

## Hamless

Course III, Dish I ; Shakesfork Monologues---

HAMLESS: To eat, or not to eat, that is the question. Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to withstand the heavenly appearance of a chocolate birthday cake, or to indulge in its seven sweet layers of pure pleasure, and by hiding it from the greedy mouths of others, eat it all by myself. To eat, to feast, and by feast say we put an end to the most tempting thing on Earth. To eat, to feast, and to feast, one must encounter countless calories and grams of fat, aye, there's the rub, for in that wonderful feast, how much weight will I gain?

(I like this one it is very funny – but is kinda short but would work if you had a long serious monologue) (If you do this one to make it funny you should play it serious like in a Shakespeare play – and the goofy lines is what makes it funny)

## Nan

Quilters---

Dear God, why is this happening to me? They teach us that your loving and forgiving and only punish bad people and sinners. I don't remember doing anything to deserve this. Mama calls it 'the curse' and says that all girls get it till they're old. Why would you want to put a curse on all the girls? Lord, it hurts so much sometimes in my stomach and back, I think there's something wrong inside of me. I'm so afraid that people will see, that it'll show through. It's bad enough that it comes from there, but God, why'd you have to make it red? And Lord, if it happens to every girl, why did you choose me to be first? All the other girls think I'm... awful or something. Please, Lord, what I'm askin' of you is, please, make it go away. I ask this in Jesus's name. Amen

## Katherine

Quilters---

No. I never married. Once, I almost did, but it didn't work out. I was twenty-seven years old. I was quite a go-getter in those days. Very headstrong. I'd been away to teachers college and was very definite about my career. Well, I was sick when I was younger and I couldn't have children. It didn't bother me though, I was so busy with my teaching and church work and all. So, anyway this doctor came to town. He was from California. My, he was so handsome. He had a gap toothed grin that would stop your heart. Well, we just fell in love, you know. I'd never thought about marrying anybody before...never met anybody I'd consider spending my life with. But him. well, I thought he was pretty special. I told him right off about not being able to have children. I wanted that out in the open right off. I told him I was happy with my work and it didn't make a bit of difference to me. Maybe later on, you know, if I changed my mind, I might want to adopt some kids. But all in all it suited me just fine. He looked me right in the eye and said it suited him just fine too. He said he'd never been so sure about kids himself, and even so, it was me he wanted and that was enough. We had a few months of happiness after that. Oh, he could be so much fun! Then one day he told me he'd made a mistake. He really did want children real bad. I could tell by the way it kinda tore him up that he was real sorry. Shortly after that, a woman he knew from California moved to town and they got married. I taught both their children in school before I retired. Like I said, I never married. Living alone always suited me just fine.

## \*Annie

Quilters---

My ambition is to become a doctor like my father. I'm my father's girl. My greatest accomplishment was when I was ten years old and was successful in chopping off a chicken's head and then dressing it for a chicken dinner. My mother tries to make me do quilts all the time, but I don't want nothing to do with it. I told her, 'Never in my life will I stick my fingers 'till they bleed!'. Very definitely. My sister Florry is a real good quilter, I guess. Mother says so all the time. Florry's favorite pattern is the Sunbonnet sue. Mother taught her how to do applique blocks and since then she's made prob'ly a dozen 'Sunbonnet Sue quilts. You seen 'em, they're like little dolls turned sideways with big big sunbonnets on. Florry makes each one different. In one her little foot is turned this way or that, or she'll give her a parasol or turn the hat a little bit. People think they're soo cute. She made one for everyone in the family, so now there are little Sunbonnet Sue quilts all over the house. She made a couple of 'em for her friends, and last spring when we all got promoted at school, she presented one to our teacher. I nearly died. And she's still at it! Let me tell you, she's driving me crazy with her Sunbonnet Sues. So I decided to make one quilt and give it to Florry. Like I said, I'm not such a good quilter as her, but I knew just what I wanted to do with this one. It's real small, twin bed size. I finished it and put it on her bed this morning, but I don't think she's seen it yet. I guess I do some new things with Sunbonnet Sue. I call it the Demise of Sunbonnet Sue. Each little block is different, just like Florry does it. I've got a block of her hanging, another one with a knife in her chest, eaten by a snake, eaten by a frog, struck by lightning, and burned up! I'm sorta proud of it. You should see it ...it turned out real good!

## ONE MINEUTE CUT

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## Watch Me!

By Amber Dawn Wardell

*Situation: Dorothy is a young woman who is speaking to her finance, Paul, who is a simple man. She realizes that she can't love him anymore because he has always had his eyes closed to the world and to her.*

You don't see it. You just don't see it. (in a pleading tone of voice) How can I possibly love you when you don't see it? You don't see anything! You don't see me, you don't see beauty, you don't see grace and goodness and hope.

When the moon shines down upon a lake and the ripples in the water are delicately highlighted by the translucent light, and every single color shines in one magnificent streak of greatness, you don't see it.

And when I look at you, and my eyes are filled with so much pain that I can barely keep them open, you don't see it.

You don't see the sun, you don't see the way rain trickles down the glass and makes streaks so that it's almost impossible to distinguish a face on the opposite side.

Why can't you see?! I can't love you if you close your eyes to the world - to the birds and the sky and the water, and to the people who love you.

(Growing increasingly hostile) Look at me! Watch me! Look at me stand here. Look at me watch you. (pause -silence to work up courage) Look at me leave.

## The King of Comedy: Wanna Dance?

**Marsha:** I feel - completely - impulsive - tonight. Anything, anything, could happen. I have so much to tell you. I don't know where to start. I wanna tell you everything, I just wanna tell you everything about myself, everything you don't know. Do you like these glasses? Crystal, beautiful, I bought them just for you. I don't know there was something about them that reminded me of you just the simplicity of them. But if you don't like them, if there's even an inkling, even a doubt in your mind. (throws glass) You know, sometimes during the day I'll just be, I'll do the simplest things, you know, and I'll be taking a bath and I'll be saying to myself, "I wonder if Jerry's taking a bath right now". You know, I'll just hope, you know, you're not drowning or something. I just really worry about you, you know, like something really terrible is gonna happen. And I just have, like, these daydreams, like, you know, that I'm out, that I'm out with you on the golf course drivin' in your cart, just drivin' around. Need a putter Jer'?! (laughs) Need an iron?! (laughs again) I don't even know how to play golf. I played with my parents once, my dad, but...I love you. I never told my parents that I loved them. 'Course they never told me that they loved me either, which was fine with me. But I love you. Want some more wine? No? Okay. I'm not in the mood to drink either though. But I'm sure in the mood to be alone with you. Why don't we just clear off the table? I was thinking why don't we just go upstairs but that's so...predictable. Let's just take everything off the table and do it right here. I guess that would blow your mind wouldn't it? It would blow my mind. I've never done anything like that before. I never even had anyone over for dinnner let alone make love on the table! But somehow I just wanna do that, I just wanna, like, dance. I just wanna, like, you know, put on some Shirelles, I just wanna be black, Ha! Wouldn't that be insane? God, you know what I wish I was? You know what I wish I was tonight? I wish I was Tina Turner! Just dancing through the room - ooo-hoo! (laughs)

## ONE MINEUTE CUT (might still be a little long)

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### \*No Wire Hangers!

written by Robert Getchell, Tracy Hotchner, Frank Perry, & Frank Yablans, from the book by Christina Crawford

**Joan Crawford:** No wire hangers! What's wire hangers doing in this closet when I told you no wire hangers?! EVER!!!! I work till I'm half dead and I hear people say she's getting old! What do I get ? A daughter who cares as much about a beautiful dress I give her as she cares about me. What's wire hangers doing in this closet?! Answer me! I buy you beautiful dresses and you treat 'em like some dishrag! You threw a 300 dollar dress on a wire hanger! We'll see how many you got hidden in here, we'll see! All of this is coming out! Out! Out! Out! Out! We're gonna see how many wire hangers you got in your closet! Wire hangers. Why? Why? Christina, get out of that bed! Get out of that bed! **(picks up hanger and begins to beat Christina)** You live in the most beautiful house in Brentwood and you dont care about crease marks from wire hangers, and your room looks like some two dollar unfurnished room in some two- bit backstreet town in Oklahoma! Get up! Clean up this mess! Did you scrub the bathroom floor today? Did you?

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(I like this one – it is not my favorite but would be really funny – it is all about making fun of Joan Crawford and playing it over the top and sort of campy -- you should rent the movie Mommie Dearest to get an idea of the real Joan Crawford and that will give you some ideas of how to make her over the top and funny – this monologue should not be played too seriously – the directors will think it is funny – at least I would)

# \*Mother-Earth Incarnate-from Stepmom

written by Gigi Levangie, Jessie Nelson, Steven Rogers, Karen Leigh Hopkins, & Ron Bass

**Isabel:** I never wanted to be a mom. Well, sharing it with you is one thing, but caring alone the rest of my life, always being compared to you. You're perfect. They worship you. I just don't want to be looking over my shoulder everyday, for twenty years, knowing that someone would have done it right, done it better, the way that I can't. You're mother-earth incarnate, you ride with Anna, you know every story, every wound, every memory their whole life's happiness is wrapped up in you. Every single moment. Don't you get it? Look down the road to her wedding. I'm in a room alone with her Fitting her veil, fluffing her dress. Telling her, no woman has ever looked that beautiful. And my fear is that (pause) she'll be thinking "I wish my mom was here".

(not bad but no major ups or downs)

## Chicago:

**ROXIE.** You want to know something I always wanted to see my name in the papers. Before Amos, I use to date this well todo ugly bootlegger guy. He use to like to take me out and show me off. Ugly guys like to do that. Once the paper said, "Gangland's AL Cappalli seen at the Chez Vito With A Red Head Chorine." That was me. I clipped it out and saved it. Now look, "Roxie Rocks Chicago!" Here read this. Look I'm gonna tell you the truth. Not that the truth really matters but I'm gonna tell you anyways. See, I'm a lot older then I ever intended to be. All my life I wanted to be a dancer in Vaudville. Oh yeah! Have my own act. But no. No, no, no. They always turned me down. It was one big world full of no's. Life. Then came Amos, sweet safe Amos, who could never say no. You know, some guys are like mirrors, when I catch myself in Amos's face, I'm always a kid. You could love a guy like that. Look, I gotta tell ya, and I hope this ain't sound to crude. In the bed department, Amos was a zero. I mean when we went to bed, he made love to me like he was fixin' a curborator or somethin' "I love ya honey, I love ya." Well, to make a long story short, I started foolin' around, then I started screwin' around, which is foolin' around without dinner. After a while I gave up on the Vaudville idea. . . well after all those years you figure oppurtinity has just passed you by. But it ain't. Oh no, no, no it ain't. If this Flynn guys gets me off, and with all this publicity. I could still get in to Vaudeville, I could still have my own act. Now I got me a world full of "Yes."

**ONE MINEUTE CUT (might still be a little long)**

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(this along with Cat of a Hot Tin Roof is your best two dramatic monologues)

\***LIZ.** You know how people have those little habits that get you down. Like Bernie. Bernie you to like to chew gum. No, not chew. POP. Well, I come home this one day and I am really irritated, and looking for a little sympathy, and there's Bernielayin' on the couch, drinkin' a beer and chewin'. No, not chewin'. Poppin'. So I said to him, I said, "Bernie, you pop that gum one more time. . ." and he did. So I took the shot gun off the wall and I fired two warning shots. . . into his head.

(this one is more like a joke to me – but I think it might work if you had a really long dramatic monologue – but I think I would go with the harmless one first)

## \*Scenes From American

### Life

By: A.R. Gurney Jr.

**Woman:** (*Nervously*) Um. I want to make three quick points about this whole business with the fence. (*Glances at first card*) Point one. Appearance, I don't like the looks of it. I know that we've been having alot of fires and robberies, terrorism, but I still don't like putting one of those ugly chain fences around the entire neighborhood. Even in the brochure, it looks unattractive. That awful barbed wire. Those ghastly gates. I don't care how much planting and landscaping we do--we are still going to look like a concentration camp. And that's point one. (*Next card*) Point two. Inconvenient. The whole thing is going to be terribly inconvenient. I hate the idea of having to get out of my car, to put my ID card in to those gates just so that they can open and I can get home. And what about deliveries? How do the cleaners, and the milkman, and the egg man get in? The brochure simply doesn't say. (*Next card*) Point three, and then I'll sit down. What about dogs? The fence is electrified, remember. We can train our children to stay away from it, but what about dogs? Or do we have to tie them up? I refuse to do that frankly. You know Rosie, our old Lab, it would kill her to be tied up. I won't do it. So what I suggest is we do this, I suggest that we call our friends in Shaker Heights, and Concord, and Palo Alto, and all the other places which have put in those fences, and we find out a few more details. I mean, I'm just not sure a fence is the best idea.

### Company

By: George Furth

**Marta:** You wanna know why I came to New York? I came because New York is the center of the world, and that's where I want to be. You know what the pulse of this city is? The pulse of this city kiddo, is me. This city is for the me's of this world. People who want to be in the right in the heart of it. I am the soul of New York. How many Puerto Ricans you know? How many blacks? God, talk about pathetic. Jews, Hispanics, gays, Arabs, street people, all my closets, my best friends. Listen, I don't pass people in the street, I stop, I know them. In this city every son of a bitch I meet is my new best friend. Oh, I go uptown, like to the dentist or something, and I swear, suddenly I want to cry because I think, "Oh God, I'm uptown." And Fourteenth Street. Well I don't know why anybody talks about any place eles, because that is the center of the universe... that is humanity, Fourteenth Street. That's everything. And if you don't like it there they got every subway you can name to take ya where ya like it better. This city- I kiss the ground of it. Someday you know what I want to do? I want to get all dressed up in black - Black dress, black shoes, hat, everything black, and go and sit in some bar at the end of the counter and drink and cry. That is my idea of honest to God sophistication. I mean, that is New York. You know what this city is? Where a person can feel it? It's in a person's ass. If you're really apart of the city, relaxed cool, and in the whole flow of it, your ass is like this. (*She makes a large round circle with her forefinger and thumb*) If you're just living here, runnin' around, uptight, not really apart of this city, your ass is like this (*She tightens the circle to nothing, making a fist*)

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### Audition by Mathew Calhoun

*An actor carrying an umbrella, enters. He/she is anything but a leading man/lady: perhaps he is bald, perhaps pudgy, perhaps very short, perhaps... something different. But not a leading man. He speaks forward to the audience, which represents the two or three people auditioning him.)*

Actor: My resume. *(He takes out a three-by-five card, and spins it forward, of the front of the stage.)* Oh, first I should mention that I could play any of the parts in this play. Any. I could play an ant, I could play Little Red Riding Hood, I could play Hamlet. I've never heard of this play, as a matter of fact. It doesn't matter. I can do opera, I can do commercials, I can sing soprano, I can do my own stunts- I'm that versatile. Leading man, leading lady, gay, ingenue- you name it, I can do it. That's how great I am. I see you looking over my resume. Noticing I've never had a part. It's a real comment on this sick business we're in, isn't it? An actor this good *(he thumps his chest)* and he's blackballed! Why? For refusing to show up at auditions! Auditions are beneath me. I wipe my feet on them. People should be begging me to grace their theatres- producers should be asking me to audition them! But those egomaniacs who should bow and scrape before me - they have forced me to betray my principles and come to this *(said with utter contempt)* audition. *(the word is practically spat, or vomited out. The contempt with which the actor feels this word is the key of the scene.)*

So no, no, don't blame me for demeaning myself in this grotesque position... I've waited ten years for them to come crawling... but suffice it to say they were too wrapped up in their own insane... trivium to get the hint. But enough of them. Let's get to the situation at hand. You're sitting there typecasting me as a leading man aren't you? You're thinking that because of my matinee idol glorious good looks, and rich, sensuous, sexy, seductive, fetching, effervescent, tingly and charming voice, I could only play a male lead. No, I tell you, no! Observe! An ant! *(He crawls along the floor in a normal way.)* And now, King Lear! *(He opens his umbrella and pretends, in an awkward mime, to be blown around the stage.)* I needn't mention, of course, that that was the fabulous storm scene, out on the heath. And now, Brutus, impaled on his own sword! *(Closes the umbrella, stabs himself with it in the stomach. Dies, rather flatly.)*

And here's a homicidal lunatic: *(he gets up, picks up the umbrella, waves it threatening forward, like a sword. This part seems real.)* Give me the part or I'll kill you! I'll poke out the vile grape jelly of your eyes with the point of my umbrella! I've been waiting ten years for this! *(Puts the umbrella down.)*

OK. All the parts. I should play *all* the parts in you little production. Capiche? Capiche. Note the mastery of the Spanish dialect. I do it all. Now, with that in mind, here's my... *(Abrupt pause)*

What do you mean my time's up? I haven't done my monologue yet! *(Beat)* What do you mean, next? Where do *you* get off saying next?! I memorized this thing! I took the subway here! I elbowed my way ahead of dozens of pushy actors and still had to wait a half hour to get in here! I *wanna* do my audition!

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Actor: My resume. *(He takes out a three-by-five card, and spins it forward, of the front of the stage.)* Oh, first I should mention that I could play any of the parts in this play. Any. I could play an ant, I could play Little Red Riding Hood, I could play Hamlet. I've never heard of this play, as a matter of fact. It doesn't matter. I can do opera, I can do commercials, I can sing soprano, I can do my own stunts. Leading man, or leading lady- I'm that versatile. you name it, I can do it. That's how great I am. ~~I see you looking over my resume. Noticing I've never had a part. It's a real comment on this sick business we're in, isn't it? An actor this good *(he thumps his chest)* and he's blackballed! Why? For refusing to show up at auditions! Auditions are beneath me. I wipe my feet on them. People should be begging me to grace their theatres—producers should be asking me to audition them! But those egomaniacs who should bow and scrape before me—they have forced me to betray my principles and come to this *(said with utter contempt)* audition. *(the word is practically spat, or vomited out. The contempt with which the actor feels this word is the key of the scene.)*~~

~~So no, no, don't blame me for demeaning myself in this grotesque position... I've waited ten years for them to come crawling... but suffice it to say they were too wrapped up in their own insane... trivium to get the hint. But enough of them. Let's get to the situation at hand. You're sitting there typesetting me as a leading woman aren't you? You're thinking that because of my matinee idol glorious good looks, and rich, sensuous, sexy, seductive, fetching, effervescent, tingly and charming voice, I could only play a female lead. No, I tell you, no! Observe! An ant! *(He crawls along the floor in a normal way.)* And now, King Lear! *(He opens his umbrella and pretends, in an awkward mime, to be blown around the stage.)* ~~I needn't mention, of course, that that was the fabulous storm scene, out on the heath.~~ And now, Brutus, impaled on his own sword! *(Closes the umbrella, stabs himself with it in the stomach. Dies, rather flatly.)*~~

And here's a homicidal lunatic: *(he gets up, picks up the umbrella, waves it threatening forward, like a sword. This part seems real.)* Give me the part or I'll kill you! I'll poke out the vile grape jelly of your eyes with the point of my umbrella! I've been waiting ten years for this! *(Puts the umbrella down.)*

~~OK. All the parts. I should play *all* the parts in you little production. Capiche? Capiche. Note the mastery of the Spanish dialect. I do it all. Now, with that in mind, here's my... *(Abrupt pause)*~~

What do you mean my time's up? I haven't done my monologue yet! *(Beat)* What do you mean, next? Where do *you* get off saying next?! ~~I memorized this thing! I took the subway here! I elbowed my way ahead of dozens of pushy actors and still had to wait a half hour to get in here! I *wanna* do my audition!~~

# Cat on a Hot Tin Roof

## By: Tennessee Williams

Margaret:

Yes, it's too bad because you can't wring their necks if they've got no necks to wring! Isn't that right honey? Yep, they're no-neck monsters, all no-neck people are monsters? *(children shriek downstairs)* Hear them? Hear them screaming? I don't know where their voice boxes are located since they don't have necks. I tell you I got so nervous at that table tonight, I thought I would throw back my head and utter a scream you could hear across the Arkansas border and parts of Louisiana and Tennessee. I said to our charming sister-in-law, Mae, "honey, couldn't you feed those precious little things at a separate table with an oilcloth cover? They make such a mess and the lace cloth looks so pretty!" She made enormous eyes at me and said, "Ohhh, nooooo! On Big Daddy's birthday? Why, he would never forgive me!" Well, I want you to know, Big Daddy hadn't been at the table two minutes with those five no-neck monsters slobbering and drooling over their food before he threw down his fork and shouted, "Fo' God's sake, Gooper, why don't you put them pigs at a trough in th' kitchen?"- Well, I swear, I simply could have di-iced! Think of it, Brick, they've got five of them and number six is coming. They've brought the whole bunch down here like animals to display at a county fair. Why, they have those children doin' tricks all the time! "Junior, show Big Daddy how you do this, show Big Daddy how you do that, say your little piece fo' Big Daddy, Sister. Show you dimples, Sugar. Brother, show Big Daddy how you stand on your head!"- it goes on all the time, along with constant little remarks and innuendos about the fact that you and I have not produced any children, are totally childless and therefore totally useless!- Of course it's comical but it's also disgusting since it's so obvious what they're up to!

## ONE MINEUTE CUT

**By: Tennessee Williams**

Margaret:

Yes, it's too bad because you cant wring their necks if they've got no necks to wring! Isn't that right honey? Yep, they're no-neck monsters, all no-neck people are monsters? (*children shriek downstairs*) Hear them? Hear them screaming? ~~I don't know where their voice boxes are located since they don't have necks.~~ I tell you I got so nervous at that table tonight, I thought I would throw back my head and utter a scream you could hear across the Arkansas border an' parts of Louisiana an' Tennessee. ~~I said to our charming sister in law, Mae, "honey, couldn't you feed those precious little things at a separate table with an oilcloth cover? They make such a mess an' the lace cloth looks so pretty!" She made enormous eyes at me and said, "Ohhh, nooooo! On Big Daddy's birthday? Why, he would never forgive me!" Well, I want you to know, Big Daddy hadn't been at the table two minutes with those five no-neck monsters slobbering and drooling over their food before he threw down his fork an' shouted, "Fo' God's sake, Gooper, why don't you put them pigs at a trough in th' kitchen?" Well, I swear, I simply could have di-iced! Think of it, Brick, they've got five of them and number six is coming. They've brought the whole bunch down here like animals to display at a county fair. Why, they have those children doin' tricks all the time! "Junior, show Big Daddy how you do this, show Big Daddy how you do that, say your little piece fo' Big Daddy, Sister. Show you dimples, Sugar. Brother, show Big Daddy how you stand on your head!"~~ - it goes on all the time, along with constant little remarks and innuendos about the fact that you and I have not produced any children, are totally childless and therefore totally useless!- Of course it's comical but its also disgusting since it so obvious what they're up to!

(I think this is your best dramatic (serious) monologue along with Chicago) – it along with Chicaco is serious with a little humor - it would be a good contrast to some of the other funny ones above).