

SAMPLE MALE MONOLOGUES

Betweenity by Lindsay Price

Description: *We've all been there. The awkward pause. The silence where you just can't think of something to say. The space in-between words where nothing is said and yet so much is spoken. The state of being between. In this monologue, STILL is in the cafeteria. He approaches a girl he really likes*

STILL: Hi. *[STILL counts to five as he sits awkwardly]* Do you... *[silently count to five]*
So. Cafeteria. Great cafeteria. Come here often? Of course you do. We all do. Every day. Gotta eat. Eating is important. Don't eat, you die. *[pause]* That's unpleasant. *[pause]* Of course we're not going to die. *[pause]* Well, we ARE going to die. Someday. We can't help that, but we can eat and we can prevent that kind of death. The starvation kind of...death? I should stop talking about death. *[pause]* It's morbid. *[pause]* I should stop. *[pause]* I'll...stop. So. Do you shower? Oh my god, oh my god, I didn't say that. I didn't just – Of course you do. You smell very nice! I just meant...This is not going the way I imagined. Actually, it's going exactly the way I imagined. You're disgusted. Aren't you. *[pause]* You're not saying anything because you are absolutely disgusted. I don't blame you. I don't blame you. *[suddenly standing]* Wait! Don't leave. Please? Give me another chance. I can be normal. I can avoid all abnormal conversation surrounding death and showering, and showering when you're dead. *[pause]* That was a joke. That wasn't an actual topic of conversation. I don't think the dead think about body wash. Ah ha. A smile! Sorry. *[sits]* I... just wanted to ask you to the movies. That's all. That's what all this is leading up to. So. Would you like to go to the movies.....? With me?

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Stereotype High by Jeffrey Haar

Description: *The geek. The freak. The dumb jock. The mean girl. The thespian. The lonely girl. High school is full of stereotypes – or is it? In this monologue, ROLAND is at the movies about to go out with the girl of his dreams*

ROLAND: Oh... my... gosh. My panic attacks are having panic attacks. I've wanted to go out with this girl since eighth grade after I saw her on stage in the Garfield Middle School production of Cinderella. I attended both nights and bought the DVD so I could watch it over and over again. And now, here we are, after I finally mustered the nerve to ask her. So what if it took me four years? I was sitting in Calculus, going on and on about her for the X-to-the-derivative-of-an-infinite-domainth time when Stanley, my math partner in crime slams his mechanical pencil down on the desk and exclaims, "Gosh darn it, Ronald. If you don't ask her out, I swear to Pythagoras, I'm going to ask her out. And when she says yes and sees what I can do with a graphing calculator, causing her to fall madly in love with me, there will be major weirdness between us." Given that very serious threat—I mean, seriously, Stanley works a graphing calculator like Arthur wielded Excalibur—I was forced to rouse all the courage I could and do it. Honestly, I didn't think she'd say yes. I mean, why would she? She's the most beautiful girl in the world, and I'm... well... I'm me. I'm not the guy girls look at and go, "Oh yeah—I've gotta get me some of that." Not to mention the fact that even if they did, I wouldn't know what to do with them anyway. It's pretty pathetic, I know. I'll just have to wait and see if she makes initial contact. Just like in science: Every action has an equal and opposite reaction. I'll be the opposite reaction. Yes. I like that. Sounds like a plan!

[he turns sees his girl and falls]

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Hall Pass by Lindsay Price

Description *A confrontation between ball monitor and slacker*

HENRY: You go ahead and try. You'll find I'm pretty much unhurttable, Brady Cutter. You couldn't hurt me if you left me a bleeding heap on the floor. You gonna hurt me so bad? Is that what you're gonna do? You go right ahead.

You think you're different, OLD friend? You think you can swing your way by with an easy wave and get what you want? You can't. And the sooner you learn that message baby, the better.

I've met you a million times before in a million different empty-headed losers who love calling me dude. You go ahead and hurt me, it's happened before and it'll happen again. All you'll do is prove you're the same kind of monster I meet every day. You're no different. You're the same empty dusty shell of a human being and all you have ahead of you is a wasted life of nothing. You're nothing, Brady. You're no one and you're no one I would ever want to know. You're no friend of mine. Got it?

Cat got your tongue, dude? Got nothing to say to me now, do you? Do you?! Say something!

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Letters by Lindsay Price

Description For many wars, letters home were the only form of communication between soldiers and their loved ones. Caleb is a WWI soldier. A common farm boy, his war experience has nothing to do with the big picture of countries fighting each other for freedom. It's not war that scares Caleb, he's firmly focused on the little things.

Do you want to know what really scares me? It ain't the Germans. I never seen one, not up close anyway. Hard to get all bunched up over a guy I don't know. *[wide-eyed]* Don't tell anyone I said that. I'm 'posed to hate the Germans. Shoot! I guess I do. I'm told they've done some really bad things. And I ain't really scared of getting shot. I figure it's gonna happen or it's not. If I do my job, I won't get shot. If some Kraut does his, maybe I will get shot. I'm not scared of being in the trenches even though lots 'a guys die in 'em. There's a lot of dead guys around, Charlie. I hate that they leave 'em where they fall. They should be buried proper-like. I heard some guy died 'a drowning in the trenches!

It rains a lot in France. I'm glad I don't live here all the time. All the guys are always griping about the mud. That it comes up to their knees! Ain't no different than trying to wrassle the pigs. The smell's a lot worse though, I guess.

Do you want to know what really scares me? *[with wide eyes]* It's the rats. They're some mighty big rats in France, Charlie! They're all over the trenches. They run over your feet. They run up your legs, they run over your face if you're lying down. You think the ones in the barns are big? Those French rats could eat our barn rats for breakfast. They could eat our rats with one paw tied behind their backs. They're huge and they eat everything in sight. Everything. I can't sleep when I'm on trench duty 'cause a them gosh darn rats. They'd eat a fellow's eyes out o' their head if a fellow wasn't using them.

I need my eyes! I don't want to wake up with a rat on my face and missing my eyes. *[shudders]*
Rats!

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Circus Olympus by Lindsay Price

Description *The circus has come to town! Well... sort of. There's no elephant on a bicycle but there are the Greek Geeks and have they got a story or two to tell. More specifically, a myth or two. In PERSEPHONE AND THE UNDERWORLD, Hades, God of the Underworld, is smitten with Persephone. He's afraid to ask her out and wants Zeus to do it for him.*

HADES looks off and gives a huge sigh filled with unrequited love.

Ask her out? Persephone? Me? Me? Me? Oh Persephone. She is so sweet. And beautiful. And sweet. *[spitting a bit]* She's super sweet. But ask her out? No way! She'd never go out with a guy like me. I don't even have a tan! What if I asked her out and I had bad breath and she was grossed out and she told all her friends - "Hades has bad breath, Hades has bad breath." Or what if I was in the middle of asking her out and I farted? How would I ever live that down? "Hades farts! Hades farts!" No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no. Can't do it. Not gonna happen.

Takes a deep breath and looks hurt at ZEUS.

I know I'm God of the Underworld. Dealing with the wailing and gnashing of the masses is a whole lot easier than trying to get a date. *[sits dejected. Suddenly gets an idea and jumps up. Trots over to ZEUS.]* Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey! *[ZEUS has said no. HADES looks hurt and goes into pleading overdrive.]* Come on! Pal of mine? Pally Pal? Pal of Pal-mania? You're more experienced than me. You've done a lot more dating. Please? Ok. No asking. You don't have to ask her for me. You could just *[wiggles his fingers]* Poof! Off to the Underworld! I could charm her in the Underworld. The Underworld is very charming. Please? Pal of mine? Pal of downtown Pal-around? Demeter won't be happy? So... we won't tell her. That'll work. That's the perfect plan!

