

Monologues

Ernie from Mermaid and Miami

CONTEXT: A kindly fisherman sets up the story for this modern retelling of The Little Mermaid.

ERNIE: I'll never forget that storm. In one moment, the night was still and as black as tar. An instant later, a howlin' wind roared in! The rain pelted the ocean. Lightning spat. Thunder belched. It was as if there was trouble brewing beneath the waves. And then, just as the rain and the lightning and the thunder began their mighty battle – it all stopped. And the morning sun came out as if nothing had ever happened. Well, that storm may be over, but I still say that trouble's a-brewin'. My big toe is twitchin' and that's never a good sign. I've been on this ocean long enough to know that there are spooky things down there in that water. And I don't just mean the jellyfish.

The Mummy from the play Tuesdays with Mummy

CONTEXT: A bumbling scientist stumbles across a disgruntled mummy in an Egyptian tomb. Comedy and Halloween hi-jinks ensue.

MUMMY: Yyyyyyyyyyyou aren't very bright, are you? You commit sacrilege as you bumble through these sacred halls. You defile my royal resting place and dare to steal my amulet. I would love nothing better than to tear you to pieces. Fortunately for you, I'm feeling a bit under the weather. When I was a younger mummy, only 800 years old or so, I could mutilate grave robbers all afternoon. Now all it takes is one decapitation and I'm ready for a nap. No, I shall not kill you, lowly one. But you must make amends. Only then shall you walk out of this tomb alive. Take this ring. Open up the sarcophagus in the adjoining chamber. There you will find the resting place of my one true love. Place the ring on the finger of my beloved bride so that she will awaken in eternal living death. And be careful. She's cranky when she wakes up. She's not a morning person - at all.

Alice in Wonderland: A monologue from the book by Lewis Carroll

ALICE: [Angrily] Why, how impolite of him. I asked him a civil question, and he pretended not to hear me. That's not at all nice. [Calling after him] I say, Mr. White Rabbit, where are you going? Hmm. He won't answer me. And I do so want to know what he is late for. I wonder if I might follow him. Why not? There's no rule that I mayn't go where I please. I--I will follow him. Wait for me, Mr. White Rabbit. I'm coming, too! [Falling] How curious. I never realized that rabbit holes were so dark . . . and so long . . . and so empty. I believe I have been falling for five minutes, and I still can't see the bottom! Hmph! After such a fall as this, I shall think nothing of tumbling downstairs. How brave they'll all think me at home. Why, I wouldn't say anything about it even if I fell off the top of the house! I wonder how many miles I've fallen by this time. I must be getting somewhere near the center of the earth. I wonder if I shall fall right through the earth! How funny that would be. Oh, I think I see the bottom. Yes, I'm sure I see the bottom. I shall hit the bottom, hit it very hard, and oh, how it will hurt!

The Magnificent Seven by William Roberts & Walter Bernstein

Bernardo O'Reilly: Don't you ever say that again about your fathers, because they are not cowards. You think I am brave because I carry a gun; well, your fathers are much braver because they carry responsibility, for you, your brothers, your sisters, and your mothers. And this responsibility is like a big rock that weighs a ton. It bends and it twists them until finally it buries them under the ground. And there's nobody says they have to do this. They do it because they love you, and because they want to. I have never had this kind of courage. Running a farm, working like a mule every day with no guarantee anything will ever come of it. This is bravery.

Meet the Parents by Jim Herzfeld & John Hamburg

Greg: Okay, you know what...just take your scrubby little paws off my bag, okay? It's not like I got a bomb in here. It's not like I want to blow up the plane! I just want to stow my bag according to your safety regulations. Hey...hey, if you would just take a second, take the little sticks out of your head, clean out your ears and maybe you would see that I'm a person who has feelings. And all I have to do is do what I want to do and all I want to do is hold onto my bag and not listen to you. And the only way I would ever let go of my bag would be if you came over here right now and try to pry it from my dead lifeless fingers. If you can get it from my kung-fu grip then you can come and have it, okay? Otherwise, step off!

My Fair Lady by Alan Jay Lerner

Higgins: Hmmm. Eliza: you are to stay here for the next six months learning how to speak beautifully, like a lady in a florist shop. If you're good and do whatever you are told, you shall sleep in a proper bedroom, have lots to eat, and money to buy chocolates and take rides in taxis. But if you are naughty and idle you shall sleep in the back kitchen amongst the black beetles, and be walloped by Mrs. Pearce with a broomstick. At the end of six months you shall be taken to Buckingham Palace in a carriage, beautifully dressed. If the King finds out that you are not a lady, the police will take you to the Tower of London, where your head will be cut off as a warning to other presumptuous flower girls. But if you are not found out, you shall have a present of seven-and-six to start life with as a lady in a shop. If you refuse this offer you will be a most ungrateful wicked girl; and the angels will weep for you. Now are you satisfied, Pickering?

Sleepless in Seattle by Nora Ephron

Suzy: Okay, she's going to meet him at the top of the Empire State Building, only she got hit by a taxi. And he waited and waited, and it was raining, I think. And then she's too proud to tell him that she's, uh, crippled. And he's too proud to find out why she doesn't come. But he comes to see her anyway, I forget why, but oh, oh, it's so great when he comes to see her, because he doesn't even notice that she doesn't get up to say hello. And he's very bitter and you think that he's just going to walk out the door and never know why she's just lying there, you know, with, on the couch, with the blanket over her shriveled legs and...

You've Got Mail by Nora Ephron and Delia Ephron

Kathleen: I like to start my notes to you as if we're already in the middle of a conversation. I pretend that we're the oldest and dearest friends -- as opposed to what we actually are, people who don't know each other's names and met in an "Over 30" chat room where we both claimed we'd never been before. What will NY152 say today, I wonder. I turn on my computer, I wait impatiently as it boots up. I go on line, and my breath catches in my chest until I hear three little words: You've got mail. I hear nothing, not even a sound on the streets of New York, just the beat of my own heart. I have mail. From you

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