

Monologue 1

I ate them. That's right. I ate the divorce papers, Charles. I ate them with ketchup. And they were good...goood. You probably want me to get serious about our divorce. The thing is you always called our marriage a joke. You're a funny guy, Charles. I'm laughing, not crying. Ha, ha. I'm laughing because you're about to give up on a woman who is infinitely lovable. For instance: Paul. He has loved me since the eighth grade. Sure, he's a little creepy, but he reeeally loves me. He's made one hundred twenty seven passes at me, proposed forty seven times, and sent me over two hundred original love sonnets. He sees something in me, Charles. And he writes it down, in metered verse! And that's not something you just find everyday. Someone who really loves everything about who you are as a person. Paul may be insane, but I value his feelings for me... I keep waiting for you to say "April Fools." Then I'll rush into your arms and... But you're not going to, are you? No. Of course not. It's not April. I.. I didn't really write that sonnet, you know. Paul did. I think it's good. You see, the truth...the truth is, Charles, I ate the divorce papers, I ate them, because I can't stomach the thought of losing you.

Monologue 2

What is my perfect crime? I break into Tiffany's at midnight. Do I go for the vault? No, I go for the chandelier. It's priceless. As I'm taking it down, a woman catches me. She tells me to stop. It's her father's business. She's Tiffany. I say no. We make love all night. In the morning, the cops come and I escape in one of their uniforms. I tell her to meet me in Mexico, but I go to Canada. I don't trust her. Besides, I like the cold. Thirty years later, I get a postcard. I have a son and he's the chief of police. This is where the story gets interesting. I tell Tiffany to meet me in Paris by the Trocadero. She's been waiting for me all these years. She's never taken another lover. I don't care. I don't show up. I go to Berlin. That's where I stashed the chandelier.

Monologue 3

This 'stuff'? Oh, OK. I see, you think this has nothing to do with you. You go to your closet and you select out, oh I don't know, that lumpy blue sweater, for instance, because you're trying to tell the world that you take yourself too seriously to care about what you put on your back. But what you don't know is that that sweater is not just blue, it's not turquoise, it's not lapis, it's actually cerulean. You're also blindly unaware of the fact that in 2002, Oscar de la Renta did a collection of cerulean gowns. And then I think it was Yves St Laurent, wasn't it, who showed cerulean military jackets? And then cerulean quickly showed up in the collections of eight different designers. Then it filtered down through the department stores and then trickled on down into some tragic Casual Corner where you, no doubt, fished it out of some clearance bin. However, that blue represents millions of dollars and countless jobs, and so it's sort of comical how you think that you've made a choice that exempts you from the fashion industry when, in fact, you're wearing the sweater that was selected for you by the people in this room. From a pile of 'stuff'.

Monologue 4

I don't know... I don't know... Mom, I'm serious! Don't look too deep here for a reason I do anything cause...I don't know! I mean, asking me, a seven year old child, why I ate all that grass? It's like asking me why I throw the supplies off the back of the wagon when I'm bored. Is it to watch how stuff bounces? I mean, I can't say for sure because I don't know, but you know... I'm a kid! I basically know nothing. I'm experiencing a lot of things for the first time, and I have to figure them out through trial and error. And putting them in my mouth. I've literally eaten everything that I've come across. When I interact with a new object, I'm gonna look at it for a little bit. I'm gonna reach out, poke it, see if it moves around. I'll pick it up, wiggle it back and forth, and then that thing goes all the way in my mouth. And if it doesn't try to get out of my mouth, it's going down the hatch. If you ask me, it's a pretty good way to do things.

Monologue 5

Hi, everyone! You know me! I'm Morgan Hill, and I'll be playing the part of Miss Sarah Brown, which is the second most fun part in the play, next to the other lead, Adelaide. I don't mind, though, because I really like wearing starchy costumes and having my hair in a bun. And also awesome! I get to kiss Barry in this show, which I've really been looking forward to for a while because that's totally what I thought I'd be doing with my life at this point! Not that I'm bitter! I'm not bitter! I love my part! I love singing really high and showing no emotion on stage! How much fun is it to work for the Salvation Army and ring that bell! Much more fun than flying and using magic, I can tell you that much! And I think this is the year that Barry learned what deodorant was, so that's a bonus! And it looks like some of his pimples are clearing up, double bonus! I can't wait to do this show!!!! I am a team player.

Monologue 6

I hate the divorce papers. Please get that ketchup away. I don't know, flag down the waiter. As a little girl I used to love ketchup. Now I can't look at it without thinking of that monologue. You know that monologue "I Ate the Divorce Papers"? The one that basically haunts every theatre kid's life. Some guy posted it on the internet and now no matter what monologue you're looking for online, that's the one you find. You could type "To Be or Not To Be" into Google and you would get back "To eat the divorce papers or not to eat the divorce papers." Not! Please Not! You can't escape that monologue. I begged our theatre teacher to ban that monologue from our school and ... he did! It was heaven. But then over the summer, that theatre teacher who banned "the divorce papers" won the lottery. So he was gone. And guess what came back? That's right, everyone went right back to chewing the scenery by "eating the divorce papers" and I was so sick of it.