

Monologues from Remember the Titans

Coach Boone: Anybody know what this place is? This is Gettysburg. This is where they fought the battle of Gettysburg. Fifty thousand men died right here on this field, fighting the same fight that we're still fighting amongst ourselves.....today. This green field right here was painted red, bubbling with the blood of young boys. Smoke and hot lead pouring right through their bodies. Listen to their souls, man. 'I killed my brother with malice in my heart. Hatred destroyed my family.' You listen and take a lesson from the dead. If we don't come together right now, on this hallowed ground, we too will be destroyed just like they were.

I don't care if you don't like each other, but you will respect each other. I don't know, maybe we'll learn to play this game like men.

Coach Boone: I'm not going to talk to you tonight about winning and losing. You're all winners because you didn't kill each other up at camp. Tonight we got Hayfield. Like all the other schools in this conference, they're all white. They don't have to worry about race. We do. But we're better for it, men. Let me tell you something -- you don't let anything, nothing come between us. Nothing tears us apart.

In Greek mythology the Titans were greater even than the gods. They ruled their universe with absolute power. Well, that football field out there tonight, that's our universe. Let's rule it like Titans!

Coach Boone: Bunch of tough guys. You look like a bunch of fifth grade sissies after a cat fight. You got anger? That's good, you going to need it. Son, you got aggression? That's even better. You going to need that to. But any little two year old child can throw a fit. Football is about controlling that anger. Harnissing that aggression into a team effort to achieve perfection. Some coaches cut a player if they think he's not up to snuff, when they think he's hurting the team. This is a public school program. I will never, ever cut a player who comes out to play for me, but when you put that titan uniform, you better come to work. We will be perfect in every aspect of the game. You drop a pass, you run a mile. You miss a blocking assignment, you run a mile. You fumble the football and I will break my foot off in your john-brown hind parts, and then, you will run a mile. Perfection! . . . Let's go to work.