Monologue

Assalamo alaikum everyone. Today, I will be doing a monologue based on the character of Crooks from Of Mice and Men. The scene is set right after, Lennie, Candy, and Curley’s wife have all left Crooks’ room.

*Closes the door behind him and sits down*

Why does ever’body gotta call me bad names. I didn’t do nothin’ wrong. Just cus I be black, they think I’m no god damn good for anythin’. They say I stink. I say they all stink and they all no god damn good.

*Looks down at his hands and says:*

I’ve worked all day, every day for years at this damn ranch, gave blood, sweat, tears, and even my back, and those bastards don’ give me no respec’.

Lennie and the old guy treat me fine. Why can’t ever’body else treat me like them? Negroes get treated like animals in the white man’s world, an’ they treat me like a god damn dog.

I don’t got nobody. Nobody to play rummy with, nobody to drink with, nobody to talk to, jus’ me and my books. I just set alone here at night, readin’ books, and thinkin’, but I got no one to tell my thinkin’ to. Got no body to ast if they see what I see. Jus’ me and meself till I go mad.

*Gets up and walks across the room.*

Can’t even leave the ranch. No driver would let a negro ride on the same bus as the white folks. I’d be kicked off as soon as I got on the bus. Not like they ever pay a negro enough that he could leave an’ start over.

*Looks up at the door, stares, sits down and sighs*

Damn door don’t even serve no purpose. A man not lef’ to hisself in his own room. Can’t kick no one outta the room. Oh, (*imitating Curley’s wife mockingly*) ‘You know what I could do if you open your trap?’ Oh, I know, they don’t let me hear the end of it. They’d hang me up on a tree without a second thought – never mind that I never done nothin’. They’d believe that god damn slut over some negro. Wouldn’t care to hear my side o’ what happened.

*Sits up and tries to straighten back*

But what would me ol’ man think of me like this. He’d scold me for complaining, grumbling to myself at the slightest damn trouble. “Quit yo’ belly-achin’ and git back to work,” he’d say, “I never raised you to be no sook.” Well the ol’ man knew some things din’ he – he busted his gut his whole life so we could eat. Dis belly-achin’ o’ mine ain’ goin’ to fill no bellies. Better get back to work…