Female Monologue
Option #1

The Fantasticks
By Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt

Isa:

"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 not heard. And I said, hello. And it vanished: flew away. The very minute I said hello. It was mysterious, so do you know what I did? I went over to the 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 are 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."
Female Monologue
Option # 2

Our Town
By Thornton Wilder

Emily:

"(Defensive.) I'm not mad at you. (Dreading to face the issue.) But, since you ask me, I might as well say is right out, George – I don't like the whole change that's come over you in the last year. (She glances at him.) I'm sorry if that hurts your feelings, but I've just got to — tell the truth and shame the devil (Facing mostly out, on the verge of tears.) Well up to a year ago, I used to like you a lot. And I used to watch you while you did everything – because we'd been friends so long. And then you began spending all your time at baseball. (She bites the word.) And you never stopped to speak to anyone anymore – not to really speak – not even to your own family, you didn't. And George, it's a fact – ever since you've been elected Captain, you've got awful stuck up and conceited, and all the girls say so. And it hurts me to hear 'em say it; but I got to agree with 'em a little, because it's true. I always expect a man to be perfect and I think he should be. (All innocence, yet firm.) Well, my father is. And as far as I can see, your father is. There's no reason on earth why you shouldn't be too. But you might as well know right now that I'm not perfect – it's not easy for a girl to be perfect as a man, because, well, we girls are more – nervous. Now, I'm sorry I said all that about you. I don't know what made me say it. (Cries.) Now I can see it's not true at all. And I suddenly feel that it's not important, anyway. (Cries.)"
Nora:

"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 gray suede gloves that he wore in the wintertime. Then I found his coat in Mom’s closet and I put my hand in his 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."
Female or Male Monologue

You're A Good Man Charlie Brown
Based on the characters from Charles M Schulz's comic Peanuts

By Clark Gesner

"A 'C'? A 'C'? I got a 'C' on my coat hanger sculpture? How could anyone get a 'C' in coat hanger sculpture? May I ask a question? Was I judged on the piece of sculpture itself? If so, is it not true that time alone can judge a work of art? Or was I judged on my talent? If so, is it fair that I be judged on a part of my life over which I have no control? If I was judged on my effort, then I was judged unfairly, for I tried as hard as I could! Was I judged on what I had learned about this project? If so, then were not you, my teacher, also being judged on your ability to transmit your knowledge to me? Are you willing to share my 'C'? Perhaps I was being judged on the quality of coat hanger itself out of which my creation was made...now is this not also unfair? Am I to be judged by the quality of coat hangers that are used by the dry cleaning establishment that returns our garments? Is that not the responsibility of my parents? Should they not share my 'C'?"