Monologue #1: An Ideal Husband by Oscar Wilde

MABEL CHILTERN: Well, Tommy has proposed to me again. Tommy really does nothing but propose to me. He proposed to me last night in the music-room, when I was quite unprotected, as there was an elaborate trio going on. I didn't dare to make the smallest repartee, I need hardly tell you. If I had, it would have stopped the music at once. Musical people are so absurdly unreasonable. They always want one to be perfectly dumb at the very moment when one is longing to be absolutely deaf. Then he proposed to me in broad daylight this morning, in front of that dreadful statue of Achilles. Really, the things that go on in front of that work of art are quite appalling. The police should interfere. At luncheon I saw by the glare in his eye that he was going to propose again, and I just managed to check him in time by assuring him that I was a bimetallist. Fortunately I don't know what bimetallism means. And I don't believe anybody else does either. But the observation crushed Tommy for ten minutes. He looked quite shocked. And then Tommy is so annoying in the way he proposes. If he proposed at the top of hisvoice, I should not mind so much. That might produce some effect on the public. But he does it in a horrid confidential way. When Tommy wants to be romantic he talks to one just like a doctor. I am very fond of Tommy, but his methods of proposing are quite out of date. I wish, Gertrude, you would speak to him, and tell him that once a week is quite often enough to propose to any one, and that it should always be done in a manner that attracts some attention.

Monologue #2: The Crucible by Arthur Miller

ELIZABETH: (upon a heaving sob that always threatens) John, it come to naught that I should forgive you, if you'll not forgive yourself. It is not my soul, John, it is yours. (it is difficult to say, and she is on the verge of tears) Only be sure of this, for I know it now: Whatever you will do, it is a good man does it. I have read my heart this three month, John.(Pause)I have sins of my own to count. It needs a cold wife to prompt lechery. (Now pouring out her heart) Better you should know me! You take my sins upon you, John. John, I counted myself so plain, so poorly made, no honest love could come to me! Suspicion kissed you when I did; I never knew how I should say my love. It were a cold house I kept!

Monologue #3: Coriolanus by William Shakespeare

CORIOLANUS: My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done

To thee particularly and to all the Volsces

Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may

My surname, Coriolanus. The painful service,

The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood

Shed for my thankless country are requited

But with that surname -- a good memory,

And witness of the malice and displeasure

Which thou shouldst bear me. Only that name remains.

The cruelty and envy of the people,

Permitted by our dastard nobles, who

Have all forsook me, hath devoured the rest;

And suffered me by th' voice of slaves to be

Whooped out of Rome.

Monologue #4: The Film L.A. Confidential by Curtis Hanson

SID HUDGENS: Come to Los Angeles. The sun shines bright. The beach is white and inviting and the orage groves stretch as far as the eye can see. There are jobs aplenty and land is cheap. Every working man can have his own house and inside every house and happy all-American family. You can have all this and who knows? You could even be discovered…become a movie star…or at least see one…Life is good in Los Angeles. It’s paradise on Earth.

Monologue to Cut: The Star-Spangled Girl by Neil Simon

SOPHIE: Mr. Cornell, Ah have tried to be neighborly, Ah have tried to be friendly, and Ah have tried to be cordial...Ah don't know what it is that you're tryin' to be. That first night Ah was appreciative that you carried mah trunk up the stairs...The fact that it slipped and fell five flights and smashed to pieces was not your fault...Ah didn't even mind that personal message you painted on the stairs. Ah thought it was crazy, but sorta sweet. However, things have now gone too far...Ah cannot accept gifts from a man Ah hardly know...Especially canned goods. And Ah read your little note. Ah can guess the gist of it even though Ah don't speak Italian. This has got to stop, Mr. Cornell. Ah can do very well without you leavin' little chocolate-almond Hershey bars in mah mailbox--they melted yesterday, and now Ah got three gooey letters from home with nuts in 'em--and Ah can do without you sneakin' into mah room after Ah go to work and paintin' mah balcony without tellin' me about it. Ah stepped out there yesterday and mah slippers are still glued to the floor. And Ah can do without you tying big bottles of eau de cologne to mah cat's tail. The poor thing kept swishin' it yesterday and nearly beat herself to death... And most of all, Ah can certainly do without you watchin' me get on the bus every day through that high-powered telescope. You got me so nervous the other day Ah got on the wrong bus. In short, Mr. Cornell, and Ah don't want to have to say this again, leave me ay-lone!