

Monologue Challenge Monologues for Analysis

Adults-Choose a monologue to use with your analysis sheet.

Fungus Among Us by Joseph Arnone

In this serio-comedic monologue piece, ALEXA has had it with her roommate for never cleaning up after her leftovers in the refrigerator.

ALEXA: Just once I would like to see you clean out the refrigerator Mara. Unbelievable! You think you would have some freaking decency. Why do I always have to do it?! It's like you don't care. You simply don't care if we have people over and they look into our fridge! It's disgusting. Just *once* I would like to see you clean out the refrigerator. YOU'RE the one who spills the ice tea or the soda! YOU'RE the one that loves keeping food wrapped up until it becomes moldy!

Are you waiting for it to get up and walk itself out of the refrigerator? Are you? Really? Am I the only one responsible enough to take a minute out of my day and clean up once and awhile?

(pulling "items" out of the refrigerator)

Look at this stuff. Look at this! Macaroni and Cheese that has been in here three Macaroni and Cheeses ago! No wonder we don't have enough bowls and dishes! No wonder! Look at this Mara, a dish of leftover chinese food that has all kinds of yellow, blue, green and white mold on it! Beautiful! That looks appetizing. Oh wait! What about this?! Look at this Mara, some leftover chicken fingers from, God, must be six months ago at least.

(she smells the food and GAGS)

You have got to be kidding me, right? I am NOT cleaning it up this time. YOU CAN! You can clean it all up and wash out the refrigerator, actually, SCRUB the inside of the refrigerator from God only knows what else because I just had my nails done and I am NOT ruining them!

BREAKING HEART BY D. M. LARSON

Dramatic

JO-You want to break up... sure... no problem... yeah, I wanted to break up too. I've been thinking about it from the day we met. This is a person I will need to break up with. But hey... you beat me to it. No hard feelings. (shrugs and turns away) Be friends? (turns with a huge smile) Sure! I'd love to be friends. That's the natural evolution of most relationships. Have a fling and then boom... friends. I'm sure some of the best friendships started that way. (overly enthusiastic) I look forward to hanging out with you, buddy. Let's meet up and go to... ([insert stereotypical place opposite gender likes to hang out: Hooters, Victoria's Secret, football game, shopping, etc.]...some time and hang out. (yells) That would be GREAT! (quiet...angry) What? Upset? No, I'm not upset. Why would I be... upset...(starts to cry) No, I'm not crying. I said, I'm not crying! (bursts in to tears) I don't want your pity. I don't want a shoulder to cry on. I want... to be left...(yells) ...ALONE! Don't you get it. I want to be alone! (pauses... sadly reflects) I've always wanted to be alone. I never wanted to get close to anyone. I never wanted us to get close. And I guess I was closer to you than you were to me. (turns angry) Don't lie to me. I know you don't mean it. I don't want to hear any more lies! I don't want you to make something up so you can get out of this. I want it all laid out on the table. (yells) I want to know the truth!(long pause..then manages to say) I want to know why you are breaking my heart.

Number 2 by Joseph Arnone

In Number 2, Matthew is a top level real estate mogul in New York City. He's rated number 1 in the industry and encounters his rival in a building lobby.

Matthew: You will always be number two, you know why? Because you don't want it as bad as you think you do. You talk a good game. Boy, do you talk a good game. If life were based on talking, you'd get every trophy out there that exists. Hell, you'd redefine the word success, wouldn't ya?

Talk, talk, talk, talk, yack, yack, yakety-yack!

Number two! I'm staring at a number two!

What'd you say a few months back about how your claws, something about how you have claws that will scratch me or some bullshit like that? I don't exactly remember. Just some more of that yakety-yak talk. Some Superhero dreaming talk.

You don't have it in you. It's not there. It's not in you. I don't see it. There's no flame, no fire behind your eyes, in your gut, IN YOUR HEART, there ain't no hunger. You're too bloated from eating for so long, you forgot what hunger is really like...you know why? Cause you don't know what it's like to ever be hungry. You know why? Cause you were cared for. You were given so much, for years and years and years and now you're up at bat and it's your turn to swing but the problem of it is that you don't know how to hold the bat...you don't know how to keep your eye on the ball...you don't know how to swing.

Number one! You can't be number one because I AM NUMBER ONE!!!

(beat)

I pause for effect. Was that dramatic enough for you? You like that? It's called timing, son. Business timing and oh is it beautiful to have TWO EYES open at all times, *intuition* and *instinct*.

You can wish to be number one alllll day long sweetie pie but you will always be number two. As long as I'm alive, you will never hit what pitches I'm throwing.

So take that...hold it, kiss it, cradle it and then stick it in your ass when you're done with it...

Killing Chuck (male)

A comedic male monologue from the play *Unbearable Hotness*

by Gabriel Davis

I just killed Chuck. I think. I mean, he's just laying out there. He's not moving. I don't think he's breathing. I mean, there I was just up on the roof with Marissa – talking, laughing, having a great time. I tell her she reminds me of Sandra Bullock. I tell her I loved “Hope Floats.” Who knew those would be the magic words? Next thing I know her clothes are off and we're loosening roof shingles like there's no tomorrow. And then there's biting and kissing and touching and suddenly someone starts beating on me, I mean, just pounding on me and growling. Yeah, growling. And I look up and there's Chuck. And I'm like, “What's the problem?” and he says “The problem is, dude, you're screwing my girlfriend.”

So I look at Marissa and I'm like “You're someone's girlfriend?” And she says “No.” Then it comes out Chuck just wishes she's his girlfriend but actually she's his cousin or something, so he's got these feelings of guilt about wanting her...and then he starts crying. So that ruined the mood. Marissa puts her clothes on, and she goes back down through the window, back into the party. And I'm left with Chuck. Blubbering, whining, crying Chuck.

And he starts in on how he's just this total screw up and maybe he should just throw himself off the roof. And for a split second I'm thinking “YES! Throw yourself off the roof! Do it!” But I don't say that. I say I “You're gonna get a girl, buddy, just maybe not your cousin, huh?” And then I give him a friendly pat on the back. A nice manly slap on the back. And he looked heavy, I mean, who knew he'd go flying.

Who knew he'd go flying right off the roof?