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Female monologues from plays

collection of female monologue audition monologues to be used for projects or auditions. no one is original, everyone is accredited to their playwright. If you have any questions or suggestions, let me know! 20 Something — AvaAva, a young woman at the beginning of the depression, speaks to her therapist. From the game 20 Something A. A. Gardner. Looks like there's this well inside my chest. It's like this virus is sleeping and still nourishing — I don't know what continues to feed because I feel like there is nothing left. I'm constantly watching the world through a glass pane and I'm screaming and screaming and no one can hear me. But at the same time... I don't think I want them. I'm not sad. I feel vacant. Like there's nothing in me. I'm full of dust, soots and fog and the burnt pages of the books I bought but never read... I am peaceful. I am controlled by small seeds of doubt that infest my body with fantasies, and — I am not sure that parts of me are made and which parts of me are fiction. I'm like Alice, falling into some terrifying Wonderland and all I want to do is wake up. I'm so tired. There's nothing I remember being beautiful. I can't remember the last time I laughed. I hate being tripped. And I hate myself for letting go. But, above all, I hate myself. Guys — SophieSophie's boyfriend just committed suicide, but Sophie was secretly in love with their friend Mack long before. In Ella Hickson's Boys monologue, he confronts Mack about his feelings. You ever heard anything... guilt? Because it came as a bit of a surprise that, um - you, one-I can not actually feel. As if it wasn't something I can generate somehow, like, I - I really have to evoke it, trying to encourage myself and even then I can't do it. I thought it would be a first.and then the pain or... or...I can feel it is total joy, total - peace. I look at you and sometimes I make myself think of him, I force him into my head and I don't feel guilty. What kind of person does he do to me? Sometimes I think it's because - what we have is love, is meant to be. That we love each other, yes, Mack, that's what I think sometimes. Is that ridiculous? I sat down at his funeral watching his parents and Benny, but all I thought, all I felt, was you. But then I look at you and I wonder if he's really there. I wonder if I added the amount of minutes, hours, fucking days I spent thinking about you, the amount of fucking desire I did - if I added that up and weighed against anything you've ever said... But then you do the smallest thing - you make me a cup of tea when I don't ask, or touch my hand really slightly in a room full of people and I think not, Sophie, don't laugh - not laugh because it is real and it is much more real because it is unsatisfactory and a - a - is much more real because I can't touch it, because we can't see it. It's much more real because I don't know if it's there. Please say something... Please... Eight — Astrid This is set in Astrid's room on his bed. She's sleeping next to her. She's sweaty and a little drunk and she just came back from one night with another man. From Ella Hickson's play Otto. People talk about guilt like an instinct. If you do something wrong, you feel guilty. I do not; what I feel is power. You always join history where they are sorry when they desperately ask for forgiveness; But there's something before that, there's now. In space after the act and before the consequences, when you got away with it; when you walk out of an unknown door, you go down the unknown roads and you are still fading in you- dawn breaks,settling and your jump home, flying on the thrill of it, you can enjoy. Also here, the quiet click of the door, the tip in our bed and all the stuff that composes life, our life- and- I don't feel like a traitor; I can stay here while the saliva of another man dries my lips and I can remember the face of another man who carries over me- and I like it, I like that all this seems new. Her alarms are out in ten minutes. He's gonna hang up and grunt around me like a monkey with his mom. Like every morning. He will not notice that something is different- he will not see that I have mascara down my face or that my hair is wet, because I ran in the rain to come back before he wakes up, he will not realize that I was not here- for him, I became invisible long ago. It's not even snoring, is it? Listen? It is certainly more aggravating than breathing, but it does not have enough the conviction of a snoring. No... just a slow air dribble, as if it was designed to be as graceful as possible humanly; some kind of little pony with a tantrum. Oop-oh what beautiful is not, a little wind from the child. Having been with someone else, it's like I left the room for the first time in years, and come back and realize. . He's the man I once thought I was getting married. Ah, and here we have the spread. By allowing the air to all orifices immediately, in vain hopes of ventilation, the male of the species spreads, very similar to a starry fish. Allowing little or no space to the female of the species to coexist in the domestic habitat. It's like he's not even there. In Vista Dal Ponte - CatherineIn this monologue from Arthur Miller's drama, Catherine defends her uncle - who secretly brings feelings for her - to Rodolpho, the man who wants to marry. CATHERINE: Don't laugh, don't laugh at me! I've been here all my life. I saw him every day when he left.and when he came home at night. night.think it's so easy to turn around and tell a man that's nothing for you anymore? You don't know - nobody knows! I'm not a child, I know more than people think I know. Beatrice says she's a woman but - then, because she's not a woman! If I were a wife, I would make a man happy instead of going to him all the time! I can say from one block away when it is blue in the mind and just need to talk to someone quiet and beautiful. I can say when he's hungry or he wants a beer before he says something. I know that when his feet hurt him - I know him, and now I should turn around and make a stranger from him? I don't know why I have to do this. Be aggressive - Laura In this game of Annie Weisman, 17-year-old Laura faces the loss of her mother. LAURA: In 1971, I wasn't around yet. But that's when she was really alive, I think. She had a gray strip in front of her hair. Premature gray. She had it for years until she finally got sick of giggles and stares and dyed it like the rest of them. I don't even barely remember. I was so small. He was telling us things, but I barely remember and I can't ask him again! I can't say: "Hey, Mom, tell me things I never listened to! Tell me how to do things! Tell me how to bake sugar cookies so that they are soft in the center! Tell me how to clean my hair so that it only holds with a pin. Tell me how it feels when your water breaks and a child comes out!" I don't have anyone to tell me this! I hate my father! I'm sorry, but I hate him so much! How could he continue? I don't understand how he can continue! Is that what's going on? You're young, and you believe in things, and then what? Do you get married, have children, move into an ocean view unit of Spanish stucco and forget? One day you wear your white strip as the tail of a peacock, and the next day you let them paint with bleach and toner and wrap it in the foil and sit downa hair dryer to cook for an hour while you learn lip tips from a beauty magazine! Like everyone else! When you sit under those dryer domes, you can't see or hear something. You just have to sit quietly and let all that stuff soften you up. She's been a little missing for a long time. I don't want to be a dead girl. I want to be a living person. Everything will be different - Charlotte In this monologue by Mark Schultz, Charlotte, a teenage girl who cries her mother's death, fantastic on her future. CHARLOTTE: I'm so settled. I'm so ready. There's a world and I'll see it. And you won't stop me. I'll have adventures. I'll be like an explorer. I'll make new friends. I'll fall in love. I will be like Christopher Columbus of Francis Drake of Magellan or anything. Because there is a world and I am determined. When do I get back? If I get back? No one will recognize me. I'll be like a movie star or a famous person and no one will recognize me and see through all. I'll see through everyone. You too. I will look straight through you and you will look at me, and you will think to yourself who the hell is that and I smile only to you. I smile and mumble something as deep or something really famous as a famous something like what someone famous would say because this is what I will be because I will know a lot more. I will know a lot more when I return. Or maybe I will say, "Fuck you" because I can see through you. Fuck you. Under my breath. To the wall. To the fucking wall. I'll see through you on the fucking wall and you won't even know you're nothing for me. And I'm gonna fuck you and think he's talking to me? and you won't even know. You're a ghost to me. And I don't care. All a fucking ghost. Everyone. And I am the only one. I am the only one that means more than you or anyone else. Small victory - jeanneThis game of Lavonne Mueller, Joan of Arc launches into a soldier in his army and reveals some of the truths of his peasant background. Let me tell you something. Captain, I'm not from a luxury family in Paris. Like you do, I'm not worried about the low supplies of good wine, for losing my title. You know what war means to me? A mule. We had an aratro mule called Belle. She was born the same day I was born. The English soldiers Stray would come from our farm asking for pets to carry their guns and arrows. We could not let them have Belle - it was all we had for the fields. We'd starve. So Dad took Belle to the shed and cut her legs... until they bleed and she cried... so the enemy wouldn't take it. Belle's legs would heal, we'll work her... until the enemy stragglers came from... then we cut Belle's legs again. We shared the birthdays, Captain. And one day, after maybe the sixth time, I went to the shed where Belle was... All bloody... and lame... and began to beat the walls. I screamed and beaten until my fists were as bloody as Belle's legs. I learned something about me that day. I learned that when I'm angry, I'm stronger than I ever knew I could be. When I'm angry, I don't feel pain. I take it. Inside the Shadows - SandraIn this game by Scott Shallenbarger, Sandra, 24, describes an artwork painted by his fiancé who recently committed suicide. SANDRA: It's brilliant. Really. He captured so much power. This is the only word I can think of. The whole painting is one hundred shades of one hundred different colors... particles. He put them on the canvas in a way that creates this movement. It moves in a circular pattern... keep turning. And this rush of energy makes the canvas appear asif's moving. The longer you look at it, the more you forget it is a - painting because it begins to absorb you. What do you mean? You can actually feel yourself being attracted to it... hypnotized by all thosecolors. And soon, without realizing it, you're thrown into the rotary spectrum. You start moving with it, slowly at the beginning, and then faster... and faster... until you become totally lost and completely immersed in it. It's incredible. And as you turn, you see, at the center of all this movement, the small, painted figure of a man. And you know the energy that pushes this force comes from him. He controls it. Connect with him for a moment and then... suddenly... Stop. It's over. You're just looking at this flat canvas again. And no matter how much I swore he was there, you can't see the little man... He's gone. Hidden. And while you look for it, you realize that unless you enter that intense and high-energy world again, you will not be able to find it. Crimini del Cuore - Babe In this Beth Henley game, Babe tells her lawyer how she shot her husband. BABE: After shooting Zackery, I put the gun down on the bench of the floor, and then I went out to the kitchen and made a lemonade jug. I was dying of thirst. My mouth was as dry as a bone. I did it just as I like it, with a lot of sugar and a lot of lemon- about ten lemons in everything. Then I added two ice trays and mixed it with my wooden stirring spoon. Then I drank three glasses, one after the other. They were large glasses on this high. Then suddenly my stomach swollen. I think what she caused was all that acid lemon, so what did I do? I took my mouth off with my back. I did it to free all those little water beads that had settled there. Then I called Zackery. I said, "Zackery, I made a lemonade. Can you use a glass?" But he didn't answer. So I poured him a glass and brought him out. And there he is, lying on the carpet. And he looked at me trying to talk. I saidLemonade Don't you want it? Do you want a Coke instead?" Then I took it.He was telling me to call on the phone for medical help. So I got to the phone and I called the hospital. I gave my name and address and told them my husband was killed and he was lying on the carpet and there was a lot of blood. I think this is gonna be a little ugly. I'm fixing the lemonade before I call the hospital. I'm telling you, I think the reason I invented the lemonade, I mean, besides the fact that my mouth was dry, it was that I was afraid to call the authorities. I was scared. I really think they were afraid they'd see that I tried to shoot Zackery, because I shot him, and they'd charge me with possible murder and send me to prison. I mean, in fact, that's what happened. This is what is happening - because here I am ready to go immediately to the Parchment Prison Farm. Yeah, I'm pretty much on the brink of total conviction. Because I feel so lonely. Broadway Bound - KateIn this comedy of Neil Simon, Kate faces her cheating husband, KATE: What do I want to do? Is that how it works? Do you have a relationship, and do I have the choice to forget about it or live alone for the rest of my life? ... It's so easy for you, isn't it? I'm so angry. I'm so hurt by your selfishness. You break what was good between us and let me take the pieces... and you keep lying to me. I knew that woman a year ago. I got a call from a friend. I will not even tell you who... "What happens between you and Jack?" he asks me. "Are you still together? Who is this woman with whom you have lunch every day?" He asks me... I said: "Did you see them together?" he said, "No, but I heard..." I said: "Don't believe what you hear. Believe what you see!" and I hung up on her... Did I do good, Jack? Did I defend my husband as a good wife? ... One year I lived with this, hoping for God was not true, and if it were, praying would leave... and God wasfor me. No more phone calls, no more storiesJack and his lunch buddy... no longer wonder why you came home late from work even when it was not busy season. . until this morning. Guess who's calling me? Guess who Jack was having lunch at the same restaurant twice last week? ... Last year's lies don't hold up this year, Jack... This year you have to face it. It is.

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