

(Excerpt from Invisible Man by Ralph Ellison)

The narrator has happened upon an elderly couple being kicked out of their apartment, and speaks to the mob forming in their defense.

UNNAMED NARRATOR

Did you hear him? He's eighty-seven. Eighty-seven and look at all he's accumulated in eighty-seven years, strewn in the snow like chicken guts, and we're a law-abiding, slow-to-anger bunch of folks turning the other cheek every day in the week. What are we going to do? What would you, what would I, what would he have done? What is to be done? I propose we do the wise thing, the law-abiding thing. Just look at this junk! Should two old folks live in such junk, cooped up in a filthy room? It's a great danger, a fire hazard! Old cracked dishes and broken-down chairs. Yes, yes, yes! Look at that old woman, somebody's mother, somebody's grandmother, maybe. We call them 'Big Mama' and they spoil us and--you know, you remember...Look at her quilts and broken-down shoes. I know she's somebody's mother because I saw an old breast pump fall into the snow, and she's somebody's grandmother, because I saw a card that read 'Dear Grandma'...but we're a law-abiding...I looked into a basket and I saw some bones, not neckbones, but rib bones, knocking bones...This old couple used to dance...

(Excerpt from I Am America by Stephen Colbert)

A football fan at the big game, speaking to both the game and the audience.

THE GUY SITTING NEXT TO YOU AT THE STADIUM:

I don't care how old he is, if he's so upset, let him cover his fucking ears. What? Go ahead say it again! Say it agoddamnagain, go ahead! I don't give a shit, Deb! No I won't sit down!

I'm gonna get more beer.

Watch out, man. Beers comin through. Sack! Shit, yeah! Did you see that Deb? How's the turf taste, Sixteen? Huh? How's that taste! You suck! You suck shit! Right Deb?

Some Americans spend their Sundays in church, but football is my religion. This is where I worship, in the house that Lombardi built. INTERCEPTION! Oh-oh-OH YEAH! YEAH! GO! GO! YEAHHHHHH! That's what I'm talking about! That's what I'm GODDAMN TALKING ABOUT! Touchdown! High five, Deb! ALRIGHT! You blow Sixteen! Nice pussy-toss to the wrong team! You gay fag fuck! Whooohoooooooooooo!

(Excerpt from *Hard Times* by Charles Dickens)

The principal, Mr. Gradgrind, addresses a class of adolescent children.

MR. GRADGRIND

(pointing into a row of desks)
Girl number twenty. I don't know
that girl. Who is that girl?

SISSY

Sissy Jupe, sir
(blushing, standing up, and
curtseying)

MR. GRADGRIND

Sissy is not a name. Don't call
yourself Sissy. Call yourself
Cecelia.

SISSY

It's father as calls me Sissy, sir
(her voice trembling, and with
another curtsey)

MR. GRADGRIND

Then he has no business to do it.
Tell him he mustn't. Cecelia Jupe.
Let me see. What is your father?

SISSY

He belongs to the horse-riding, if
you please, sir.

Mr. Gradgrind frowns, waving off the objectionable calling
with his hand.

MR. GRADGRIND

We don't want to know anything
about that, here. You mustn't tell
us about that, here. Your father
breaks horses, don't he?

SISSY

If you please, sir, when they can
get any to break, they do break
horses in the ring, sir.

MR. GRADGRIND

You mustn't tell us about the ring,
here. Very well, then. Describe
your father as a horsebreaker. He
doctors sick horses, I dare say?

SISSY

Oh yes, sir.

MR. GRADGRIND

Very well, then. He is a veterinary surgeon, a farrier and a horsebreaker. Give me your definition of a horse.

Sissy, confused, stands silent.

MR. GRADGRIND

Girl number twenty unable to define a horse! Girl number twenty possessed of no facts, in reference to one of the commonest of animals! ... Quadruped. Graminivorous. Forty teeth, namely twenty-four grinders, four eye-teeth, and twelve incisive. Sheds coat in the spring; in marshy countries, sheds hoofs, too. Hoofs hard, but requiring to be shod with iron. Age known by marks in mouth. Now girl number twenty, you know what a horse is

Sissy curtsseys, blushing.

(Excerpt from The Sound and the Fury by William Faulkner)

Caddy comes to her brother Jason in an attempt to see her teenaged child, Quentin, who was taken away from her as a baby.

CADDY

All right. How much?

JASON

Well, if one look through a hack window was worth a hundred...

CADDY

I know they have Mother's indorsement on them. But I want to see the bank statement. I want to see myself where those checks go.

JASON

That's in Mother's private business. If you think you have any right to pry into her private affairs I'll tell her you believe those checks are being misappropriated and you want an audit because you don't trust her.

CADDY

(whispering)

Damn you oh damn you oh damn you

JASON

Say it out. I don't reckon it's any secret what you and I think of one another. Maybe you want the money back

CADDY

Listen, Jason. Don't lie to me now. About her. I won't ask to see anything. If that isn't enough, I'll send more each month. Just promise that she'll--that she--You can do that. Things for her. Be kind to her. Little things that I can't, they won't let...But you won't. You never had a drop of warm blood in you. Listen. If you'll get Mother to let me have her back, I'll give you a thousand dollars.

JASON

You haven't got a thousand dollars.
I know you're lying now.

CADDY

Yes I have. I will have. I can get
it.

JASON

And I know how you'll get it.
You'll get it the same way you got
her. And when she gets big enough--

(He recoils, thinking she's going to hit him)

CADDY

Oh, I'm crazy. I'm insane. I can't
take her. Keep her. What am I
thinking of.

Jason.

(grabbing his arm, hands hot
as a fever)

You'll have to promise to take care
of her, to--She's kin to you; your
own flesh and blood. Promise,
Jason. You have Father's name; do
you think I'd have to ask him
twice? Once, even?

JASON

That's so. He did leave me
something. What do you want me to
do. Buy an apron and a go-cart? I
never got you into this.