

Dramatic Monologues

One of the Good Guys

CARLSTON: How can you say that stuff about me in the media, Jim? I've known you for twenty-one odd years and you go and slander my name, my entire reputation on things that aren't even fact checked? How do you know?! How do you know if the allegations against me are true or false? There is no leaked source, there is no solid data, there are no facts, Jim.

What you have is a deep desire to get your story out to the masses and hurt everything I've worked so hard for because it will make you shine and make you a rock star journalist. Am I right? Am I right?

Well, you blew it, pal. I will take you for everything you are worth. I will destroy you, the same way you have tried to destroy me. And why? Huh? Why? Why me? You know who I am, what I'm about. Why me?!

You're double-dealing, aren't you? Getting a big payoff from one of my competitors, is that it? ...Okay, if that's the way they want to play ball, then that is the way we will play ball.

You know Jim, I actually liked you. I thought you were one of the good guys and I'm usually a pretty damn good judge of character. I am. But this has all taken me for quite a loop. Maybe I am losing my touch cause I didn't see this coming.

But one things for sure Jim, it will be set right...

A Faint Whisper of Love or Compassion

JACOB: All these years I've often wondered why I've had such a lousy father. You've never given a damn about me...at best, maybe a faint whisper of love or compassion but never anything truly substantial.

I'm looking at you now and I feel bad for you. It must have been hard to walk in your shoes.
(pause.)

You kill me. You really do. I never understood how a man can just give up on life and yet still physically exist...holding on, holding on...

I don't know, dad. You've taught me how not to be and for that, I'm grateful. Whatever was lacking in your DNA I am sure to make certain that it's in mine.

(beat)

I have a son. His name is Jacob. Like me. Like you. He's the most beautiful thing I've ever seen in all my life. My son is giving me everything that was empty for so long...

I wanted to come here and tell you this face to face...I wanted you to know that you have a Grandson. I don't expect nothing. I only wanted you to know because it's right for you to know...I guess. So...congratulations on being a Grandfather.

The Breakfast Club

ANDY: Do you guys know what I did to get in here? I taped Larry Lester's buns together. Yeah, you know him? Well then, you know how hairy he is, right? Well, when they pulled the tape off,

most of his hair came off and some skin too. And the bizarre thing is, is that I did it for my old man. I tortured this poor kid because I wanted him to think I was cool. He's always going off about, you know, when he was in school, all the wild things he used to do, and I got the feeling that he was disappointed that I never cut loose on anyone, right? So, I'm sitting in the locker room and I'm taping up my knee and Larry's undressing a couple lockers down from me and he's kinda, kinda skinny, weak, and I started thinking about my father and his attitude about weakness, and the next thing I knew I, I jumped on top of him and started wailing on him. Then my friends, they just laughed and cheered me on. And afterwards, when I was sittin' in Vernon's office, all I could think about was Larry's father and Larry having to go home and explain what happened to him. And the humiliation, the humiliation he must have felt. It must have been unreal. I mean, how do you apologize for something like that? There's no way. It's all because of me and my old man. God, I hate him. He's like, he's like this mindless machine I can't even relate to anymore. "Andrew, you've got to be number one. I won't tolerate any losers in this family. Your intensity is for sht." You son of a bitch. You know, sometimes I wish my knee would give and I wouldn't be able to wrestle anymore. He could forget all about me.

Comedic Monologues

Ferris Bueller's Day Off

FERRIS BUELLER: The key to faking out the parents is the clammy hands. It's a good non-specific symptom. A lot of people will tell you that a phony fever is a dead lock, but if you get a nervous mother, you could land in the doctor's office. That's worse than school. What you do is, you fake a stomach cramp, and when you're bent over, moaning and wailing, you lick your palms. It's a little childish and stupid, but then, so is high school.

I did have a test today. That wasn't bullsh!t. It's on European socialism. I mean, really, what's the point? I'm not European, I don't plan on being European, so who gives a crap if they're socialist? They could be fascist anarchists - that still wouldn't change the fact that I don't own a car. Not that I condone fascism, or any ism for that matter. Isms in my opinion are not good. A person should not believe in an ism - he should believe in himself. I quote John Lennon: "I don't believe in Beatles - I just believe in me." A good point there. Of course, he was the Walrus. I could be the Walrus - I'd still have to bum rides off of people.

Brigadoon

JEFF DOUGLAS: Well, kiddies, that's what happened to Tommy today. But, what about his friend Jeff? Well, he had fun too. Tonight he went running off through the woods after some highland hot-head who was gonna make all the people disappear by crossing the wrong street. Well after a while, Jeff thought he saw a bird perched low in a tree, and he shot at it. Something fell to the ground. He rushed over to it, and whaddya think it was? It was hot-head Harry. Yessir, the boy Dermish himself, lying there looking all dead....Now to kill somebody somewhere else in the world would've been an awful thing, but you see, Harry was a citizen of the little town that wasn't there, and he probably never lived in the first place. Chances are there weren't even any woods. In fact the whole day probably never even happened, because you see, this is a fairy tale...(angry) Dream stuff, boy, all made up outta broomsticks and wishing wells! It's either that

or a boot camp for lunatics, I don't know what goes on around here. All I know is that whatever it is, it's got nothing to do with me and nothing to do with you! And anything that happens to either of us just doesn't count! How can it when you don't understand it? And you wanna give up your family, your friends, your whole life for this? It's not even worth arguing about. Now go say goodbye to the little people and thank them for the picnic!...You're confused aren't ya boy? You know, if you believed as much as you think you do, you wouldn't be.

Banana Boys

SHEL: Okay, cell phone, me and you need to talk. We've been through a lot together. The last 6 months here have been... marginal. I've given your number to a few people, and so far, no one calls you but The Boys back home. This sucks for both of us. I mean, we came to Ottawa to find someone. To end The Quest. Twenty-four years old, and I still hadn't had a serious girlfriend. Or any sort of girlfriend. I almost had you disconnected. (pause) Don't look at me like that, I didn't go through with it. And do you know why? Because the day we stopped looking... was the day we met Her. I went twenty minutes out of my way, in minus-thirty-degree weather, to walk Her home, breaking the ice in front of Her with my CSA approved boots so She wouldn't slip and fall. She's wonderful. (He beams.) I have Her your number, and She said She'd call. So... cell phone, if ever you were going to ring, if ever you were going to make that special connection... let it be now. You're fully charged. We're sitting in the bathtub where you get the best reception.

So... ring. (It doesn't ring.) C'mon. Please? (nothing) She's really special. She's got these beautiful eyes, and really great hair, and... I'm prattling, but... the way She – The phone rings. SHEL is startled, then fumbles the phone and picks it up. Hello? (pause) Kathy! Hi! (pause) No, I'm not busy, just... waiting... for you. (pause) Oh man, that sounds lame, doesn't it? I didn't... uh... (pause) Really? Well, I think you're sweet too...

Classical Monologues

Othello

OTHELLO: Her father loved me, oft invited me; Still questioned me the story of my life
From year to year -- the battles, sieges, fortunes

That I have passed.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days
To th' very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hairbreadth scapes i' the' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence
And portance in my travels' history;
Wherein of anters vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven, It was my hint to speak -- such was
the process;

And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline;
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse. Which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively. I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffered. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs.
She swore, 'i' faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful.
She wished she had not heard it; yet she wished
That heaven had made her such a man. She thanked me;
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake.
She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used.
Here comes the lady. Let her witness it

Julius Ceaser

BRUTUS: Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death and envy afterwards;
For Antony is but a limb of Caesar:

Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius. We all stand up against the spirit of Caesar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Caesar's spirit,
And not dismember Caesar! But, alas,

Caesar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,

Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose necessary and not envious:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony,

think not of him;
For he can do no more than Caesar's arm When Caesar's head is off.

Twelfth Night

SEBASTIAN: This is the air; that is the glorious sun; This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't;
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio, then?

I could not find him at the Elephant:
Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service;
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes
And wrangle with my reason that persuades me
To any other trust but that I am mad
Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers, Take and give back affairs and their dispatch
With such a smooth, discreet and stable bearing
As I perceive she does: there's something in't
That is deceiveable. But here the lady comes.