**The Exception & the Rule and Hair:**

Please prepare a modern or contemporary monologue of your choosing that is 1 min or less in length. Your monologue does not need to be memorized.

The sides provided here are suggestions or options for people who are looking for help with material. You are not required to choose from these options, the choice is entirely up to you and may be a monologue that is not included here.

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**Recent Tragic Events by Craig Wright**

Do you know what it’s like to have a twin? No you don’t. Because it’s really different from not having one. It’s so much different and better, you can’t even imagine! And if something’s happened to her … you don’t know, I’m totally screwed. Because all my life there have been parts of myself I haven’t looked at, and things I wanted to do I haven’t done, because I knew that Wendy would do them? So I never had to be wild, I never had to go nuts and be put away in some hospital, I never had to do those things because I knew she would do them, and then she and I would hook up again and we’d stay up all night and talk and it would all be integrated, we’d be a whole person together. She’s my twin. So I went to college while she went to Europe, and I’ve always had my shit together and she’s always been a wreck, and I go into this office every day with cubicles and jerk guys – “Smile! Smile!” – and stupid campaigns and stupid clients, people calling me at seven at night just as I’m finally getting out of the office, calling from L.A. to tell me the ad for the rebroadcast of some Eddie Murphy movie isn’t exactly what they were hoping for, and so I put down my bag and I sit down. If Ron calls me and he needs something, I try to make it work. I spend all day every day trying to make it work, for everyone! And sometimes I do get a little mad and think, why can’t I be the one who’s a mess and has all the fun?
**Lobby Hero by Kenneth Lonergan**

My whole life I gotta hear this story. Several times a year as you can probably imagine, over and over and over again. Every year when I was a kid they had this big get-together in New Jersey; they send flowers, cards, whiskey, cigars, all these old guys and their wives and kids and grandkids cryin’ and kissin’ my old man and makin’ speeches about what a great guy he is. And I’m like, Yeah, that’s because you only gotta see the guy once a year, for like three and a half hours at a time. Any of you morons tried living with this guy for two days you’d throw him in the ocean and drown him yourself. Maybe if my ship woulda blown up I woulda got a better start in life. Anyway, so naturally when I got kicked out the guy won’t even talk to me. And I don’t mean for a few days, I mean he never talked to me again. He don’t want my mother talking to me, I got nowhere to live, I bum around like a...bum. I gotta move in with Marty, which is totally humiliating. My old man dies, thank God, and then, William, then, I come to you, William, and with your beautiful generosity, you give me this job, you take a little interest in me, and look at me now: I’m a healthy happy member of the work force for nine months straight come Friday. I gotta tell you, I feel pretty good.

**Goodbye Charles by Gabriel Davis**

Don’t do it! Don’t open that little box one more crack! Don’t ask me to marry you. Shh, shh, shh. Don’t say another word. Just listen. I can’t let you do this to me. I mean, before I met you I used be such a bitch. I mean, serously, everyone at work thought I was a huge bitch. No one actually liked me. Those people I introduced to you as my friends. They’re not my friends. They’re scared of me. Or they were...before I met you. Please, for the love of God, put that box away. I mean, the planet already has millions of nice people. It doesn’t need me too. I am a bitch! And I want to stay that way! Please, stop, don’t—I’m asking you – No, I’m begging you – I’m getting down on my knees. Will you please, please not marry me?

**Betrayal by Harold Pinter**

Look at the way you’re looking at me. I can’t wait for you, I’m bowled over, I’m totally knocked out, you dazzle me, you jewel, my jewel, I can’t ever sleep again, no, listen, it’s the truth, I won’t walk, I’ll be a cripple, I’ll descend, I’ll diminish, into total paralysis, my life is in your hands, that’s what you’re banishing me to, a state of catatonia, do you know the state of catatonia? do you? do you? the state of.... where the reigning prince is the prince of emptiness, the prince of absence, the prince of desolation. I love you. Everyone knows. The world knows. It knows. But they’ll never know, they’re in a different world. I adore you. I’m madly in love with you. I can’t believe that what anyone is at this moment saying has ever happened has never happened. Nothing has ever happened. Nothing. This is the only thing that has ever happened. You eyes kill me. I’m lost. You’re wonderful.
The Real Thing by Tom Stoppard
It’s to do with knowing and being known. I remember how it stopped seeming odd that in biblical Greek, knowing was used for making love. Whos it knew so-and-so. Carnal knowledge. It’s what lovers trust each other with. Knowledge of each other, not of the flesh but through the flesh, knowledge of self, the real him, the real her, in extremis, the mask slipped from the face. Every other version of oneself is on offer to the public. We share our vivacity, grief, sulks, anger, joy . . . we hand it out to anybody who happens to be standing around, to friends and family with a momentary sense of indecency perhaps, to strangers without hesitation. Our lovers share us with the passing trade. But in pairs we insist that we give ourselves to each other. What selves? What’s left? What else is there that hasn’t been dealt out like a deck of cards? Carnal knowledge. Personal, final, uncompromised. Knowing, being known. I revere that. Having that is being rich, you can be generous about what’s shared – she walks, she talks, she laughs, she lends a sympathetic ear, she kicks off her shoes and dances on the tables, she’s everybody’s and it don’t mean a thing, let them eat cake; knowledge is something else, the undealt card, and while it’s held it makes you free-and-easy and nice to know, and when it’s gone everything is pain.

Six Degrees of Separation by John Gunare
This is what I dreamt. I didn’t dream so much as realize this. I felt so close to the paintings. I wasn’t just selling them like pieces of meat. I remembered why I loved paintings in the first place-- what had got me into this-- and I thought-- dreamed-- remembered-- how easy it is for a painter to lose a painting. He can paint and paint-- work on a canvas for months and one day he loses it-- just loses the structure--loses the sense of it-- you lose the painting. When the kids were little, we went to a parents’ meeting at their school and I asked the teacher why all her students were geniuses in the second grade? Look at the first grade. Blotches of green and black. Look at the third grade. Camouflage. But the second grade-- your grade. Matisse everywhere. You’ve made my child a Matisse. Let me study with you. Let me into second grade! What is your secret? And this is what she said: “Secret? I don’t have any secret. I just know when to take their drawings away from them.”
The Laramie Project by Moises Kaufman
We went to the candle vigil. [...] And it was so good to be with people who felt like shit. I kept feeling like I don’t deserve to feel this bad, you know? And someone got up there and said uh -- he said um, blah blah blah blah blah and then he said, I’m saying it wrong, but basically he said, c’mon guys, let’s show the world that Laramie is not this kind of town. But it is that kind of town. If it wasn’t this kind of a town, why did this happen here? I mean, you know what I mean, like - that’s a lie. Because it happened here. So how could it not be a town where this kind of thing happens? Like that’s just totally -- like, looking at an Escher painting and getting all confused like, it’s just totally circular logic, like how can you even say that? And we have to mourn this and we have to be sad that we live in a town, a state, a country where shit like this happens. I mean, these are people trying to distance themselves from this crime. And we need to own this crime. I feel. Everyone needs to own it. We are like this. We ARE like this. WE are LIKE this.

The Altruists by Nicky Silver
Ethan, I have had it! I can take it no more. Do you hear me? You can pretend to be asleep, I don’t care. (...) I AM NOT HAPPY! How could I be? Am I supposed to enjoy your condescension? Should I love your humiliating me in front of your friends? (...) How do you think I feel when I’m introduced as “just” an actress? As if what I did for a living didn’t bring joy into the world! As if what I do for a living didn’t make this life more bearable for the disenfranchised you pretend to care about! There is dignity, profound dignity in my life, in my work! But you choose to sneer at it. People LOVE SOAP OPERAS! I get mail by the bushel, letters by the trillion! I have fans! I have followers! All over this country people are worried about Montana Beach! Will she leave Brock for Brick? Will she kick her ugly habit? Will she find her mother, true love, or the meaning of life!? People care about me! Who cares about you? I ask you. Who cares about you! Not I! Not I, Ethan!
She Was Lost, And Is Found by Richard Hensley
I don’t know if I really want to marry Walter. I know I accepted his proposal, but, Mother, you encouraged it. Maybe I was so used to trying to please you that I just went along—until, before I knew it—we were engaged. You and Dad were certainly pleased about it. I did not say I didn’t love Walter. I said I’m not sure now that I’m ready to marry him. Things just aren’t as clear now. You never really asked, did you? Neither of you. Mother, for all of my life, you have planned my every move. You have created a perfect daughter, and for the past two years—since Janie disappeared—you’ve buried your life in what I’ve been doing. I’ve become the living antidote for what Janie did to our family reputation. And you, Dad, you’ve always petted your daughters and bragged to others about how charming we were—that is, when you had time. We’ve never really talked, have we? We don’t really know each other very well. You’ve attended the important ceremonies of our lives, and you’ve paid our bills.
But what did this tell you about us as individuals? For the last two years, you’ve been involved with only two things—your job and finding Janie. This has been a silent household when the three of us have been here. Haven’t we always been interested mostly in achievements and in recognition, not in feelings or personalities?

Laughing Wild by Christopher Durang
I want to talk to you about life. It’s just too difficult to be alive, isn’t it, and try to function? There are all these people to deal with. I tried to buy a can of tuna fish in the supermarket, and there was this person standing right in front of where I wanted to reach out to get the tuna fish, and I waited a while, to see if they’d move, and they didn’t—they were looking at tuna fish too, but they were taking a real long time on it, reading the ingredients on each can like they were a book, a pretty boring book if you ask me, but nobody has; so I waited a long while and I thought about asking them to move, but then they seemed so stupid not to have sensed that I needed to get by them that I had this awful fear that it would do no good, no good at all, to ask them, they’d probably say something like, “We’ll move when we’re goddam ready you nagging bitch” and then what would I do? And so then I started to cry out of frustration, quietly, so as not to disturb anyone, and still, even though I was softly sobbing, this stupid person didn’t grasp that I needed to get by them, and so I reached over with my fist, and I brought it down real hard on his head and screamed: “Would you kindly move asshole!!!” and I ran out of the supermarket, and I thought, I’ll take a taxi to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, I need to be surrounded with culture right now, not tuna fish.
**Fat Pig by Neil Labute**
I’m sorry about this and I wish that I was saying what you wanna hear. I do. That would make me really happy, to please another person right now. I mean, a person that I’m feeling this . . . love for. Yeah, love. But sometimes it just isn’t enough to get around the shit that people heave at you . . . I feel like I’m drowning in it —shit—and I don’t think I can . . . I don’t wanna fight it anymore. I am just not strong enough for that, so I’m gonna lie on my back for a while and float. See if I can keep my head above the surface. (Beat.) I guess that’s what I needed to say to you. That I’m not brave. I’m not. I know you want me to be . . . always believed that I can be, but I’m a weak and fearful person, Helen, and I’m not gonna get any better. Not any time soon, at least . . .

**Other Desert Cities by Jon Robin Baitz**
You know, let me just like preface this with – uh, I’ve lived most of my life in the shadow of a brother I barely knew – and I have about “this much” left – ok?
That said – the people in this book are not the same as the ones who brought me up.
I’ve told Brooke this. They are different people than the ones I am looking at, totally. But it’s the best thing she’s ever written.
I say that we all live with each other’s divergent truths and in spite of having deeply conflicting accounts, which don’t matter anyway anymore – (growing rage, finally it all comes out and it is scary) – Because it’s the past!
And we’re all getting older and if this is heading toward desolation, which I can see that it is, you will all regret it, so give your daughter a pass and your sister, too, both of you, stop fighting like weasels in a pit, because on your last day on this planet, you’ll be scared and it won’t matter as long as you take your last breath – all what will have mattered is how you loved.
And I’m out. I’m done. That’s all I got.

**Live Broadcast by John William Schiffbauer**
Look I know I got no one to blame but myself, but I just, and I know I was the pressuring you, but I just didn’t think it would be like this, you know? Didn’t anticipate the monotony that comes with, that just kills any, it just kills all the passion you have at the beginning. Repeating what they tell you over and over. Only thing that changes ism and not even the people. Because it’s the same press people, the same faces waiting for you to fuck up so they can perpetuate the same gossip mongering, but you know its not even them. It’s the people out there. The consumer. They drool over it. And you can’t say or do nothing about it ‘cause they don’t sit well with the bigwig suits.
The Exception and the Rule by Bertolt Brecht
I’ve already said you needn’t put up the tent today, since your arm was broken crossing the river. The Coolie continues silently. If I hadn’t pulled you out, you’d have drowned. The Coolie continues. Your accident was not my fault. After all, that log could have struck me too. All the same, the accident occurred when you were on a journey with me. I just don’t have much cash on me, but when we get to Urga I’ll give you some money from my bank.
A short answer. He blames me with every look. How these coolies can bear you a grudge! To the Coolie: You can rest now. He goes and sits a little way off. I’m sure his injury is less worrying to him than it is to me. His sort don’t care about being intact or damaged. Their ambition ends at the rim of a food bowl. They are born low and they stay low. When we fail we start again. Only the man born to fight succeeds.

The Caucasian Chalk Circle by Bertolt Brecht
Even if it were thirty, I’ll tell you what I think of your justice, you drunken onion! How dare you talk to me as though you were the cracked Isaiah on the church window! When they pulled you out of your mother, it wasn't planned that you'd rap her over the knuckles for pinching a little bowl of corn from somewhere! Aren’t you ashamed of yourself when you see how afraid I am of you? But you've let yourself become their servant. So that their houses are not taken away, because they've stolen them. Since when do houses belong to bed-bugs? But you're on the look-out, otherwise they couldn’t drag our men into their wars. You bribe-taker. I've no respect for you. No more than for a thief or a murderer with knife, who does what he wants. You can take the child away from me, a hundred against one, but I tell you one thing: for a profession like yours, they ought to choose only bloodsuckers and men who rape children. As a punishment. To make them sit in judgment over their fellow men, which is worse than swinging from the gallows.
The Caucasian Chalk Circle by Bertolt Brecht
Oh no, that’s no good, we can’t take real criminals till we’re sure the judge will be appointed, or the law is violated. And the law is a sensitive organ. It’s like the spleen, you mustn’t hit it --- that would be fatal. Of course you can hang those without violating the law, because there was no judge in the vicinity. But judgement, when pronounced, must be pronounced with absolute gravity --- it’s all such nonsense. Suppose, for instance, a judge jails a woman --- let’s say she’s stolen a corn cake to feed her child --- and this judge isn’t wearing his robes --- or maybe he’s scratching himself while passing sentence and half his body is uncovered --- a man’s thigh will itch once in a while --- the sentence this judge passes is a disgrace and the law is violated. In short it would be easier for a judge’s robe and a judge’s hat to pass judgement than for a man with no robe and no hat. If you don’t treat it with respect, the law just disappears on you. Now you don’t try out a bottle of wine by offering it to a dog; you’d only lose your wine.

Mother Courage and Her Children by Bertolt Brecht
My horse is dead! Unbelievable. What an inconvenience! No matter…someone has to die in the war, and better the horse than my children. Come – we cannot let this misfortune slow us down. War waits for no one, and we must continue the business! In fact, I think we can make this work to our advantage. There will be plenty of hungry soldiers roaming the camps, and they just might be desperate enough to pay for horse meat… Yes, I think that will do. We will sell the horse to the officers. What is it, Kattrin? What’s got you all teary-eyed? It can’t be this old beast, can it? Stop being so sentimental. Boys, make yourselves useful and move this animal. It can be practice for when you have to pull the wagon. (Mother Courage begins singing her song.) Now Spring has come and Winter’s dead. The snow is gone, so draw a breath! Let Christian souls crawl out of bed, pull on their socks and conquer death!

A Doll’s House by Henrik Ibsen
I will tell you. I want to rehabilitate myself, Mrs Helmer; I want to get on; and in that your husband must help me. For the last year and a half I have not had a hand in anything dishonorable, amid all that time I have been struggling in most restricted circumstances. I was content to work my way up step by step. Now I am turned out, and I am not going to be satisfied with merely being taken into favor again. I want to get on, I tell you. I want to get into the Bank again, in a higher position. Your husband must make a place for me--He will; I know him; he dare not protest. And as soon as I am in there again with him, then you will see! Within a year I shall be the manager's right hand. It will be Nils Krogstad and not Torvald Helmer who manages the Bank.
**A Doll’s House by Henrik Ibsen**

You have never loved me. You have only thought it pleasant to be in love with me. It is perfectly true, Torvald. When I was at home with papa, he told me his opinion about everything, and so I had the same opinions; and if I differed from him I concealed the fact, because he would not have liked it. He called me his doll-child, and he played with me just as I used to play with my dolls. And when I came to live with you--I mean that I was simply transferred from papa's hands into yours. You arranged everything according to your own taste, and so I got the same tastes as your else I pretended to, I am really not quite sure which--I think sometimes the one and sometimes the other. When I look back on it, it seems to me as if I had been living here like a poor woman--just from hand to mouth. I have existed merely to perform tricks for you, Torvald. But you would have it so. You and papa have committed a great sin against me. It is your fault that I have made nothing of my life.


**Anna Christie by Eugene O’Neill**

I s’pose if I tried to tell you I wasn't- that- no more you'd believe me, wouldn't you? Yes, you would! And if I told you that yust getting out in this barge, and being on the sea had changed me and made me feel different about things, 's if all I'd been through wasn't me and didn't count and was yust like it never happened- you'd laugh, wouldn't you? And you'd die laughing sure if I said that meeting you that funny way that night in the fog, and afterwards seeing that you was straight goods stuck on me, had got me to thinking for the first time, and I sized you up as a different kind of man- a sea man as different from the ones on land as water is from mud- and that was why I got stuck on you, too. I wanted to marry you and fool you, but I couldn't. Don't you see how I'd changed? I couldn't marry you with you believing a lie- and I was shamed to tell you the truth- till the both of you forced my hand, and I seen you was the same as all the rest. And now, give me a bawling out and beat it, like I can tell you're going to. Will you believe it if I tell you that loving you has made me- clean? It's the straight goods, honest! Like hell you will! You’re like all the rest!
**Major Barbara by George Bernard Shaw**

Father Undershaft: you are mistaken: I am a sincere Salvationist. You do not understand the Salvation Army. It is the army of joy, of love, of courage: it has banished the fear and remorse and despair of the old hellridden evangelical sects: it marches to fight the devil with trumpet and drum, with music and dancing, with banner and palm, as becomes a sally from heaven by its happy garrison. It picks the waster out of the public house and makes a man of him: it finds a worm wriggling in a back kitchen, and lo! a woman! Men and women of rank too, sons and daughters of the Highest. It takes the poor professor of Greek, the most artificial and self-suppressed of human creatures, from his meal of roots, and lets loose the rhapsodist in him; reveals the true worship of Dionysos to him; sends him down the public street drumming dithyrambs.

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**Miss Julie by August Strindberg**

Don't you think I can stand the sight of blood? You think I am weak. Oh, I should like to see your blood flowing—to see your brain on the chopping block, all your sex swimming in a sea of blood. I believe I could drink out of your skull, bathe my feet in your breast and eat your heart cooked whole. You think I am weak; you believe that I love you because my life has mingled with yours; you think that I would carry your offspring under my heart, and nourish it with my blood—give birth to your child and take your name! Hear, you, what are you called, what is your family name? But I'm sure you have none. I should be "Mrs. Gate-Keeper," perhaps, or "Madame Dumpheap." You dog with my collar on, you lackey with my father's hallmark on your buttons. I play rival to my cook—oh—oh—oh! You believe that I am cowardly and want to run away. No, now I shall stay. The thunder may roll. My father will return—and find his desk broken into—his money gone! Then he will ring—that bell. A scuffle with his servant—then sends for the police—and then I tell all—everything! Oh, it will be beautiful to have it all over with—if only that were the end! And my father—he'll have a shock and die, and then that will be the end. Then they will place his swords across the coffin—and the Count's line is extinct. The serf's line will continue in an orphanage, win honors in the gutter and end in prison.
The Cherry Orchard by Anton Chekhov

Please don't go; I want you. At any rate it's gayer when you're here. [A pause] I keep expecting something to happen, as if the house were going to tumble down about our ears. We have been very, very sinful! Oh, the sins that I have committed ... I've always squandered money at random like a madwoman; I married a man who made nothing but debts. My husband drank himself to death on champagne; he was a fearful drinker. Then for my sins I fell in love and went off with another man; and immediately--that was my first punishment--a blow full on the head ... here, in this very river ... my little boy was drowned; and I went abroad, right, right away, never to come back any more, never to see this river again.... I shut my eyes and ran, like a mad thing, and he came after me, pitiless and cruel. I bought a villa at Mentone, because he fell ill there, and for three years I knew no rest day or night; the sick man tormented and wore down my soul. Then, last year, when my villa was sold to pay my debts, I went off to Paris, and he came and robbed me of everything, left me and took up with another woman, and I tried to poison myself.... It was all so stupid, so humiliating.... Then suddenly I longed to be back in Russia, in my own country, with my little girl.... [Wiping away her tears] Lord, Lord, be merciful to me; forgive my sins! Do not punish me any more! [Taking a telegram from her pocket.] I got this to-day from Paris.... He asks to be forgiven, begs me to come back....

The Three Sisters by Anton Chekhov

Oh, what has become of my past and where is it? I used to be young, happy, clever, I used to be able to think and frame clever ideas, the present and the future seemed to me full of hope. Why do we almost before we have begun to live, become dull, gray, uninteresting, lazy, apathetic, useless, unhappy? ... This town has already been in existence for two hundred years and it has a hundred thousand inhabitants, not one of whom is in any way different from the others. There has never been, now or at any other time, a single leader of men, a single scholar, an artist, a man of even the slightest eminence who might arouse envy or a passionate desire to be emulated. They only eat, drink, sleep, and then they die ... more people are born and also eat, drink, sleep, and so as not to become half-witted out of sheer boredom, they try to make life many-sided with their beastly back-biting, vodka, cards, and litigation. The wives deceive their husbands, and the husbands lie, and pretend they see nothing and hear nothing, and the evil influence irresistibly oppresses the children and the divine spark in them is extinguished, and they become just as pitiful corpses and just as much like one another as their fathers and mothers ...
The Three Sisters by Anton Chekhov

Devil take them all ... take them all ... They think I'm a doctor and can cure everything, and I know absolutely nothing, I've forgotten all I ever knew, I remember nothing, absolutely nothing. Devil take it. Last Wednesday I attended a woman in Zosip -- and she died, and it's my fault she died. Yes ... I used to know a certain amount twenty-five years go, but I don't remember anything now. Nothing. Perhaps I'm not really a man, and am only pretending that I have arms and legs and a head; perhaps I don't exist at all, and only imagine that I walk, and eat, and sleep. [Cries] Oh, if only I didn't exist! [Stops crying; morosely] The devil only knows ... Day before yesterday they were talking at the club; they mentioned Shakespeare, Voltaire ... I've never read, never read at all, and I made believe as if I had. So did the others. Oh, how beastly! How petty! And then I remembered the woman whom I attended and who died on Wednesday ... and I couldn't get her out of my thoughts, and everything in my soul turned crooked, nasty, wretched ... So I drank to forget.

Uncle Vanya by Anton Chekhov

What can we do? We must live out our lives. [A pause] Yes, we shall live, Uncle Vanya. We shall live all through the endless procession of days ahead of us, and through the long evenings. We shall bear patiently the burdens that fate imposes on us. We shall work without rest for others, both now and when we are old. And when our final hour comes, we shall meet it humbly, and there beyond the grave, we shall say that we have known suffering and tears, that our life was bitter. And God will pity us. Ah, then, dear, dear Uncle, we shall enter on a bright and beautiful life. We shall rejoice and look back upon our grief here. A tender smile -- and -- we shall rest. I have faith, Uncle, fervent, passionate faith. We shall rest. We shall rest. We shall hear the angels. We shall see heaven shining like a jewel. We shall see evil and all our pain disappear in the great pity that shall enfold the world. Our life will be as peaceful and gentle and sweet as a caress. I have faith; I have faith. [Wiping away her tears] My poor, poor Uncle Vanya, you are crying! [Weeping] You have never known what it is to be happy, but wait, Uncle Vanya, wait! We shall rest. We shall rest. We shall rest.