

FEMALE MONOLOGES

You **MUST** memorize the **COMEDY** monologue AND pick **ONE (1)** of the three (3) **DRAMA** monologues. They **MUST** be scored and memorized.

COMEDY

Boeing Boeing

By Marc Camoletti

GRETCHEN: You can't realize how marvelous it is to be back. It seems ages since I've seen him. Though I think of him all the time. In Melbourne. In Ankara, In Colombo. I am always dreaming of our little flat, and my Bernard sitting here all alone thinking of me. And when we're up about nineteen or twenty thousand feet, roaring away at six hundred miles an hour, and if I've nothing special to do, do you know I creep back into the luggage hold. I'm all alone there, you see. And I look out of the porthole and stare at the stars dancing and moon out there in the sky. And I say to myself that my Bernard is looking at them too. And I feel as though we are looking into each other's eyes across the layers of planets and meteorites and the nebulae. I'm madly romantic, you see.

DRAMA

The Crucible

By Arthur Miller

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS: I never knew it before. I never knew anything before. When she come into the court I say to myself, I must not accuse this woman, for she sleeps in ditches, and so very old and poor. But then--then she sit there, denying and denying, and I feel a misty coldness climbin' up my back, and the skin on my skull begin to creep, and I feel a clamp around my neck and I cannot breathe air; and then--*entranced*--I hear a voice, a screamin' voice, and it were my voice--and all at once I remembered everything she done to me! [...] So many times, Mr. Proctor, she come to this very door, beggin' bread and a cup of cider--and mark this: whenever I turned her away empty, *she mumbled*. [...] But *what* does she mumble? You must remember, Goody Proctor. Last month--a Monday, I think--she walked away, and I thought my guts would burst for two days after. Do you remember it? [...] And so I told that to Judge Hathorne, and he asks her so. "Sarah Good," says he, "what curse do you mumble that this girl must fall sick after turning you away?" And then she replies (mimicking an old crone) "Why, your excellence, no curse at all. I only say my commandments; I hope I may say my commandments," says she! [...] Then Judge Hathorne say, "Recite for us your commandments!" And of all the ten she could not say a single one. She never knew no commandments, and they had her in a flat lie!

DRAMA

Angels in America

By Tony Kushner

HARPER: Night flight to San Francisco. Chase the moon across America. God! It's been years since I was on a plane. When we hit 35,000 feet we'll have reached the tropopause, the great belt of calm air. As close as I'll ever get to the ozone. I dreamed we were there. The plane leapt the tropopause, the safe air and attained the outer rim, the ozone which was ragged and torn, patches of it threadbare as old cheesecloth, and that was frightening. But I saw something only I could see because of my astonishing ability to see such things. Souls were rising, from the earth far below, souls of the dead of people who'd perished from famine, from war, from the plague, and they floated up like skydivers in reverse, limbs all akimbo, wheeling and spinning. And the souls of these departed joined hands, clasped ankles and formed a web, a great net of souls. And the souls were three-atom oxygen molecules of the stuff of ozone, and the outer rim absorbed them, and was repaired. Nothing's lost forever. In this world, there is a kind of painful progress. Longing for what we've left behind, and dreaming ahead. At least I think that's so.

DRAMA

Rabbit Hole

By David Lindsay-Abaire

BECCA: Do you really not know me, Howie? Do you really not know how utterly impossible that would be? To erase him? No matter how many things I give to charity, or how many art projects I box up, do you really think I don't see him every second of every day? And okay, I'm trying to make things a little easier on myself by hiding some of the photos, and giving away the clothes, but that does not mean I'm trying to erase him. That tape was an accident. And believe me, I will beat myself up about it forever, I'm sure. Like everything else that I could've prevented but didn't. [...] It feels like I don't feel bad enough for you. I'm not mourning enough for your taste. [...] Or mourning in the right way. But let me just say, Howie, that I am mourning as much as you are. And my grief is just as real and awful as yours. [...] You're not in a better place than I am, you're just in a different place. And that sucks that we can't be there for each other right now, but that's just the way it is. [...] You don't wanna let go of it. I understand, Howie.