

## GRADE 10-12 - FEMALE MONOLOGUE 2019-2020

FOR YOUR AUDITION, SELECT ONE (1)  
OF THE FOLLOWING TWO (2) MONOLOGUES:

### MONOLOGUE #1 GOODNIGHT, DESDEMONA (GOOD MORNING, JULIET)

*By Ann- Marie Macdonald*

**CONSTANCE** (breaking the fourth wall)

Boy, Shakespeare really watered her down, eh? ...  
I wish I were more like Desdemona.  
Next to her I'm just a little wimp.  
It's true: people've always made a fool of me  
without even knowing. Gullible.  
That's me. Old Connie. Good sport. Big joke. Ha.  
Just like that time at recess in grade five:  
a gang of bully girls comes up to me.  
Their arms are linked, they're chanting as they march,  
'Hey. Hey. Get outta my way!  
I just got back from the I.G.A.!'  
I'm terrified. They pin me down,  
and force me to eat a dog – tongue sandwich.  
I now know it was only ham...  
O, what would Desdemona do to Claude,  
Had she *the motive and the cue for passion*  
*that I have?* She would drown all Queen's with blood,  
and cleave Claude Night's two typing fingers from  
his guilty hands. She'd wrap them in a box  
of choc'lates and present them to Ramona.  
She'd kill him in cold blood and in blank verse,  
then smear the ivied walls in scarlet letters spelling 'thief!'

O Vengeance!!!

OR

### MONOLOGUE #2: SAINT JOAN By George Bernard Shaw

*(The story of Joan of Arc, the illiterate teenage girl who hears voices and leads soldiers into battle, is legendary. But this play does not romanticize her or present her only as a courageous visionary. Instead, the play shows Joan as a girl who wants to lead a man's life, a girl too young to understand tact and, yet, old enough to be shrewd. The author portrays Joan's enemies not as villains, but as men convinced that they are doing the right thing.*

*The setting of the play is fifteenth-century France. The following monologue takes place on May 30, 1431, at Rouen in the great stone hall of the castle. The hall has been arranged for a trial-at-law, rather than a trial-by-jury. Joan, chained by the ankles, has just been told by her inquisitors that instead of being burned at the stake for heresy, she will be imprisoned for life).*

**JOAN**

Yes: they told me you were fools (*the word gives great offence*), and that I was not to listen to your fine words nor trust to your charity. You promised me my life; but you lied (*indignant exclamations*). You think that life is nothing but not being stone dead. It is not 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 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 the 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.