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MONOLOGUES FOR WOMEN

● Anatomy of a Fall

SANDRA

I'm not imposing anything on Daniel. Don't you talk about Daniel. YOU made us live here among the goats! You complain about a life that YOU chose! You're not a victim! Your generosity conceals something dirtier and meaner. Your incapable of facing your ambitions, and you resent me for it. But I'm not the one who put you where you are. I have nothing to do with it. You aren't sacrificing yourself; you CHOOSE to sit on the sidelines because you're afraid! (You're afraid because) your pride makes your head explode before you can even come up with a germ/an embryo of an idea! And now you wake up and you're forty, and you need someone to blame. Well, YOU are to blame. You're petrified by your own standards and your fear of failure. And THAT is the truth!! You're smart, and I know you know I'm right. And Daniel has nothing to do with it.

● Marriage Story

NORA

I'm gonna stop you there. When you do this for real, don't ever say that. When you do this for real don't ever say that. People don't accept mothers who drink too much wine and yell at their child and call him an asshole. I get it, I do it too. We can accept an imperfect Dad. Let's face it, the idea of a good father was only invented like 30 years ago, before that fathers were expected to be silent, and absent and unreliable and selfish, and we can all say we want them to be different. But on some basic level we accept them. We love them for their fallibilities. But people absolutely don't accept those same failings in mothers. We don't accept it structurally and we don't accept it spiritually. Because the basis of our Judeo-Christian whatever, is Mary, Mother of Jesus, and she's perfect. She's a virgin who gives birth! Unwaveringly supports her child and holds his dead body when he's gone. And the dad isn't there, he didn't even do the fucking! God is in heaven! God is the father, and God didn't show up. So you have to be perfect and Charlie can be a fuck-up but it doesn't matter. You will always be held to a different higher standard. And it's fucked up, but that is the way it is.

● **Monster**

AILEEN

I always wanted to be in the movies. When I was little, I thought for sure, one day, I could be a big big star. Or maybe just beautiful. Beautiful and rich like the women on TV. Yeah, I had a lot of dreams. And I guess you could call me a real romantic because I truly believed that one day, they'd come true. So I dreamed about it for hours.

As the years went by, I learned to stop sharin' this with people. They said I was dreaming, but back then, I believed it wholeheartedly. So whenever I was down, I would just escape into my mind, to my other life, where I was someone else. It made me happy to think that all these people just didn't know yet who I was gonna be. But one day, they'd all see.

I heard that Marilyn Monroe was discovered in a soda shop and I thought for sure it could be like that. So I started goin' out real young and I was always secretly lookin' for who was gonna discover me. Was it this guy? Or maybe this one? I never knew.

But even if they couldn't take me all the way, like Marilyn, they would somehow believe in me just enough. They would see me for what I could be and think I was beautiful. Like a diamond in the rough. They would take me away to my new life and my new world, where everything would be different. Yeah. I lived that way for a long, long time. In my head, dreaming like that. It was nice. And one day, it just stopped.

● **Girls**

SHOSHANNA

This isn't working! Okay... So, I love you so much, like to the end of the world and back, but... sometimes I love you like... I feel sorry for a monkey. Like they just need so much help and they're in those ugly cages, you know what I mean? And there's nobody else – especially not a grown male blonde, you know me better than that. I just can't deal with your negativity while I'm trying to grow into a fully-formed human. I mean, you hate everything. Seriously. You hate everything. You hate the sound of children playing and you hate all of your living relatives and you hate people who wear sunglasses, even during the day, and you hate going to dinner which you know I love! And you hate ribbons and you hate pillows and you hate colors – you hate everything! And I can't be the only thing you like! And maybe I can deal with your black soul better when I'm older, but right now I can't handle it. So many you should go change, and then we can be in love at another time.

MONOLOGUES FOR MEN

● Before Sunrise

JESSE

You know, despite all the bullshit that comes along with it – I remember my childhood as this, you know, this magical time. I do. I remember when, uh, my mother first told me about death. My great-grandmother had just died and my whole family had just visited them in Florida. I was about three, three and a half years old. Anyway, I was in the backyard playing, and my sister had just taught me how to take the garden hose, and do it in such a way that, uh, you could spray it into the sun. And you could make a rainbow. And so I was doing that, and through the mist I could see my grandmother. And she was just standing there, smiling at me. And, uh, then I held it there, for a long time, and I looked at her. And then finally, I let go of the nozzle, you know, and then I dropped the hose, and she disappeared. And so I went back inside and I tell my parents, you know. And they, uh, sit me down and give me this big rap on how when people die you never see them again, and how I'd imagined it. But I knew what I'd seen. And I was just glad that I saw that. I mean, I've never seen anything like that since. But, I don't know, it just kind of let me know how ambiguous everything was, you know, even death.

● Recent tragic events

RON

I don't believe in God, per se... but prayer is still kinda cool, as a way to move energy around, you know what I'm saying? This psychic I went to in New Orleans last time I was there – I go down there every year with my friends with the Cajun catfish stand, he sets up deals with the whole gumbo thing – and this psychic told me I'm sensitive to how energy moves and that's why I'm a musician... but she said it also makes me very sensitive to the tunes of life, which is all prayer really is, it's got nothing to do with God or there being a God or anything, that's what she said, prayer is not begging God for something, it's just listening to the secret unfolding music of life and then playing your part. And because I'm a musician, I can do that. She said. Like, I can hear things other people can't, like right now. I can hear something coming. There. Do you hear that? That little "doot"? See, I do. There it is again. You don't hear that, do you? See, that's what she meant.

● This is our youth

WARREN

I don't really get what you're upset about. I thought we had a really good time together and I was actually in a fairly Up state of mind for once. Well, I didn't mean that in any kind of lascivious way, so I don't know why you want to take it like that. I really like you. I'm sorry I said anything to Dennis. I definitely caved in to the peer pressure. But I also definitely said as little as possible and was totally respectful of you in the way I talked about you. Even though I was pretty excited about what happened last night, and also about like, maybe like, the prospect of like, I don't know, like going out with you – Which I would be very into, if you were. But if you want to think the whole meant nothing to me, then go ahead because that's not the case. It's totally weird, like, taking all your clothes off and having sex with someone you barely know, and then being like "What's up now?" You know? Like it's such an intense experience but then nobody knows what to fuckin' say, even though nothing really bad actually happened. You know? I really like you... I don't really agree with most of your opinions...but I don't meet a lot of people who can actually make me think, you know? And who can hold their own in an interesting discussion. And who I'm totally hot for at the same time. You know? It's a fairly effective combination.

● The Notebook

LON

You know, I've been thinking a lot about why we shouldn't get married. At first, I couldn't think of any reasons. But then it dawned on me. The one dark secret that will absolutely be the wedge that keeps us apart. Your parents. Dear old Mom and Dad. You see, here's the problem. They love me. I am exactly the type of man your parents want you to marry. From the south, have a good job... And an absolutely wonderful dancer, if I do say so myself. If you marry me, your parents will be ecstatic, and you will have lost a lifelong battle of defiance against them. See what I'm saying? I think you have to marry me. Because if you do, your parents will always know the unhappiness you feel for not being able to disappoint them. Imagine the guilt they would feel for not allowing you to choose your husband unwisely. They'd be racked with guilt. They'd be miserable. So even though you've technically lost, you've really won.

