

Sample Female Monologues

MOTHER-EARTH INCARNATE from STEPMOM

Written by Gigi Levangie, Jessie Nelson, Steven Rogers, Karen Leigh Hopkins, Ron Bass

Isabel:

I never wanted to be a mom. Well, sharing it with you is one thing, but caring alone the rest of my life, always being compared to you. You're perfect. They worship you. I just don't want to be looking over my shoulder everyday, for twenty years, knowing that someone would have done it right, done it better, the way I can't. You're mother-earth incarnate, you ride with Anna, you know every story, every wound, every memory. Their whole life's happiness is wrapped in you. Every single moment. Don't you get it? Look down the road to her wedding. I'm in a room alone with her fitting her veil, fluffing her dress. Telling her, no woman has ever looked that beautiful. Any my fear is that (pause) she'll be thinking, "I wish my mom was here".

THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME from THE WIZARD OF OZ

Written by L. Frank Baum (novel), Noel Langley, Florence Ryerson, and Edgar Allan Woolf

Dorothy:

But it wasn't a dream. It was a place. And you and you and you...and you were there. But you couldn't have been could you? No, Aunt Em, this was a real truly live place and I remember some of it wasn't very nice, but most of it was beautiful--but just the same all I kept saying to everybody was "I want to go home", and they sent me home! Doesn't anybody believe me? But anyway, Toto, we're home! Home. And this is my room, and you're all here and I'm not going to leave here ever, ever again. Because I love you all. And...Oh Auntie Em! There's no place like home!

*****There are several other strong monologues here for young women. These are also used for auditions to Earl Haig School of the Arts in Toronto:**

<http://www.earlhaig.ca/departments/claude/FemaleMonologues.pdf>

Sample Male Monologues

WHAT WILL YOUR VERSE BE? From DEAD POET'S SOCIETY

Written by Tom Shulman

Mr. Keating:

In my class, you will learn to think for yourselves again. You will learn to savor the words and languages. No matter what anybody tells you, words and ideas can change the world. I see that look in Mr. Pitt's eyes like 19th Century literature has nothing to do with going to business school or medical school, right? Maybe. You may agree and think yes, we should study Mr. Pritchard and learn our rhyme and meter and go quietly about the business of achieving other ambitions. Well, I have a secret for you. Huddle Up...Huddle Up! We don't read and write poetry because it's cute. We read and write poetry because we are members of the human race. And the human race is filled with passion. Medicine, Law, Business these are all noble pursuits necessary to sustain life. But poetry, beauty, romance, and love; these are what we stay alive for. To quote from Whitman "Oh me, Oh life of the question recurring, of endless trains of the faithless of cities filled with the foolish. What good amid these? Oh me, Oh life." "Answer...that you are here and life exists...You are here. Life exists, and identity. The powerful play goes on and you may contribute a verse." The powerful play goes on and you may contribute a verse. What will your verse be?

From ZASTROZZI by *George F. Walker*

Playwrights Canada Press

ZASTROZZI

You are looking at Zastrozzi. But that means very little. What means much more is that Zastrozzi is looking at you. Don't make a sound. Breathe. Quietly. He is easily annoyed. And when he is annoyed he strikes. Look at his right arm. It wields the sword that has killed two hundred men. Watch the right arm constantly. Be careful not to let it catch you unprepared. But while watching the right arm, do not forget the left arm. Because this man Zastrozzi has no weaknesses. No weakness at all. Remember that. Or he will have you. He will have you any way he wants you. I am Zastrozzi. The master criminal of all of Europe. This is not a boast. It is information. I am to be feared for countless reasons. The obvious ones of strength and skill with any weapon. The less obvious ones because of the quality of my mind. It is superb. It works in unique ways. And it is always working because I do not sleep. I do not sleep because I have nightmares and when you have a mind like mine, you have nightmares that can petrify the devil. Sometimes my mind is so powerful I even have nightmares when I am awake and because my mind is so powerful I am able to split my consciousness in two and observe myself having a nightmare. This is not a trick. It is a phenomenon. I'm having

one now. I have this one often. In it, I am what I am. The force of darkness. The clear sane voice of negative spirituality. Making everyone answerable is the only constant I understand. Mankind is weak. The world is ugly. The only way to save them from each other is to destroy them both.

From LEO by Rosa Laborde
Playwrights Canada Press

RODRIGO

Not so close. Just in case. It's dangerous. Dangerous. If anyone ever knew... They can't know. I've always been "different". Somehow. My parents call me an original. When other kids were just playing I was discovering the origins of the game and why we loved to play it. What is the reason? Why? I had to know. I have to know. "You are not a horse," my father always says, "refuse to wear blinders." Give me a problem and I will come up with the best possible solution, based on facts, always on facts and on history –because when you know that which came before and only when you embrace your limitations can you possibly hope to make effective decisions that will enable you to become closer to the idea of perfection that will save you from the – GOD! I'm an essay of myself. I can't just – I have no solution for me – I don't know... every year I grow up a little more "different". If my parents knew, you think they'd still call me an original? And smile when they say it?

From PAPERS by Alan Stratton
Playwrights Canada Press

CHARLES

For six years I have sat at that typewriter. I have stared at a blank sheet of paper. And it has stared back. I have sat and sat and stared and stared and nothing has happened. Nothing! Periodically, out of desperation, I have ripped it out and replaced it with another. And another. And started again. And again. And again. Staring at this blank piece of paper. And it staring back. I sit and I stare and I sit and I stare, listening to the radiator and the relentless tick tick ticking of the clock, while the hours turn to weeks turn to months turn to six years, my God and me sitting in the dark staring at a goddamn piece of paper that is driving me out of my mind! And everyone is asking, "What are you working on?" "How's it coming?" And me saying anything to shut them up. Anything to make the questions go away. But they don't. Every day they get louder. And how do I tell them my voices have left me? How do I tell myself that? That – my God - they may never come again. Writing is who I am. If I don't write, what am I? And I sit and I sit and I sit trying to forget the clock that tells me life is short, it's drifting away, it's slipping away like water, I can't hold it, and every day is another day gone and time is running out and I may never write again.