

Female Monologues, (please perform both)

Marcy:

You got any idea how lucky you are to find me? There ain't more than a handful of girls out there can do what I can do.

With all you stand to take in? I deserve half. I am worth half the pot. I know I am. And you're gonna give it to me. You think you got balls as big as the A-bomb don't ya? God's gift to women, my ass. You wanna have a good time with me, you're gonna give me half the dough- and a goddamn steak dinner. Cause I can guarantee I'll win.

Rose:

I'm down here Eddie. You got me out of bed. You woke up half the neighborhood. What do you want?

I just want you to know one thing, and it's the only reason I came out here: you're the ugly one, not me. You know that girl Marcy? She said she won first prize. Your friend Boland didn't find her- he hired her. He hired her. I heard them fighting. He was trying to weasel her out of her share. He's not only a moron and a cheat- he's a cheapskate. And another thing, there's no such person as Jim Swain! He doesn't even exist! You don't know anything about music. You don't know who Pete Seeger is or even Woodie Guthrie. You don't even know how to apologize. You think you know everything - but you don't. Good night, Eddie.