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**Leslie Knope** from *Parks and Recreation* by Amy Poehler

*Leslie is a passionate government worker who is running for election in her town, Pawnee. Her main rival is Bobby Newport, a sweet but stupid man whose family own the largest factory in the town. At a candidates debate, she has just found out that the family are threatening to move the factory to another town if Bobby doesn't win.*

I am very angry. I'm angry that Bobby Newport would hold this town hostage, and threaten to leave if you don't give him what he wants. It's despicable. Corporations are not allowed to dictate what a city needs – that power belongs to the people. Bobby Newport and his daddy would like you to think it belongs to them.

I love this town. And when you love something, you don't threaten it. You don't punish it. You fight for it. You take care of it. You put it first. And as your city councilor, I will make sure that no one takes advantage of Pawnee. If I seem too passionate, it's because I care. And if I come on strong, it's because I feel strongly. And if I push too hard, it's because things aren't moving fast enough. This is my home. You are my family. And I promise you, I'm not going anywhere.

**Mitch** from *City Slickers* by Lowell Ganz & Babaloo Mandel

*Mitch is a middle-aged man, who is asked to speak at his son's career day at school. He is feeling old and miserable, and ends up presenting a very bleak speech to the primary school students.*

Value this time in your life kids, because this is the time in your life when you still have your choices, and it goes by so quickly. When you're a teenager you think you can do anything, and you do. Your twenties are a blur. Your thirties, you raise your family, you make a little money and you think to yourself, "What happened to my twenties?" Your forties, you grow a little pot belly, you grow another chin. The music starts to get too loud. Your fifties you have a minor surgery. You'll call it a procedure, but it's a surgery. Your sixties you have a major surgery, the music is still loud but it doesn't matter because you can't hear it anyway. Seventies, you and the wife retire, you start eating dinner at two, lunch around ten, breakfast the night before. By your eighties, you've had a major stroke, and you end up babbling to some Jamaican nurse your wife can't stand but who you call mama. Any questions?

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**Sydney** from *The American President* by Aaron Sorkin

*Sydney is a confident, self-assured political analyst. She has recently started a relationship with the President, but has just lost her job with the environmental lobby because the President pushed her bill aside to get another one through. Here, she is expressing her anger and frustration about trying to balance having a job in politics, and dating the President.*

Why was I fired? Uh, "Total failure to achieve any of the objectives for which I was hired." I told him he was being unreasonable. After all, I did get to dance with the president and ride in 'Air Force One' a couple of times. But, you know those prickly environmentalists. It's always gotta be something with them. If it's not clean air, then its clean water. Like it's not good enough that I'm on the cover of People Magazine. And don't you dare call him. Say he hires me back. I go around scaring the hell out of Congress making them think the President is about to drive through a very damaging and costly bill. They'll believe me right? Cause I'm the President's girlfriend.

I've lost all credibility in politics.

**Doug** from *Cosi* by Louis Nowra

*Doug is a patient in a mental asylum, being interviewed by a university student. He is explaining how he got there.*

It was the fault of the psychiatrist. I'd been seeing him because of my pyromania -- that's a person who likes lighting fires -- but you probably know that, being university educated. You know the problem with pyromania? It's the only crime where you have to be at the scene of it to make it a perfect crime, give yourself full satisfaction. So, the cops got me, and I'm sent to a shrink.

He tells me that I've got an unresolved problem with my mother. He said I had better stop her treating me like I was still a child. I had to stand up to her.

She had five cats. One night I rounded them up, put them in a cage, doused them with petrol and put a match to them. Then I opened the cage door and let them loose. They were running around the backyard, burning and howling. I figured I'd wait a couple of hours till the cats were dead and mum was feeling a bit sorry for herself and I'd knock on the front door and say to her 'Hi mum, I've come to talk about our unresolved conflicts.'

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**Maddy** from *Blood Diamond* by Charles Leavitt & C. Gaby Mitchell

*Maddy is a journalist, hoping to write an expose on the horrors of the diamond trade. Her source is cynical about what she has so far, and she lets him have it.*

Do you think I'm exploiting his grief? You're right. It's like one of those informercials. Y'know, little black babies with swollen bellies with flies in their eyes. It's all right here. I've got dead mothers. I've got severed limbs, but it's nothing new. And it might be enough to make some people cry if they read it. Maybe even write a check. But it's not gonna be enough to make it stop. I am sick of writing about victims but it's all I can do because I don't have any facts. I need names. I need dates. I need pictures. I need bank accounts. People back home wouldn't buy a ring if they knew it cost someone else their hand. But I can't write that story until I get facts...I need someone who will go on record. So if that is not you and you're not really gonna help, can you just get out of my face and let me do my work?

**Oskar Schindler** from *Schindler's List* by Steven Zaillian

*Oskar is a German businessman who becomes an unlikely humanitarian in World War 2, using his factory to employ 100s of Jewish Germans, saving them from slave labour camps.*

The unconditional surrender of Germany has just been announced. At midnight tonight, the war is over. Tomorrow, you'll begin the process of looking for survivors of your families. In most cases, you won't find them. After six long years of murder, victims are being mourned throughout the world. We've survived. Many of you have come up to me and thanked me. Thank yourselves.

I'm a member of the Nazi party. I'm a munitions manufacturer. I'm a profiteer of slave labor. I am a criminal. At midnight, you'll be free and I'll be hunted. I shall remain with you until five minutes after midnight. After which time, and I hope you'll forgive me, I have to flee. ... I know you have received orders from our Commandant, which he has received from his superiors, to dispose of the population of this camp. Now would be the time to do it. Here they are, they're all here. This is your opportunity. ... Or, you could leave, and return to your families as men instead of murderers. ... In memory of the countless victims among your people, I ask us to observe three minutes of silence.

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**Miranda Priestly** from *The Devil Wears Prada* by Aline Brosh McKenna

*While deciding between 2 belts to go with an outfit, new assistant Andy laughs that they look identical, then says she is still learning about "this stuff". Her boss, the ruthless, powerful and demanding fashion editor Miranda responds to humiliate her in front of the other staff in the room.*

This... stuff? Oh, ok. I see. You think this has nothing to do with you. You go to your closet and you select, I don't know, that lumpy blue sweater, for instance, because you're trying to tell the world that you take yourself too seriously to care about what you put on your back. But what you don't know is that that sweater is not just blue, it's not turquoise. It's not lapis. It's actually cerulean. And you're also blithely unaware of the fact that in 2002, Oscar de la Renta did a collection of cerulean gowns. And then I think it was Yves Saint Laurent, wasn't it, who showed cerulean military jackets? I think we need a jacket here. And then cerulean quickly showed up in the collections of eight different designers. And then it, uh, filtered down through the department stores and then trickled on down into some tragic Casual Corner where you, no doubt, fished it out of some clearance bin.

**Casey Brodsky** from *Irreconcilable Differences* by Nancy Meyers & Charles Shyer

*10 year old Casey, sick of being used as a pawn in her parents divorce, decides to sue them for divorce.*

I'm just a kid, and I don't know what I'm doing sometimes. But I think you should know better when you're all grown up. I think you should know how to act, and how to treat people. And I think if you once loved someone enough to marry them, you should at least be nice to them, even if you don't love 'em any more. And I think if you have a child, you should treat that child like a human being and not like a pet. Not like you treat your dog or somethin'. You know, when you have a dog sometimes you forget he's there, and then when you get lonely suddenly you remember him, and you remember how cute he is and stuff, and you kiss him a lot, but then the next day when you're busy again you don't notice him. That's how I've been treated for the past four years, and you don't treat your kid like your dog. It's not right.

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**Will** from *Fresh Prince of Bel Air* by David Zucker and Bill Bower

*Will has been sent from Philadelphia to Bel Air to live with his aunt and uncle after getting in trouble at home. His dad turns up, after years of not being in his life, and promises to take him on a trip. Just as Will is ready to leave, his dad says he can't do the trip any more, and has to leave. Will turns to his Uncle Phil.*

Know what, actually this works out better for me...why should I be mad? At least he said goodbye this time. I just wish I hadn't wasted my money buying him this stupid present. *(Pause)* Ain't like I'm still 5 years old, you know, ain't like I'mma be sitting up every night asking my mama "When's Daddy coming home?", you know? Who needs him? He wasn't there to teach me how to shoot my first basket, but I learned, didn't I? And I got pretty damn good at it too, didn't I? Got through my first date without him, right? I learned how to drive, I learned how to shave, I learned how to fight without him, I had 14 great birthdays without him – he never even sent me a damn card. To hell with him! I ain't need him then and I ain't need him now!

*(He starts to break down)* How come he don't want me, man?