

External Monologue Years 7 – 9: The Beanstalk by Tara Meddaugh

Jack: Please don't poke my eyes out! Wait Black Crow—don't leave! Just, just stay. You don't seem like those other birds. Right? And, even if you are, I'm not like those girls. It's just—I really am happy to see you. I'm getting a little, well, maybe a little nervous. I don't know if you can tell, but, I'm kind of a little bit stuck up here.

See, I didn't...really...think that I'd make it this far up. I didn't really think it through at all. My mum keeps telling me that's my problem, and I guess it is. I just...saw it, and I've always been a bit of a climber, my mum said. When I was nine months old, she found me sitting on top of the brown cow in the barn one morning. I guess we all have our strengths. I've never really considered myself afraid of heights before, but, it's not really the climbing up that scares me. It's the getting down, Black Crow. It seemed so easy getting here—just put one foot on the branch—if you can call it a branch. They sure don't seem like branches now—looking down. Oh, and, I've tried going down already. I put my foot on a branch, but it seems slippery now. See?

And see, that's why this is so, so, kind of tough to swallow. Maybe I was proving something. Maybe I was running away. I don't know. But I was doing something. You know? Climbing up something. Something that wasn't there before, but then suddenly was, and it made me feel powerful and strong and, and, smart. I liked that feeling. So I kept on going, because the feeling kept on going. I'd never felt that way before. I mean, strong maybe, but—not smart.

But now I'm here and I don't feel very smart. A smart person would know how to get down. I can't gain any footing on the branch. I tried sliding down, but the few feet I did it, well, it hurt an awful lot, and I'm not even sure I wouldn't fly off of it and land down there in a broken pile. *(Pause)*.

I'm starting to hear voices and not like voices in my head. I haven't turned crazy yet. These are low voices. Really low. Booming voices, but not too loud yet. If you know what I mean. Like, a low rumble, sort like a distant roll of thunder. So the idea, Black Crow, is just to... keep climbing up. Maybe there's someone up there, one of the voices, who can help me, who can show me how to get down, or take me down. I'd be ok if someone else carried me down. I'd just ask them to do it at night, so no one in town would see. I'd keep my eyes closed, so I'd remember it less. And then I could still sort of feel a little powerful. A little smart. So see? I've got it thought out now. At least a little bit. That's a step, right? So. I guess maybe I'll see you up there. If that's where you're going too. *(Pause, starts going up)*.

Establishes who is involved in the conversation
Experimentation with punctuation and sentence types for effect
Use of first person

Highlights the problem for the character

Past tense used when recounting previous events

Comments directed at the second character

Exploration of possible solutions

Exploration of the characters inner thoughts and feelings

Switch to present tense used

Italics indicates action or break in the text

Character starts to work towards a resolution or course of action

Use of shorter sentences for effect

Character comes to a solution to their problem

Source: <http://www.tameddaugh.com/the-beanstalk-monologue.html> modified 29/10/2014