

SAMPLE FEMALE MONOLOGUES

Box by Lindsay Price

Description: *Sometimes we choose the way the world sees us. Black box - indestructible. Jewelry box - plain on the outside, shiny on the inside. Sometimes our box is defined by others - our parents, our friends, our enemies. A box built by others can feel small, confined, impossible. How do we handle the boxes imposed upon us because of our gender? Our race? From peer pressure? From parent pressure? Do we have to live with our box for the rest of our lives? Can we change? In this monologue, Justice explains why she can't get excited about Thanksgiving*

JUSTICE: Everything is upside-down at my house. People keep leaving when they shouldn't and not leaving when they should disappear. Nothing is the same day-to-day. Last week I went downstairs and the furniture was gone. And she sat there, eating cereal on a milk crate like everything was alright. "It's fine. Eat your cereal." *[getting loud]* There's no furniture. This is not all right. What are you going to do about it? *[regaining control]* "It's fine. Eat your cereal." Everything is fine to her. Maybe if she keeps saying it things will magically... I don't know. Yesterday I came downstairs and she was eating cereal, on a milk crate with a black eye. *[pause]* Everyone in school is talking about Thanksgiving. "I can't wait—my mom makes awesome stuffing. I haven't seen my cousins all year! Football, Football, and more football..." I don't remember the last time my sister and I had Thanksgiving. There's no one to do that for us. She says holidays are for suckers. *[imitating]* "Holidays are for suckers and I'm gonna take advantage of everyone." *[looks around]* How do I explain my life? The cafeteria is filled with noise. The hallways are filled with drama. My mom is sitting on a milk crate with a black eye. This is my box.

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MYTH-O-LOGUES by Janice Harris

Description: *Cassandra (the Trojan prophetess no one believes) is here to be your Greek mythology tour guide. She'll lead you through stories of war, relationships and the origins of good and evil. She'll share all before old Charon ferries the whole audience across the River Styx. Will you listen? Will you learn? Will you believe? In this monologue, ANTIGONE is talking to her sister ISMENE who is afraid of breaking the law.*

ANTIGONE: What further dishonor could I bring upon our family? We pay for our parents' sins. I am not afraid to die by honoring the greater law of the gods. You fear punishment for disobeying the laws of man. I fear punishment for violating the laws of heaven. Polyneices, our brother, lies unburied on the battlefield. Birds and animals ravage his body. I will obey the higher law and give him the honor and rites decreed by the gods. I will not insist that you help me bury Polyneices. If you do not have the mind and strength to aid me, I will act alone. Your choice is to live; mine is to die, for I have no illusions that this act will go unpunished. My tomb will be my bridal bed. I will not know the joys of marriage and children. I will die before my time, but I will die unafraid and unashamed.

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The Gift by Lindsay Price

Description *In this monologue, MS G is a young drama teacher who has reached the end of her rope.*

MS G: *[being jostled by students back and forth who are tugging at her, trying to get her attention, all talking at once]* Now, now. No need to shove. Let's do a group meditation. Perhaps some downward dogs? OK, stop shoving, stop yelling in my ear, if you're not going to stop shoving and yelling I'm going to have to get angry and I don't want to get, OK, now you're really making me – THIS IS NOT MY HAPPY PLACE! I know yoga death grip moves and I'm not afraid to use them! Stop talking! *[pause]* All of you, take a step back. Get back, get back. Sit down. That's better. Now breathe. Do it! Now, now, now! *[pause, retains cheery voice]* Breathe in...and breathe out... In... and out... Now. We can have a conversation like civilized human beings, or we can do this like animals, WE ARE NOT ANIMALS! As I was saying, *[she takes a breath and lets it out noisily]* I know that you, my stubborn, stubborn, little souls, can participate in our big blue marble like civilized, rational human beings. Because ladies and gentlemen that is what we are, yes? We are a wonderful, advanced society with a love of theatre. That's what this is all about, yes? That's what all this lawless pandemonium is about, yes? Not a mad dash grab for five minutes of media fame. None of you would be so shallow as that. This maelstrom of unrepentant chaos is about a love of the theatre and presenting the best work possible to me, your favourite teacher. *[pause]* Now would be the time to say, "Yes Ms. G." *[The response is less than enthusiastic. She slumps]* I give up. Do what you will. Except the pyrotechnics. I will be in the corner rediscovering my love of teaching through an extended child pose. Disturb me at your peril.

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Moving by Lindsay Price

Description Darcy is preparing for a date with her best friends. Her friends are shocked when the truth comes about her date's age—ten years older! Darcy explodes, telling her friends exactly what she thinks.

Maybe I'm special, ever think of that? Huh? Maybe he likes me. Me. Maybe we connected and he's got crap parents too and he knows what crap parents can do to you when they try and run your life till you can't see straight. Maybe that's why he's going out with me. Maybe age has nothing to do with it. You think I'm moving too fast? You have no idea what you're talking about or what any of it means. Maybe I should be sitting on the front porch sucking on a popsicle and holding hands with some cutie who blushes when you say his name and never looks you in the eye. Moving too fast? You bet I am. If I could move faster I would. I'd fly right out of here. You wouldn't see my feet. I'd be gone. The less time I have to spend in this house, this place, this town, this stupid sixteen-year-old body, the better. The sooner I get out from everyone's thumb, everybody's expectations, the better. And you can sure as hell believe I won't look over my shoulder. Not once. I'll be gone and I won't look back. I don't know. What about you? You're not moving fast enough. None of you.

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Deck the Stage by Lindsay Price

Description *Asia stands in a pose of boredom and snobbery as she describes her Christmas traditions. But is her boredom real or is it a cover up?*

Our Christmas tree is white. All white. Green would clash too horrendously with the decor. The tree is light. The lights are white. All the decorations are white. All the decorations are wrapped in white paper. Mumsy wouldn't have it any other way and neither would I. She's an artiste. I plan to be an artiste after I make my 'mil' in the stock market. That's how she did it. What a role model. She buys Barbie dolls and spray paints them gold and sells them for five hundred bucks a pop. Can you believe it? For half a second ASIA sounds like a normal, excited teen. She coughs and reverts back to her pose of boredom and snobbery. What I mean to say is that she reflects on the illusion of female perfection in such a manner that it would be inconceivable to value her magnificent creations within a lower price range. She shifts into another pose, equally bored and snobby. Our tree is artificial. One year Mumsy tried to spray paint a real tree. But for some unknown reason all the needles fell off. We now refer to that dismal year as Black Christmas. We hung black crepe paper throughout our abode and did not celebrate the traditions of the season in any way. We didn't even exchange the customary tokens of our affection. Oh sure, I really wanted a pair of roller blades that year but when Mumsy gets into a mood... there's no stopping her. *[distracted]* No stopping her at all. *[back on track]* Not that I'd want to. Mumsy is a force. A force to be reckoned with. I want to be just like her. Once she sets her mind to something it's impossible to change it. She's a tour de force. Oh, yes, occasionally one finds oneself on the other end of that force. But it's for one's good. Yes. Indeed. Yes indeedy. *[fast]* Like in the fifth grade when I made a macaroni angel to go on top of the Christmas tree but

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she wouldn't let me put it on because she was at war with folk art. War with folk art. How do you war against folk art? I worked really hard on that stupid macaroni angel! I took great pains to paint each individual macaroni. I even did it white even though everyone in the class was painting theirs silver and gold, which is what I really wanted to do. But nooooooooooooo. It was all for her and did she appreciate it? Nooooooooooooo. We have to have the albino tree! What is the point of a white tree and white decorations and white light? You might as well hang a sheet over the thing.

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Ths Phne 2.0: The Next Generation by Lindsay Price

Description *Communication has come a long way, baby. Are you 21st century savvy? Text girl tries to decipher her boyfriend's text message.*

Hv goo dy. Hv goo dy. *[spelling it out]* H-V, G-O-O, D-Y. Hv goo dy. He wants me to hv goo dy. *[sighs]* I would like to formally announce the death of the English language. It just died. On my cellphone. *[points]* There. Doornail. Dead. *[Blows out 'taps' through lips before taking out phone and holding it up to the audience.]*

This is a text from my boyfriend. Hv goo dy. My mother has a shoebox in her closet of notes and letters and postcards and things written on napkins that dad wrote to her over the years. She has tangible things that she can take out of her closet and wave in front of my face to show me how great a guy dad was at one point, and just because he yells over the improper lining up of the recycling bins doesn't mean he's a freak. *[changes tangent]* Why must the recycling bins be lined up grey, blue, green? Why is it a major tragedy when the bins are not lined up grey, blue, green? When I am bringing down the existence of life as we know it because I forgot to line those stupid freaking bins up grey, blue, green?

My mother can show me a birthday card my dad sent to her when she was twenty years old that seriously melts my toes. Not because it's my dad, don't be gross. Because it's a good old fashioned love note from a guy to a girl. On actual paper. I have no note. I'm supposed to have love. I have no note. I have dots on a screen that spell out Hv goo dy. My mother has notes. I have a decided lack of vowels. And what does this mean exactly? Hv goo dy. Am I supposed to have a good day or a goo day? As in a day filled with goo? As in gooey pus? Does he want me to have a toxic pus filled day? Is this a bizarre boy way of breaking up with me? Is Dane, my boyfriend, and I'm already extremely weirded out by the fact his name is Dane, I'm going out with a guy named Dane, is Dane trying to use as few letters as possible to give me the big kick off? Is that what Dane is doing? You know I see his mother, Dane's mother, sometimes and she a pretty together woman, she works in marketing, and I seriously want to ask her why, why did she... I

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stare at Mrs. Eckart and I'm dying to ask 'why did you saddle your kid with such a retarded name?' *[slaps herself on the wrist]* Sorry. That just came out. I'm really trying not to use the word retarded. I know it's a bad word. I know. But sometimes, you have to use the bad words to get your point across.