

MONOLOGUES

Choose one—make the genders work for you—cut it if it's too long.

But most importantly learn it very well—choose strong exciting givens for yourself and get ready to have fun.

MONOLOGUE A

When I was in college I needed some money and my friend convinced me to memorise this test and sell it. Turns out we sold it to the dean's daughter. I lost my scholarship, I got kicked out of school, I got knocked into a different life. And I have been wishing for a way back ever since. You give me this and I will work as hard as it takes to school those Melbourne Uni dickheads and become the best lawyer you have ever seen.

MONOLOGUE B

The thing with Jake - it's like the sun shines on you and it's glorious, then he forgets you and it's very, very cold. He's not even aware of it. When you've got his attention you feel like you're the only person in the world. That's why everybody loves him. Other times... It's always the same whenever someone new comes into his life – Sam, Dimitri, Peter it's always he's so wonderful - did you meet him, he's a musician? -.... and that's only the boys. (she looks out to where the men are playing) What are they doing out there? Is he trying to drown him? Tell me, why is it when men play they always play at killing each other...

MONOLOGUE C

Alright. If this is where it has to happen, then this is where it has to happen. I'm not letting you get rid of me. Our little company had a good night tonight. A really big night. But it wasn't complete because I couldn't share it with you. I couldn't hear your voice, or laugh about it with you. I missed you. We live in a cynical world, and we work in a business of tough competitors and... I love you.

MONOLOGUE D

As soon as I saw her, I realized she was the kind of girl I'd wanted to meet ever since I was old enough to want to meet girls. She was dramatic and she was exotic and she talked a lot and when she talked she said remarkably interesting things about music, books, film and politics. And she liked me. She liked *me*. She *liked* me. At least I think she did...

MONOLOGUE E

Why would you stay home? Why would you stay home and watch that stupid box night after night? This is where there is life—this is where the chances are and the risks and the love. And me. What are you going to choose? Me or the past- because that's all that's there.

Optional ending

Why are you standing? Where are you going to go?

MONOLOGUE F

For the record you flirted with me. You made me feel like you really liked me. Which is really unfair. Then you came home with me and we did stuff, fun stuff, and then you left like it was nothing. And I know you think you got it all figured out- that you can do this with people and it's all ok -- well how's that working out for you, pretty good? Yes? Answer me, I am not leaving till you do.

MONOLOGUE G

Everyone's heart sinks at the first fight. It's the same feeling as the first time our mother pulled us off her breast—you know 'how can you blow this up? We were great!' But after a while you realise that it's ok to bump up against people because that's what grown ups do. I think we are all like little human ice cubes, moving around bumping around against each other and if we are wise, we melt a little each time, and eventually as we keep bumping and melting we come to know this is a safe pool of water and it's going to be ok—and oh crap I am totally shit at analogies but you get the picture. Fight! It's good to fight, just don't let it make you rigid, let it melt you baby.

MONOLOGUE H

God, she's beautiful. She's got the prettiest eyes, and she is so sexy in that shirt. I just want to be alone with her and hold her and kiss her and tell her how much I love her and take care of her. But then I go stop it, you idiot. She's your wife's sister. But I can't help it. I'm consumed by her. It's been months now. I dream about her. I, I, I think about her at the office. Oh. (sighing) What am I gonna do. Last night when she squeezed past me in the doorway, and I smelled that perfume on the back of her neck... Jesus, I, I thought I was going to swoon! Good Lord! You're a financial advisor. It does not look good for you to swoon.

MONOLOGUE I

Whatever you do, however terrible, however hurtful - it all makes sense, doesn't it? inside your head. You never meet anybody who thinks they're a bad person or that they're cruel. Don't you put the past in a room, in the cellar, and lock the door and just never go in there? Because that's what I do. Then you meet someone special and all you want to do is toss them the key, say *open up, step inside*, but you can't because it's dark and there are demons and if anybody saw how ugly it was... I keep wanting to do that - fling open the door - let the light in, clean everything out. If I could get a huge eraser and rub everything out...starting with myself...the thing is, if... I don't think I can find the key.