**Female Spring Final Exam Monologues**

**Emily**-**Our Town by Thornton Wilder** I’m not mad at you. But, since you ask me, I might as well say it right out, George. Oh goodbye, Mrs. Corcoran. 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 just got to – tell the truth and shame the devil. Well up to a year ago, I used to like you a lot. And I used to watch you while 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 anyone anymore – not to really speak – not even to your own family, you didn’t. And George, it’s a fact – ever since you’ve been elected captain, you’ve got awful stuck up and conceited, and all the girls say so. And it hurts me to hear ‘em say it; but I got to agree with ‘em a little, because it’s true. I always expect a man to be perfect and I think he should be. Well, my father is. And as far as I can see, your father is. There’s no reason on earth why you shouldn’t be to.

**Emily**- **Our Town by Thornton Wilder** (Softly, more in wonder than in grief) I can't bear it. They're so young and beautiful. Why did they ever have to get old? Mama, I'm here. I'm grown up. I love you all, everything. I can’t look at everything hard enough. (Pause, talking to her mother who does not hear her. She speaks with mounting urgency) Oh, Mama, just look at me one minute as though you really saw me. Mama, fourteen years have gone by. I'm dead. You're a grandmother, Mama. I married George Gibbs, Mama. Wally's dead, too. Mama, his appendix burst on a camping trip to North Conway. We felt just terrible about it - don't you remember? But, just for a moment now we're all together. Mama, just for a moment we're happy. Let's look at one another. I can't. I can't go on. It goes so fast. We don't have time to look at one another. I didn't realize. All that was going on in life and we never noticed. Take me back - up the hill - to my grave. But first: Wait! One more look. Good-bye, Good-bye, world. Good-bye, Grover's Corners? Mama and Papa. Good-bye to clocks ticking and Mama's sunflowers. And food and coffee. And new-ironed dresses and hot baths. And sleeping and waking up. Oh, earth, you're too wonderful for anybody to realize you. Do any human beings ever realize life while they live it? - every, every minute.

**Anne- Diary of Anne Frank by Anne Frank** - 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. You know the most wonderful part 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? (Softly) 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. When I think of the dearness of you, Peter. And the goodness of people we know, all risking their lives for us every day. When I think of these good things, I'm not afraid any more. We're not the only people that've had to suffer. There've always been people that've had to. Sometimes one race, sometimes another, and yet...I know it's terrible, trying to have any faith when people are doing such horrible things, but you know what I sometimes think? I think the world may be going through a phase, the way I was with Mother. It'll pass, maybe not for hundreds of years, but someday I still believe, in spite of everything, that people are really good at heart.

**Beneatha-A Raisin in the Sun by Lorraine Hansberry** - Me?... Me?... Me, I'm nothing... Me. 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 house 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. That that was what one person could do for another, fix him up--- sew up the problem, make him all right again. That was the most marvelous thing in the world... I wanted to do that. I always thought it was the one concrete thing in the world that a human being could do. Fix up the sick, you know--- and make them whole again. This was truly being God. No—I wanted to cure. It used to be so important to me. I wanted to cure. It used to matter. I used to care. I mean about people and how their bodies hurt…

**Helena- Love’s Labours Lost by William Shakespeare (Act V, Scene 2)** O, were that all! I think not on my father And these great tears grace his remembrance more Than those I shed for him. What was he like? I have forgot him; my imagination Carries no favour in’t but Bertram’s I am undone: there is no living, none, If Bertram be away. ‘Twere all one That I should love a bright particular star And think to wed it, he is so far above me: In his bright radiance and collateral light Must I be comforted, not in his sphere. The ambition in my love thus plagues itself: The hind that would be mated by the lion Must die for love.

**Adriana- Comedy of Errors by William Shakespeare (Act II, Scene 1)** His company must do his minions grace Whilst I at home starve for a merry look. Hath homely age th’alluring beauty took From my poor cheek? Then he hath wasted it. Are my discourses dull? Barren my wit? If voluble and sharp discourse be marr’d, Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard. Do their gay vestments his affections bait? That’s not my fault, he’s master of my state. What ruins are in my that can be found By him not ruin’d? Then he is the ground Of my defeatures; my decayed fair A sunny look of his would soon repair; But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale And feeds from home, poor I am but his stale.

**Hermia- A Midsummer Night’s Dream by William Shakespeare (Act II, Scene 2)** Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast! Ay me, for pity, what a dream was here! Lysander, look how I do quake with fear! Methought a serpent eat my heart away And you sat smiling at his cruel prey. Lysander! what, removed? Lysander! Lord! What, out of hearing? Gone? No sound, no word? Alack, where are you? Speak, and if you hear. Speak, of all loves! I swoon almost with fear. No? Then I well perceive you are not nigh. Either death or you I’ll find immediately.