

Female Monologue

Mean Girls

written by Tina Fey, from the book by Rosalind Wiseman

Cady: Huh, wow, thanks, um, well, half the people in this room are mad at me and the other half only like me because they think I pushed someone in front of a bus, so that's not good. To all the people whose feelings got hurt by the burn book, I'm really sorry. You know I've never been to one of these things before and when I think about how many people wanted this, and how many people cried over it and stuff, I mean, I think everybody looks great tonight. Look at Jessica Lopez, that dress is amazing and Emma Gerber that hairdo must have taken hours and you look really pretty. So why is everybody stressing over this thing? I mean it's just plastic, it's really just... **(She breaks the crown)**. A piece for Gretchen Wieners, a partial Spring Fling Queen. A piece for Janis Ian and a piece for Regina George. She fractured her spine and she still looks like a rock star, and some for everybody else.

'Look At Me Now' from Gypsy

By Arthur Laurents

Character name: Louise

Gender: Female Monologue

Age Range: 15 — 23

Show: Gypsy

Duration: 0 — 1 minutes

Monologue Type: dramatic,contemporary

I said turn it off! Nobody laughs at me, because I laugh first. At me. Me from Seattle. Me with no education. Me with no talent, as you've kept reminding me my whole life! Well, Mama, look at me now. Look! Look where I live. Look at my friends. Look where I'm going. I'm not staying in burlesque, I'm moving. Maybe up maybe down. But wherever I'm going, I'm having the time of my life, because for the first time, it is my life! And I love it! I love every second of it! I am Gypsy Rose Lee! And I love her! And if you don't you can just clear out! Now!

'I'm a Bagel' from Funny Girl

By Isobel Lennart

Character name: Fanny Brice

Gender: Female Monologue

Age Range: 18 — 30

Show: Funny Girl

Duration: 0 — 1 minutes

Monologue Type: comedic

Suppose all ya ever had for breakfast was onion rolls. Then one day, in walks (gasp) a bagel! You'd say, 'Ugh, what's that?' Until you tried it! That's my problem - I'm a bagel on a plate full of onion rolls. Nobody recognizes me! Listen, I got 36 expressions. Sweet as pie and tough as leather. And that's six expressions more than all those...Barrymores put together. Instead of just kicking me, why don't they give me a lift? Well, it must be a plot, 'cause they're scared that I got...such a gift! 'Cause I'm the greatest star, I am by far, but no one knows it. Wait - they're gonna hear a voice, a silver flute. They'll cheer each toot, hey, she's terrific!, when I expose it. Now can't you see to look at me that I'm a natural Camille, and as Camille, I just feel, I've so much to offer. Kid, I know I'd be divine because I'm a natural cougher (coughs) - some ain't got it, not a lump. I'm a great big clump of talent! Laugh, they'll bend in half. Did you ever hear the story about the travelling salesman? A thousand jokes, stick around for the jokes. A thousand faces. I reiterate. When you're gifted, then you're gifted. These are facts, I've got no axe to grind. Ay! What are ya, blind? In all of the world so far, I'm the greatest star! No autographs, please. What? You think beautiful girls are gonna stay in style forever? I should say not! Any minute now they're gonna be out! FINISHED! Then it'll be my turn!

MATILDA THE MUSICAL by Dennis Kelly & Tim Minchin

MATILDA: And so they prepared themselves for the most dangerous feat that had ever been performed. The great escapologist had to escape from the cage, lean out, catch his wife with one hand, grab a fire extinguisher with the other, and put out the flames on her specially designed dress within twelve seconds, before they reached the dynamite and blew his wife's head off!

The trick started well. The moment the specially designed dress was set alight the acrobat swung into the air. The crowd held their breath as she hurled over the sharks and spiky objects – one second, two seconds – they watched as the flames crept up the dress – three seconds, four seconds – she began to reach out her arms towards the cage – five seconds, six seconds – suddenly the padlocks pinged open and the huge chains fell away – seven seconds, eight seconds – the door flung open and the escapologist reached out one huge, muscled arm to catch his wife and the child – nine seconds, ten seconds... eleven seconds—and he grabs her hand and, and, and suddenly the flames are covered in foam before they can both be blown to pieces.

Maybe it was the thought of their child. Maybe it was nerves. But the escapologist used just a touch too much foam and suddenly their hands became slippery... and she fell.

She broke every bone in her body except the ones at the ends of her little fingers. She did manage to live long enough to have their child. But the effort was too great. 'Love our little girl! She said 'Love our daughter with all your heart. She is all we ever wanted.' And then she died. And then... things got worse.

BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS by Neil Simon

NORA: How would you feel if your entire life depended on what your Uncle Jack decided?...Oh, God, I wish Daddy were alive.

Oh, God, he was so handsome. Always dressed so dapper, his shoes always shined. I always thought he should have been a movie star...like Gary Cooper...only very short. Mostly I remember his pockets.

When I was six or seven he always brought me home a little surprise. Like a Hershey or a top. He'd tell me to go get it in his coat pocket. So I'd run to the closet and put my hand in and it felt as big as a tent. I wanted to crawl in there and go to sleep. And there were all these terrific things in there, like Juicy Fruit gum or Spearmint Life Savers and bits of cellophane and crumbled pieces of tobacco and movie stubs and nickels and pennies and rubber bands and paper clips and his grey suede gloves that he wore in the winter time.

Then I found his coat in Mom's closet and I put my hand in the pocket. And everything was gone. It was emptied and dry-cleaned and it felt cold...And that's when I knew he was really dead.

Oh God, I wish we had our own place to live. I hate being a boarder. Listen, let's make a pact...The first one who makes enough money promises not to spend any on herself, but saves it all to get a house for you and me and Mom. That means every penny we get from now on, we save for the house...We can't buy anything. No lipstick or magazines or nail polish or bubble gum. Nothing...Is it a pact?

Louisa/ THE FANTASTICKS (Musical)

Act 1/ Tom Jones

F Monologue

This morning a bird woke me up.

It was a lark or a peacock,

Or something like that.

Some strange sort of bird that I'd never heard. And I said "hello"

And it vanished: flew away.

The very minute that I said "hello".

It was mysterious.

So do you know what I did?

I went over to my mirror

And brushed my hair two hundred times without stopping. And as I was brushing it,

My hair turned gold!

No, honestly! Gold!

And then red.

And then 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 to 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 I cry and cry
Till the tears come down
And I taste them. Ah!
I love to taste my tears!
I am special.
I am special.
Please, God, please —
Don't let me be normal!

Rose/Fences/August Wilson
FEMALE MONOLOGUE

I been standing with you! I been right here with you, Troy. I got a life too. I gave several years of my life to stand in the same spot with you. Don't you think I ever wanted other things? Don't you think I had dreams and hopes? What about my life? What about me. Don't you think it ever crossed my mind to want to know other men? That I wanted to lay up somewhere and forget about my responsibilities? That I wanted someone to make me laugh so I could feel good? You not the only one who's got wants and needs. But I held on to you, Troy. I took all my feelings, my wants and needs, my dreams...and I buried them inside you. I planted a seed and waited and prayed over it. I planted myself inside you and waited to bloom. And it didn't take me no eighteen years to find out the soil was hard and rocky and it wasn't never gonna bloom. But I held on to you, Troy, I held you tighter. You was my husband. I owed you everything I had. Every part of me I could find to give you. And upstairs in that room...with the darkness falling in on me...I gave everything I had to try and erase the doubt that you wasn't the finest man in the world, and wherever you was going...I wanted to be there with you. Cause you was my husband. Cause that's the only way I was gonna survive as your wife. You always talking about what you give...and what you don't have to give. But you take too. You take...and don't even know nobody's giving!