

Dramatic Monologues

Silent Treatment

What's wrong? ...What happened? Why you in such a mood? You can't talk to me? Is it something I did? Did I do something? What? What is it? Can't you talk to me? Is this the silent treatment? Is that what you're doing? Are you giving me the silent treatment? Why do you always do this when you're upset with me? Don't you think it's better to talk about it? Why do you do this to me all the time? Do you really think that this is going to solve things or improve things between us? Do you ever take my feelings into consideration? Do you ever think that this makes me extremely frustrated and crazy?! Is that why you do it? Do you think I'm a mind reader?? Do you want me to go completely insane at some point in this relationship?! (pause.)

Why can't you just tell me the point of all of this?

Custody

Do you know what it's like to be trapped between your parents? Well, I do. And you know something, it sucks. You see, my parents are divorced. I'm not upset by the divorce; I mean I can hardly remember their marriage. And I'm really glad that they both found someone else to spend their lives with. But damn, why can't I just be left out of the whole deal? I live with my mother who has full custody of me. I hate the sound of that - custody. It makes me sound like a prisoner, which I am most of the time. Or worse, like I'm just one more thing that needs to be divided up. Who gets the house? The car? The kid? Like I said, my mother's got me in her clutches, but that doesn't stop my father from trying to snag me. Like last weekend, for example, my father called, asking if he could see me. My mother said no, because she'd already made other plans for us. Then, like every other time, they scream and yell, curse each other out, and it always ends up with one of them slamming down the phone. I thought that's why they got divorced, to stop all that crap. You know what is really ironic about the whole thing? Both my mother and father knew perfectly well that I'd already made other plans, just to get away from the two of them. It's pretty frustrating to feel that way. To feel like I have to constantly avoid them. Sometimes it makes me crazy going back and forth between them like a goddamn tennis ball. It won't be forever, though. You see, I have this plan. I figure that, when I'm eighteen, I'll just pack up my stuff and move to California or Alaska. Anyplace where I won't be caught between them anymore. That way I can live my own life, make my own decisions. And I promise myself that, when I have kids, I'll never do to them what my parents did to me.

Split Second

VAL: That's right! I lost it! I finally lost my "cool". I snapped, and it was all out front. And do you want to know how long I've been waiting to do it? All my life. The "chip" just got too heavy, and I didn't want to carry it around anymore. One split second, that's all it took to knock it off, and that make him dead. No, it didn't happen to you. Not you. But let's say it did happen. One time, one night, when you'd finally heard it once too often. It was hot out. It was dark. You were alone. The scum of the earth, spitting it out at you. And you didn't want to take it anymore. You couldn't take it anymore. And then "click". Nobody heard the shot, and nobody heard him

fall. Who was he anyway. Nobody. What would you have done? Thrown it all away? Just because somebody, the lowest of the low, screamed at you once too often and once too loud?!

Comedic Monologues

The Stage Manager's Nightmare

STAGE MANAGER: Hello, I'm your front-of-house manager and I really must apologize to you for the delay this evening. The show will be beginning shortly... while we're waiting I may as well tell you a little about the work. As you probably know it's about a king whose wife is raped by two gentlemen - perhaps gentlemen isn't the word I'm looking for - who cut off both her hands and removed her tongue in order that she will not be able to identify them. Eventually, however, the husband discovers the ruffians' identity, bakes them into a pie and serves the boys to their parents. It's a tragedy. A Shakespearean tragedy. That means everybody dies. If it was a comedy everybody would get married, except for the villain. It's not a very good play actually, but I'm sure you'll enjoy it. After all, it is Shakespeare... And while we're waiting I'll introduce you to some of the people involved in the show. Fred Jenkins, our lighting board operator. Susan Wong, who does our sound. I'd like to introduce you to the author, but he couldn't be with us this evening. That was a joke. You see, the author's dead. Died hundreds of years ago. That's why everybody does his play — no royalties.

500 Days of Summer

Actually. You know what? Can I say something about the cat? Yeah, uh, this is- and Rhoda, no disrespect here....but, um, this is total shit. "Go for it" and "You can do it"? That's not inspirational. That's suicidal. (Points to the greeting cards) If Pickles goes for it there, that's a dead cat. These are lies. We're liars....think about it. Why do people buy these cards? It's not because they wanna say how they feel. People buy these cards because they can't say how they feel or they are afraid to. We provide the service that lets them off the hook. And you know what? I say the hell with it. I say let's level with America. At least let them speak with themselves. I mean, look at this. What does it say? Congratulations on the new baby. How about congratulations for your new baby, guess that's it for hanging out. Nice knowing ya buddy. Wait, what's this? Ooh... fancy!

Look at this one with all the hearts. Let's open it up. "Happy Valentine's Day, Sweetheart. I love you." Oh that's nice. This is exactly what I'm talking about? What does it even mean? Love. Do you know? Do you? Anybody? If somebody gave me this card, Mr Vance, I would eat it. It's the cards and the movies and the pop songs. They are to blame for all the lies and the heartache. We are responsible. I am responsible. I think we do a bad thing here. I mean, people should be able to say how they feel, how they really feel, not some words that some stranger puts in their mouth. Maybe it's not love at all. Maybe there's no such thing as love. Maybe it's... "galoogoo." Yeah I made it up, so what?! (Tom gets up and walks to the door.) It's all crap. We make and peddle crap. And sometimes people believe in this crap. I just can't do it anymore, Mr. Vance. There's enough bullshit in the world without my help. I quit.

Pterodactyls

In the beginning, there were dinosaurs. Lots of dinosaurs. And they were big. They were very, very large – in comparison to man they were. They were huge. And there were so many different kinds. There were ceratops and stegosauruses. There was the tyrannosaurus and the pterodactyl. And they lived, not in harmony, roaming the earth at will, raping, as it were, the planet and pillaging without regard. And, and um ... uh. (*He looses his place and quickly checks his pockets for notes.*) Um, I seem to have forgotten my notes. I'm sorry. I thought I left them in my pocket. Maybe I wasn't supposed to wear this. Maybe I left them on the table. Maybe I – oh well, it doesn't matter now. I don't have them. That's the point. I think I remember most of it – Maybe I left them – it doesn't matter. Where was I? Oh, yes. It got cold. That's right, it got very, very cold and all the dinosaurs died. They all died. At once. It got cold and they died. And the land masses shifted and arranged themselves into the pattern we see now on the map. Basically. I think. There weren't any divisions for countries or states or anything, and I'm sure California was bigger, but it resembled what's on the map. During the cold spell, which is generally referred to as “the ice age” – or maybe it was before the ice age, or after it – I can't remember – but life started spontaneously. In a lake. Here, I think. And amoebas multiplied and became fish – don't ask me how – which evolved into monkeys. And then one day, the monkeys stood up, erect, realized they had opposing thumbs and developed speech. Thus, Mankind was born. Here. Some people liked Africa, so they stayed there and became black. Some people left, looking for something, and became Europeans. And the Europeans forgot about the Africans and made countries and Queen Elizabeth executed her own half-sister Mary Queen of Scots. Some Europeans were Jewish, but most were Christians of some kind, Jesus having been born some time prior – oops, I forgot that. I'm sorry. Jesus was born. And there were other religions too, but I can't remember much about them, so I'm sure they weren't very important. During the Renaissance people got very fat. Picasso sculpted “David”, Marco Polo invented pizza, Columbus discovered the new world and Gaetan Dugas discovered the fountain of youth. Europeans imported tea, to drink. Edison invented the telephone. Martha Graham invented modern dance. Hitler invented fascism and Rose Kennedy invented nepotism. Orson Wells made Citizen Kane and mothers loved their children, who rebelled, and the sun shined most of the time, except when it rained and there was a rhythm to our breathing. There was an order to the world. I give you this brief summary of events, this overview, so you'll have some perspective. I'm sure I got some of it wrong. I've lost my notes, but it's basically the idea. And I wanted you to have, I think, some sense of history.

Classical Monologues

As You Like It

JAQUES: All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like a snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like a furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,

With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

A Midsummers Night's Dream

PUCK: My mistress with a monster is in love. Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,

That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial-day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
Forsook his scene and enter'd in a brake
When I did him at this advantage take,

An ass's nose I fixed on his head: Anon his Thisbe must be answered,

And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,

Sever themselves and madly sweep the sky,
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly;
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries and help from Athens calls.
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them
wrong;

For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;
Some sleeves, some hats, from yielders all things catch. I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there:
When in that moment, so it came to pass,
Titania waked and straightway loved an ass.

Henry IV Part II

RUMOUR: Open your ears; for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing when loud Rumour
speaks?
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold

The acts commenced on this ball of earth. Upon my tongues continual slanders ride, The which
in every language I pronounce, Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world; And who but Rumour, who but only I,

Make fearful musters and prepar'd defence, Whiles the big year, swoln with some other grief, Is
thought with child by the stern tyrant war, And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures,
And of so easy and so plain a stop
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads, The still-discordant wav'ring multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my household? Why is Rumour here?
I run before King Harry's victory,
Who, in a bloody field by Shrewsbury,
Hath beaten down young Hotspur and his troops, Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
To speak so true at first? My office is

To noise abroad that Harry Monmouth fell Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword, And that
the King before the Douglas' rage Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.