

## **GRADE 9 - FEMALE ROLE MONOLOGUE 2019-2020**

**FOR YOUR AUDITION, SELECT ONE (1)  
OF THE FOLLOWING FOUR (4) SELECTIONS:**

### **SELECTION #1: THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK**

*(This play is adapted from the diary kept by Anne Frank as she and her family hid from the Nazis in Amsterdam during World War II. In 1942, eight Jews – the Franks, the Van Daans and Dr. Dussel, a dentist – sought asylum in the attic of a warehouse belonging to Mr. Frank's firm. These hunted people lived together for two years, depending on four former employees of Mr. Frank for food and necessities. Anne began her diary at the age of 13, and has given the world a tender, beautiful document about a girl growing up and the human spirit under terrible adversity.*

*The following monologue is from a scene near the very end of the play. Peter Van Daan, a quiet and unhappy seventeen-year-old, has just rushed into his little room in despair. Anne, displaying a developing maturity, is trying to console him. It is the last time they are together for the scene immediately precedes the entrance of the Nazis).*

ANNE:

Look, Peter, the sky. *(She looks up through 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?

OR.....

### **SELECTION #2: MOTHER TONGUE *By Betty Quan***

**MIMI** *(Mimi recounts a dream involving the disappearance of her father)*

Sometimes when I dream, I dream in Chinese. Not the pidgin Chinese I've developed, but the fluent, flowing language my father used to coo as he walked with me, hand in hand. There is this one dream. I am walking with my father in the alleyway behind our house. I am seven years old. This is just before my father....before.... My father and I are holding hands. In perfect Cantonese we talk about the snow peas in the garden that are ready for picking. Father doesn't know it, but for the past week I've been hiding amongst the staked vines, in the green light, gorging on snow peas until there can't be any more left. I'm about to tell him this – air my confession – when we come across a large kitchen table propped against the side of the garage. “A race, my little jingwei” my father says. “I'll go through the tunnel and we'll see which way is faster. One, two, three, GO!” We run; him in the tunnel, me on the gravel. I finish first and wait, expecting to meet him and rejoin hands. But he doesn't come out of the shadows. My extended hand is empty. I wait and wait and wait. I start screaming, (in Chinese) “Father: Father! Come back: Please come back! Father! *(in English)* And then, I wake up.

OR....

**SELECTION #3: SPARKS IN THE PARK** *By Nobel Mason Smith*

*(A young poet is writing a play for a competition and he/she has writer's block)*

All right. Give me a break. I really think I'm going insane. Do you want to know why I'm going insane? Well, I'll tell you anyway. It's all because of this. Can you read it? It says, "Write a play and see it produced by two professionals in New York City in America's Annual Young Playwrights Festival". Pretty neat. My English teacher gave it to me just before school was out for the summer. This thing has been like a curse. It's killing me. Don't get me wrong. It's not like I have to do this or anything. It's just become like a quest. I always thought...hey, I could write a play. I mean...listen. I have been to so many bad plays in my life. Stupid, idiotic plays...plays that make you say, my gosh, what kind of madman wrote this?" And do you know why there are so many bad plays? BECAUSE THEY ARE IMPOSSIBLE TO WRITE!! I have been sitting in this stupid room all month. It's not that I don't have anything to say. That's just it. I have too much to say. I'm too incredibly smart. Write a play...write a play. Have you ever gone to a play and sat through about the first ten minutes, maybe even up to intermission, without have any idea what was going on? People are sitting around you laughing, or crying their brains out, and you're just sitting there thinking, "Gosh, my tongue hurts". What's worse is when you have to go to a play, one you really like, and they give it this completely moronic ending. I hate them. I have decided that I hate plays more than anything in the world. That's it. I give up. No more plays for me.

OR

**SELECTION #4: The Pied Piper** *by Robert Browning*

**Piper**

Good morning! Good grief! We haven't met, have we! Some folk call me – The Mystery Tramp. But they're wrong. This is just my Mystery Tramp disguise. As Mr. Robert Browning says in his famous poem:

I chiefly use my piping charm  
On creatures that do people harm,  
The mole and toad and newt and viper;  
And people call me – *(pauses to think)*

Yes, the Pied Piper. If people know who I really am, they bother me blue. "Please Mr. Piper, please, please, please! There's bugs in our rugs and lice in our rice and fleas all over Auntie Louise! Thing is, I'm tired to me teeth with pest control! I fancy retiring to a very comfortable mountain round here. Called the Koppelburg . . . Know anything about rats? I was more or less brought up with them. Kept a dozen pet rats when I was a lad ... Took 'em to school to keep teacher amused ... Bite me? Bless me, of course they did. It's in the nature of your rat to bite ... Some were bad and none of them good. The barn rat's not so grisly, he's a plump little fellow, living off top of the wheat and dairymilk. He gives you a nice clean little nip. But your sewer rat, he's a different kettle of germs, he is. Nastly class of bite, three-cornered bite, bleeds for ever such a long time ... Can I rid Hamelin of rats? ... Yes – easy as pie ... You'll have no rat's tomorrow ... Fifty quid cash, is that fair? ... One thousand golden pounds - ... In a silken purse? Right, if that's the going rate I won't say no, on account of me being poor ... It's a deal.