

Comedic Monologues

Women of Choice: Artie, the Single Girl

Hey...How're you doing?... You come to these things a lot? Oh, god, that didn't come out like I meant, it's not that you look like some pathetic loser who has to come to these mixer to meet somebody like you were some kind of-I'm making it worse. I have dug myself into a deep hole of bullshit, and I will never be able to dig myself out.

...Ah, you're smiling. I never know how to start, you know? Some women are good at this. Me, I been sitting for half an hour, trying to think clever and then so I thought just go over there and say something. What's the worst that could happen? You walk away, right? Or you could say "I actually came in with my lover, and I think she wants to leave, it was nice talking with you." Now you're chuckling, well, I'm making progress.

...I'm trying to be an architect...You don't hear a lot about women architects, most of the famous ones are men, I could rattle off a half dozen names of women you probably never heard of, and that's because all the good commissions, they always go to men. It figures, don't it? What do architects built? Skyscrapers. It's all in the phallic symbol. I wrote that on one of my applications to school. I said, "It's time the dick was taken out of the art of the building." Of course I didn't get in: the admissions officer was a guy.

...Yeah, I know. I'm no good at small talk. I think it's because we're looking at each other, right? I say something and I can see your reaction. So maybe, like my counselor says, I shouldn't look at people I'm talking to so I don't see their reaction, which sounds pretty stupid when you think about it, or maybe, like she says, I should ask. Yeah, like, "Am I boring you?" Because what's the other person gonna say? "Yes, you're boring the fucking shit out of me, you pathetic sad unhappy bitch. You got issues; get over it and move on." Which is why I been trying for the last thirty really nerve-wracking minutes to think up something clever to say.

...Oh. Yeah. She IS your lover, right...So, like, nice talking to you.

Request Stop: Woman

(to MAN) I beg your pardon, what did you say?

All I asked you was if I could get a bus from here to Shepherd's Bush.

Nobody asked you to start making insinuations.

Who do you think you are?

Huh, I know your sort, I know your type. Don't worry, I know all about people like you. We can all tell where you've come from. They're putting your sort inside every day of the week.

All I've got to do is report you, and you'll be standing in the dock in next to no time. One of my best friends is a plainclothes policemen.

I know all about it. Standing there as if butter wouldn't melt in your mouth. Meet you in a dark alley, it'd be... another story. (to the others) You heard what this man said to me.

All I asked him was if I could get a bus from here to Shepherd's Bush. (to him) I've got witnesses, don't you worry about that.

Impertinence.

Ask a man a civil question he treats you like a threepenny bit. (to him) I've got better things to do, my lad, I can assure you. I'm not going to stand here and be insulted on a public highway. Anyone can tell you're a foreigner. I was born just around the corner. Anyone can tell you're just up from the country for a bit of a lark. I know your sort.

Excuse me, lady. I'm thinking of taking this man to the magistrate's court, you heard him make that crack, would you like to be a witness?

Criminal Hearts: Ata

I'm all right, Mrs. Carnahan. Really, I'm all right. I'm not in any danger, no danger of any kind. But, the thing is, Mrs. Carnahan, I'm not going to open the door because there's no need and the other reason is...I'm with a lover, Mrs. Carnahan, a beautiful man who makes my life worth living, who gives meaning to my existence and the is, you see, that we are without clothes and fresh from the act of love, and so to open the door would be a betrayal for us and an embarrassment for you and then we would feel judged, you see, and the spell, the spell would be broken. And after you were satisfied with my condition and had gone back to your rooms, my lover would dress and kiss me somewhat impersonally and close the door behind him and I would be alone, at a time when being alone feels...well, feels very worrisome because other things that give meaning...well, they get harder and harder to come by, don't they? So I won't be opening the door, Mrs. Carnahan, because I don't want to end up alone in here and liking it. I really don't.

Sixty Years to Life: Woman

Oh my, poor honey. Can you hear me in there? You'd think you were that Hannibal Leck-a-ter or somethin' in that masky contraption. Honey can you blink for me? So I know you're listnin'? Poop-bear blink once if you can hear me-- twice if you can't.

Well this is certainly going to be a one-way conversation.

You really got yourself into a heap of poop this time poop bear. I know you're sorry, I know.

Of course, known about it the whole time. Oh, I see that got your eyes blinkin' now didn't it. Yes, I know, I knew. A long time, well, I shouldn't say that 'cause I really don't know how long your little killing spree problem's went on, but it's been a spell. The problem now is they're askin' me a lot of questions about these girls see... But don't you worry I haven't said a word. Not a word. I'm like the Go-Go's, my lips are sealed! You like that one?

They told me if you tell them where you put some of those girls I could see you more. And I didn't tell them anything don't worry, but you, YOU got to tell them where some of their parts are or somethin'. Give 'em like one of their heads, or an arm or a finger or somethin', just give

'em a hint. They already found a lot of stuff in our freezer in the basement so I don't see what the big deal is!

Look bear, you know, you know what they're saying? Oh poop-bear.. They're saying you ate those girls. Ate them. They saw bite marks on... the bones. I told them that it must have been a critter or somethin', a wolf, a bear or... but they said the marks, the in-den-ta-tions match your teeth.

The news is all sayin' these girls had merlot in their stomachs and well, a heck of a lot of people drink merlot, so my boyfriend drinks merlot, and then sometimes I wash some blood out of his shirts, but that's from the hunting trip he says and that's what all that cured meat in the basement is, just deer meat, venison you say, and all this doesn't mean my boyfriend is a serial killer, he just has a little problem, but eating? Eating women hon?! And don't tell me I should be happy in a way because you didn't have sex with them, damn poop-bear I 'd give anything at this point to just have a two timing philandering son-of-a-bitch. A cheater, why couldn't you just cheat hon? Why's it gotta be eating human flesh?

Dramatic Monologues

Elephant's Graveyard: Ballet Girl

The two of us arriving into the ring didn't usually get a gasp, but...circumstances had changed.

I tried to draw the crowd's attention away from Mary. I licked my lips, tossed my hair, threw myself out there like a two-cent whore.

Nothing. Their trousers stayed creased. I was playing to a tent full of eunuchs. Forget about the lust then. Innocence would win the day.

"Look at me, all of you. Here I am, all wrapped up, cuddled up in the very trunk that did the deed, and am I scared, am I trembling?

I am smiling."

Smiling.

The brightest beams of white forgiveness I could 'till I thought the corners of my lips would crack open and gush blood over the sawdust.

But it didn't work. Those people weren't there to forgive. They stood up and pelted us with popcorn. And then they made this sound...

Censored on Final Approach: Gerry

I didn't run away if that's what you're thinking. They ordered us away. So I left. I--silly--I'd been doin' my laundry. I heard screams coming from the barracks. I saw you all haulin' ass across the field. I followed. When I saw what had happened, I couldn't go back with you. I just couldn't. I'd left my clothes in the washhouse. So I headed back there. This dress was hanging.

It was dry--I ironed it. Then I put it on. I wanted to be somewhere else. Anywhere but here.
The dress made me feel-

Free. I've never had a problem feelin' like a woman. When I saw Mary's plane go down--knowin' it could have been me--it was as if my mind split in two. I needed to remember who I was. Not some uniform--not that anyone cared a hoot what that uniform stood for--particularly when we were wearin' it. The dress helped. A little. I stood outside--there was a breeze. You know that feelin' when there's this whisper of a breeze that sneaks under the dress and caresses your body. I let myself sit down in the feelin'. It gave me a sense of comfort.

Woman

Sometimes I think I'm not feminine enough for you.

Do you think I should be more feminine?

Perhaps I should be more masculine.

You think I'm too feminine?

If I didn't love you so much it wouldn't matter.

Do you remember the first time we met? On the beach? In the night? All those people? And the bonfire? And the waves? And the spray? And the mist? And the moon? Everyone dancing, somersaulting, laughing? And you - standing silent, staring at a sandcastle in your sheer white trunks. The moon was behind you, in front of you, all over you, suffusing you, consuming you, you were transparent, translucent, a beacon. I was struck dumb, dumbstruck. Water rose up my legs. I could not move. I was rigid. Immovable. Our eyes met. Love at first sight. I held your gaze. And in your eyes, bold and unashamed, was desire. Brutal, demanding desire. Bestial, ruthless, remorseless. I stood there magnetised, hypnotised. Transfixed. Motionless and still.

A spider caught in a web.
