
目录

GIRLS 女性角色	2
THE SEA GULL	2
THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE MOON MARIGOLDS	3
ANTIGONE	4
A RAISIN IN THE SUN	5
CRIMES OF THE HEART	6
THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE	7
FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE WHEN THE RAINBOW IS ENUF	8
BOYS 男性角色	10
THE CORN IS GREEN	10
SUMMERTREE	10
OH DAD, POOR DAD, MAMMA'S HUNG YOU IN THE CLOSET AND I'M FEELING SO SAD.....	12
BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE	13
HELLO OUT THERE.....	14

GIRLS 女性角色

THE SEA GULL *Anton Chekhov*

This lifelike and lovely play by one of the greatest dramatists of modern times made the Moscow Art Theatre famous in 1898. The play had been performed a year before and had been a failure then, under the influence of Constantin Stanislavsky, the performances became more subtle and realistic and the play, in turn, became an enormous success.

A group of people are staying at the estate of Peter Sorin. His sister, Madame Arkadina, an aging and flamboyant actress, is visiting with her entourage, which includes Trigorin, her current lover. Nina, a young girl who aspires to be an actress, is very much in love with Trigorin. She is eventually seduced by him, has a child, leaves him, and becomes an actress, albeit second-rate. She turns to the estate briefly and in the following monologue talks to Trepleff, a young writer who loves her. She had changed and reveals herself no longer innocent, optimistic, or happy.

. . .

NINA.

Why do you say you kiss the ground I walk on? I ought to be killed. (*Bends over desk*) I'm so tired. If I could rest...rest. I'm a sea gull. No, that's not it. I'm an actress. Well, no matter.... (*Hears ARKADINA and TRIGORIN laughing in the dining room. She listens, runs to the door on the left and peeps through thy keyhole*) And he's here too. (*Goes to TREPLEFF*) Well, no matter. He didn't believe in the theatre, all my dreams he'd laugh at, and little by little I quit believing in it myself, and lost heart. And there was the strain of love, jealousy, constant anxiety about my little baby. I got to be small and trashy, and played without thinking. I didn't know what to do with my hand, couldn't stand properly on the stage, couldn't control my voice. You can't imagine the feeling when you are acting and know it's dull. I'm a sea gull. No, that's not it. Do you remember, you shot a sea gull? A man comes by chance, sees it, and out of nothing else to do, destroys it. That's not it... (*Puts her hand to her forehead*) What was I... I was talking about the stage. Now I'm not like that. I'm a real actress, I act with delight, with rapture, I'm drunk when I'm not on the stage, and feel that I am beautiful. And now, ever since I've been here, I've kept walking about, kept walking and thinking, thinking and believing my soul grows stronger every day. Now I know, I understand, Kostya, that in our work... acting or writing... what matters is not fame, not glory, not what I used to dream about, it's how to endure, to bear my cross, and have faith. I have faith and it all doesn't hurt me so much, and when I think of my calling I'm not afraid of life.

THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE MOON MARIGOLDS

Paul Zindel

The touching play—which the author, in an introduction, infers is somewhat autobiographical - is essentially about a courageous, pathetic, and outrageous woman trying to keep her family and life afloat. Her family and life are as different from each other as possible. Ruth is a blatant flirt rebellious, and argumentative. Tillie is the student, fascinated by science and also sensitive to her eccentric mother's feelings. The following monologue opens the play, beginning with a musical recording in the dark.

. . .

(The lights go down slowly as music creeps in—a theme of lost children, the near misbegotten. From the blackness TILLIE'S VOICE speaks against the music.)

TILLIE'S VOICE.

He told me to look at my hand, for a part of it came from a star that exploded too long ago to imagine. This part of me was formed from a tongue of fire that screamed through the heavens until there was our sun. And this part of me—this tiny part of me—was on the sun when it itself exploded and whirled in a great storm until the planets came to be.

(Lights start in)

And this small part of me was then a whisper of the earth. When there was life, perhaps this part of me got lost in a fern that was crushed and covered until it was coal. And then it was a diamond millions of years later—it must have been a diamond as beautiful as the star from which it had first come.

Taking over from recorded voice.

Or perhaps this part of me became lost in a terrible beast, or became part of a huge bird that flew above the primeval swamps.

And he said this thing was so small—this part of me was so small it couldn't be seen—but it was there from the beginning of the world.

And he called this bit of me an atom. And when he wrote the word, I fell in love with it.

Atom.

Atom.

What a beautiful word.

ANTIGONE
Jean Anouilh

This version of the Greek classic was first produced in Paris in 1944. The old questions of conscience versus the law and the conflict between idealism and pragmatism have been with us since societies were first formed. They became especially pertinent during World War II when Jean Anouilh adapted the play. He did not fully modernize it, however, as the play still takes place in ancient Greece. Anouilh also retained many of the conventions of Greek tragedy, such as the use of the chorus. Antigone's uncle, the king of Thebes, has ordered that the body of her brother, Polynices, be left to rot because of his treachery against the crown. The king orders punishment of death for anyone attempting to give Polynices a true burial. But Antigone defies the king and his order. Ismene, the beautiful sister of Antigone, represents the viewpoint opposite Antigone's. She is the realist and is not willing to die for a cause. In this monologue, she tries to talk Antigone out of defying the king, not knowing that Antigone has already buried her brother.

. . .

ISMENE.

His mob will come running, howling as it runs. A thousand arms will seize our arms. A thousand breaths will breathe into our faces. Like one single pair of eyes, a thousand eyes will stare at us. We'll be driven in a tumbrel through their hatred, through the smell of them and their cruel, roaring laughter. We'll be dragged to the scaffold for torture, surrounded by guards with their idiot faces all bloated, their animal hands clean-washed for the sacrifice, their beefy eyes squinting as they stare at us. And we'll know that no shrieking and no begging will make them understand that we want to live, for they are like slaves who do exactly as they've been told, without caring about right or wrong. And we shall suffer, we shall feel pain rising in us until it becomes so unbearable that we *know* it must stop. But it won't stop; it will go on rising and rising, like a screaming voice. Oh, I can't, I can't, Antigone!

A RAISIN IN THE SUN

Lorraine Hansberry

This play, written in 1959, is set in Chicago's Southside "sometime between World War II and the Present." The title is taken from a poem by Langston Hughes, and the play itself is about a black family struggling to better itself in a hostile world. The following monologue is delivered by Beneatha, the headstrong and ambitious granddaughter. She is speaking to a young African student who is obviously interested in her. His few lines during this passage are deleted and marked by asterisks.

. . .

BENEATHA.

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 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...

* * *

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.

CRIMES OF THE HEART

Beth Henley

This is what some might call a “woman’s play” as it is about three sisters and written by a woman. The sisters have gathered at their family home for a reunion on the thirtieth birthday of the oldest sister, and they have an immediate crisis. The youngest, Babe, has just shot her husband, Zackery, after he discovered her with her friend, Willie Jay, a fifteen-year-old black boy.

. . .

BABE.

And we were just standing around on the back porch playing with Dog. Well, suddenly, Zackery comes from around the side of the house. And he startled me’ cause he’s supposed to be away at the office, and there he is coming from’ round the side of the house. Anyway, he says to Willie Jay, “Hey, boy, what are you doing back here?” And I said, “He’s not doing anything. You just go on home, Willie Jay! You just run right on home.” Well, before he can move, Zackery comes up and knocks him once right across the face and then shoves him down the porch steps, causing him to skin up his elbow real had on that hard concrete. Then he says, “Don’t you ever come around here again, or I’ll have them cut out your gizzard!” Well, Willie Hay starts crying, these tears come streaming down his face, then he gets up real quick and runs away with Dog following off after him. After that, I don’t remember much too clearly; let’s see... I went on into the living room, and I went right up to the davenport and opened the drawer where we keep the burglar gun... I took it out. Then I- I brought it up to my ear. That’s right. I put it right inside my ear. Why, I was gonna shoot off my own head! That’s what I was gonna do. Then I heard the back door slamming and suddenly, for some reason, I thought about mama... how she’d hung herself. And here I was about ready to shoot myself. Then I realized- that’s right I realized how I didn’t want to kill myself! And she- she probably didn’t want to kill herself! She wanted to kill him, and I wanted to kill him, too. I wanted to kill Zackery, not myself’ Cause I- I wanted to live! So I waited for him to come on into the living room. Then I held out the gun, and I pulled the trigger, aiming for his heart, but getting him in the stomach. *(After a pause.)* It’s funny that I really did that.

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE

William Saroyan

This is an unusual, lyrical play about an unconventional but loving family that lives happily in an old house near San Francisco. Agnes is the saintly daughter who has just met a boy at the library and is experiencing new emotions. In the following scene, she talks to her father, a poet and scientist. His lines, which are fondly supportive of her, are deleted and marked by asterisks, and some stage directions which are irrelevant to the monologue are also deleted. One line has been slightly altered for continuity and is marked by brackets.

Agnes

(AGNES turns slowly and sees him. She tries to smile-but the smile is full of sorrow) [What did I read at the Public Library?] The encyclopedia-about hummingbirds.

(Crossing up Left of table.) Yes, they can fly backwards. They're funny, too. They fight great big birds. *(Pause)* But I could have held ten doors for his one. *(Pause)* He was there first.

(By the doorway, leaning against the frame as she looks away.) The door's a big glass door that I never noticed before. And I never noticed before that with all the room in the world a space could still be made. If he wasn't waiting, he was there, with the space for me.

First we went out on the steps of the library, but we just stood *there*, too. We got in the way of some people who were in a hurry. About eleven of them. They didn't like us. *Both* of us. They turned around and looked at us. There were other people coming and going, too, and we were still in the way. When we got out of their way we were facing the same direction-we weren't facing each other. We were together.

I couldn't think of anything to say. I didn't think I'd be able to speak English even-and I suppose I didn't, after we *did* talk- what we said was so foolish.

(Kneeling at his left)

We could barely walk. He kept bumping into me and I kept bumping into him, and he kept saying excuse me and I kept saying oh that's alright.

We walked through the park and looked at everything together. It's not the same as looking at things alone.

We looked at the pigeons, as if they had just come down from the sky. As if there had never been birds before. As if they came to be with us.

Oh, they're beautiful. They know people. They live in buildings.

Oh, a sky full-a thousand, I guess. They circled around and around. He pointed at them and said pigeons. I knew they were pigeons, but when he said they were- I *liked* him. And I knew what he

meant, too.

FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE WHEN THE RAINBOW IS ENUF

Ntozake Shange

This unconventional and moving play is called a "choreopoem" by its author. Seven black women, each wearing a different color, move in dancelike motions and share their lives and feelings. The following is a humorous, sad, and difficult monologue by the Lady in Blue as she apparently addresses a man she once loved; she speaks directly to the audience.

Lady in Blue

one thing i dont need
is any more apologies
i got sorry greetin me at my front door
you can keep yrs
i dont know what to do wit em
they dont open doors
or bring the sun back
they dont make me happy
or get a morning paper
didn't nobody stop usin my tears to wash cars
cuz a sorry
i am simply tired
of collectin
i didn't know
i was so important toyou'
i'm gonna haveta throw some away
i cant get to the clothes in my closet
for alla the sorries
i'm gonna tack a sign to my door
leave a message by the phone
'if you called
to say yr sorry
call somebody
else
i don't use em anymore'
i let sorry/didn't meanta' & how cd i
know abt that
take a walk down a dark &
musty street in brooklyn
i'm gonna do exactly what i want to
& i wont be sorry for none of it

letta sorry soothe yr soul/i'm gonna soothe mine

you were always inconsistent

doin something & then bein sorry

beatin my heart to death

talkin bout you sorry

well

i will not call

i'm not going to be nice

i will raise my voice

& scream & holler

& break things & race the engine

& tell al yr secrets bout yrself to yr face

& i will list in detail everyone of

my wonderful lovers

& their ways

i will play oliver lake

loud

& i wont be sorry for none of it

i loved you on purpose

i was open on purpose

i still crave vulnerability & close talk

& i'm not even sorry bout you bein sorry

you can carry all the guilt & grime ya wanna

just dont give it to me

i cant use another sorry

next time

you should admit

you're mean/low-down/trifling

& no count straight out

steada bein sorry alla the time

enjoy bein yrself

BOYS 男性角色

THE CORN IS GREEN

Emlyn Williams

This is a dramatic and touching play that takes place in a small mining village in a remote Welsh countryside. The set is a large living room in a house which Englishwoman Miss Moffat has inherited and turned into a classroom. Miss Moffat discovers ability and creativity in young coal miner, Morgan, and tutors him with intense dedication. Morgan is alternately enthusiastic about learning and rebellious as he begins to feel that his education is alienating him from his community. The following is a conversation between student and teacher with Miss Moffat's lines deleted and marked by asterisks.

. . .

Morgan

I shall not need a nail file in the coal mine.

(Turns to her) I am going back to the coal mine. I do not want to learn Greek, nor to pronounce any long English words, nor to keep my hands clean.

Because...because *(leans over, both hands on table)* – I was born in a Welsh hayfield when my mother was helpin' with the harvest- and I always lived in a little house with no stairs, only a ladder-and now water- and until my brothers was killed I never sleep except three in a bed. I know that is terrible grammar but it is true.

The last two years I have not had no proper talk with English chaps in the mine because I was so busy keepin' this old grammar in its place. Tryin' to better myself...tryin' to better myself, the day and the night!

"Evans, write me an essay; Evans, get up and bow; Evans, what is a subjunctive?" My name is Morgan Evans, and my friends call me Morgan, and if there is anything gets on the wrong side of me it is callin' me Evans!...And do you know what they call me in the Village? The schoolmistress's little dog! What has it got to do with you if my nails are dirty? Mind your own business!

SUMMERTREE

Ron Cowen

This is an unusual and touching play about a young soldier who is alone and dying in the jungle. He is leaning against a tree that is reminding him of a tree from his childhood, and although he is hallucinating, he remembers with clarity his life, his parents, his girlfriend, and himself a boy. The following monologue opens the play with him slouched on the ground.

.∞.

Young man

It's hot out here, just sitting and waiting. Shirt's sticking to my back. I hate it like this, wiping sweat out of my eyes. Damn. I'll just lie here and let the breeze cool my face. Ah. Just close my eyes and put my head back. I have to remember all these things. Hey, you're tickling me...ow! That hurts! Mom...Dad...? I wish you could feel the palm of my hand. Can you see how smooth it is? Can you tell that it is warm? There are all these lines. All these little lines going all over, criss-crossing, entwining, stopping, then starting up again. *(He smiles, up)* You know, hands are like leaves. *(Embarrassed at being obvious.)* But you know that. *(He picks up a leaf).* Ever peel a leaf? You know. You peel off the skin or the flesh...the green part...and try and just leave the veins without breaking any of them. *(Peeling the leaf)* Like this. *(To himself.)* Very slowly. Very carefully. *(Holds up his partly peeled leaf.)* You must do it very slowly and be very cautious not to break a vein in two. See? It looks like a winter tree. Then hold it up to the sun and see how it makes a shadow. It looks like a big skeleton's hand. *(He smiles, up.)* Did you ever wonder if a hand could be stripped like a leaf? *(Looks up.)* It could, you know. Sure. You very slowly, very carefully peel the skin away, being careful not to break anything. Then you hold the skeleton hand up to the light and see how it makes a shadow like a big, winter tree. If you care to try it yourself, I guarantee you, you won't feel a thing. Except yourself...screaming.

OH DAD, POOR DAD, MAMMA'S HUNG YOU IN THE CLOSET AND I'M FEELING SO SAD

Arthur L. Kopit

This play is described as a farce in its three scenes. But it has sad undertones for the young man, Jonathan, who is pathetically insecure and completely under his bizarre mother's domination. He has been locked up in a lavish suite in a Caribbean hotel by his mother. But Rosalie, the resourceful and attractive young baby-sitter, has gotten the key and let herself in to visit him. Jonathan is terrified but definitely interested in her. He speaks with a bad stutter, which can be challenging to a young actor; he should be careful about exaggerating it or making it too blatantly comic.

. . .

Jonathan

I-I don't-know. I don't know why. I mean. I've-nnnnnnnnever really thought-about going out. I-guess it's-just natural for me to-stay inside. *(He laughs nervously as if that explained everything.)* You see-I've got so much to do. I mean, all my ssssstamps and-ca-coins and books. The pa-pa-plane might fffffly overhead while I was was going downstairs. And then thhhhere are-the plants ta-to feeeeeeed. And I enjoy vvvery much wa-watching you and all yyyyyyour chil-dren, I've-really got so ma-many things-to-do. Like-like my future, for instance. Ma-Mother says I'm going to be great. That's-that's-that's what she-says. I'm going to be great. I sssswear. Of course, she doesn't know ex-actly what I'm-going to be great in-so she sits every afternoon for-for two hours and thinks about it. Na-na-naturally I've-got to be here when she's thinking in case she-thinks of the answer. Otherwise she might forget and I'd never know-what I'm ga-going to be great in. You-see what I mean? I mean, I've-I've ggggggot so many things to do I-just couldn't possibly get anything done if I ever-went-outside. *(There is a silence. JONATHAN stares at ROSALIE as if he were hoping that might answer her question sufficiently.)* Besides, Mother locks the front door.

BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE

Leonard Gershe

This monologue opens the play. Don, in his early twenties and “lean and good-looking” with neatly combed hair, is listening to a tape when the phone rings. He is from Scarsdale, New York, and trying to make it on his own in an apartment in New York City. This is quite a challenge because Don is blind. The playwright describes Don talking on the phone “in a tone indicating he has done this hundreds of times.”

. . .

Don

(Speaking to the ringing phone-after second ring.) I'm fine, thank you. How are you? It's warm here. How is it in Scarsdale? *(Crosses to the sink puts glass in it.)* Well, it's warm here, too. *(Crosses and picks up the phone.)* Hello, Mother...I just knew. When you call the phone doesn't ring. It just says “m” is for the million things she gave you. I'm fine, thank you. How are you?...*(sits on sofa)* It's warm here. How is it in Scarsdale? Well, it's warm here, too. The apartment is great. I love it. Last night? I didn't do anything last night. I mean I didn't go out. I had some friends in-a little party...I don't know how many people were here. Do you have to have a number? Twelve and a half, how's that?...No, they didn't stay late...When?...No! No, not this afternoon...I don't care. Come to town and go to Saks, but you're coming down here. Because we agreed to two months, didn't we? *(Suddenly the noise of a conversation TV program is heard blaring in the next apartment.)* What?...No, I didn't turn on my radio. It's coming from next door...I don't know...a girl...She just moved in a couple of days ago...I don't know her name. I haven't met her...It's her radio...Don't worry, it won't go on...Yes, I'll tell her...No, I don't want you to tell her. Just go to Saks and go home...I can hardly hear you. We'll talk tomorrow. Goodbye. *(DON hangs up, crosses L. to the door that connects the apartment and raps, angrily.)* Hey, would you please...*(knocking louder and shouting.)* Would you mind lowering your radio? *(TV program is turned off.)*

HELLO OUT THERE

William Saroyan

This is a one-act play that takes place in a little jail house in Matador, Texas. A young man has been arrested for a crime he did not commit. Although he is innocent, he is also a drifter and a gambler and is unknown in the area. He is alone in jail except for a young girl, plain and shy, who cleans up at night. In his fear and loneliness, he talks to the girl through the bars. The girl's short lines are deleted in the following scene and marked with asterisks.

. . .

Young man

You just pack up and wait for me. We'll high-roll the hell out of here to San Francisco.

I been lonesome all my life-there's no cure for that-but you and me-we can have a lot of fun hanging around together. You'll bring me luck. I know you will.

I'm a gambler. I don't work. I've got to have luck or I'm no good. I haven't had luck in years. Two whole years now- one place to another. Bad luck all the time. That's why I got in trouble back there in Wheeling, too. That was no accident. That was my bad luck following me around. So here I am, with my head half busted. I guess it was her old man that did it.

No her husband.

It's no good searching the streets for anything that might be there at the time. You got to have somebody with you all the time. You got to have somebody who's right. Somebody who knows you, from way back. You got to have somebody who even knows you're wrong, but I can't help it. If you go along with me, I'll be the best man anybody ever saw. I won't be wrong any more. You know when you get enough money, you can't be wrong any more – you're right because the money says so. I'll have a lot of money and you'll be just about the prettiest girl in the whole world.