

MALE MONOLOGUES

You **MUST** memorize the **COMEDY** monologue **AND** pick **ONE (1)** of the three (3) **DRAMA** monologues. They **MUST** be scored and memorized.

COMEDY

One Man, Two Guvnors

By Richard Bean

ALAN DANGLE: What is my life? Am I to eat, drink, sleep, get a good job, marry, honeymoon, have kids, watch them grow up and have kids of their own, divorce, meet someone else, get old, and die happy in my sleep like every other inhabitant of Brighton and Hove? What kind of a life is that? No. I am an artist. Character is action. I cannot allow this late suitor--that's a pun, that's quite good, maybe I could be a writer--I cannot allow this twice late suitor, who is both dead and late to come along and end my beautiful dream, like some wet Labrador jumping on my head. (*He notices Francis.*) My rival's lackey. This will be the beginning of the end. (*To Francis.*) Where is the dog, your guvnor? He will die today.

DRAMA

Red

By John Logan

KEN: Bores you?! Bores you?! — Christ almighty, try working for you for a living! — The talking-talking-talking-Jesus-Christ-won't-he-ever-shut-up titanic self-absorption of the man! You stand there trying to look so deep when you're nothing but a solipsistic bully with your grandiose self-importance and lectures and arias and let's-look-at-the-damn-canvas-for-another-few-weeks-let's-not-fteaking-paint-let's-just-look. And the pretension! I can't imagine any other painter in the history of art ever tried so hard to be SIGNIFICANT! (Ken roams angrily.) You know, not everything has to be so goddamn IMPORTANT all the time! Not every painting has to rip your guts out and expose your soul! Not everyone wants art that actually HURTS! Sometimes you just want a damn still life or landscape or soup can or comic book! Which you might learn if you ever actually left your goddamn hermetically sealed submarine here with all the windows closed and no natural light — BECAUSE NATURAL LIGHT ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU!

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DRAMA

Bug

By Tracy Letts

PETER: I got in some trouble ... with the Army. I was stationed in Sakaka ... the Syrian Desert, during the war. The doctors came in and really worked us over, with shots and pills, ostensibly for inoculation, but ... there was something else going on, too. A lot of the guys got sick, vomiting and diarrhea, migraines, blackouts. One guy had an epileptic seizure; he'd never had one before. A couple of guys went AWOL. I never found out what really happened to them. I started having weird thoughts, too, and feeling ... sick. They shipped me home, put me in a hospital at Groom Lake. They started running these tests. They had every kind of doctor you could imagine, probing at me, jabbing me, asking me all kinds of weird questions, feeding me more pills. They wouldn't let me go. They kept me there ... years, I don't know, four years. Those doctors were experimenting on me. I went AWOL. I was a lifer too. I didn't have anywhere to go. They don't respond too well to some drugged up guinea pig just taking off. I don't know that I'm not carrying some disease with me, some contagion. Jesus, you know that's how they start, Typhoid, Legionnaires disease, some government screw-up, AIDS with those monkeys in Africa. They're after me. These people don't mess around Agnes. I shouldn't have told you that.

DRAMA

Angels in America

By Tony Kushner

BELIZE: "Real love isn't ambivalent."

I'd swear that's a line from my favorite best-selling paperback novel, *In Love with the Night Mysterious*, except I don't think you've ever read it. Well, you ought to, instead of spending the rest of your life trying to get through *Democracy in America*. It's about this white woman whose daddy owns a plantation in the Deep South, in the years before the Civil War. And her name is Margaret, and she's in love with her daddy's number-one slave, and his name is Thaddeus. And she's married, but her white slave-owner husband has AIDS: Antebellum Insufficiently-Developed Sex-organs. And so, there's a lot of hot stuff going down, when Margaret and Thaddeus can catch a spare torrid ten under the cotton-picking moon. And then of course the Yankees come, and they set the slaves free. And the slaves string up old daddy and so on, historical fiction. Somewhere in there I recall, Margaret and Thaddeus find the time to discuss the nature of love. Her face is reflecting the flames of the burning plantation, you know the way white people do, and his black face is dark in the night and she says to him, "Thaddeus, real love isn't ever ambivalent." Thaddeus looks at her; he's contemplating her thesis; and he isn't sure he agrees.

I've thought about it for a very long time, and I still don't understand what love is. Justice is simple. Democracy is simple. Those things are unambivalent. But love is very hard. And it goes bad for you if you violate the hard law of love.

I can't help you learn that. I can't help you, Louis. You're not my business.