongly advise you, Mr. Worthing, to try and acquire some relations as soon as possible, and to make a definite effort to produce at any rate one parent, of either sex, before the season is quite over. You can hardly imagine that I and Lord Bracknell would dream of allowing our only daughter- a girl brought up with the utmost care- to marry into a cloak-room, and form an alliance with a parcel?

BOYS

# **Guys and Dolls, Sky Masterson**

On the day when I left home to make my way in the world, my daddy took me to one side. “Son,” my daddy says to me, “I am sorry I am not able to bankroll you to a very large start, but not having the necessary lettuce to get you rolling, instead I’m going to stake you to some very valuable advice. One of these days in your travels, a guy is going to show you a brand new deck of cards on which the seal is not yet broken. Then this guy is going to offer to bet you that he can make the jack of spades jump out of this brand new deck of cards and squirt cider in your ear. But, son, do not accept this bet, because as sure as you stand there, you’re going to wind up with an ear full of cider.

PUCK A Midsummer Night’s Dream

 If we shadows have offended,

Think but this, and all is mended,

That you have but slumber'd here

 While these visions did appear.

And this weak and idle theme,

No more yielding but a dream,

Gentles, do not reprehend:

if you pardon, we will mend:

And, as I am an honest Puck,

If we have unearned luck

Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,

We will make amends ere long;

Else the Puck a liar call;

 So, good night unto you all.

Give me your hands, if we be friends,

And Robin shall restore amends.

# **Harry Potter and the Philosopher’s Stone, Severus Snape**

There will be no foolish wand-waving or silly incantations in this class. As such, I don’t expect many of you to appreciate the subtle science and exact art that is potion-making. However, for those select few…
Who possess, the predisposition… I can teach you how to bewitch the mind and ensnare the senses. I can tell you how to bottle fame, brew glory, and even put a stopper in death. Then again, maybe some of you have come to Hogwarts in possession of abilities so formidable that you feel confident enough to not pay attention! Mister Potter. Our new celebrity.

HAIRSPRAY LINK LARKIN

**LINK:** Oh, Tracy, seeing you dragged off to jail brought me back to my senses.  I thought I’d lose it when I thought I lost you.  I couldn’t eat, I couldn’t sing.  I couldn’t even concentrate. So I went down to the station to tell Mrs. Von Tussle I was through with the Miss Hairspray broadcast… When I got to the station I overheard Mrs. Von Tussle talking to Spritzer. Tracy, it’s Amber the talent scouts are coming to see.  It had nothing to do with me. All this time I thought Amber and I were a team.  She and her mother were just using me to make her look popular.  I feel like such an idiot. (suddenly romantic) I know a palooka like me isn’t worthy of a ground breaking extremist like you, but… (he produces his ring) …It’s a little scuffed from Amber throwing it in my face when I told her I’d rather be with you. So, would you consider wearing my ring? “To lose thee were to lose myself.”  Some kid named Milton wrote that in the third floor boys room.

CHARLIE BROWN SNOOPY

A 'C'? A 'C'? I got a 'C' on my coathanger sculpture? How could anyone get a 'C' in coathanger sculpture? Was I judged on the piece of sculpture itself? Or was I judged on my talent? If so, is it fair that I be judged on a part of my life over which I have no control? If I was judged on my effort, then I was judged unfairly, for I tried as hard as I could! Was I judged on what I had learned about this project? If so, then were not you, my teacher, also being judged on your ability to transmit your knowledge to me? Are you willing to share my 'C'? Perhaps I was being judged on the quality of coathanger itself out of which my creation was made...now is this not also unfair? Am I to be judged by the quality of coathangers that are used by the drycleaning establishment that returns our garments? Is that not the responsibility of my parents? Should they not share my 'C'?

GIRLS

CHORUS LINE VAL

 So, the day after I turned 18, I kissed the folks goodbye, got on a Trailways bus - and headed for the big bad apple. Cause I wanted to be a Rockette. Except I had one minor problem. I was ugly, skinny, homely, unattractive and flat as a pancake. Get the picture? I had 87 dollars in my pocket and seven years of tap and acrobatics. I could do a hundred and eighty degree split and come up tapping the Morse Code. Well, finally the big day came. I showed up at the Music Hall with my red patent leather tap shoes. And I did my little tap routine. And this man said to me: Can you do fankicks? - Well, sure I could do terrific fankicks. But they werent good enough. Every audition I'd dance rings around the other girls and find myself in the alley with the other rejects. But after a while I caught on. I mean I had eyes. I saw what they were hiring. I also swiped my dance card once after an audition. And on a scale of 10....they gave me for dance 10. For looks: 3.

10 Things I Hate About You

I hate the way you talk to me and the way you cut your hair. I hate the way you drive my car. I hate it when you stare; I hate your big dumb combat boots and the way you read my mind. I hate you so much it makes me sick; it even makes me rhyme. I hate the way you’re always right. I hate it when you lie. I hate it when you make me laugh, even worse when you make me cry. I hate it that you’re not around. And the fact that you didn’t call. But mostly I hate the way I don’t hate you, not even close, not even a little bit, not even at all.

LEGALLY BLONDE ELLE WOODS

On our very first day at Harvard a very wise professor quoted Aristotle, “The law is reason free from passion.” Well, no offense to Aristotle, but in my three years at Harvard I have come to find that passion is a key ingredient to the study and practice of law and of life. It is with passion, courage of conviction and strong sense of self that we take our next steps into the world. Remembering that first impressions are not always correct, you must always have faith in people, and most importantly you must always have faith in yourself. Congratulations class of 2004, we did it!

FUNNY GIRL FANNY BRICE

Suppose all ya ever had for breakfast was onion rolls. Then one day, in walks (gasp) a bagel! That's my problem - I'm a bagel on a plate full of onion rolls. Nobody recognizes me! Listen, I got 36 expressions. Sweet as pie and tough as leather.

Did you ever hear the story about the travelling salesman? A thousand jokes, stick around for the jokes. A thousand faces. I reiterate. When you're gifted, then you're gifted. These are facts. What? You think beautiful girls are gonna stay in style forever? I should say not! Any minute now they're gonna be out! FINISHED! Then it'll be my turn!

# **‘MEAN GIRLS’ (Gretchen):**

**GRETCHEN:** We only wear jeans or track pants on Friday. You can’t wear a tank top two days in a row. You can only wear your hair in a ponytail once a week. So, I guess, you picked today. And if you break any of these rules you can’t sit with us at lunch. I mean, not just you, any of us. Like, if I was wearing jeans today, I would be sitting over there with the art freaks.

We always vote before we ask someone to eat lunch with us, because you have to be considerate of the rest of the group. I mean, you wouldn’t buy a skirt without asking your friends first if it looks good on you. It’s the same with guys. You may think you like someone, but you could be wrong.