

Dramatic Monologues

500 Days of Summer

SUMMER: I dream about flying. Not really flying. More like... floating. Like, it starts out I'm running really fast.

And then the... terrain... gets all rocky and steep. But I don't slow down. I just climb higher with every stride. Before I know it, I'm... floating.

I'm going so fast my feet don't even touch the ground. I'm up in the air and I'm ... I don't know... free. It's this incredible feeling.

But then I look down. And the minute I do... everything changes. There I am... I'm floating, high above the earth, nothing can touch me, right? I'm free and I'm safe and it hits me, just like that... I'm completely, utterly, alone.

And then I wake up. I've never told anyone that.

Five Women Wearing the Same Dress

GEORGEANNE: I was walking down the aisle; first thing I saw was the back of his head. It jumped right out at me. I recognized that little hair patter on the back of his neck, where his hair starts. You know where it comes to those two little points, and it's darker than the rest? I always thought that was so sexy. Then I looked at him during the ceremony, and something about the way the light hit his face ... I swear, it just broke my heart. And then outside, I saw him talking to this awful woman in a navy blue linen dress with absolutely no back, I mean you could almost see her butt. And he was smiling at her with that smile, that same smile that used to make me feel like I really meant something to him. And then it all came back, just bang, all those times I sat waiting for his phone call, me going out of my way to make things convenient for him. You know, I started smoking cigarettes because of him. And if I ever die of cancer, I swear it's going to be Tommy Valentine's fault.

Can I Be a Mother?

REBECCA: Jeannine, do you know what he said to me? He said that I would be a really beautiful Mother. I just don't know if I've got it in me. I mean, I love kids, I do. But if I'm around them too much, I get agitated. I hear things will be different with my own child...will it really? How do I truly know that? I mean I've always been pretty selfish. I've put myself first in many situations, if a friend wants to meet uptown and I'm downtown, I'm not going to go out of my way. It's not that I'm a bad person, I don't think that's it, I just think I get overly conscious of time. I worry a lot about time and if I feel that anything is sucking my time, it starts to eat away at me...I delve into this deep depression knowing I've wasted a day trying to fix someone else's problem.

It's not an age thing either, I've been like this since I was a kid, come to think of it...perhaps it was my Mother who brought this upon me...I mean she was and still is a great Mother but I remember waiting for hours at the school entrances, waiting to be picked up, all the cars were gone, all the children had gone home and there I was, slumped over on the sidewalk...waiting. I wasn't reading, I wasn't writing or talking...just waiting. Perhaps that messed me up psychologically but we will always find someone to blame something on, right?

See, I'm coming up with all these excuses, it's not fair to blame it on anyone else. I just can't seem to figure this out, I know it can't be fear, I'm just worried I guess, that I'll be sucked into the routine of some of those desperate Mothers who put every ounce of energy into their own child, and none into themselves...I love him and it's a shame that I can't see the joy in creating a little boy or girl that will have all the beauty he does...I couldn't think of a man who would be a better Father.

Comedic Monologues

The Fantasticks

LUISA: This morning a bird woke me up. It was a lark, or a peacock; something like that. So I said hello. And it vanished, flew away, the very moment I said hello! It was quite mysterious. So do you know what I did? I went to my mirror and brushed my hair two hundred times, without stopping. And as i was brushing it, my hair turned mauve. No, honestly! Mauve! Then red. then some sort of a deep blue when the sun hit it.... I'm sixteen years old, and every day something happens to me. i don't know what to make of it. When i get up in the morning and get dressed, I can tell...something's different. I like to touch my eyelids, because they're never quite the same. oh, oh, oh! I hug myself till my arms turn blue, then I close my eyes and cry and cry till the tears come down and I can taste them. I love to taste my tears. I am special. I am special! Please god, please, don't let me be normal!

Phone Calls

MEAGAN: Why do these guys have to play these stupid asinine games? Why do they have to have a dumb three day rule? I mean, if you like me and you are thinking about me, pick up your phone and dial my number. Right? Why play these games? What is it, so they don't look desperate or something? They have to PROVE their manliness. Whippiddy doo! Waiting three days is stupid and it gets the guy no where because by the time he does call, who wants to be bothered???

I'm certainly not going to wait around all damn day for HIS call. I met Frank like three days ago, yeah, it was Saturday night. He hasn't called me. We text messaged each other for like half a day but he still hasn't called me to make plans of any kind. What is wrong with him? I talk, I'm a good phone talker, I like talking, I love talking actually but he needs to call me. I'm not even going to answer the phone when he calls me. I'm going to make HIM wait now. See if he likes that. Yep. Watch, as soon as he calls, HA, let the phone ring until it reaches my voice- mail. Than we'll see if he leaves a mess—
(her phone rings and it's Frank)

Oh shit! It's HIM! It's Frank, Oh my God, Oh my God, what should I do? Should I pick up? Should I answer? Should I pick up?! Wait let him leave a message. No wait, I gotta get a grip, let him leave a message....

(pause)

I'm waiting for the little BEE BOO noise my phone makes when someone leaves a message. (beat) He didn't leave a message. DAMN IT! I should have picked up! Should I call him back? Should I call him? Should I call him back? Does it look bad to call him back if he didn't leave a message? I don't want to look needy. Cause I'm not, I'm not needy. Right? Right? I'm not the needy type right? Okay, so what should I do?

(her phone rings again)

Oh shit! It's Frank, it's Frank, it's Frank, it's Frank. Okay, okay, okay, okay, okay! Ummmmmm, I gotta answer now right? Yeah, okay, I'm gonna, oh boy, gotta take a few deep breaths.....

(she takes a few deep breaths)

(she answers her phone overly calm)

Heelllllo!

Clueless

CHER: Everything I think and everything I do is wrong. I was wrong about Elton, I was wrong about Christian, and now Josh hated me. It all boiled down to one inevitable conclusion, I was just totally clueless... Oh and this whole Josh and Ty thing was wiggin' me more than anything. I mean, what was my problem? Ty is my pal, I don't begrudge her a boyfriend. I really... Oooh! I wonder if they have that in my size! What does she want with Josh anyway? He dresses funny, he listens to complaint rock, he's not even cute in a conventional way... I mean, he's just like this slug that hangs around the house all the time! Ugh! And he's a hideous dancer, couldn't take him anywhere. Wait a second, what am I stressing about, this is like, Josh. Okay, okay.....so he's kind of a Baldwin. What would he want with Ty, she couldn't make him happy, Josh needs someone with imagination, someone to take care of him, someone to laugh at his jokes in case he ever makes any...the suddenly.... Oh my god! I love Josh! I'm majorly, totally, butt crazy in love with Josh! But now I don't know how to act around him. I mean normally I'd strut around in my cutest little outfits, and send myself flowers and candy but I couldn't do that stuff with Josh.

Classical Monologues

As You Like It

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 offense, his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall; yet for his year's 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 mixed in his cheek; 'twas just the difference Betwixt the constant red and mingled
damask.

There be some women, Silvius, had they marked him In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in 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 rememb'ed, scorned at me.
I marvel why I answered 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?

A Midsummers Night's Dream

HELENA: How happy some o'er other some can be! Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know.

And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind, And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind.
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste; Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste.

And therefore is Love said to be a child, Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear, So the boy Love is perjured everywhere.
For ere Demetrius looked on Hermia's eyne,
He hailed down oaths that he was only mine; And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt, So
he dissolved, and show'rs of oaths did melt. I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight.

Then to the wood will he to-morrow night Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense.
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,

To have his sight thither and back again.

Macbeth

HECATE: Have I not reason, beldams as you are, Saucy and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth
In riddles and affairs of death;

And I, the mistress of your charms, The close contriver of all harms, Was never called to bear my part Or show the glory of our art?

And, which is worse, all you have done Hath been but for a wayward son, Spiteful and wrathful, who, as others do, Loves for his own ends, not for you.

But make amends now: get you gone And at the pit of Acheron Meet me i' th' morning. Thither he Will come to know his destiny.

Your vessels and your spells provide, Your charms and everything beside. I am for th' air. This night I'll spend Unto a dismal and a fatal end.

Great business must be wrought ere noon. Upon the corner of the moon There hangs a vap'rous drop profound; I'll catch it ere it come to ground:

And that, distilled by magic sleights, Shall raise such artificial sprites As by the strength of their illusion Shall draw him on to his confusion. He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear: And you all know security

Is mortals' chiefest enemy.