

CONTEMPORARY MONOLOGUES

MEN

Wild Abandon

by Daniel MacIvor (Canadian)

STEVE

One time? I was a little kid like nine – this woman? We were out in some stupid family rest-o-rant and everybody's fighting in low voices and complaining about the food and that, and this woman, sitting over across at another table, she keeps looking at me, staring at me. I don't say nothing and I start thinking: she's really staring okay! And I start thinking: "Hey! This woman, she's my real mother right. She followed me here. She's been watching me for weeks and she's my real mother and she's gonna come over and say. "This boy is my son" and take me away from my stupid ugly family who won't let me do nothing and never let me talk and never let me listen and won't let me have a black room. She's take me away and out into her new car – that smells new and – a convertible and – with the roof down and we'd drive far away to this house – this castle she lives in and I'd live there too and I'd have my own huge fucking room...So I'm thinking this and the woman, she gets up and starts walking over to me. I'm thinking: "HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! It really IS my mother!" I got so nervous. She comes right up to me. Standing right there. I'm sitting down okay, she's right there, and she reaches back...and jabs this fork into my stomach and starts screaming: "DEVIL'S EYES DEVIL'S EYES DEVIL'S EYES!"

Black Rain

by Lisa Rembzac

JACK

Ever since I can remember, people have been trying to tell me what to do; how to dress, how to talk...how to live my life. I never bought into that though, and I think that brought me a lot of enemies.

I remember one night, I broke these two knuckles on this guys face; I just smashed it open, and there was blood gushing from the bridge of his nose...And the police brought me to the jail house and the sheriff asked me what happened, and I said "I just didn't like the way he looked" (Pause. Laughs)

That's the kind of life I used to live; that's the kind of people we were. We were careless; but we were also fed up...and we were lonely. I think, deep down, we feared life more than we feared death and so we lived everyday as if it was our last. And when you have nothing to lose like that, you can never be *defeated*. We knew that and we were on top of the world (laughs).

But then she came along...and she changed all of that. She was...like music...in a room without sound; she was a breeze of pink carnations from an ocean far away, from a better place. And I wanted to hang on to her every melody, to every breath. But she made me love life...and that weakened me...and so I knew that I could now be defeated...and

when they took her away from me...when they took her from me, I *was* defeated, tormented, my pain pulled my brain all the way down to my stomach and I was lost. I think I was always somehow lost, but now it hurt...it hurt real bad. And from then on, things went from bad to worse.

Pvt. Wars

by James McLure

NATWICK:

Great. They've gone out on a date. They didn't even invite me. They're my best friends and even they hate me. They hate me. They hate me almost as much as I hate them. "I should have been a pair of ragged claws scuffling across the floors of silent seas." Say. That's good...(Realization.) Of course, it's good, asshole. That's T.S. Eliot. (He pulls the tie very sharply around his neck. He ties the other end around the back of a chair. He tosses the chair over. It jerks him over. Inspects tie and chair.) Of course. This is the way to pull teeth, not kill yourself. Let's get serious. (He gets up. He takes out a piece of paper. Reads.) Isn't anything I write original? (Reading from paper.) "I dare not meet your eyes in dreams. For love is not the song it seems. The breach between what seems and means comes to us only in our dreams." They'll appreciate me when I'm gone. (He takes a bottle of pills from his pocket.) Barbituates. There's the ticket. Good 'ol barbituates and alcohol. Great death. The death most often selected by celebrities. Sure. Won't feel a thing. (He swallows the pills. Washes it down with alcohol.) Won't be long now...soon will be dead...that's a depressing thought. Natwick. You are a loathsome individual. No, I'm not. I am an invention of myself. A stillbirth who lived and gave birth to himself. And I lived. (Pause.) There's never anyone to dance with. (He dances alone. Elegantly, gracefully.)

Goose Spit (Canadian)

by Vivienne Laxdal

BEN

This is really fucked up, you know? Over two years it's been. For the first time since then I think I might be interested in another lady and, at the same time, Sandy's face keeps popping into my brain, stronger than ever. It's like the closer I get to Gail, the harder I gotta work at forgetting Sandy. You'd think it would be easier.

On the way up to Stokum she said this time she was going to jump. She's never had the guts before that. Just watching us jump the falls scared her to bits. But this time...I remember, she promised. She was going to jump.

Jesus, we were high that day. On top of the world. Remember how hot it was? Even the water wasn't bad. Didn't turn you blue like usual. And it was really bright out. The sun was right over our heads...and the water was all shimmering. It was like a mirror, shining the sun back in our eyes.

When we climbed up...I never saw those kids playing on the log down there. They must've pushed it in from the side...and up top, the sun was so bright, like I said, so we couldn't see straight down. The water's so loud there, you can never hear any thing...not

really. When we got up top, she chickened out again. I thought I'd help her. I mean, once you done it the first time, it's easy, right? You just gotta do that first jump. Sometimes, you need an extra little...push.

I never saw that log, or those kids. She screamed. But just like it was fun...I was just helping. Helping her take that first jump.

Holden's Monologue (Catcher in Rye)

by J.D. Salinger

HOLDEN

I love you. And not, not in a friendly way, although I think we're great friends. And not in a misplaced affection, puppy-dog way, although I'm sure that's what you'll call it. I love you. Very, very simply. Very truly. You are the epitome of everything I have ever looked for in another human being. And I know that you think of me as just a friend, and crossing that line is the furthest thing from an option you would ever consider. But I had to say it. I just, I can't take this anymore. I can't stand next to you without wanting to hold you. I can't, I can't look into your eyes without feeling that, that longing you only read about in trashy romance novels. I can't talk to you without wanting to express my love for everything you are. And I know this will probably queer our friendship – no pun intended – but I had to say it, because I've never felt this way before, and I don't care. I like who I am because of it. And if bringing this to light means we can't hang out anymore, then that hurts me. But God, I just, I couldn't allow another day to go by without just getting it out there, regardless of the outcome, which by the look on your face is to be inevitable shoot-down.

Maggie's Last Dance

by Marty Chan

JIM

Francis Langley High School. First dance of the year. And Jim Bauer's got Saturday Night Fever. I'm hot. Even the Grade Eleven babes are checking me out. Well, they've got a lot to look at. Shirt – 100 per cent velour, V-necked. Opened just enough to reveal my two neatly groomed chest hairs. Pants – bell bottoms. Shoes – standard two-inch platforms. Clothes by Woolco. Attitude by Foreigner – “Cold as Ice.” Keep playing it cool. Only nerds dance this early.

The hottest girl in grade 10. Ella Givens. I've had this thing for her since we were seven. She scans the gym. I see her head flick in my general direction. Cool, she wants me. Got to make my move soon. Next song, I promise. A cool song. A danceable song. A song where couples are made. The other guys launch from the safety of the bleachers. They move closer to the promised land. If I wait, someone might ask her. I have to make my move now. I join the race. I make it past the chaperone. Past groping couples. Past the volleyball line. Mid point. No turning back. I smell the sweet aroma of Pert waiting from her hair.

Breath gets short. Legs shaky. My zits on high-beam. Velour shirt suddenly feels very heavy. She looks at me. I make a right-angle turn and head to the punchbowl. I slug back two glasses of orange punch. Liquid courage. Okay, I'm going to do it now. I spin around to see...Christine McCoy. She flashes me a smile. The disco light bounces off her braces and blinds me. I look to the dancing couples. Oh man, she's dancing with Steven Nesbitt. Mr. Hockey, Basketball, Volleyball, Highest Marks in Grade Ten, Drives His Own Car. What's he got that I don't? He tells her a joke. She laughs. He leans in. She lets him. She touches his arm. If they waltz, I'm done for. Next song – "Slow Dancin'."

Fifty glasses of punch later, the punchbowl is a mound of wet sugar. On the floor, old and new couples clinch. And in the middle, Stephen clings to her. Francis Langley High School. First dance of the year. I'm alone and my bladder hurts.

The Stage Manager's Nightmare (Canadian)
by Mark Leiren-Young

HOUSE MANAGER

Hell, I'm your front-of house manager and I really must apologize to you for the delay this evening. The show will be beginning shortly...While we're waiting I may as well tell you a little about the work. As you probably know it's about a king whose wife is raped by two gentlemen – perhaps gentlemen isn't the word I'm looking for – who cut off both her hands and removed her tongue in order that she will not be able to identify them. Eventually, however, the husband discovers the ruffians' identity, bakes them into a pie and serves the boys to their parents. It's a tragedy. A Shakespearian tragedy. That means everybody dies. If it was a comedy everybody would get married, except for the villain. It's not a very good play actually, but I'm sure you'll enjoy it. After all, it is Shakespeare...And while we're waiting I'll introduce you to some of the people involved in the show. Fred Jenkins, our lighting board operator. Susan Wong, who does our sound. I'd like to introduce you to the author, but he couldn't be with us this evening. That was a joke. You seek, the author's dead. Died hundreds of years ago. That's why everybody does his play – no royalties.