

## Male Monologues

### **FENCES by August Wilson**

**CORY:** I live here too! I ain't scared of you. I was walking by you to go into the house cause you sitting on the steps drunk, singing to yourself. You can put it like that. I ain't got to say excuse me to you. You don't count around here no more. That's right. You always talking this dumb stuff. Now, why don't you just get out my way.

You talking about what you did for me... what'd you ever give me? You ain't never gave me nothing! You ain't never done nothing but hold me back. Afraid I was gonna be better than you. All you ever did was try and make me scared of you. I used to tremble every time you called my name. Every time I heard your footsteps in the house. Wondering all the time... what's Papa gonna say if I do this?... What's he gonna say if I do that?... What's Papa gonna say if I turn on the radio? And Mama, too... she tries... but she's scared of you. I don't know how she stand you... after what you did to her. What you gonna do... give me a whupping? You can't whup me no more. You're too old. You just an old man.

You crazy! You know that? You just a crazy old man... talking about I got the devil in me. You took Uncle Gabe's money he got from the army to buy this house and then you put him out. Come on... put me out! I ain't scared of you. Come on! Come on... put me out! Come on! Come on!

### **FOOTLOOSE: THE MUSICAL by Dean Pitchford & Walter Bobbie**

#### **Male Monologue**

**REN:** I just wanted to say a few words, cuz I think this idea scares a lot of people. It shouldn't. *(Unfolds a piece of paper, clears his throat, reads:)* "From the oldest times, people danced for many reasons. They danced so their crops would be plentiful or so that their hunt would be good. They danced to show their community spirit, and they danced to celebrate. And that's the dancing we're talking about."

And aren't we told – excuse me, Reverend – aren't we told in Psalm 149 to "praise ye the Lord. Sing unto the Lord a new song. Let them praise his Name in the dance?" *(He looks to Shaw who, stunned, slowly sits.)* And it was King David... King David who we read about in Samuel. And what did David do? What did David do? *(Stalls, trying to find the passage:)* What did David do? *(He finds it.)* Ah! "David danced before the Lord with all his might. Leaping and dancing before the Lord." *(Shows the Bible to the Council Members.)* Leaping and dancing.

And Ecclesiastes assures us that, "There is a time to every purpose under heaven – a time to laugh and a time to weep. There is a time to mourn and there is a time to dance." There was a time for this law, but not anymore. And this is our time. Our time to celebrate life. That's the way it was in the beginning, the way it's always been and that's the way it should be now. Thank you.

**Marius/*Les Miserables*/Claude-Michel Schönberg, Alain Boublil“**  
**1 MALE MONOLOGUE**

MARIUS: We can't strike. Why not? Because it's against the law to strike! The king has declared that everything is a crime. Writing is a crime. Two weeks ago, the police destroyed the Galaty, the worker's newspaper. They smashed the press. They burned over two thousand newspapers but that didn't satisfy the king. Three days ago at a student meeting, a peaceful meeting, soldiers broke it up and arrested two of my friends. Writing, talking, going to class, speaking out is a crime. Being poor is a crime. Being poor is the worst crime of all. And if you commit these crimes, you are condemned for life. Our government has no mercy, no pity, no forgiveness. And there's no work for us. And because there's no work, our children are starving. Tell me: why are we powerless to save the people we love? All of you know. Tell me – why? The king betrayed us. We were promised the vote, do we have it? Do we have the vote? Where is the republic our fathers died for? It's here my brothers. It lives here in our heads. But most of all, best of all, it's here in our hearts. In our hearts – WE ARE THE REPUBLIC!”

***The Curious Incident of the Dog in the Night-Time***

**Written by Simon Stephens**

**CHRISTOPHER:** When you look at the sky you know you are looking at stars, which are hundreds of thousands of light years away from you. And some of the stars don't exist anymore because their light has taken so long to get to us that they are already dead, or they have exploded and collapsed into red dwarfs. And that makes you seem very small, and if you don't have difficult things in your life it is nice to think that they are what is called negligible which means they are so small you don't have to take them into account when you are calculating something. It's because of all the light pollution in London. All the light from the streetlights and car headlights and floodlights and lights in the building reflects off tiny particles in the atmosphere and they get in the way of light from the stars.

**Dennis Shepard/*The Laramie Project*/Moises Kaufman and the Tectonic Theatre Company**  
**MALE MONOLOGUE**

My son Matthew did not look like a winner. He was rather uncoordinated and wore braces from the age of thirteen until the day he died. However, in his all too brief life he proved that he was a winner. On October 6, 1998 my son tried to show the world that he could win again. On October 12, 1998 my first born son and my hero, lost. On October 12, 1998 my first born son and my hero, died, fifty days before his twenty-second birthday.

I keep wondering the same thing that I did when I first saw him in the hospital. What would he have become. How could he have changed his piece of the world to make it better?

Matt officially died in a hospital in Fort Collins, Colorado. He actually died on the outskirts of Laramie, tied to a fence. You Mr. McKinney with your friend Mr. Henderson left him out there by himself, but he wasn't alone. There were his lifelong friends with him, friends that he had grown up with.

You're probably wondering who these friends were. First he had the beautiful night sky and the same stars and moon that we used to see through a telescope. Then he had the daylight and

the sun to shine on him. And through it all he was breathing in the scent of pine trees from the snowy range. He heard the wind, the ever present Wyoming wind, for the last time. He had one more friend with him, he had God. And I feel better knowing he wasn't alone.

Matt's beating, hospitalization and funeral focused worldwide attention on hate. Good is coming out of evil. People have said enough is enough. I miss my son, but I am proud to be able to say that he is my son.

Judy has been quoted as being against the death penalty. It has been stated that Matt was against the death penalty. Both of these statements are wrong. Matt believed that there were crimes and incidents that justified the death penalty. I too believe in the death penalty. I would like nothing better than to see you die Mr. McKinney. However this is the time to begin the healing process. To show mercy to someone who refused to show any mercy.

Mr. McKinney, I am going to grant you life, as hard as it is for me to do so, because of Matthew. Every time you celebrate Christmas, a birthday, the Fourth of July remember that Matt isn't. Every time you wake up in your prison cell remember that you had the opportunity and the ability to stop your actions that night. You robbed me of something very precious and I will never forgive you for that. Mr. McKinney I give you life in the memory of one who no longer lives. May you have a long life and may you thank Matthew every day for it.

## **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN by Clark Gesner**

**Charlie Brown:** I think lunchtime is about the worst time of day for me. Always having to sit here alone. Of course, sometimes, mornings aren't so pleasant either. Waking up and wondering if anyone would really miss me if I never got out of bed. Then there's the night, too. Lying there and thinking about all the stupid things I've done during the day. And all those hours in between when I do all those stupid things. Well, lunchtime is among the worst times of the day for me. Well, I guess I'd better see what I've got. Peanut butter. Some psychiatrists say that people who eat peanut butter sandwiches are lonely...I guess they're right. And when you're really lonely, the peanut butter sticks to the roof of your mouth. There's that cute little red-headed girl eating her lunch over there. I wonder what she would do if I went over and asked her if I could sit and have lunch with her? She'd probably laugh right in my face... it's hard on a face when it gets laughed in. There's an empty place next to her on the bench. There's no reason why I couldn't just go over and sit there. All I have to do is stand up... I'm standing up! I'm sitting down. I'm a coward. I'm so much of a coward, she wouldn't even think of looking at me. She hardly ever does look at me. In fact, I can't remember her ever looking at me. Why shouldn't she look at me? Is there any reason in the world why she shouldn't look at me? Is she so great, and I'm so small, that she can't spare one little moment? SHE'S LOOKING AT ME!! SHE'S LOOKING AT ME!! (he puts his lunch bag over his head.) ...Lunchtime is among the worst times of the day for me. If that little red-headed girl is looking at me with this stupid bag over my head she must think I'm the biggest fool alive. But, if she isn't looking at me, then maybe I could take it off quickly and she'd never notice it. On the other hand...I can't tell if she's looking, until I take it off! Then again, if I never take it off I'll never have to know if she was looking or not. On the other hand...it's very hard to breathe in here. (he removes his sack) Whew! She's

not looking at me! I wonder why she never looks at me? Oh well, another lunch hour over with... only 2,863 to go.