



Female Monologue

(Choose 1 or prepare your own)

Edna: Thanksgiving dinner. There we sat, the five of us. Or rather, me and the silent quartet. Now, you may have noticed I tend to go on a bit. And when I'm nervous, well, my chin-wagging just won't stop. So I talked. I passed the turkey and I talked. I passed the dressing and I talked. I passed the gravy boat, and I talked. I passed the potatoes, the turnips, the peas, and the corn, and I talked and talked and talked and talked. I was just about to pass around the jellied salad – oh, the clear green one with fruit cocktail in it, not the creamy ambrosia one with the Philadelphia cream cheese and pineapple tidbits – when Eden stood up, cleared his throat, and said: "Mum. Dad. I'm gay." I didn't know what to do. I'd planned this for a week and now it had all gone wrong. Maybe there wasn't enough food. And, well, for once I was silent. It was dead quiet at that table. That eerie kind of stillness, like right before a big storm. And I could feel him. From the other end of the table, my Stanley, starting to vibrate like a generator getting going All in his neck, eh? His neck doubling in size and ready to burst. And his face. Eyes like an animal, ready to attack. And getting all red, like every drop of blood in his body had rushed to his head. This had gone terribly wrong. This was all my fault. I should have cooked a ham, too! Suddenly, Stanley slammed his cutlery down on his plate with a crash. Put both hands on the table and lifted himself up to his full height. He looked bigger than I'd ever seen him before. Like a giant. Like a crazy, unfriendly giant. And his face was so red it looked like a missile would shoot straight out the top of his head at any moment. I had to do something. Say something. Fix this. Come on, Edna, you're a smart woman, you read *Chatelaine*. Think Edna, think. Dessert. I had dessert! My saviour! I put the jellied salad down, placed my hands on the table, and stood opposite Mr. Stanley Rural, staring him down. Oh, not as tall but just as strongwilled. His eyes locked with mine, like two gunfighters, fingers twitching for their pistols. I shot first. I spoke. I spoke calmly and as bravely and as sensibly as any Canadian woman in my situation would. And I said to him, "Stanley Rural, keep your fork! There's pie." He sat down. We finished our meal in silence. I cleared the table. Everyone retained their cutlery. I served dessert. Eden and his friends went back to the city. Stanley went to bed. And I did the dishes alone. It was an awful Thanksgiving. I didn't even have my slice of pie.

Female Monologue

(Choose 1 or prepare your own)

LISA: When I was very young, my mother got cancer, and it had spread too far by the time they diagnosed it to do anything but let her die. For about six months she lay in the terminal ward at Sloan-Kettering. When she first went in, she told my father that her only wish was to see her family grow up, but that that was impossible, so to kiss her goodbye and leave and don't hang on for this bumpy ride, as she put it.

But the most important thing in the world to my father was that she have her last wish, so he left his job, sold the house, moved us into the city, went through miles of red tape, and arranged for a permit to build a sandbox and swing next to the parking lot outside her window, where she could see us. And every day that summer, and after school and on weekends that fall, he would take me and my brother there, and we would play, and when my brother asked "Why here?", my father said that Mom was in heaven, but she had a good view of that particular sandbox.

My aunt told me that story when I first started going out with boys. She said, "What your father did for your mother, Lisa that is love. Be smart Lisa. Save your honor for the man who loves you." It was a long time before I could even give a decent kiss without somewhere asking myself whether or not this guy would stand outside my window for six months while I died.

Female Monologue

(Choose 1 or prepare your own)

Comedic female monologue from the play *Goodbye Charles* by Gabriel Davis:

I ate the divorce papers, Charles. I ate them with ketchup. You want me to get serious about our divorce? You always called our marriage a joke! Last week, I asked why you walked down the aisle with me and you said "for the exercise." Ha, ha. That's funny, Charles. I'm laughing, not crying. Ha, ha. I'm laughing because you're about to give up on a woman who is infinitely lovable.

Just ask Paul who's loved me since eighth grade. Paul's sent me over two hundred original love sonnets. Paul may be insane, but I would never ask him to sign his name to a piece of paper promising to just turn off his love. That's what you're asking of me. To sign away my right to your brown eyes, to your hands through my hair before bed...

So I've written you a sonnet. "Shall I compare thee to a summer's day? Thou art more lovely and more temperate, rough winds do shake the darling buds of May and..." I'm not crying. I'm laughing. It's all a big joke. I didn't write that sonnet. Paul did. I think it's good.

Why did I eat the divorce papers with ketchup? So I could stomach them! What I can't stomach: losing you.

Male Monologues

(Choose 1 or prepare your own)

Tobias: The cat that I had...When I was – well, a year or so before I met you. She was very old; I'd had her since I was a kid: she must have been fifteen, or more. An alley cat. She didn't like people very much, I think; when people came...she'd pick up and walk away. She liked me: or rather, when I was alone with her I could see she was content: she'd sit on my lap. I don't know if she was happy, but she was content. And how the thing happened I don't really know. She...one day...she...well, one day I realized she no longer liked me. No, that's not right; one day I realized she must have stopped liking me some time before. One evening I was alone, home, and I was suddenly aware of her absence, not just that she wasn't in the room with me, but that she hadn't been in the rooms with me, watching me shave...just about...for...I couldn't place how long. She hadn't gone away, you understand; well, she had, but she hadn't run off. I knew she was around; I remembered that I caught sight of her – from time to time – under a chair, moving out of a room, but it was only when I realized something had happened that I could give any pattern to things that had...that I'd noticed. She didn't like me any more. It was that simple. I tried to force myself on her. I'd close her in a room with me; I'd pick her up, and I'd make her sit in my lap; I'd make her stay there when she didn't want to. But it didn't work; she'd abide it, but she'd get down when she could, go away. One night – I was fixed on it now – I had her in the room with me, and on my lap for the...the what, the fifth time the same evening, and she lay there, with her back to me, she wouldn't purr, and I knew: I knew she was just waiting till she could get down, and I said, "Damn you, you like me; God damn it, you stop this! I haven't done anything to you." And I shook her...and she bit me; hard; and hissed at me. I...I hated her! She and I had lived together and been, well, friends, and...there was no reason. And I hated her for that. I hated her, well, I suppose because I was being accused of something, of...failing. But, I hadn't been cruel, by design; if I'd been neglectful, well, my life was...I resented it. I resented having a...being judged. Being betrayed.

Male Monologues

(Choose 1 or prepare your own)

LEOPOLD: Besides, you don't even work for yourself, it's all for your family! You sweat your balls off to earn a few lousy bucks and you hand the whole wad over to them. Your precious family! Another of the good Lord's great inventions! Four big mouths, gaping wide open and all ready to bite when you walk in the door on Thursday night! And if you don't come straight home, 'cause maybe you feel like having a beer with your pals, watch out, they'll eat you alive! You walk in the door, in five minutes your pockets are picked clean and all you can do is fall into bed. And your family says it's 'cause you're drunk. Then they tell the whole world what a heartless bastard you are. That's right, a heartless bastard. Why hide it; you're a bastard.

Male Monologues

(Choose 1 or prepare your own)

Comedic male monologue from the play *Laughing Wild* by Christopher Durang:

I used to be a very negative person. But then I took this personality workshop that totally turned my life around. Now when something bad or negative happens, I can see the positive. Now when I have a really bad day, or when someone I thought was a really good friend betrays me, or maybe when I've been hit by one of those damn people riding bicycles the opposite way on a one-way street, so, of course, one hadn't looked in that direction and there they are bearing down on you, about to kill or maim you – anyway, I look at any of these things and I say to myself: this glass is not half full, it's half empty.

No - I said it backwards, force of habit. The glass is not half empty, it is half full. Of course, if they hit you with the stupid bicycle your glass won't be half full or half empty, it will be shattered to pieces, and you'll be dead or in the hospital. But really I'm trying to be positive, that's what I'm doing with my life these days.

I was tired of not being joyful and happy, I was sick of my personality, and I had to change it. Half full, not half empty. I had to say to myself: you do not have cancer – at least not today. You are not blind. You are not one of the starving children in India or China or in Africa. Look at the sunset, look at the sunrise, why don't you enjoy them, for God's sake? And now I do. Except if it's cloudy, of course, and you can't see the sun. Or if it's cold. Or if it's too hot. I probably need to take a few more personality workshops to complete the process. It's still not quite within my grasp, this being positive business.