

# MONOLOGUE

## ROBIN'S MONOLOGUE

AN EXTRACT FROM *CARL CRESCENT CUBBY COMMITTEE*

BY DANIELLE BRAME WHITING

*Robin owns a general store that serves the people who live on Carl Crescent. They have been called in by the newly formed Carl Crescent Cubby Committee to discuss the viability of allowing four 11 year olds to build a cubby house in their backyard. The Committee is made up of the 'Carl Crescent Mother's Association', the 'Carl Crescent Committee for Noise Polution', 'The Grandfather's Guild of Know-It-Alls', the 'Crescent Information Agency', the 'Dad's Builders Association', a local dog Walker, Terrie, and local councillor, Chris. This monologue is Robin's opportunity to voice their opposition to the proposed build. It should be delivered as an over exaggerated sermon from the pulpit.*

### ROBIN

For the past ten years I have served this community loyally. If it weren't for Robin's General Store you would all have to travel across the motor way to get your bread and milk. No longer would you be able to send your kids on their bikes to run your little grocery errands. There's no bike path across the motorway people. Carl Crescent you need me. You need my slightly overpriced but still tasty top brand butter. You need my mixed lolly display for those create-your-own party mixes. You need my Sunday morning papers and my Saturday afternoon paddle pops. You need my daily dad jokes to take back to your offices and your bridge clubs. You need my special Christmas puddings that come complimentary with your papers on December 23<sup>rd</sup>. You need my warm personal touches in your lives. But, but, but... what do we have here today. It's sabotage I'm telling you. Sabotage. During the summer school holidays my business drops off. You all go on your holidays. You go visit your families or some van park up north where you run around bare foot and fish and swim and relax. And I'm back here, still sitting behind that counter, trying to figure out how to keep afloat while you are all off having fun. And what's the one thing I can count on to break the monotony of my summer days? What's the one shining glimmer of hope in my otherwise dull days?



*Looks around and waits for someone to offer an answer. Everyone just stares blankly back.*

It's them.

*Points towards the four 11 year old friends who in turn look at him and each other feeling pretty important.*

Those kids who don't get taken anywhere for the holidays.

*Suddenly the kids are a bit bummed.*

Those sad, pathetic, bored kids who want nothing more than to do something. They want to do something so badly that they come to my shop three, four times a day to buy crap they don't even need. And you lot are all so keen to get them out of your hair that the longer the holidays go on the more money they bring to spend. They are my summer life blood. And you want to give them permission to occupy themselves for hours on end? Not only them but the younger kids are going to get involved as well? Suddenly they're so busy they don't have time for icy poles. They don't have time to decide between a sherbert dip and a chuppa chup. They don't have time to slam down a fizzy drink in a chugging competition or teach their younger sibling how to spend their money. You let them do this and I'll just be left with teenage punks like Lee over there, and no one wants that.

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