

Female Monologues

THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK

By Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett

Anne:

Look, Peter, the sky. (*She looks up through the skylight.*) What a lovely, lovely day! Aren't the clouds beautiful? You know what I do when it seems as if I couldn't stand being cooped up for one more minute? I think myself out. I think myself on a walk in the park where I used to go with Pim. Where the jonquils and the crocus and the violets grow down the slopes. You know the most wonderful thing about thinking yourself out? You can have it any way you like. You can have roses and violets and chrysanthemums all blooming at the same time.....it's funny.....I used to take it all for granted.....and now I've gone crazy about everything to do with nature. Haven't you?.....I wish you had a religion, Peter.....Oh, I don't mean you have to be Orthodox.....or believe in heaven and hell and purgatory and things.....I just mean some religion.....it doesn't matter what. Just to believe in something! When I think of all that's out there.....the trees.....and flowers.....and seagulls.....When I think of the dearness of you, Peter.....and the goodness of the people we know.....al risking their lives for us every day.....When I think of these good things, I'm not afraid anymore.....I find myself, and God, and I.....

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

By William Shakespeare

Helena:

How happy some o'er other some can be!
 Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
 But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
 He will not know what all but he do know:
 And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
 So I, admiring of his qualities:
 Things base and vile, folding no quantity,
 Love can transpose to form and dignity:
 Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
 And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:
 Nor hath Love's mind of any judgement taste;
 Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste:
 And therefore is Love said to be a child,
 Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.
 As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
 So the boy Love is perjured every where:
 For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,
 He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine;
 And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
 So he dissolved, and showers of oaths did melt.
 I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
 Then to the wood will he to-morrow night
 Pursue her; and for this intelligence
 If I have thanks, it is a dear expense:
 But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
 To have his sight thither and back again.

SAINT JOAN

By George Bernard Shaw

Joan:

Yes: they told me you were fools, and that I was not to listen to your fine words nor trust to your charity. You promised me my life; but you lied. You think that life is nothing but not being stone dead. It is not the bread and water I fear: I can live on bread: when have I asked for more? It is no hardship to drink water if the water be clean. Bread has no sorrow for me, and water no affliction. But to shut me from the light of the sky and the sight of the fields and flowers; to chain my feet so that I can never again ride with the soldiers nor climb the hills; to make me breathe foul damp darkness, and keep from me everything that brings me back to the love of God when your wickedness and foolishness tempt me to hate Him: all this is worse than the furnace in the bible that was heated seven times. I could do without my warhorse; I could drag about in a skirt; I could let the banners and the trumpets and the knights and soldiers pass me and leave me behind as they leave the other women, if only I could still hear the wind in the trees, the larks in the sunshine, the young lambs crying through the healthy frost, and blessed blessed church bells that send my angel voices floating to me on the wind. But without these things I cannot live; and by your wanting to take them away from me, or from any human creature, I know that your counsel is of the devil, and that mine is of God.

TALKING WITH....

By Jane Martin

April:

(She stands centre stage wearing an outfit suitable for a baton twirler and stands holding a baton)

I started when I was six. Momma sawed off a broom handle, and Uncle Carbo slapped some sort of silver paint, well, gray really, on it and I went down in the basement and twirled. Later on, Momma hit the daily double on horses named Spin Dry and Silver Revolver and she said that was a sign so she gave me lessons at the Dainty Deb Dance Studio where the lady, Miss Aurelia, taught some twirling on the side.

I won the Ohio Juniors title when I was six and the Midwest Young Adult Division three years later and then in high school I finished fourth in the nationals. Momma and I wore look-alike Statue of Liberty costumes that she had to send clear to Nebraska to get and Daddy was there in a t-shirt with my name, April. My first name is April and my last name is March. There were four thousand people there, and when they yelled my name golden balloons fell out of the ceiling. Nobody, not even Charlene Ann Morrisison, ever finished fourth at my age.

Oh, I've flown high and know tragedy both. My daddy says it's put spirit in my soul and steal in my heart. My left hand was crushed in a riding accident by a horse named Big Blood Red, and though I came back to twirl I couldn't do it at the highest level. That was denied me by Big Blood Red, who clipped my wings. You mustn't pity me though. Oh, by no means! Being denied showed me the way, showed me the glory that sits inside life where you can't see it.

Male Monologues**ORDINARY PEOPLE**

By Judith Guest

Conrad:

The walls are polished gray, like the inside of a galvanized pail. It's lit, so I can see, but I can't see far because it turns. But every time I make the turn, the tunnel just goes on. No end in sight, only the dimensions have shrunk. The further I walk, the more it keeps shrinking, until I can reach out and touch the walls and the ceiling. They're cold and empty. No paint. No wires. Where does the light come from, I wonder? My legs ache so I kneel down to rest. But I can't get up. The tunnel's shrunk again. I'm on my hands and knees, moving forward, bumping my head. It gets darker, harder to see. I crawl on my stomach. I'm tired. I don't want to go on. I rest my head on the ground. It's sand. I close my eyes, but when I open them, it's black. No light. I want to back up, get out. But there's a wall there now. I can feel it with my feet. And my head bumps the ceiling and a wall in front of me. I can't move my hands to the side. It's a tomb, see, a metal tomb, and the more I move, the tighter it closes me in. And then, the air's gone! I can't breathe. I'm twisting and fighting to get out, but I can't breathe! And then I scream. I always scream out loud. And that wakes me up, see? And then It's over. (*He looks at BERGER as he waits for a response. There is no response.*) Well?

ROMEO AND JULIET

By William Shakespeare

Romeo:

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.
(*JULIET appears above at a window*)
But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.
It is my lady, O, it is my love!
O, that she knew she were!
She speaks yet she says nothing: what of that?
Her eye discourses; I will answer it.
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

HARVEY

By Mary Chase

Elwood:

Excuse me a moment. I have to answer the phone. Make yourself comfortable, Harvey. Hello. Oh you've got the wrong number. But how are you, anyway? This is Elwood P. Dowd speaking. I'll do? Well, thank you. And what is your name, my dear? Miss Elsie Greenawalt? *(To chair.)* Harvey it's a Miss Elsie Greenawalt. How are you today, Miss Greenawalt? That's fine. Yes, my dear. I would be happy to join your club. I belong to several clubs now—the University Club, the Country Club and the Pinochle Club at the Fourth Avenue Firehouse. I spend a good deal of my time there, or at Charlie's Place, or over at Eddie's Bar. And what is your club, Miss Greenawalt? *(He listens-then turns to the empty chair)* Harvey, I get the Ladies Home Journal, Good Housekeeping and the Open Road for Boys for two years for six twenty-five. *(Back to phone.)* It sounds fine to me. I'll join it. *(To chair.)* How does it sound to you, Harvey? *(Back to phone.)* Harvey says it sounds fine to him also, Miss Greenawalt. He says he will join, too. Yes—two subscriptions. Mail everything to this address...I hope I will have the pleasure of meeting you some time, my dear. Harvey, she says she would like to meet me. When? When would you like to meet me, Miss Greenawalt? Why not right now? My sister seems to be having a few friends in and we would consider it an honor if you would come and join us. My sister will be delighted. 343 Temple Drive – I hope to see you in a very few minutes. Goodbye, my dear. *(Hangs up.)* She's coming right over. Harvey, do you think we'd better freshen up? Yes, so do I.

BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS

By Neil Simon

Eugene:

(Writing, says aloud) "That's-what-they-have-gutters-for" . . . *(To the audience)* If my mother knew I was writing all this down, she would stuff me like one of her chickens ... I'd better explain what she meant by Aunt Blanche's "situation." You see, her husband, Uncle Dave, died six years ago from *(He looks around)* this thing . . . They never say the word. They always whisper it. It was *(He whispers)*—cancer! I think they're afraid if they said it out loud, God would say, "I HEARD THAT! YOU SAID THE DREAD DISEASE!" *(He points his finger down)* JUST FOR THAT, I SMITE YOU DOWN WITH IT!!" . . . There are some things that grownups just won't discuss. For example, my grandfather. He died from *(He whispers)*—diphtheria! Anyway, after Uncle Dave died, he left Aunt Blanche with no money. Not even insurance. And she couldn't support herself because she has *(He whispers)*—asthma ... So my big-hearted mother insisted we take her and her kids in to live with us. So they broke up our room into two small rooms, and me and my brother Stan live on this side, and Laurie and her sister Nora live on the other side. My father thought it would just be temporary, but it's been three and a half years so far and I think because of Aunt Blanche's situation, my father is developing *(He whispers)*—high blood pressure! *(He resumes his writing)*