Monolgoues

Female Monologues

Christopher Durang:

I want to talk to you about life. It’s just too difficult to be alive, isn’t it, and try to function? There are all these people to deal with. I tried to buy a can of tuna fish in the supermarket, and there was this person standing right in front of where I wanted to reach out to get the tuna fish, and I waited a while, to see if they’d move, and they didn’t—they were looking at tuna fish too, but they were taking a real long time on it, reading the ingredients on each can like they were a book, a pretty boring book if you ask me, but nobody has; so I waited a long while, and they didn’t move, and I couldn’t get to the tuna fish cans; and I thought about asking them to move, but then they seemed so stupid not to have sensed that I needed to get by them that I had this awful fear that it would do no good, no good at all, to ask them, they’d probably say something like, “We’ll move when we’re good and ready you nagging witch” and then what would I do? And so then I started to cry out of frustration, quietly, so as not to disturb anyone, and still, even though I was softly sobbing, this stupid person didn’t grasp that I needed to get by them, and so I reached over with my fist, and I brought it down real hard on his head and screamed: “Would you kindly move asshole!!!”

And the person fell to the ground, and looked totally startled, and some child nearby started to cry, and I was still crying, and I couldn’t imagine making use of the tuna fish now anyway, and so I shouted at the child to stop crying—I mean, it was drawing too much attention to me—and I ran out of the supermarket, and I thought, I’ll take a taxi to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, I need to be surrounded with culture right now, not tuna fish.

Christopher Durang – ‘Dentity Crisis

When I was eight years old, someone brought me to a theatre with lots of other children. We had come to see a production of Peter Pan. And I remember something seemed wrong with whole production, odd things kept happening. Like when the children would fly, the ropes breaking and the actors would come thumping to ground an they'd have to be carried off by the stagehands. There seemed to be an unlimited supply of understudies to take the children's places, and then they'd fall to the ground. And then the crocodile that chases Captain Hook seemed to be a real crocodile, It wasn't an actor, and at one point it fell off the stage, crushing several children in the front row. Several understudies came and took their places in the audience. And from scene to scene Wendy seemed to get fatter and fatter until finally by the second act she was immobile and had to be moved with a cart. The voice belonged to the actress playing peter pan. You remember how in the second act Tinkerbell drinks some poison that Peter's about to drink, in order to save him? And then Peter turns to the audience and he says that Tinkerbell's going to die because not enough people believe in fairies, but that if everybody in the audience claps real hard to show that they do believe in fairies, then maybe Tinkerbell won't die. and so then all the children started to clap. we clapped very hard and very long. my palms hurt and even started to bleed I clapped so hard. then suddenly the actress playing Peter Pan turned to the audience and she said, " that wasn't enough. You didn't clap hard enough. Tinkerbell's dead. " uh..well, and..and then everyone started to cry. The actress stalked offstage and refused to continue with the play, and they finally had to bring down the curtain. No one could see anything through all the tears, and the ushers had to come help the children up the aisles and out into the street. I don't think any of us were ever the same after that experience.

Female Monologue (excerpt from Star-Spangled Girl) Sophie: Excuse me. Mr. Cornell, I have tried to be neighborly, I have tried to be friendly and I have tried to be cordial… I don’t know what it is that you’re tryin; to be. That first night I was appreciative that you carried my trunk up the stairs… The fact that it slipped and fell five flights and smashed to pieces was not your fault… I didn’t even mind that personal message you painted on the stairs. I thought it was crazy, but sorta sweet. However, things have now gone too far… I cannot accept gifts from a man I hardly know… Especially canned goods. This has got to stop, Mr. Cornell. I can do very well without you leavin’ little chocolate-almond Hershey bars in my mailbox – they melted yesterday, and now I got three gooey letters from home with nuts in ‘em – and I can do without you sneakin’ into my room after I go to work and paintin’ my balcony without tellin’ me about it. I stepped out there yesterday and my slippers are still glued to the floor. And I can do without you tying big bottles of eau de cologne to my cat’s tail. The poor thing kept swishin’ it yesterday and nearly beat herself to death… In short, Mr. Cornell, and I don’t want to have to say this again, leave me a-lone!

**From *You’re a Good Man Charlie Brown.***

**Sally**: A ‘C’? A ‘C’? I got a ‘C’ on my coat hanger sculpture? How could anyone get a ‘C’ in coat hanger sculpture? May I ask a question? Was I judged on the piece of sculpture itself? If so, is it not true that time alone can judge a work of art? Or was I judged on my talent? If so, is it fair that I be judged on a part of my life over which I have no control? If I was judged on my effort, then I was judged unfairly, for I tried as hard as I could! Was I judged on what I had learned about this project? If so, then were not you, my teacher, also being judged on your ability to transmit your knowledge to me? Are you willing to share my ‘C’? Perhaps I was being judged on the quality of coat hanger itself out of which my creation was made…now is this not also unfair? Am I to be judged by the quality of coat hangers that are used by the dry cleaning establishment that returns our garments? Is that not the responsibility of my parents? Should they not share my ‘C’?  [*teachers voice is heard*]Thank you, Miss Othmar. (to audience) The squeaky wheel gets the grease!

***KIM***: “I don’t know what it is with me lately but I just get so UGH! when guys come up to me, with their cheesy lines, (imitating guy) “Hey, you have such a beautiful smile” or “Can I just tell you that you are so beautiful”.  Ugh!  It disgusts me.  I mean, who the hell does this guy or that guy think he is to give me such compliments?  What gives him the right?  I don’t do anything to give off any kind of interest whatsoever, I completely look the other way when I see eye contact happening and they STILL come over thinking they’re so suave and it’s simply repulsive.  You know what I’m saying??

What does a girl have to do these days?  Maybe if I just vomited on myself the guy would walk the other way but I bet even then, I’d get, “The way you vomit on yourself is just so, so delightful.”

…All I want is to be left alone.  I have a man, I love my man and I do my best to be polite but the irritation and the cheesy lines are getting to be too much.  Guys are blind, they really are, OBLIVIOUS to when a girl is not interested.  There are days when I rather be a man.”

Male Monologues:

From *You’re a Good Man Charlie Brown:*

“I think lunchtime is about the worst time of day for me. Always having to sit here alone. Of course, sometimes, mornings aren’t so pleasant either. Waking up and wondering if anyone would really miss me if I never got out of bed. Then there’s the night, too. Lying there and thinking about all the stupid things I’ve done during the day. And all those hours in between when I do all those stupid things. Well, lunchtime is among the worst times of the day for me. Well, I guess I’d better see what I’ve got. Peanut butter. Some psychiatrists say that people who eat peanut butter sandwiches are lonely…I guess they’re right. And when you’re really lonely, the peanut butter sticks to the roof of your mouth. There’s that cute little red-headed girl eating her lunch over there. I wonder what she would do if I went over and asked her if I could sit and have lunch with her?…She’d probably laugh right in my face…it’s hard on a face when it gets laughed in. There’s an empty place next to her on the bench. There’s no reason why I couldn’t just go over and sit there. I could do that right now. All I have to do is stand up…I’m standing up!…I’m sitting down. I’m a coward. I’m so much of a coward, she wouldn’t even think of looking at me. She hardly ever does look at me. In fact, I can’t remember her ever looking at me. Why shouldn’t she look at me? Is there any reason in the world why she shouldn’t look at me? Is she so great, and I’m so small, that she can’t spare one little moment?…SHE’S LOOKING AT ME!! SHE’S LOOKING AT ME!! (he puts his lunchbag over his head.) …Lunchtime is among the worst times of the day for me.

Lloyd’s Monologue from *Noises Off:*

Is that the line, Poppy? “I don’t understand why the Sheikh looks like Philip”? Can we consult the author’s text and make absolutely sure? “What’s that, Dad?” Right. That’s the line, Brooke, love. We all know you’ve worked in very classy places up in London where they let you make the play up as you go along, but we don’t’ want that kind of thing here, do we. Not when the author has provided us with such a considered and polished line of his own. Not at one o’clock in the morning. Not two lines away from the end of Act One. Not when we’re just about to get a tea break before we all drop dead of exhaustion. We merely want to hear the line “WHAT’S THAT, DAD?”That’s all. Nothing else. I’m not being unreasonable, am I?

Standalone Monologue titled “The Audition”

My resume. Oh, first I should mention that I could play any of the parts in this play. Any. I could play an ant, I could play Little Red Riding Hood, I could play Hamlet. I’ve never heard of this play, as a matter of fact. It doesn’t matter. I can do opera, I can do commercials, I can sing soprano, I can do my own stunts- I’m that versatile. Leading man, leading lady, gay, ingenue- you name it, I can do it. That’s how great I am. I see you looking over my resume. Noticing I’ve never had a part. It’s a real comment on this sick business we’re in, isn’t it? An actor this good (*he thumps his chest*) and he’s blackballed! Why? For refusing to show up at auditions! Auditions are beneath me. I wipe my feet on them. People should be begging me to grace their theatres- producers should be asking me to audition them! But those egomaniacs who should bow and scrape before me - they have forced me to betray my principles and come to this (*said with utter contempt*) audition. So no, no, don't blame me for demeaning myself in this grotesque position… I’ve waited ten years for them to come crawling… but suffice it to say they were too wrapped up in their own insane… trivium to get the hint.

Stand along monologue – I Need Detention

**I need detention. I really need detention. See, there's this girl... I know, I know, it always starts with a girl ... But this girl is special... I mean it this time... Really special. Her name is Harmony... But she goes by Harm. Cute huh? She can harm me any time she wants. And she has too. A couple of times. But I deserved it... Cause I touched her once. I didn't touch her anywhere bad. Just on the shoulder. And she broke my finger. So I guess we kind of have held hands. I was just gonna ask to borrow a pencil. One of those ones she sharpens with her pocket knife and then throws in the ceiling all over school. She even got one in the gym ceiling. You know how high that is? Like 5000 feet. And I just stand under those pencils, hoping one will fall down and I can have one of them for my very own. Something to remember her by. Until I get in to detention.**

 **I gotta figure out some way to get detention because I wanna see her more... Be with her more... And turn Harm into Harmony again... Cause I see that beautiful harmony under all that black and gloom. She just needs a reason to smile and I want to be that reason.**

 **So I have to get detention. What's something good... I mean I want it to be really really good so I get thrown in there a long time... Plus I have to make it worth it... Something great that she can respect... How about giving the principal a wedgie? That would do it... A good old up the back over the head mega wedgie. Let's do this.**