

Name: _____ Date: _____

In the Time of the Butterflies

Determining Dialogue in a Rewritten Scene

Strong Dialogue	Weak Dialogue
• Sounds realistic • Incorporates a character's tone • Shows emotions, instead of stating emotions • Reveals something about a character (motivation, values, voice, etc.) • Engaging	• Sounds robotic • Toneless • States emotions, instead of showing emotion • Lacks purpose • Boring

Directions: Annotate the excerpt for dialogue to cut, keep, or add.

- Mark an "X" next to dialogue that will be cut from the rewritten scene.
- Mark a star next to dialogue that will be kept in the rewritten scene.
- Mark a plus sign (+) where new dialogue will be added in the rewritten scene.

Excerpt from *In the Time of the Butterflies* by Julia Alvarez (page 295)

I paced back and forth in front of the phone the way one does to remind someone ahead that others are waiting. But neither Mamá nor Dedé could know that I was waiting for them to get off the line.

"Still busy, " I came back and told my sisters.

Mate picked up her new purse and mine from the extra chair. "Sit with us, come on." But I couldn't see how I could sit. I guess it was getting to me, listening to everyone's worries.

"Give it another five minutes, " Patria suggested. It seemed reasonable enough. In five minutes whoever was on would be off the line. If not, it was a sure sign that one of the children had left the phone off the hook and who knew when Tono or Fela would discover it.

Rufino leaned against the back of the Jeep, his arms crossed. Every so often, he'd look up at the sky—checking the time.

"I think maybe I will have a beer, " I said at last.

"¡Epa!" Mate said. She was drinking her lemonade through a straw, daintily like a girl, trying to make the sweet pleasure last. We would be stopping at least once more on the road. I could see that.

"Rufino, can I get you one?" He looked away, a sign that indeed he would like a cold beer but was too shy to say so. Off I went to the bar for our two Presidentes. I tried the number again while the obliging proprietor dug up his two coldest ones from the bottom of the deep freeze.

"Still busy, " I told our little table when I got back.

"Minerva!" Patria shook her head. "That wasn't five minutes."