

Female Monologue #1

from *Next Fall* by Geoffrey Nauffts

ARLENE. I used to be a bit of a loose cannon. We both were. Butch and me. Couple of crazies. But at a certain point, Butch had enough, pulled himself together, and I just sank further into it all. I'd disappear for days at a time. Weeks even. Then six months in jail. Oh, it's a long stupid story, involving my ex-best friend, a one-armed beautician, I kid you not, but I was just a fool. Mad at the world and no one was gonna tell me otherwise. Not even this sweet little kid. When I got out, I was so determined to make it up to him, I scraped together some cash and bought him a bicycle. It had the sparkly tassels, the wicker basket, and everything just like he wanted, and he wouldn't look at the damn thing. Just sat in his sandbox, ignoring me. So, I started stomping my foot and screaming at the little shit. "Now you listen to me, young man." Like, all of a sudden, I'm gonna be a mother, right? Well, Luke's not having it, and he shouts back, "No, you listen to me, lung lady." And we just glare at each other for a minute, like a couple of mules, then I fell out laughing, and I thought, you know, he's right. That's what I've become. One of those evil cartoon characters. With dark and mysterious powers no one would ever understand.

Female Monologue #2

From *Rabbit Hole* by David Lindsay-Abaire

BECCA. Do you really not know me, Howie? Do you really not know how utterly impossible that would be? To erase him? No matter how many things I give to charity, or how many art projects I box up, do you really think I don't see him every second of every day? And okay, I'm trying to make things a little easier on myself by hiding some of the photos, and giving away the clothes, but that does not mean I'm trying to erase him. That tape was an accident. And believe me, I will beat myself up about it forever, I'm sure. Like everything else that I could've prevented but didn't.