

Drama Prep Sample Monologues

GIRLS

Jane Eyre

Jane:

Mrs. Reed is my uncle's wife. My uncle is dead, and he left me to her care. She had to adopt me but she was sorry to have to do it, but my uncle, as I have often heard the servants say, got her to promise before he died, that she would always keep me. But she has always hated me. She let John bully me and when I hit him back, she would lock me in that awful room upstairs. She always told me I was worse than the servants, because the servants at least worked for their living. And no matter what I did, it was wrong, even when I tried. And I did try, Helen, I did try, honest!

The Children's Hour

Mary:

Wait a minute, I'll come with you. I want to tell her that you stole Helen Burton's bracelet. Yes, you did. You can't call me a liar, Rosalie Wells. That's a kind of dare and I won't take a dare. I guess I'll go tell Grandma, anyway. Then she can call the police and they'll come for you and you'll get tried in court. And you'll go to one of those prisons, and you'll get older and older, and when you're good and old they'll let you out, but your mother and father will be dead and you won't have any place to go and you'll beg on the streets. You're just a common, ordinary thief. Stop that bawling. You'll have the whole house down here in a minute.

Quilters

Annie:

My sister Florry is a real good quilter, I guess. Mother says so all the time. Florry's favorite pattern is the Sunbonnet Sue. Mother taught her how to do appliqué blocks and since then she's made probably a dozen "Sunbonnet Sue" quilts. You've seen 'em, they're like little dolls turned sideways with big sunbonnets on. Florry makes each one different. In one her little foot is turned this or that, or she'll give her a little parasol, or turn the hat a little bit. People think they're sooo cute. She made one for everybody in the family, so now there are little "Sunbonnet Sue" quilts all over the house. Last Spring she presented one to our teacher. I nearly died. And she's still at it. Let me tell you, she's driving me crazy with her "Sunbonnet Sues." So I decided to make one quilt and give it to Florry. It's real small. Twin bed size. I finished it and put it on her bed this morning, but I don't think she's seen it yet. I guess I done some new things with "Sunbonnet Sue." I call it the Demise of Sunbonnet Sue. Each little block is different, just like Florry does it. I've got a block of her hanging, another one with a knife in her chest, eaten by a snake, eaten by a frog, struck by lightning, and burned up. I'm sorta proud of it. You should see it ... It turned out real good!

Drama Prep Sample Monologues

BOYS

Our Town by Thornton Wilder

George:

Hello, Emily, I just wanted to say you made a fine speech in class. Gee, it's funny, Emily. From my window up there I can just see your head nights when you're doing your homework over in your room. You certainly do stick to it, Emily. I don't see how you can sit still that long. I guess you like school... Emily, what do you think? We might work out a kinda telegraph from your window to mine; and once in a while you could give me a hint or two about one of those algebra problems. I don't mean the answers, Emily, of course not...just some kinda hint... Anyway it was nice talking to ya. Goodbye.

Incident at Vichy by Arthur Miller

Boy:

What'd they ask you sir? Could you look at my papers please mister? Please! I have to get out. I was on my way to the pawnshop. Here's my mother's wedding ring, it's all that we have left. She asked me to bring it there and get whatever money I could, and right now she's waiting for the money. They have nothing in the house to eat. If they let you go will you take this ring for me? Bring it back to my mother. Number Nine Rue Charlot, top floor. Hirsch. Sarah Hirsch. She has long brown hair... be sure it's her. She has a little beauty mark on this cheek. There are two other families in the apartment, so be sure it's her.

Dark at the Top of the Stairs by William Inge

Sonny:

Mom. Look, mom! Mrs. Stanford sent me home with her chauffeur, too, Mom. That's the way you're supposed to say it, chauffeur. It's French. She had all kinds of little sandwiches. Gee, they were good. Ad cocoa, too, Mom, with lots of whipped cream on top, in little white cups with gold edges. Little cakes too, with pink frosting and green. And ice cream, too. I just ate and ate and ate. I don't want any supper. I'm going to the movies tonight, and to the Royal Candy Kitchen afterwards, to buy myself a great big sundae with chocolate and marshmallow cherries and sprinkles.

Brighton Beach Memoirs

Eugene:

I guess there comes a time in everybody's life when you say, "This very moment is the end of my childhood." When Stanley closed the door, I knew that moment had come to me... I was scared. I was lonely. And I hated my mother and father for making him so unhappy. Even if they were right, I still hated them...I even hated Stanley a little because he left me there to grow up all by myself. And I hated her for leaving Stanley's name out when she called us for dinner. I don't think parents know how cruel they can be sometimes... At dinner I tried to tell them about Stanley, but I just couldn't get the words out... I left the table without even having my ice cream... if it was suffering I was after, I was beginning to learn about it.