

FEMALE MONOLOGUES

P. 1

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

ALICE: [Angrily] Why, how impolite of him. I asked him a civil question, and he pretended not to hear me. That's not at all nice. [Calling after him] I say, Mr. White Rabbit, where are you going? Hmm. He won't answer me. And I do so want to know what he is late for. I wonder if I might follow him. Why not? There's no rule that I mayn't go where I please. I--I will follow him. Wait for me, Mr. White Rabbit. I'm coming, too! [Falling] How curious. I never realized that rabbit holes were so dark . . . and so long . . . and so empty. I believe I have been falling for five minutes, and I still can't see the bottom! Hmph!. . . . After such a fall as this, I shall think nothing of tumbling downstairs. How brave they'll all think me at home. Why, I wouldn't say anything about it even if I fell off the top of the house! I wonder how many miles I've fallen by this time. I must be getting somewhere near the center of the earth. I wonder if I shall fall right through the earth! How funny that would be. Oh, I think I see the bottom. Yes, I'm sure I see the bottom. I shall hit the bottom, hit it very hard, and oh, how it will hurt!

THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK

ANNE: Sometimes I see myself alone in a dungeon, without Father and Mother, or I'm roaming the streets, or the Annex is on fire, or they come in the middle of the night to take us away, and I know it could all happen soon. I see the eight of us in the Annex as if we were a patch of blue sky threatened by menacing black clouds. We're surrounded by darkness and danger, and in our desperate search for a way out we keep bumping into each other. We look at the fighting below and the peace and beauty above, but we're cut off by the dark mass of clouds and can go neither up nor down. It looms before us, an impenetrable wall. I can only cry out and implore, "Open wide. Let us out!"

THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK

ANNE: The sun is shining, the sky a deep blue, there's a magnificent breeze, and I'm longing — so longing — for everything! I walk from room to room, breathe through the crack in the window frame, feel my heart beating as if to say, "Can't you fulfill this longing at last?" I long for every boy, and to Peter I want to shout, "Say something, don't just smile at me all the time, touch me, so I can get that delicious feeling inside." I feel spring within me, I feel spring awakening, I feel it in my entire body and soul. I'm utterly confused, don't know what to read, to write, to do. I only know ... I am longing..

FEMALE MONOLOGUES

P. 2

YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN

SALLY: A 'C'? A 'C'? I got a 'C' on my coathanger sculpture? How could anyone get a 'C' in coathanger sculpture? May I ask a question? Was I judged on the piece of sculpture itself? If so, is it not true that time alone can judge a work of art? Or was I judged on my talent? If so, is it fair that I be judged on a part of my life over which I have no control? If I was judged on my effort, then I was judged unfairly, for I tried as hard as I could! Was I judged on what I had learned about this project? If so, then were not you, my teacher, also being judged on your ability to transmit your knowledge to me? Are you willing to share my 'C'? Perhaps I was being judged on the quality of coathanger itself out of which my creation was made...now is this not also unfair? Am I to be judged by the quality of coathangers that are used by the drycleaning establishment that returns our garments? Is that not the responsibility of my parents? Should they not share my 'C'?

OUR TOWN

EMILY: I don't like the whole change that's come over you in the last year. I'm sorry if that hurts your feelings, but I've got to- tell the truth and shame the devil. Up to a year ago I used to like you a lot. And I used to watch you as you did everything? because we'd been friends so long? and then you began spending all your time at baseball? and you never stopped to speak to anybody any more. Not even to your own family you didn't? and, George, it's a fact, you've got awful concieted and stuck up, and all the girls say so. They may not say so to your face, but that's what they say about you behind your back, and it hurts me to hear them say it, but I've got to agree with them a little. I'm sorry if it hurts your feelings? but I cant be sorry I said it.

A RAISIN IN THE SUN

BENEATHA: When I was very small...we used to take our sleds out in the wintertime and the only hills we had were the ice covered stone steps of some houses down the street. And we used to fill them in with snow and make them smooth and slide down them all day...and it was very dangerous you know...far too steep...and sure enough one day a kid named Rufus came down too fast and hit the sidewalk...and we saw his face just split open right there in front of us...and I remember standing there looking at his bloody open face thinking that was the end of Rufus. But the ambulance came and they took him to the hospital and they fixed the broken bones and they sewed it all up...and the next time I saw Rufus he just had a little line down the middle of his face...I never got over that...

MALE MONOLOGUES

P. 1

YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN

I'm sorry to have to say it to your face, Lucy, but it's true. You're a very crabby person. I know your crabbiness has probably become so natural to you now that you're not even aware when you're being crabby, but it's true just the same. You're a very crabby person and you're crabby to just about everyone you meet. Now I hope you don't mind my saying this, Lucy, and I hope you're take it in the spirit that it's meant. I think we should be very open to any opportunity to learn more about ourselves. I think Socrates was very right when he said that one of the first rules for anyone in life is 'Know Thyself'. Well, I guess I've said about enough. I hope I haven't offended you or anything. (**awkward exit**)

OUR TOWN

GEORGE: I'm celebrating because I've got a friend who tells me all the things that ought to be told me. I'm glad you spoke to me like you did. But you'll see. I'm going to change. And Emily, I want to ask you a favor. Emily, if I go away to State Agricultural College next year, will you write me a letter? The day wouldn't come when I wouldn't want to know everything about our town. Y' know, Emily, whenever I meet a farmer I ask him if he thinks it's important to go to Agricultural School to be a good farmer. And some of them say it's even a waste of time. And like you say, being gone all that time – in other places, and meeting other people. I guess new people probably aren't any better than old ones. Emily – I feel that you're as good a friend as I've got. I don't need to go and meet the people in other towns. Emily, I'm going to make up my mind right now – I won't go. I'll tell Pa about it tonight.

BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS

EUGENE : (to audience) I guess there comes a time in everybody's life when you say, "This very moment is the end of my childhood." When Stanley left to join the Army, I knew that moment had come to me . . . I was scared. I was lonely. And I hated my mother and father for making him so unhappy. Even if they were right, I still hated them . . . I even hated Stanley a little because he left me there to grow up all by myself. And I hated my mother for leaving Stanley's name out when she called us for dinner. I don't think parents really know how cruel they can be sometimes . . . (a beat) At dinner I tried to tell them that Stanley left but I just couldn't get the words out . . . I left the table without even having my ice cream . . . If it was suffering I was after, I was beginning to learn about it.

ALL MY SONS

CHRIS: You remember, overseas, I was in command of a company? . . . Well, I lost them. . . Just about all. . . It takes a little time to toss that off. Because they weren't just men. For instance, one time it'd been raining several days and this kid came to me, and gave me his last pair of dry socks. Put them in my pocket. That's only a little thing . . . but . . . that's the kind of guys I had. They didn't die; they killed themselves for each other. I mean that exactly; a little more selfish and they'd've been here today. And I got an idea - watching them go down. Everything was being destroyed, see, but it seemed to me that one new thing was made. A kind of . . . responsibility. Man for man. You understand me? - To show that, to bring that on to the earth again like some kind of a monument and everyone would feel it standing there, behind him, and it would make a difference to him. . . . And then I came home and it was incredible. I . . . there was no meaning in it here; the whole thing to them was a kind of a - bus accident. I went to work with Dad, and that rat-race again. I felt . . . what you said . . . ashamed somehow. Because nobody was changed at all.