

Role Monologues

Female Character Roles

“Fun Home” by Lisa Kron

Character	Age Range(s)	Year	Period	Length
Medium Alison	Teenager (13-19), Young Adult (20-35)	2015	Contemporary	1-2 minutes

Description

A 19-year-old Alison Bechdel reacts to her father’s response to her coming-out letter.

Monologue

Medium Alison: (reading) “Dear Al, big week at Fun Home. Couple of kids from Lock Haven wrapped their car around a tree and I ended up working two eighteen-hour shifts. Bad for my blood pressure. Anyway, that’s why I’ve been out of touch for a bit. Oh, by the way, we got your letter. Well, kid, talk about a flair for the dramatic! As far as I see it, the good news is you’re human.” What does that mean? What else would I be? “Your mother’s pretty upset - not surprising, I guess, but I’m of the opinion that everyone should...experiment.” Seriously?! “I can’t say, though, that I see the value of putting a label on yourself. There have been a few times in my life when I thought about taking a stand, but I’m not a hero. Is that a cop-out? Maybe so. It’s hard sometimes to tell what is really worth it.” God. I just - The tone is what I can’t stand.

It's so typical! So all-knowing! He has to be the expert! Lots of advice and wisdom on things he knows nothing about. I'm gay, which means I'm not like him, and I've never been like him, and he can't handle that! He still wants to be this intellectual, broad-minded liberal bohemian, but he can't pull it off, because he can't deal with me. And you know what? He never could. He never could.

“A Feminine Ending” by Sarah Treem

Character	Age Range(s)	Year	Period	Length
Amanda	Young Adult (20-30)	2007	Contemporary	1-2 minutes

Description

Having recently graduated from a major conservatory, and with a rocker boyfriend on the brink of stardom, aspiring composer Amanda Blue's "extraordinary life" seems to be all mapped out. But when she's called home to answer her mother's distress call about a [marriage in crisis/marital crisis], Amanda's grand plan starts to unravel. A Feminine Ending is a bittersweet play about dreams deferred, loves lost, and learning to trust a woman's voice in a man's world.

Monologue

Amanda: I'm acting as if I'd forgotten about Billy but I'm lying. I think about him a lot. More than I'd like to. We were together almost constantly when we were young. It took him almost two years to work up the courage to kiss me. He used to show up at my house in the evenings

and ask me if I wanted to go for a walk and “clear my head.” We’d go wandering around the neighborhoods and we’d stop under every streetlamp and he’d look at me, mournfully. Finally, after our eighty-third stroll, I said “Billy are you going to kiss me or not?” And he said, “I was thinking about it.” And then he did. My parents liked Billy. They called him “The Suitor.” They call Jack “The Plague,” because when I first started dating him, I came home with a venereal infection. But it wasn’t his fault. He didn’t know he had it. And besides, it was the curable kind.

“Another Antigone” by A.R. Gurney Jr.

Character	Age Range(s)	Year	Period	Length
Judy	Young Adult (20-24)	1988	Contemporary, 1980s	1-2 minutes

Description

After many years of teaching the classics at a New England university, Henry Harper is not surprised by much—and particularly not by precocious students who want to rewrite his beloved Greek masterpieces to reflect current sociopolitical concerns. So, when a gifted young Jewish student, Judy Miller, announces that she intends to submit an updated, anti-nuclear version of Antigone in place of the formal paper he has assigned to her, Henry is adamant in his refusal. Unfortunately, Judy (who needs the credit from his course to graduate) is as stubborn as her professor, and when she resolves to defy him and produce her play on campus, tensions begin to mount. Judy also lodges a complaint with the university grievance committee, which elicits a

visit from the dean not only to plead with Henry to soften his stand but also to warn him that accusations of anti-Semitism (however unfounded) have arisen. Before long, it is evident that what is at issue for Henry is not just a matter of academic integrity but of his very livelihood. Inexorably, he feels himself becoming Creon to Judy's Antigone and, in the final essence, even his willingness to relent and give her a passing grade is insufficient to save him from the unhappy fate that must inevitably follow when conscience, for whatever good reasons, yields to expediency.

Monologue

Judy: What's a job anyway? Is it the most important thing in the world? I suppose this is a hopelessly middle-class thing to say, but am I supposed to live and die over a job? Do you? You've been here a long time, worked your way up, now you're Dean of the whole department. Is that it? Are you in heaven now? Aren't there other things in your life beside your job? I'm not so sure. I'm beginning to think it's a con deal. All us women now killing ourselves to do those things that a lot of men decided not to do twenty years ago. I mean, here we are, the organization women, punching the clock, flashing the credit card, smoking our lungs out, while the really smart men are off making furniture or playing the clarinet or something. Look at you. Do you really want to be Dean, or are you just making some sort of feminist statement? Well, all I know I'm not hung up on "The Job" anymore.

"A Small Family Business" by Alan Ayckbourn

Character	Age Range(s)	Year	Period	Length
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Harriot	Adult	1987	Contemporary, 1980s	1-2 minutes
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Description

Jack McCracken has the opportunity of a lifetime: he is the new head of a family furniture business and believes he will initiate a new age of honesty and integrity. He quickly learns that everyone else involved in the enterprise has a vested interest in maintaining business as usual, rife with dishonesty and deceit. Harriet is Desmond's wife.

Monologue

Harriet: That's completely untrue. I'm not the one who shuts herself away- who refuses to talk, refuses to communicate at all unless it's about - onion soup. You live with him. You try living with him. You know something? Do you want to know how I feel about food and eating recently? I saw a film about this once by that man who's dead. And I agree with him. Eating is an obscene act. That's what I think. Restaurants and cafes with people sitting in front of each other in public, shoveling food into their mouths, it's actually pornographic, isn't it? Don't you agree? I do. I think it's disgusting. Looking at all their fillings and - bridgework and tonsils...I'd sooner watch people do - you know - the other thing, than that.

“Ruined” by Lynn Nottage

Character	Age Range(s)	Year	Period	Length
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Salima	Adult	2007	N/A	3-4 minutes
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Description

Set in a small mining town in Democratic Republic of Congo, this play follows Mama Nadi, a shrewd businesswoman in a land torn apart by civil war. But is she protecting or profiting by the women she shelters? How far will she go to survive? Can a price be placed on a human life?

Monologue

Salima: Do you know what I was doing that morning? I was working in our garden, picking the last of the sweet tomatoes. I put Beatriz down in the shade of a Frangipane tree because my back was giving me some trouble. The sun was about to crest, but I had to put in another hour before it got too hot. It was such a clear and open sky, and a peacock had come into the garden to taunt me and was showing off its feathers. I stooped down to the bird and called to it, tsst tsst, and I felt a shadow cut across my back and when I stood four men were standing over me, smiling, wicked schoolboy smiles. Yes, I said. And the tall soldier slammed the butt of his gun into my cheek. It was so quick. I didn't even know I had fallen to the ground. Where did they come from? How could I not have heard them? One of these soldiers held me down with his foot. His boot was pressing my chest [...] It was all I could see as the others took me. My baby was crying. Beatriz never cried. She was a good baby. But she was crying, screaming. "shhh," I said "shhh." And the tall soldier stomped on her head. And she was quiet. Where was everybody? Where was everybody? I fought them, I did. But they still took me from my home.

"Somebody's Daughter" by Chisa Hutchinson

Character	Age Range(s)	Year	Period	Length
Kate Wu	Adult (mid-30s)	2017	Contemporary	4-5 minutes

Description

Alex is a fifteen-year-old Asian-American girl going to extremes to get her own mother to notice her. She's a dream child—except to her parents who wish she was a boy. Luckily, she finds a sympathetic ear in Kate, her irreverent guidance counselor who knows all too well what it's like to walk in Alex's shoes. As three generations of women find their identity in question, each needs to decide who makes the rules and what happens when you break them.

Monologue

Kate: God, files like yours sure do make my job easy. Four-point- five GPA, four APs, skipped ahead twice. Congrats on the National Merit distinction, by the way. It says here that you speak four languages fluently and that you can play... (Counting.) One, two three... five different instru...you play the harp?

Huh. So then nine languages, really. That's how I think of it, anyway. I don't play *any* instruments, if you can believe that. An Asian chick who doesn't play an instrument, right? It's like a lion that doesn't eat meat. Friggin' *vegan* tiger or something...

Kate laughs a little at her own joke. Alex does not.

Um...okay. Well. All this to say, you've really got a lot going for you, but—and I say this with as much love as is appropriate to feel for a student—you gotta work on your sense of humor.

Pause.

You know...you gotta...do...something.

Beat.

Listen, I'm gonna be straight with you. This list you put together? Stanford, Harvard, Princeton, MIT...Columbia as your *safety*...they see kids like you all the time. Don't get me wrong, your accomplishments are...huge. You've accomplished a lot and you should be proud.

But...well...there are an awful lot of Chans in the applicant pool, if you catch my drift. And I would know. I was on admissions at Cornell for three years. Which was just long enough for me to want to get out. I mean *literally*, I had colleagues rolling their eyes, going “Lucy Wong, yearbook editor. Surprise, surprise...” Problem was, nine times out of ten, Miss Wong probably didn't have a single silly picture in that frickin' yearbook. Not a shred of evidence that she had fun or a personality or anything that might set her apart from the eight hundred other Wongs who applied. If she'd only pulled a massive prank on an evil teacher and written about it in her college essay. Demonstrated her flaming need to question authority. If only she'd joined the African American Cultural Association just to throw bitches off. *That...that* would have made it very difficult for those button-down bastards to roll their eyes. And that's why I'm here. To catch 'em early. To let you guys know that you have more to offer than test scores and certificates.

Please tell me you know that...

Alex just looks at Kate, dumbfounded.

Come on. Give me something. What do you think sets you apart from all those other ridiculously high-achieving Chans out there? Hm? You must have a fire in there somewhere... a secret wish maybe?

"The Fifth of July" by Lanford Wilson

Character	Age Range(s)	Year	Period	Length
Shirley	Young Adult	1978	1970s	2-3 minutes

Description

Kenneth Talley, Jr. is a gay paraplegic Vietnam veteran living in his childhood home with his boyfriend, Jed. At the beginning of the play, he is due to return to his former high school to teach English but has decided not to. Visiting Ken and Jed are Ken's sister, June and her daughter, Shirley, as well as their longtime friends, John Landis and his wife Gwen. John is visiting to purchase the Talley House for Gwen to convert to a recording studio, so that she can have a career as a country singer. Unbeknownst to anyone but June, John and Ken, Shirley is John's daughter, and his visit has as much to do with a desire to gain joint custody of Shirley as it does with the house. In this moment, Shirley expresses her desire to be someone of great substance and commits whole heartedly to the possibility.

Monologue

Shirley: [quietly determined]. I'm going to be the greatest artist Missouri has ever produced. No – the entire Midwest. There have been very famous people – world famous people – Tennessee Williams grew up in Missouri. He grew up not three blocks from where I live now! All his formative years. And Mark Twain. And Dreiser! And Vincent Price and Harry Truman! And Betty Grable! But me! Oh God! Me! Me! Me! Me! I am going to be so great! Unqualified! The greatest single artist the Midwest has ever known! A painter. Or a sculptor. Or a dancer! A writer! A conductor! A composer! An actress! One of the arts! People will die. Certain people will literally have cardiac arrests at the magnitude of my achievements. Doing something astonishing! Just astonishing. I will have you know that I intend to study for ten years, and then burst forth on the world. And people will be abashed! Amazed! Astonished! At the magnitude. Oh, God! Look! Is that she? Is that she? Is it? IT IS! IT IS SHE! IT IS SHE!

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! [She collapses on the floor. Slowly getting to a sitting position; with great dignity]. She died of cardiac arrest and astonishment at the magnificence of my achievement in my chosen field. Only Shakespeare, Michelangelo, Beethoven, and Frank Lloyd Wright have raised to my heights before me!

"A Raisin in the Sun" Lorraine Hansberry

Character	Age Range(s)	Year	Period	Length
Beneatha	Young Adult	1959	1950's	1-2 minutes

Description

This play focuses on the Youngers, an African American family living on the South Side of Chicago in the 1950s. When the play begins, the family is about to receive an insurance check for \$10,000 from their deceased father's life insurance policy. Each member of the family has an idea as to what this money should be used for. Beneatha tries to convince her brother and mother to use the money for her medical school tuition.

Monologue

Beneatha: When I was small... we used to take our sleds out in the wintertime and the only hills we had were the ice-covered stone steps of some houses down the street. And we used to fill them in with snow and make them smooth and slide down them all day... and it was very dangerous, you know... far too steep... and sure enough one day a kid named Rufus came down too fast and hit the sidewalk and we saw his face just split open right there in front of us... And I remember standing there looking at his bloody open face thinking that was the end of Rufus. But the ambulance came, and they took him to the hospital and they fixed the broken bones and sewed it all up... and the next time I saw Rufus he just had a little line down the middle of his face.... I never got over that... What one person could do for another, fix him up – sew up the problem, make him all right again. That was the most marvelous thing in the world... I wanted to do that. I always thought it was the one concrete thing in the world a human being could do. Fix up the sick, you know – and make them whole again. This was truly being God... It used to be so important to me. It used to matter. I used to care. Yes – I think [I stopped]. Because it doesn't seem deep enough, close enough to what ails mankind! It was a child's way of seeing things – or an idealist. You are still where I left off. You with all your talk and dreams about Africa! You still think you can patch up the world. Cure the Great Sore of Colonialism – (loftily, mocking it) with the Penicillin of Independence - ! Independence and then what? What about the crooks and

thieves and just plain idiots who will come into power and steal and plunder the same as before – only now they will be black and do it in the name of the new independence – WHAT ABOUT THEM?

"Little Foxes" by Lillian Hellman

Character	Age Range(s)	Year	Period	Length
Alexandra	Teenager--17	1939	1900s	1-2 minutes

Description

A home in the South, the Spring of 1900. The Hubbard siblings, Ben, Horace and Regina, scheme to outwit each other in a business deal that could make them very wealthy. The brothers need \$75,000 to complete a cotton mill and they hope the money will come from Regina’s ailing husband, Horace. In the course of the play, Horace is set upon by his greedy wife and her greedy relatives. Soon realizing that the brothers have stolen bonds from him, he informs his wife that in his will he has left the bonds to her with certain stipulations. She cruelly recounts their unhappy married life, causing Horace’s heart condition to act up, then refuses to get his medicine, which results in a heart attack that kills him. Alexandra, their 17-year-old daughter, eventually sees her mother for who she really is, and in this final moment of the play, decides that she needs to leave her and the family for good

Monologue

Alexandra: Mama, I'm not coming with you. I'm not going to Chicago. I mean what I say with all my heart. There is nothing to talk about. I'm going away from you. Because I want to. Because I know Papa would want me to. Say it, Mama, say it. [Say no] And see what happens. That would be foolish. It wouldn't work in the end. You only change your mind when you want to. And I won't want to. You couldn't [make me stay], Mama, because I want to leave here. As I've never wanted anything in my life before. Because I understand what Papa was trying to tell me. (Pause) All in one day: Addie said there were people who ate the earth and other people who stood around and watched them do it. And just now Uncle Ben said the same thing. Really, he said the same thing. Well, tell him for me, Mama, I'm not going to stand around and watch you do it. Tell him I'll be fighting as hard as he'll be fighting some place where people don't just stand around and watch. Are you afraid, Mama?

"The Children's Hour" by Lillian Hellman

Character	Age Range(s)	Year	Period	Length
Martha Dobie	25-33	1934	1930s	1-2 minutes

Description

It is a drama set in an all-girls boarding school run by two women, Karen Wright and Martha Dobie. An angry student, Mary Tilford, runs away from the school and to avoid being sent back she tells her grandmother that the two headmistresses are having a lesbian affair. The accusation proceeds to destroy the women's careers, relationships, and lives. Martha is talking to Karen

about the effect the scandal has had upon her and how she sees herself and her relationship with Karen in light of it.

Monologue

Martha: There's always been something wrong. Always – as long as I can remember. But I never knew it until all this happened. You're afraid of hearing it; I'm more afraid than you. Listen to me. You've got to know it. I can't keep it any longer. I've got to tell you how guilty I am. I've been telling myself since the night we heard the child say it. Telling myself that I am guilty of nothing; I've been praying I could convince myself of it. I can't, I can't any longer. It's there. I don't know how; I don't know why. But I did love. I do love you. I resented your marriage; maybe because I wanted you; maybe I wanted you all along; maybe I couldn't call it by a name; maybe it's been there ever since I first knew you – I never felt that way about anybody but you. I've never loved a man – I never knew why before. Maybe it's that. It's funny; it's all mixed up. There's something in you, and you don't know it and you don't do anything about it. Suddenly a child gets bored and lies – and there you are, seeing it for the first time. I don't know. It all seems to come back to me. In some way I've ruined your life. I've ruined my own. I didn't even know. There's a big difference between us now, Karen.

Male Character Roles

"Fences" by August Wilson

Character	Age Range(s)	Year	Period	Length
Troy Maxson	Middle Aged	1985	1960-1965	3-4 minutes

Description

Troy Maxson is a garbage collector who prides himself on his ability to provide for his family and keep it together. He is the patriarch and central character in Fences, (1950-1965), he continually places barriers between himself and the very people he loves the most. Troy's rebellion and frustration set the tone for this play as he struggles for a sense of fairness in a society that offers none. He and his son clash over their conflicting views of what it means to be a black man in mid-century America.

Monologue

Troy: Death ain't nothing. I done seen him. Done wrassled with him. You can't tell me nothing about death. Death ain't nothing but a fastball on the outside corner. And you know what I'll do to that! Lookee here, Bono...Am I lying? You get one of them fastballs, about waist high, over the outside corner of the plate where you can get the meat of the ball on it . . . and good God! You can kiss it good-bye. Now, am I lying? Look here, Bono... I looked up one day and Death was marching straight at me. Like Soldiers on Parade! The Army of Death was marching straight

at me. The middle of July, 1941. It got real cold just like it be winter. It seem like Death himself reached out and touched me on the shoulder. He touch me just like I touch you. I got cold as ice and Death standing there grinning at me. I say... what you want, Mr. Death? You be wanting me? You done brought your army to be getting me? I looked him dead in the eye. I wasn't fearing nothing. I was ready to tangle. Just like I'm ready to tangle now. The Bible say be ever vigilant. That's why I don't get but so drunk. I got to keep watch. Death standing there staring at me... carrying that sickle in his hand. Finally he say, "You want bound over for another year?" See, just like that... "You want bound over for another year?" I told him, "Bound over hell! Let's settle this now!" (continued) 4 It seem like he kinda fell back when I said that, and all the cold went out of me. I reached down and grabbed that sickle and threw it just as far as I could throw it... and me and him commenced to wrestling. We wrestled for three days and three nights. I can't say where I found the strength from. Every time it seemed like he was gonna get the best of me, I'd reach way down deep inside myself and find the strength to do him one better. All right. At the end of the third night we done weakened each other to where we can't hardly move. Death stood up, throwed on his robe . . . had him a white robe with a hood on it. He throwed on that robe and went off to look for his sickle. Say, "I'll be back." Just like that. "I'll be back." I told him, say, "Yeah, but . . . you gonna have to find me!" I wasn't no fool. I wasn't going looking for him. Death ain't nothing to play with. And I know he's gonna get me. I know I got to join his army . . . his camp followers. But as long as I keep my strength and see him coming . . . as long as I keep my vigilance . . . he's gonna have to fight to get me. I ain't going easy

"White Biting Dog" by Judith Thompson

Character	Age Range(s)	Year	Period	Length
Cape	Middle Aged	1985	Contemporary	3-4 minutes

Description

Before the play opens, Cape was about to jump off a bridge, when he was stopped by a white dog that spoke to him and told him that to save himself, he must first save his father who is dying. 'Cape' was originally called Sonny by his mother but he changed his own name so he could be called after the place, Cape Race. Cape has a failed marriage and has faked a breakdown to get time off from the law firm where he is a lawyer. His wife Janis has divorced him, and he has gone home to live with his father, Glidden. Cape doesn't know how to save his father and so calls to the white dog to see if she will help him again. Cape is drumming in the hope that the white dog will come.

Monologue

Cape: If I save HIM, I save myself, get it? I don't know why I have been given this...chance. Me, a lousy young...lawyer with a wife, a wife who—in the whole of four years of marriage I did not smile at once. Not once! I had never smiled at anyone, really, except a baby once on the street. I couldn't. I—didn't have the...stuff to make a smile...rise up. It wasn't THERE. NOTHING WAS. Nothing was ever there—for other people, do you KNOW what that...I could fake it, of course, it was simple to make the faces, smiles, laughter, lust—I laughed so much, in fact, that I was...noted for my laugh. (laughs a very infectious laugh). But it's tiring, I couldn't keep it up, so at night in my home, I would sit in the dark, just sit in the dark on the living room brown shag carpet and Janis, would sit in the kitchen, under the light...brushing her hair. Just

brushing and brushing and brushing...Every day I felt...sicker...to hear another client—swallow his coffee—to smell the personal, unique smell of someone’s bare head as they stood next to me on the subway—was excruciating pain. That’s...the only way I can express it. I could not be happy. So, on a Sunday in January, I went into the kitchen—she hid her brush, I said “I think I’ll get some popcorn, hon.” She said, “That would be neat” and made a (purses his lips as if to say “mmm”) face with her lips that she always made, and I went. I went to the Don Valley Parkway bridge and was stopped by a dog. Who gave me a mission: to save myself by saving my father from death? So, I staged a breakdown, crying in court, urinating in the wastepaper basket. The firm gave me leave, Janis has filed for divorce, so here I am now, and... It’s failing. He is...dying...fast so I’m drumming in the hopes that the dog—a dog would hear drums don’t you think? I KNOW she exists, I———D-duh-Father? Da-Daddy what are you—(to audience) No, no it’s nothing, eh? He he just...it’s a...mineral in the dirt, or...Ohhhhhhhhh! Oh no, oh no...Father, Father look at me, listen I, please! Please don’t give in, please—

"Gruesome Playground Injuries" by Rajiv Joseph

Character	Age Range(s)	Year	Period	Length
Doug	N/A	2012	Contemporary	1-2 minutes

Description

Doug and Kayleen meet at the nurse’s office in their elementary school; she’s got a painful stomachache, and he’s all banged up from a running dive off the roof of the school. Over the

next thirty years, these scar-crossed lovers meet again and again, brought together by injury, heartbreak, and their own self-destructive tendencies.

Monologue

Doug: You know what, Kayleen? Jesus Christ, you know, I came to your house last year and your dad was there, and I know he hates my guts, he always has, and he's like She is where she is. I don't know where the girl is. He said he didn't care and didn't care to know. And I was about to just leave, but I didn't. I didn't and I said to that son of a bitch... (he turns to the funeral home and shouts at it) You remember, asshole? You dead piece of shit!? You remember what I said to you!? I said to him, you are fucking worthless. You have a daughter and she is a gift from God. She is the most perfect being to ever walk this earth and you don't even know it. And she loves you because you're her stupid father. But you've never loved her back, you've just damaged her and fucked her up, and never bothered to notice she's this angel. So, fuck you, cocksucker. (beat) And then I told him I hoped he'd die alone. Which he did. So, I feel a little guilty about that now. (beat) I can take care of you, Leenie.

"The Aliens" by Annie Baker

Character	Age Range(s)	Year	Period	Length
Evan	Teenager	2012	Contemporary	1-2 minutes

Description

The play takes place in a small town in Vermont. Two thirtyish men, Jasper and KJ, meet to discuss music and poetry in an alley behind a coffee shop. They discuss their band, which was called (among many things) The Aliens. KJ has dropped out of college and Jasper has not finished high school but is writing a novel. When Evan, a high school student who works at the coffee shop arrives, the men "decide to teach him everything they know.

Monologue

Evan: Rahna came back yesterday. I guess she was on vacation...and... she said that...um...you guys...you guys can't be back here anymore. And she was really mad. And I like explained to her about um...um... about what happened while I was gone. But she was really pissed at me. And she told the manager, which was really stupid of her, but she told him, and she said that...um...that you can't be here anymore. I mean, nobody's supposed to be back here except for the staff. And I got like mad, and I like argued with him, and I was like, "He's not doing anything!" but...um... they found those liquor bottles, I guess. And apparently Jasper once...peed out here, or something. So, they, um... he's coming back tomorrow, and he's going to checking all the...you can start coming inside if you want. I can make you free tea... I should probably go back inside in a minute.

"Angels in America" by Tony Kushner

Character	Age Range(s)	Year	Period	Length
Joe	Young Adult (mid 20s-mid 30s)	1991	Contemporary, 1990s	1-2 minutes

Description

Joe is average, not consumed by being elevated or living prominently in society. He strives to live morally pure through his spiritual beliefs but is failed by his struggles with his true sexual identity. He has a learned belief that life is morally prescribed by the divine and that the self/inner identity must adjust, mature, adapt or evolve to reach that purity. While he knows his homosexuality is his true inner identity, he cannot accept that inner nature as real as it destroys his moral/ethical beliefs.

Monologue

Joe: The pills were something she started when she miscarried or...no, she took some before that. She had a really bad time at home, when she was a kid, her home was really bad. I think a lot of drinking and physical stuff. She doesn't talk about that, instead she talks about...the sky falling down, people with knives hiding under sofas. Monsters. Mormons. Everyone thinks Mormons don't come from homes like that, we aren't supposed to behave that way, but we do. It's not lying or being two-faced. Everyone tries very hard to live up to God's strictures, which are very...um...I shouldn't be bothering you with this. [beat] The failure to measure up hits people very hard. From such a strong desire to be good they feel very far from goodness when they fail. What scares me is that maybe what I really love in her is that part of her that's farthest from the light, from God's love; maybe I was drawn to that in the first place. And I'm keeping it alive because I need it.

"The Luck of the Irish" by Kirsten Greenidge

Character	Age Range(s)	Year	Period	Length
Mr. Donovan	Senior	2013	Contemporary	1-2 minutes

Description

It is the early 2000s, and Hannah and Rich live in a medium-sized suburban town on the outskirts of Boston, Massachusetts, which in the early twentieth century was predominantly Irish Catholic but now has become much more diverse. Hannah's parents, Rex and Lucy, obtained the house in the late 1950s, through a process known as "ghost buying." Because at the time the neighborhood was not tolerant enough for them to buy the house openly themselves, they paid a struggling Irish family, the Donovans, to act as their front. Now, fifty years later, the Irish couple wants "their" house back. The action of the play moves back and forth between the 50s and the 21st century, exploring the complex impact of racial integration in Boston and the universal longing for home.

Monologue

Mr. Donovan: No, no. Mrs. Donovan's in the car. She's in the car, she's staying in the car. You're such a nice girl--just like your grandmother. It's...it's the house. She says it's still ours. Mrs. Donovan. The communions--they're coming up. What with Dr. Taylor and your grandmother gone, Mrs. Donovan got to thinking this house would be a good place to celebrate the communions. Our last granddaughter--ha! she's got us wrapped around her little pinky finger. Now, Mrs. Donovan, I always said, "don't go bothering them," but when we had read in the paper that they'd passed away, Mrs. Donovan got to thinking how nice a party would be in this yard.

And she thinks this whole place shouldn't go to just anyone. Uh...oh, it's coming out all wrong. She makes me nervous. She sent me to tell you she wants it as her own.

"Bengal Tiger at the Baghdad Zoo" by Rajiv Joseph

Character	Age Range(s)	Year	Period	Length
Tiger	Senior	2010	2003	1-2 minutes

Description

Narrated by a tiger held captive in the Baghdad Zoo, the play follows the intertwined lives of two American marines and one Iraqi gardener as they search through the rubble of war for friendship, redemption and a toilet seat made of gold.

Monologue

Tiger: The lions escaped two days ago. Predictably, they got killed in about two hours.

Everybody always gives lions so much credit. But I am bigger than them. I am bigger than those motherfuckers. They liked to show off the lions here because they had eight. Eight fucking lions. Which is why they had them in that big outdoor lion's den. Which is why they all got away. All eight of them took off as soon as the wall got blown up. Typical lion-like behavior. Three square meals a day, and the idiots take off. And what happens? Kaboom! I mean, it's the middle of a war. Use your head. Leo, the head lion--I mean they were all named fucking Leo--Leo calls out to me just before he takes off, "Hey, Tiger, you gotta come with!" I said, Leo, you dumb stupid bastard, they're killing anything that moves. And Leo--this is right over his head--he yells back,

"suit yourself!" then he runs off. Suit yourself. I'm still freaking locked up in here, Leo! What're you gonna do, steal the keys and let me out? These lions were dumb as rocks. They think because they can suddenly escape, everyone else can too. I'm not going to lie. When I got hungry, I get stupid. Twelve years back, I screwed up, okay? I followed a scent, I took a bite, and then fhwhipp! This tranquilizer dart comes from out of nowhere, and I wake up in Baghdad. So that was depressing. Imagine! It's your everyday routine--you go out to grab a bite, and then whack! Curtains. And when you open your eyes, you're in this concrete block. Tiger of the Tigris. When you're this far from home, you know you're never getting back. [to soldier offering him food] yeah, fuck you too.

"Butterflies are Free" by Leonard Gershe

Character	Age Range(s)	Year	Period	Length
Don	Young Adults--early-mid 20s	1969	contemporary, 1960s	1-2 minutes

Description

Don has lived a sheltered life and his move to New York for two months is a deal he has struck with his mother to prove to himself and to her that he is self-sufficient and can live on his own. The reason he has never lived apart from his mother is that Don is blind. He is only beginning to discover who he is and what he might like to do with his life.

Monologue

Don: It's a long story. No, it's a short story--it's just been going on a long time. She didn't want me to leave home. She thinks I can't make it on my own. Finally, we agreed to letting me try it for two months. She's to keep away from me for two months. I've got a month to go. I always tell her I've had a party...or went to one. She wouldn't understand why I'd rather be here alone than keeping her and the cook company. She'll hate this place. She hates it now without even seeing it. She'll walk in and the first thing she'll say is, "I could absolutely cry." No, she doesn't actually cry--just threatens to. As far as my mother's concerned, I'm still eleven...going on ten.

"The Curious Incident of the Dog in the Night-Time" adopted by Simon Stephens

Character	Age Range(s)	Year	Period	Length
Christopher	Teenager	2014	contemporary	2-3 minutes

Description

Fifteen-year-old math whiz Christopher Boone lives with his divorced dad in Swinton, a working-class town west of London. After being falsely accused of killing a neighbor's dog, Christopher—who is brilliant but has difficulty dealing with the sounds and stresses of everyday life—decides to investigate the crime.

Monologue

Christopher: I remember the 20th of July 2008. I was 9 years old. It was a Saturday. We were on holiday in Cornwall. We were on the beach in a place called Polperro. Mother was wearing pair of shorts made out of denim and a stripy blue swimming costume, and she was smoking cigarettes called Consulate, which were mint flavor. And she wasn't swimming. She was sunbathing on a towel, which had red and purple stripes and she was reading a book by Georgette Heyer called the Masqueraders. And then she finished sunbathing and went into the water and said, "Blood Nora it's cold." And she said I should come and swam too, but I didn't like swimming because I don't like taking my clothes off. And she said I should just roll my trouser sup and walk into the water a little way. So, I did. And mother said, "Christopher! Look it's lovely." And she jumped backwards and disappeared under the water, and I thought a shark had eaten her and I thought a shark had eaten her and I screamed. And then she stood out of the water and came over to where I was standing and help up her right hand and spread out her fingers like a fan. "Come on Christopher, touch my hand. Come on now. Stop screaming. Touch my hand. Listen to me Christopher. You can do it. It's OK Christopher. It's OK. There aren't any sharks in Cornwall."
