

**LASALLE COLLEGE OF THE ARTS**

**MUSICAL THEATRE**

**AUDITION MONOLOGUES**

**FEMALE**

**You need to prepare two monologues - one modern and one Shakespeare. These may be of your own choosing but you are encouraged to select your monologues from the respective booklets available on the web site.**

**You need to learn and rehearse the monologue and be able to answer any questions in regard to where, why and how the monologue is delivered by the respective character in the context of the play.**

**AUDITION MONOLOGUES – FEMALE – CHOOSE ONE**

**VIOLA – TWELFTH NIGHT by William Shakespeare**

**VIOLA**

**I left no ring with her: what means this lady?  
Fortune forbid my outside hath not charm'd her!  
She made good view of me, indeed so much,  
That methought her eyes had lost her tongue,  
For she did speak in starts distractedly.  
She loves me, sure; the cunning in her passion  
Invites me in this churlish messenger.  
None of my lord's ring? Why, he sent her none.  
I am the man: if it be so, as 'tis,  
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.  
Disguise, I see thou are a wickedness,  
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.  
How easy it is for the proper false  
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!  
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we,  
For such as we are made of, such we be.  
How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly,  
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him,  
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me:  
What will become of this? As I am man,  
My state is desperate for my master's love:  
As I am woman (now alas the day!)  
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe?  
O Time, thou must untangle this, not I,  
It is too hard a knot for me t'untie.**

**[Act 2 Sc. 2 Ins. 17-41]**

**AUDITION MONOLOGUES – FEMALE**

**JULIET – ROMEO AND JULIET by William Shakespeare**

**JULIET**

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,  
Towards Phoebus' lodging! Such a waggoner  
As Phaeton would whip you to the West  
And bring in cloudy night immediately.  
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,  
That runaways' eyes may wink, and Romeo  
Leap to these arms, untalked of an unseen.  
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites  
By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,  
It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,  
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,  
And learn me how to lose a winning match,  
Played for a pair of stainless maidenhoods.  
Hood my unmannered blood, bating in my cheeks,  
With thy black mantle till strange love grown bold,  
Think true love acted simply modesty.  
Come, night. Come, Romeo. Come thou day in night;  
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night  
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.  
Come, gentle night. Come, loving black-brow'd night.  
Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,  
Take him and cut him out in little stars,  
And he will make the face of heaven so fine  
That all the world will be in love with night  
And pay no worship to the garish sun.  
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,  
But not possessed it; and though I a sold,  
Not yet enjoyed. So tedious is this day  
As is the night before some festival  
To an impatient child that hath new robes,  
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse.

[Act 3 Sc. 2 Ins. 1-31]

**AUDITION MONOLOGUES – FEMALE**

**HERMIONE – THE WINTER’S TALE by William Shakespeare**

**HERMINONE**

Sir, spare your threats:  
The bug which you would fright me with, I seek.  
To me can life be no commodity;  
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,  
I do give lost, for I do feel it gone,  
But know not how it went. My second joy,  
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence  
I am barr’d, like one infectious. My third comfort,  
(Starr’d most unluckily) is from my breast  
(The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth)  
Hal’d out to murder; myself on every post  
Proclaim’d a strumpet, with immodest hatred  
The child-bed privilege denied, which ‘longs  
To women of all fashion; lastly, hurried  
Here to this place, i’t’h’open air, before  
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,  
Tell me what blessings I have here alive  
That I should fear to die? Therefore proceed.  
But yet hear this: mistake me not: no life,  
I prize it not a straw, but for mine honour,  
Which I would free: if I shall be condemn’d  
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else  
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you  
‘Tis rigour and not law. Your honours all,  
I do refer me to the Oracle:  
Apollo be my judge!

[Act 3. Sc. 2. Lns. 91-115]

**AUDITION MONOLOGUES – FEMALE**

**HELENA – A MIDSUMMER NIGHT’S DREAM by William Shakespeare**

**HELENA**                    **Lo, she is one of this confederacy!  
Now I perceive they have conjoin’d all three  
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.  
Injurious Hermia, most ungrateful maid!  
Have you conspir’d, have you with these contriv’d,  
To bait me with this foul derision?  
Is all the counsel that we two have shar’d,  
The sister’s vows, the hours that we have spent  
When we have chid the hasty-footed time  
For parting us – O, is all forgot?  
All school-days’ friendship, childhood innocence?  
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,  
Have with our needles created both one flower,  
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,  
Both warbling on one song, both in one key,  
As if our hands, our sides, voices and minds,  
Had been incorporate. Se we grew together,  
Like a double cherry, seeming parted,  
But yet a union in partition,  
Two lovely berries moulded on the one stem;  
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;  
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,  
Due to one, and crowned with one crest.  
And will you join with men in scorning your poor friend?  
It is not friendly, ’tis not maidenly;  
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,  
Thou I alone do feel the injury.**

**[Act 3 Sc. 2 lns. 192-219]**

**AUDITION MONOLOGUES – FEMALE**

**BEATRICE – MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING by William Shakespeare (adapted)**

**BEATRICE**

**Kill Claudio!**

**You kill me to deny it. Farewell. I am gone, though I am here. There is no love in you. You dare easier be friends with me than fight with my enemy. Is Claudio not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman? O, that I were a man! What, bear her in hand until they come to take hands; and then, with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancor – O, God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place. Talk with a man out at window! A proper saying! Sweet Hero! She is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone. Princes and counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count, Count Comfect; a sweet gallant surely! O, that I were a man for his sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules that only tells a lie and swears it. I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.**

**[Act 4 Sc. 2 Ins. 290-324]**

**AUDITION MONOLOGUES – FEMALE**

**PHEBE – AS YOU LIKE IT by William Shakespeare**

**PHEBE**

Think not I love him, though I ask for him.  
'Tis but a peevish boy – yet he talks well –  
But what care I for words? Yet words do well  
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.  
It is a pretty youth – not very pretty –  
But sure he's proud, and yet his pride becomes him.  
He'll make a proper man. The best thing in him  
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue  
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.  
He is not very tall, yet for his years he's tall.  
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well.  
There was a pretty redness in his lip,  
A little riper and more lusty red  
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference  
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.  
There be some, Silvius, had they mark'd him  
In parcels as I did, would have gone near  
To fall I love with him: but for my part  
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet  
I have more cause to hate him than to love him.  
For what had he to do to chide at me?  
He said mine eyes were black, and my hair black,  
And now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me.  
I marvel why I answer'd not again.  
But that's all one. Omittance is no quittance.  
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,  
And thou shalt bear it – wilt thou, Silvius?

[Act 3. Sc. 5. Lns. 109-135]

**AUDITION MONOLOGUES – FEMALE**

**ROSALIND – AS YOU LIKE IT by William Shakespeare**

**ROSALIND**

And why I pray you? Who might be your mother,  
That you insult, exult, and all at once,  
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty –  
As by my faith I see no more in you  
Than without a candle may go dark to bed –  
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?  
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?  
I see no more in you than in the ordinary  
Of nature's sale-work. 'Od's my little life,  
I think she means to tangle my eyes too!  
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it.  
'Tis not your inky brow, your black silk hair,  
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream  
That can entame my spirits to your worship.  
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her  
Like foggy South puffing with wind and rain?  
You are a thousand times a properer man  
Than she a woman. 'Tis such fools as you  
That makes the world full of ill-favoured children.  
'Tis not her glass but you that flatters her,  
And out of you she sees herself more proper  
Than any of her lineaments can show her.  
But mistress, know yourself. Down on your knees  
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love;  
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,  
Sell when you can, you are not for all markets.  
Cry the man mercy, love him, take his offer;  
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.

[Act 3. Sc.5. Ins. 35-63]



AUDITION MONOLOGUES – FEMALE

JULIA – THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA by William Shakespeare

JULIA            This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.  
                          *[Tears the letter]*  
O, hateful hands, to tear such loving words.  
Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,  
And kill the bees that yield it with your stings.  
I'll kiss each several paper for amends.  
Look, here is writ *kind Julia* – unkind Julia,  
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,  
I throw thy against the bruising stones,  
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.  
And here is writ *love-wounded Proteus*.  
Poor wounded name, my bosom, as a bed,  
Shall lodge thee till thy wound be thoroughly healed;  
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.  
But twice or thrice was *Proteus* written down.  
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away  
Till I have found each letter in the letter,  
Except mine own name. That some whirlwind bear  
Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,  
And throw it thence into the raging sea.  
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,  
*Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,*  
*To the sweet Julia*. That I'll tear away;  
And yet I will not, sith so prettily  
He couples it to his complaining names.  
Thus will I fold them one upon an another.  
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

[Act 2. Sc. 1.Ins. 98-129]

**AUDITION MONOLOGUES – FEMALE**

**EMILIA – OTHELLO by William Shakespeare**

**EMILIA**        **But I do think it is their husbands' faults  
If wives do fall: say, that they slack their duties,  
And pour our treasures into foreign laps;  
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,  
Throwing restraint upon us: or say they strike us,  
Or scant our former having in despite,  
Why, e have galls: and though we have some grace,  
Yet we have some revenge. Let husbands know,  
Their wives have sense like them: they see, and smell,  
And have their palates both for sweet, and sour,  
As husbands have. What is that they do,  
When they change us for others? Is it sport?  
I think it is: and doth affection breed it?  
I think it doth. Is 't frailty that thus errs?  
It is so too. And have we not affections?  
Desires for sport? And frailty, as men have?  
Then let them use us well: else let them know,  
The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.**

**[Act 4 Sc. 3 Ins. 86-103]**

**AUDITION MONOLOGUES – FEMALE – CHOOSE ONE**

**IRENA – THREE SISTERS by Anton Chekhov [adapted]**

**IRENA**      **Tell me, why is it I'm so happy today? Just as if I were sailing along in a boat with big white sails, and above me the wide blue sky, and in the sky great white birds floating around? You know, when I woke up this morning, and after I got up and washed, I suddenly felt as if everything in the world had become clear to me, and I knew the way I ought to live. I know it all now, my dear Ivan Romanich. Man must work by the sweat of his brow whatever his class, and that should make up the whole meaning and purpose of his life and happiness and contentment. Oh, how good it must be a workman, getting up with the sun and breaking stones by the roadside – or a shepherd – or schoolmaster teaching the children – or an engine-driver on the railway. Good heavens! It's better to be a mere ox or horse, and work, than the sort of young woman who wakes up at twelve, and drinks her coffee in bed, and then takes two hours dressing....How dreadful! You know how you long for a cool drink in hot weather? Well, that's the way I long for work. And if I don't get up early from now on and really work, you can refuse to be friends with me any more, Ivan Romanich.**

**AUDITION MONOLOGUES – FEMALE**

**MASHA – THE SEAGULL by Anton Chekhov [adapted]**

**MASHA** I'm telling you all this because you are a writer. You can use it if you want to. To tell you the truth, if he'd wounded himself seriously, I couldn't have gone on living, not for a minute. But I can be brave too. I have made up my mind, I've decided to tear this love out of my heart, tear it out by the roots. And how? By getting married. To Medvedenko. Yes. Love without hope...spending whole years waiting for something...When I'm married I'll have no time left for love, they'll be plenty of other things to worry about. Anyway, it'll make a change, won't it? Shall we have another? Come on! [*fills both glasses*] Don't look at me like that. Women drink more often than you think. Most of them do it in secret. Only a few drink openly like me. And it's always vodka or brandy. [*clinks glasses*] All the best. You're a good person, and I'm sorry you're leaving.

**AUDITION MONOLOGUES – FEMALE**

**ANNA PETROVNA – WILD HONEY by Anton Chekhov / Translated & Adapted by Michael Frayn [adapted]**

**ANNA PETROVA**      How can you say that? How can you lie to me, on such a night as this, beneath such a sky? Tell your lies in the autumn, if you must, in the gloom and the mud, but not now, not here. You're being watched! Look up, you absurd man! A thousand eyes, all shining with indignation! You must be good and true, just as all this is good and true. Don't break this silence with your little words! There's no man in the world I could ever love as I love you. There's no woman in the world you could ever love as you love me. Let's take that love; and all the rest, that so torments you – we'll leave that to others to worry about. Are you really such a terrible, Don Juan? You look so handsome in the moonlight! Such solemn face! It's a woman who's come to call, not a wild animal! All right – if you really hate it all so much I'll go away again. Is that what you want? I'll go away, and everything will be just as it was before. Yes...? [*she laughs*] Idiot! Take it! Snatch it! Seize it! What more do you want? Smoke it to the end, like a cigarette – pinch it out – tread it under your heel. Be human! [*she gently shakes him*] You funny creature! A woman who loves you – a woman you love – fine summer weather. What could be simpler than that?

## AUDITION MONOLOGUES – FEMALE

### JOAN – ST. JOAN by George Bernard Shaw

**JOAN**        Give me that writing. [*She rushes to the table; snatches the paper; and tears it into fragments*] Light your fire! Do you think I dread it as much as the life of a rat in a hole? My voices were right. Yes: they told me you were fools, and that I should not listen to your fine words nor trust to your charity. You promised me my life, but you lied. You think that life is nothing but not being stone dead. It is not the 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 the fields and the flowers; to chain my feet so that I can never again ride with the soldiers nor climb the hills; to make me breathe foul dark dampness, 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 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.

AUDITION MONOLOGUES – FEMALE

HEAVENLY – SWEET BIRD OF YOUTH by Tennessee Williams [adapted]

**HEAVENLY** Don't give me your 'Voice of God' speech, Papa! There was a time when you could have saved me, by letting me marry a boy that was still young and clean, but instead you drove him out of St. Cloud. And when he came back, you took me out of St. Cloud, and tried to force me to marry a fifty-year-old money bag that you wanted something out of – and then another, another, all of them ones you wanted something out of. I'd gone, so Chance went away. Tried to compete, make himself big as these big-shots you wanted to use me for a bond with. He went. He tried. The right doors wouldn't open, and so he went in the wrong ones, and – Papa, you married for love, why wouldn't you let me do it, and even though you'd done it, you broke Mama's heart. Miss Lucy was your mistress long before Mama died. And Mama was just in front of you. [*Pause*] Can I go in now, Papa? Can I go in now? I'm sorry my operation has brought this embarrassment on you, but can you imagine it, Papa? I felt worse than embarrassed when I found out that Dr George Scudder's knife had cut the youth out of my body, made me a childless old woman. Dry, cold, empty, like an old woman. I feel as if I ought to rattle like a dead dried-up vine when the Gulf Wind blows, but, Papa – I won't embarrass you any more. I've made up my mind about something. If they'll let me, accept me, I'm going into a convent.

**AUDITION MONOLOGUES – FEMALE**

**CAVALE – COWBOY MOUTH by Sam Shepard**

**CAVALE**      You're so neat. You're such a neat guy. I wish I woulda known you when I was little. Not real little. But at the age when you start finding out stuff. When I was cracking rocks apart and looking at their sparkles inside. When I first put my finger inside me and felt wonderment. I would've took you to this real nice hideout I had where I made a waterfall with tires and shit, and my own hut. We could've taken all our clothes off, and I'd look at your dinger, and you could show me how far you could piss. I bet you would've protected me. People were always giving me shit. Ya know what? Once I was in a play 'cause I thought they were just for pretty people, and I had my dumb eye-patch and those metal plate shoes to correct my duck-foot. It was *The Ugly Duckling*, and I really dug that 'cause of the happy ending and shit. And I got to be the ugly duckling and I had to wear some old tattered black cloth and get shit flung at me, but I didn't mind 'cause in the end I'd be that pretty swan and all. But you know what they did, Slim? At the end of the play I had to kneel on the stage and cover my head with a black shawl and this real pretty blonde-haired girl dressed in a white ballet dress rose up behind me as the swan. It was real shitty, man. I never got to be the fucking swan. I paid all the dues and up rose ballerina Cathy like the North Star. And afterwards all the parents could talk about was how pretty she looked. Boy, I ran to my hideout and cried and cried. The lousy fucks. I wish you were around then. I bet you would've protected me.



AUDITION MONOLOGUES – FEMALE

ALABAMA – TRUE ROMANCE by Quentin Tarrantino (film)

**ALABAMA** Clarence, I've got something to tell you. I didn't just happen to be at the theatre. I was paid to be there. I'm not a theatre checker. I'm a call girl. *[Pause]* I'm not a whore. I'm a call girl. There's a difference, ya know. *[Pause]* I don't know. Maybe there's not. That place you took me to last night, that comic book place. Somebody who works there arranged to have me meet you. I don't know who, I didn't talk to them. The plan was for me to bump into you, pick you up, spend the night, and skip out after you fell asleep. I was gonna write you a note and that this was my last day in America. That I was leaving on a plane this morning to the Ukraine to marry a rich millionaire, and thank you for making my last day in America my best day. The note is over on the TV. All it says is: Dear Clarence. I couldn't write anymore. I didn't not want to ever see you again. Last night...I don't know...I felt...I hadn't had that much fun since Girl Scouts. So I just said, 'Alabama, come clean. Let him know what's what, and if he tells you to go f##k yourself the go back to Drexel and f##k yourself'. Drexel's my pimp. He think's he's black. He says his mother was Apache, but I suspect he's lying. But he's treated me pretty decent. I've only been here about four days. I met him at the bus station. He said I'd be a perfect call girl. But no one's gonna pay a grand a night for a girl who doesn't know whether to shit or wind her watch. So what I'm doin' for Drexel now is just sorta learnin' the ropes. It seemed like a lotta fun, but I don't really like it much, till last night. You were only my third trick, but you didn't feel like a trick. Since it was a secret, I just pretended I was on a date. And, um, I guess I wanted a second date.

**AUDITION MONOLOGUES – FEMALE - SINGAPOREAN PLAYS**

**EMILY - EMILY OF EMERALD HILL by Stella Kon**

**EMILY**            I like to entertain at Emerald Hill. Once in a while we give a big formal dinner, hire cooks and waiters, set out tables on the lawn. Or quite often we have a smaller party like this, I do the cooking myself. set out the family silverware; it's engraved with a capital G for Gan, and a jeweled mountain, the Emerald Hill. The old wine-glasses have the symbol too. I put out the Nonya china, some of it my mother-in-law inherited from her mother – must be over a hundred years old. In the old days my father-in-law used to entertain a lot at Emerald Hill. Every Sunday he held Open House: this long table would be spread with food, and anybody at all could drop in for a meal. All of us daughters-in-law had to help in the kitchen, picking towgay, cutting vegetables for the popiah – my specialty was babi buah keluak. And sometimes in the evenings he would give a really big party, the whole house decorated with lights, a hired band playing in the garden. We daughters-in-law had to serve the table. My mother-in-law didn't really do much cooking herself, she had an excellent Hainanese boy as our cookie. But at these formal dinner she would stand and supervise as though she had done everything herself; and we daughters-in-law had to run back and forth under her eye.

**AUDITION MONOLOGUES – FEMALE - SINGAPOREAN PLAYS**

**ELAINE - EVERYTHING BUT THE BRAIN by Jean Tay**

**ELAINE**        I said he tried to teach me relativity when I was six. I didn't say I actually learnt anything. We never went to Malacca by train again. My father thought it was a bad idea. Instead, I dreamt of trains, night after night after night. After you've been on the train too long, you never want to get off. Because you're too scared of reaching the destination itself. The doors slide open and you stand there, petrified. Half of you is saying, you fool, you fool, get off, don't let it go. And the other half is wishing the train could go on forever, faster and faster. Because, according to the theory, time would begin to slow down as it approached the speed of light. And so the answer is staring me in the face. All I need is to get my father on this train, going at the speed of light, and we'll be okay. We'll go so fast, that time will slow down around us, and we'll live happily ever after.

**AUDITION MONOLOGUES – FEMALE - SINGAPOREAN PLAYS**

**MADWOMAN - DIARY OF A MADWOMAN by Chin Woon Ping**

**MADWOMAN**

Come on, I'm not a ghost. I'm just a reptile in disguise. A reptile snake? This man was just pretending to be friendly, but I knew he had bad intentions from the moment he appeared. You can tell, from the eyes. He had funny eyes, the kind that strip you bare slowly, the kind that never really look you in the eye but are taking everything in, looking you all over, bit by bit, inch by inch. Eyes of marble, eyes of steel, eyes to pick, eyes to kill! Then he pretended to go away, but all he did was to just move further down, thinking I couldn't see him. He went to another seat and pretended to be waiting for someone, but I could tell he was watching me. Even with his back turned, I knew he was watching me. Then he pulled out an instrument from this pants pocket and put it to his ear. He was listening to me. Or, he was talking to me someone else who was watching me. Suddenly, to my surprise, I heard a ringing noise and saw someone else further away with the same instrument to his ear. They were all signaling each other, and I knew they were watching me.

**AUDITION MONOLOGUES – FEMALE - SINGAPOREAN PLAYS**

**GIRL - MAMA LOOKING FOR HER CAT by Kuo Pao Kun**

**GIRL**            **And one night, Mama went away. All I could find was a letter she had left behind. It says she was going to commit suicide...I was shocked, I didn't know what to do. I told Father. He said nothing and did nothing. So I dashed out of the house. I dashed to the street. I walked and walked and walked. But where could I find Mama? I looked up at the HDB flats, dozens of them, in front of me. Could she be up there somewhere in this block? Or that block? Or that? Or that?...I walked and walked and walked...until I reached the pasar malam where Mama used to go and buy her daily supplies. And it was already daybreak. But, as I was looking at the gathering crowd, suddenly Mama appeared before me, looking the same as she has been any other day. I thought I was dreaming until she came over to me and held out a hankie to wipe my tears, and I knew she was real. And then she told me she was really frustrated and had really wanted to take her own life. She said she had gone to the riverbank. But, she said, just as when she wanted to jump in, she saw our faces in the water. She said we were all waving at her, asking her to stay. So she changed her mind and slowly walked back to the pasar...I was so happy I didn't know what to say.**

