

Monologues for a female actor

12 texts

The role is written for a woman: that is the only thing this selection guarantees. Not a genre, not an age, not a colour. You will find a queen abdicating, a woman hearing footsteps in her hallway, a guest improvising a wedding speech.

1. The Mirror (2 min)
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The Mirror

Supernatural · Monologue · 2 min · Female role · Adult · Intermediate

(A bathroom at night. She avoids looking at the mirror straight on.)

MOI

It started on Tuesday. A wave of the hand, and in the mirror, the hand follows. A touch too late. Half a second. The kind of detail it takes you three days to admit to yourself.

MOI

So I ran tests. Like a scientist. Raise the arm. Smile. Switch the light off and back on, very fast.

MOI

At first, the delay waited for me politely. Now... now, sometimes, she has finished smiling before I have.

MOI

This morning I stepped closer without moving. She tucked a strand of hair behind her ear. I didn't. My hair was tied back.

(She turns slowly towards the mirror.)

MOI

I know what they'll say. Exhaustion. Grief. "The brain fills in what's missing." Maybe.

MOI

But then explain to me why, since Monday, when I cry... she looks relieved.

The Call

Thriller · Monologue · 2 min · Female role · Adult · Intermediate

(A flat, evening. She speaks low, phone to her ear.)

MOI

No, listen to me. I came home and the door was locked. Double-locked. That's the problem.

MOI

Because I never double-lock. Ever. It's not a gesture I have.

MOI

There are two cups on the drying rack. Clean. Do you know what that means, two clean cups, in the home of someone who lives alone?

MOI

Don't tell me to leave. If I leave now, I'll never know. I'm just going to open the bedroom.

(She puts her hand on the handle. Stops.)

MOI

...The grey coat. On the chair. I thought I lost it a year ago. It's folded. I never fold anything.

MOI

He didn't give it back. He came to put it back.

MOI

Stay on the line. Whatever you hear... stay on the line.

The Voicemail

Romantic comedy · Monologue · 2 min · Female role · Young adult · Beginner

(A phone to her ear. She speaks fast, faster and faster.)

MOI

Hi, it's me. Well, "me": you'll recognise my voice, I hope, otherwise this message is very awkward. Anyway.

MOI

I wanted to ask if... someday... like soon... or not, no pressure at all... you'd want to grab a drink. A coffee. Or not a coffee. Whatever you drink.

MOI

I realise I don't know what you drink. Maybe that's the real problem. We'd need a first date just for that.

(A beat. She closes her eyes.)

MOI

Right. To erase this message, press hash. ...Where's the hash. WHERE IS THE...

(Beep. Too late.)

MOI

There. At least now it's decided for me.

The Survey

Satire · Monologue · 2 min · Female role · Adult · Intermediate

(A waiting room. A tablet in hand, she reads aloud.)

MOI

"On a scale of 1 to 10, would you recommend our emergency department to a friend?" ...You don't pick the ER like a restaurant. "Come on, I know a place."

MOI

"Did the waiting time meet your expectations?" My expectations? I'd been waiting six hours. In the end, yes: it even exceeded them.

MOI

"Was our staff smiling?" The surgeon? I don't know. I hope he was looking at something other than his good mood.

MOI

"A space is provided for your comments." Ah. Finally, a human.

MOI

I type: "Thank you for saving me. Shame I have to rate it like a pizza."

(A beep. The tablet reads: "Your opinion counts! Three more questions.")

MOI

..."Counts." The only true word in the whole form.

What Remains

Drama · Monologue · 2 min · Female role · Adult · Intermediate

(She packs her things into a bag, in no hurry.)

MOI

Don't say anything. Please. Not now, not in that voice.

MOI

I spent years translating your silences. I'm tired of always being right too late.

MOI

You think I'm leaving in anger. No. Anger wanted to stay.

MOI

What's leaving tonight is hope. And hope never slams the door; it just goes out.

(She stops on the threshold.)

MOI

Take care of yourself. It's the last tender thing I owe you.

The Diet

Comedy · Monologue · 1 min · Female role · Adult · Beginner

(Facing the audience, a slice of cake, no, the whole cake, in front of her.)

MOI

The diet starts tomorrow. "Tomorrow" is important. Tomorrow is a day scientifically stronger than me.

MOI

So tonight, this cake, it's a farewell. You don't throw away a farewell. That would be rude.

MOI

Besides, a cut cake goes off. So I might as well finish it all: it's ecology.

(She takes a second slice. Then a third.)

MOI

Right now, technically, I'm making room in the fridge. I'm tidying. I'm an organised person.

MOI

Tomorrow. Tomorrow I'll be a new person. And that person deserves to start with no leftover cake lying around.

The Photograph

Supernatural · Monologue · 2 min · Female role · Adult · Intermediate

(A framed photo in her hand. She looks at it the way you look at a suspect.)

MOI

In this photo, there are three of us. Me, my sister, and our mother. Taken the summer I turned ten.

MOI

Except, the day before yesterday, there were four. There was a man, on the right, his hand on my shoulder. I never knew him, but he was there, in the photo. Always had been.

MOI

Yesterday, he had no face. A blur, in his place. Like when you smudge a windowpane with your finger.

(She holds the photo up to the light.)

MOI

Today, he's gone. And my sister... my sister has stepped aside. She's looking towards the spot where he was. She's smiling at someone no longer there.

MOI

The photo doesn't forget people. It removes them one by one. And each time, someone stops reminding me of something.

MOI

Tomorrow, I'll look at who's left. I'm afraid I'll still be there alone.

The Voicemail

Thriller · Monologue · 2 min · Female role · Adult · Intermediate

(Alone, a phone in hand. The screen reads: "1 new message.")

MOI

A message. From him. Received this morning, 6:12.

MOI

Except... the funeral was Tuesday. I was there. I held the cord of the coffin.

(She presses play. A familiar, distant voice fills the room.)

MOI

"Don't believe what they told you. Look in the lining of the blue coat."
...His voice. His words. Only he ever called me "brave girl."

MOI

The blue coat, I gave it away. Yesterday. To a charity. I signed a receipt.

(The phone buzzes again. "2 new messages.")

MOI

Two, now. ...Since when do the dead call back when you don't pick up?

The Toast

Romantic comedy · Monologue · 2 min · Female role · Young adult · Beginner

(A glass in hand, standing at a wedding. She reads a card, then sets it down.)

MOI

So. I was supposed to give a speech about the couple. I've got anecdotes. Very funny ones. About them.

MOI

But there's someone, at table three, who's been looking at me since the meal began as if I were the only person in the room. And it's completely wrecking my plan.

(An awkward silence across the room. She goes on, more softly.)

MOI

So, to the couple: be happy, you deserve it. And to the person at table three: I'll finish this glass, and then I'm coming to sit down. We apparently have a lot to talk about.

(She raises her glass.)

MOI

To love. Theirs. And, if the nerve holds till dessert, maybe a little to ours.

Authenticity

Satire · Monologue · 2 min · Female role · Young adult · Intermediate

(Facing an invisible camera, a calibrated smile. A ring light glows on her.)

MOI

Hey you guys! So today, super spontaneous video, totally unplanned, just me, real life.

(She checks the angle, nudges a mug to sit dead-centre in frame.)

MOI

I just woke up like this, no filter... well, the "natural dawn" filter, but that's basically the same.

MOI

And honestly, my secret is authenticity. People ask me all the time: "How are you so real?"

MOI

Answer: I don't plan anything.

(Aside, to an assistant.)

MOI

Let's redo it, I said "anything" too fast, it sounded planned.

MOI

So yeah, I don't plan anything. Remember to subscribe for more unplanned moments like this one, every Tuesday, 6 p.m. sharp.

(She cuts. So does the smile.)

MOI

Right. Tomorrow's spontaneity: shall we shoot it now? I've got the light.

The Queen

Drama · Monologue · 3 min · Female role · Adult · Advanced

(A throne room, empty. A woman remains standing, alone.)

MOI

They left the way you leave a room where the lamp has just died. Without a sound. Without a glance for the lamp.

MOI

I reigned for twenty years. Twenty years deciding who ate, who waited, who lived.

MOI

And this morning, a boy I had appointed called me "Madam" instead of "Majesty." One word. A whole reign fits inside a word they take back.

MOI

People think power is the crown. No. It's the silence of others when you enter. That silence, I no longer hear.

MOI

My counsellors are already weighing my name the way you weigh meat that's turning.

MOI

I signed pardons. I signed deaths. Both in the same ink, by the same hand that did not tremble.

MOI

Let no one speak to me of regret. Regret is the luxury of those who never had to choose.

(She lays a hand on the throne, without sitting.)

MOI

I will not sit. To sit now would be to beg for the place one last time.

MOI

I'll walk out through the great door. Upright. So they remember I was not toppled. I stepped down.

MOI

And if History wants to forget me, let it try. I wrote too many pages in their blood for it to turn easily.

(She leaves the hall without looking back.)

The Plant

Comedy · Monologue · 2 min · Female role · Adult · Beginner

(A houseplant, yellowed, on a ledge. She talks to it like a patient.)

MOI

Right. Let's be honest, the two of us. You've been sulking for three weeks. I've tried everything.

MOI

I put you in the sun. You got too hot. I put you in the shade. You sulked. You're like my aunt: never the right temperature.

MOI

I looked online. "Your plant is thirsty." I watered you. "Your plant is drowning." There's no manual with you. Well, there is. There are thirteen, and they contradict each other.

(She touches a leaf. The leaf falls off.)

MOI

...Right. That's passive-aggressive. You did that on purpose, right in front of me.

MOI

Listen. I'm not asking you to bloom. I'm just asking you not to die before my mother comes to dinner. After that, do what you want. We'll both be free.

What you can do with it

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