



Child/Youth Monologues

(Choose 1 or prepare your own)

Nick: Murray, I am upset. For me, as an actual child, the way you live in this house and we live is a dangerous thing for my later life when I become an actual person. An unemployed person like you are for so many months is bad for you as the person involved and is definitely bad for me, who he lives within the same house where the rent isn't paid for months sometimes. And I wish you would get a job, Murray. Please.

Nick: That's terrific. Hey, that's just terrific. See, lady, he was developing into a bum. You don't want to see somebody you like developing into a bum, and doing nutty things, right? You know what he does? He hollers. Like we were on Park Avenue last Sunday, it's early in the morning and nobody is in the street, see, there's just all those big quiet apartment houses; and he hollers, "Rich people, I want to see you all out on the street for volleyball! Let's snap it up!" And sometimes, if we're in a crowded elevator someplace, he turns to me and yells, "Max, there'll be no more of this self-pity! You're forty, it's time you got used to being a little person!" And everybody stares. And he has a wonderful time. What do you do with somebody who hollers like that? Last week in Macy's, he did that. If you want to know the truth, it was pretty funny. I think you're a very nice lady

Female Monologues

(Choose 1 or prepare your own)

Myra: *(Rises, goes to the buffet, puts her glass down and turns).* In a month or so, if we haven't been arrested, I want you to leave. We'll have a few arguments in people's living rooms- you can write them for us, little tiffs about money or something- and then you'll move out. I wish you could take the vegetable patch with you, but since you can't, you'll buy it from me, as soon as the money starts rolling in. Before the Rolls-Royce and before you go to the Riviera! *(Sidney, concerned, rises and starts toward her; she's growing more distraught).* You'll buy the vegetable patch and the house and the whole nine-point-three acres! We'll get Buck Raymond or Maury Escher to set a fair price! *(She turns and moves away, near tears, as Sidney reaches for her)*

Sandra: That's wonderful. I didn't go to work this morning, and I simply can't tell you how fantastic that makes me feel. I'm not going to do a LOT of things anymore. This blouse I'm wearing, my mother picked it out, everybody picks out things for me. She gets all her clothes directly from Louisa May Alcott. Well, we've all seen the last of this blouse anyway. Do you realize that I feel more at home here after twenty-four hours than I do in my parents' house after twenty-five years? Of course, we'll have to do something about curtains --- and I hope you didn't mind about the screen around the bed; I just think it gives such a nice, separate, bedroom

effect to that part of the room---Oh, there's so many wonderful tricks you can try with a one-room apartment, really, if you're willing to use your imagination--I don't care if it sounds silly, Murray, but I was projecting a personality identification with the Statue of Liberty yesterday---courageous and free and solid metal---I was here with you last night and I don't give a damn who knows it or what anybody thinks, and that goes for D. Malko, Albert, my mother, Aunt Blanche--- Oh, I'm going to do so many things I've always wanted to.

Kim: I don't know what it is with me lately but I just get so UGH! when guys come up to me, with their cheesy lines, (imitating guy) "Hey, you have such a beautiful smile" or "Can I just tell you that you are so beautiful". Ugh! It disgusts me. I mean, who the hell does this guy or that guy think he is to give me such compliments? What gives him the right? I don't do anything to give off any kind of interest whatsoever, I completely look the other way when I see eye contact happening and they STILL come over thinking they're so suave and it's simply repulsive. You know what I'm saying?? What does a girl have to do these days? Maybe if I just vomited on myself the guy would walk the other way but I bet even then, I'd get, "The way you vomit on yourself is just so, so delightful." ...All I want is to be left alone. I have a man, I love my man and I do my best to be polite but the irritation and the cheesy lines are getting to be too much. Guys are blind, they really are, OBLIVIOUS to when a girl is not interested. There are days when I rather be a man."

Male Monologues

(Choose 1 or prepare your own)

Clifford: Stop and think for a minute, will you? Think. About that night. Try to see it all from the audience's viewpoint. *Everything we did to convince Myra that she was seeing a real murder would have exactly the same effect on them.* Weren't we giving a play? Didn't we write it, rehearse it? Wasn't *she* our audience? *(He rises. Sidney is listening as one fascinated by a lunatics raving)* Scene one: Julian tells Doris about the terrific play that's come in the mail. He jokes about killing for it, then calls Willard and invites him over, getting him to bring the original copy. The audience thinks exactly what Doris thinks: Julian might kill Willard. Scene Two: *everything that happened from the moment we came through the door.* All the little ups and downs we put in to make it ring true: the-I'm-expecting-a-phone-call bit, everything. Tightened up a little, naturally. And then the strangling, which scares the audience as much as it does Doris.

Male: Wow, I scared myself. You hear that voice? Look at that, I got you to stop. I got your complete full attention, the floor is mine now. And I can't think of a God-damned thing to say. I have long been aware, Murray- I have long been aware that you don't respect me much- I suppose there are alot of brothers who don't get along. But in reference -to us, considering the factors-- Sounds like a contract, doesn't it? Unfortunately for you, Murray, you want to be a hero. Maybe if a fella falls into a lake, you can jump in and save him; there's still that kind of stuff. But who gets opportunities like that in midtown Manhattan, with all that traffic. I am willing to deal with the available world and I do not choose to shake it up but to live with it. There's the people who spill things, and the people who get spilled on; I do not choose to notice the stains,

Murray. I have a wife and I have children and business, like they say, is business. I am not an exceptional man, so it is possible for me to stay with things the way they are. I'm lucky. I'm gifted. I have a talent for surrender. I'm at peace. But you are cursed; and I like you so it makes me sad, you don't have the gift, and I see the torture of it. All I can do is worry for you. But I will not worry for myself, you cannot convince me that I am one of the Bad Guys. I get up, I go, I lie a little, I peddle a little, I watch the rules, I talk the talk. We fellahs have those offices high up there so we can catch the wind and go with it, however it blows. But, and I will not apologize for it, I take pride; I am the best possible Arnold Burns.

Man: I used to be a very negative person. But then I took this personality workshop that totally turned my life around. Now when something bad or negative happens, I can see the positive. Now when I have a really bad day, or when someone I thought was a really good friend betrays me, or maybe when I've been hit by one of those damn people riding bicycles the opposite way on a one-way street, so, of course, one hadn't looked in that direction and there they are bearing down on you, about to kill or maim you – anyway, I look at any of these things and I say to myself: this glass is not half full, it's half empty.

No – I said it backwards, force of habit. This glass is not half empty, it is half full.

Of course, if they hit you with the stupid bicycle your glass won't be half full or half empty, it will be shattered to pieces, and you'll be dead or in the hospital. But really I'm trying to be positive, that's what I'm doing with my life these days. I was tired of not being joyful and happy, I was sick of my personality, and I had to change it. Half full, not half empty. I had to say to myself: you do not have cancer – at least not today. You are not blind. You are not one of the starving children in India or China or in Africa. Look at the sunset, look at the sunrise, why don't you enjoy them, for God's sake? And now I do. Except if it's cloudy, of course, and you can't see the sun. Or if it's cold. Or if it's too hot.

I probably need to take a few more personality workshops to complete the process. It's still not quite within my grasp, this being positive business.

But I'm making great strides, my friends don't recognize me.

And it's hard for me to be positive because I'm very sensitive to the vibrations of people around me, or maybe I'm just paranoid.