

Women's Comedic/Lighthearted Monologues

1. "I got a 'C' on my coat hanger sculpture?" – Sally Brown from 'You're A Good Man, Charlie Brown'

Charlie Brown and friends may be a mere bunch of kids, but the beauty of the hit musical, "You're A Good Man, Charlie Brown" is that a cast of adult actors brings this motley crew to life. Poor Sally garners an average 'C' grade for a school sculpture, and she has a thing or two to say about it...

Sally: "A 'C'? A 'C'? I got a 'C' on my coathanger sculpture? How could anyone get a 'C' in coathanger sculpture? May I ask a question? Was I judged on the piece of sculpture itself? If so, is it not true that time alone can judge a work of art? Or was I judged on my talent? If so, is it fair that I be judged on a part of my life over which I have no control? If I was judged on my effort, then I was judged unfairly, for I tried as hard as I could! Was I judged on what I had learned about this project? If so, then were not you, my teacher, also being judged on your ability to transmit your knowledge to me? Are you willing to share my 'C'? Perhaps I was being judged on the quality of coathanger itself out of which my creation was made...now is this not also unfair? Am I to be judged by the quality of coat hangers that are used by the drycleaning establishment that returns our garments? Is that not the responsibility of my parents? Should they not share my 'C'?"

2. "Do you know what I intend?" – Lucy Van Pelt from 'You're A Good Man, Charlie Brown'

If it's another member of Charlie Brown's gang that strikes your fancy (or if you have a knack for dishing severe sass), check out this infamous declaration by the incomparable Lucy Van Pelt. Spoiler alert: she intends to be a QUEEN!

Lucy: "Do you know what I intend? I intend to be a queen. When I grow up I'm going to be the biggest queen there ever was, and I'll live in a big palace and when I go out in my coach, all the people will wave and I will shout at them, and...and...in the summertime I will go to my summer palace and I'll wear my crown in swimming and everything, and all the people will cheer and I will shout at them... What do you mean I can't be queen? Nobody should be kept from being a queen if she wants to be one. It's usually just a matter of knowing the right people.. ..well.... if I can't be a queen, then I'll be very rich then I will buy myself a queendom. Yes, I will buy myself a queendom and then I'll kick out the old queen and take over the whole operation myself. I will be head queen."

3. Rather Be A Man

Kim is so fed up with men approaching her with their one liners. In this comedy monologue, she talks to one of her good friends about the annoying men she randomly tolerates.

KIM: I don't know what it is with me lately but I just get so UGH! when guys come up to me, with their cheesy lines, *(imitating guy)* "Hey, you have such a beautiful smile" or "Can I just tell you that you are so beautiful". Ugh! It disgusts me. I mean, who the hell does this guy or that guy think he is to give me such compliments? What gives him the right? I don't do anything to give off any kind of interest whatsoever, I completely look the other way when I see eye contact happening and they STILL come over thinking they're so suave and it's simply repulsive. You know what I'm saying?? What does a girl have to do these days? Maybe if I just vomited on myself the guy would walk the other way but I bet even then, I'd get, "The way you vomit on yourself is just so, so delightful."

...All I want is to be left alone. I have a man, I love my man and I do my best to be polite but the irritation and the cheesy lines are getting to be too much. Guys are blind, they really are, OBLIVIOUS to when a girl is not interested. There are days when I'd rather be a man.

4. Fungus Among Us

In this serio-comedic monologue piece, ALEXA has had it with her roommate for never cleaning up after her leftovers in the refrigerator.

ALEXA: Just once I would like to see you clean out the refrigerator Mara. Unbelievable! You think you would have some freaking decency. Why do I always have to do it?! It's like you don't care. You simply don't care if we have people over and they look into our fridge! It's disgusting. Just *once* I would like to see you clean out the refrigerator. YOU'RE the one who spills the ice tea or the soda! YOU'RE the one that loves keeping food wrapped up until it becomes moldy! Are you waiting for it to get up and walk itself out of the refrigerator? Are you? Really? Am I the only one responsible enough to take a minute out of my day and clean up once and awhile?

(pulling "items" out of the refrigerator)

Look at this stuff. Look at this! Macaroni and Cheese that has been in here three Macaroni and Cheeses ago! No wonder we don't have enough bowls and dishes! No wonder! Look at this Mara, a dish of left over chinese food that has all kinds of yellow, blue, green and white mold on it! Beautiful! That looks appetizing. Oh wait! What about this?! Look at this Mara, some left over chicken fingers from, God, must be six months ago at least.

(she smells the food and GAGS)

You have got to be kidding me, right? I am NOT cleaning it up this time. YOU CAN! You can clean it all up and wash out the refrigerator, actually, SCRUB the inside of the refrigerator from God only knows what else because I just had my nails done and I am NOT ruining them!

(storms out of the room)

5. “So, the day after I turned 18...” – Val Clarke from ‘A Chorus Line’

Chances are, you and Val have at least one thing in common: you’re familiar with the trials and tribulations of auditioning. This witty monologue, from the acclaimed musical, ‘A Chorus Line,’ denotes one dancer’s darkly comedic journey to the Broadway stage.

“So, the day after I turned 18, I kissed the folks goodbye, got on a Trailways bus – and headed for the big bad apple. Cause I wanted to be a Rockette. Oh, yeah, let’s get one thing straight. See, I never heard about “The Red Shoes,” I never saw “The Red Shoes,” I didn’t give a crap about “The Red Shoes.” I decided to be a Rockette because this girl in my hometown – Louella Heiner – had actually gotten out and made it in New York. And she was a Rockette. Well, she came home one Christmas to visit, and they gave her a parade. A goddamn parade! I twirled a friggin’ baton for two hours in the rain. Unfortunately, though, she got knocked up over Christmas. Merry Christmas – and never made it back to Radio City. That was my plan. New York, New York. Except I had one minor problem. See, I was ugly as sin. I was ugly, skinny, homely, unattractive and flat as a pancake. Get the picture? Anyway, I got off this bus in my little white shoes, my little white tights, little white dress, my little ugly face, and my long blonde hair – which was natural then. I looked like a friggin’ nurse! I had 87 dollars in my pocket and seven years of tap and acrobatics. I could do a hundred and eighty degree split and come up tapping the Morse Code. Well, with that kind of talent I figured the Mayor would be waiting for me at Port Authority. Wrong! I had to wait 6 months for an audition. Well, finally the big day came. I showed up at the Music Hall with my red patent leather tap shoes. And I did my little tap routine. And this man said to me: Can you do fankicks? – Well, sure I could do terrific fankicks. But they weren’t good enough. Of course, what he was trying to tell me was...it was the way I looked, not the fankicks. So I said: Screw you, Radio City and the Rockettes! I’m gonna make it on Broadway!

6. Dog Anxiety

In Dog Anxiety, Zara stops over her neighbors in her apartment complex building. She tells her about the terrible dog she's been babysitting.

ZARA: She asks me to watch her puppy, Oscar. I say sure, I mean, how bad could it be to watch an innocent, harmless, cute little puppy? Right? Right? WRONG! It was a nightmare if there ever was one. Look at me! Do you see the bags under my eyes? I look like I went twelve rounds with Muhammad Ali. I look horrible! She tells me, like it's noooooo big deal. She says, "Zara would you mind watching my puppy for me for three days?" I said, "Sure, no problem." No problem!

This dog has NOT stopped barking his tiny squeaky voice, (imitates dog) Maar, Maaar, Maaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaar! Didn't stop barking for the entire night. Maaar, Maaar, Maaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaar! Like a wolf howling in the night. Kept me up! I tossed and turned and tossed and turned some more. I felt like a 1980's break dancer.

Finally it's time to go to work. I was actually excited to go to work for once in my life. Work was somehow a better option than staying home with Maar, Maaar, MAAAAAAAAAAAAAAR!!

But guess what?! When I stepped foot into my kitchen, I found myself sliiiiiiiiiiiiiiding alllllllll the waaaaaaaaaaaaay ACROSS the kitchen and FLAT DEAD ON MY BACK! I have bruises the size of boulders...DOG PEE PEE.

Smiles sarcastically.
Yeah, huh.

Nodding her head up and down. She waves her arms and sips more of her energy drink.

It's messed up! The dog is messed up! Cheryl is soooooo messed up for suckering me into watching her, her, her, her, her, I can't think of any more insults for that, that, that, that...AAAAAHHHH! I've had it.

SO, I'm going to shut up now before I find myself passed out in a hospital from dog anxiety.

7. Front Row Seats

*Emily has a bad reaction to food she ate in relation to being lactose intolerant...right before a play is about to begin.
To her boyfriend.*

EMILY: Can't believe this happens to me, always me! I try so hard to go out and have a good time with you and we do, we do most always have good times, right? But I get stuck suffering when I have dairy and it pisses me off cause I want to enjoy the finer things in life.

I mean, why is it so difficult for me to eat a quesadilla or a slice of pizza for instance, without having to climb walls in agony? I need a stomach transplant.

I look at you and you can eat whatever your heart desires and not only that but you eat combinations of food that don't even make sense. You'll have a roast beef sandwich with Chinese food or a taco with pasta...and you walk around perfectly fine. If I did that I'd be in the hospital for three days.

I have never seen anyone in all my life put hot sauce on just about every meal they have and not blink an eye. You walk around as if hot sauce was a pinch of pepper...I don't know how you do it. If I even glance at hot sauce I immediately get cramps.

It's so unsettling, this is so unsettling and I am so fed up with these stupid leg dance routines that I do in order to cope with the discomfort from attempting to actually eat a great tasting meal and—and—