



I'm not robot



Continue

Fool for love monologue

He's crazy about love from Sam Shepard EDDIE, and we walked across town. Next to the doughnut shop, next to the mini golf course, next to Chevron Station. He opened the bottle and offered it to me. Before he had a drink, he offered it to me first. I took it, inged it, and gave it back to him. And we just went back and forth as we walked until we drank it all dry. And we haven't said a word the whole time. Then we finally reached this little white house with a red awning across town. I'll never forget the red awning because it fluttered in the night breeze and the glow of the porch shone. It was a hot, desert breeze, and the air smelled like the new alfalfa. We went to the porch and it rang the bell and I remember getting really nervous because I didn't expect to see anyone. I thought we were just going for a walk. Then this woman came to the door. This is the real pretty woman with red hair. And he threw himself into his arms. And she started crying. It just breaks right in front of me. And the way he was kissing his whole face, holding her tight and crying like a baby. Then through the door, behind them. I see this girl. He just shows up. He was just standing there staring at me, and I looked back at him, and we can't take our eyes off each other. It was like we knew each other from somewhere, but we had nowhere else to go. But the moment we saw each other, the moment we knew we'd always be in love. Fool for Love Sam Shepard (SparkNotes)Rough draft transcription of movie version. Okay, that's it. View. I don't understand what you're thinking anymore. I really don't. I don't get it. I don't get it. You really need me. You can't live without me. You'll do anything for me. Why should I believe it this time? It was supposed to be true every time. Every time. Now it's true again. You've been beating me like this for 15 years. I've been your yo-yo for 15 years. They've never broken up before. I've never been in two ways about you. I either loved you or I didn't love you. And now I just don't love you. Understand? Understand? I don't love you. I don't need you. I don't want you. Do you understand that? If you can still stay, it's either crazy or pathetic. Like Dreaming Backwards (Source)The Kellie PowellLike Dreaming Backwards is a series of monologues and scene of the suicide of a young college student named Nell. One of Natalie Nell's closest friends. The play also monologues with an acquaintance, Yale, and his mother, Leah.NATALIE: I dropped him off that night, about three-quarters of two. I should have asked him to come over. Or at least he asked if something was wrong. But it seemed I'm not happy, exactly. But... Like him. I met him as a freshman, the introduction to British literature. We made each other laugh. He was... bitter, and cynical, but still, very beautiful... I knew he was depressed... But... It was weird. We had a good time together, you know? I never really understood. We saw a play that night. Then we went to a midnight movie. I nod off in the last half, got up early that morning to run. And I wonder... If there's anything... in the play or in the movie, some triggers or ... for some reason. Something that... He turned it on, you know? Something that was missing. I'm just trying to find clues. For answers. He's survived so much. Why that night? The Laughing Wild Christopher DurangWOMAN: I'd like to talk to you about life. It's just too hard to live, isn't it, and it's trying to work? We've got all these people to deal with. I tried to buy a can of tuna in the supermarket and there was a person standing where I wanted to reach to get the tuna and waited a while to see if they were moving, but they didn't even look at tuna, but they tried for a very long time. , reading the ingredients all can be like if you're a book, a very boring book, if you ask me, but no one does; So I waited a while and did not move and I could not get to the tuna cans; And I was thinking of asking them to move out, but then they seemed so stupid that they didn't feel like I had to walk by them, that I had a terrible fear that it wasn't good for them, that it wasn't good at all to ask them, that they'd probably say something like, We're moving out if we're ready for the grumpy bitch, and then what would I do? And so then I started crying in frustration, quietly, so as not to bother anyone, and still, even though I sobbed softly, this stupid man didn't understand that I had to get to them, and so I reached over with my fist, and I brought him down very his head and screamed, Would you kindly move asshole!!! And the person fell to the ground and looked totally scared and some children nearby started crying and I was still crying and I couldn't imagine taking advantage of the tuna now anyway and so I yelled at the child to stop crying. I mean, it was drawing too much attention to me and I ran out of the supermarket and I was thinking That I'm taking a taxi to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, now I have to surround it with culture, not tuna. JustLookingBy Kellie Powell in ACT III, Jamie delivers this monologue of play-within-a-play Angela directs. The philosophies he promoted are similar to Jamie's own feelings about unnecessary drama caused by relationships and commitment. (Source.) JAMIE: I thought we talked about this. You don't want me to be yours. You don't want a girlfriend. You just think you know. You only believe it because what you've been taught is right. You know what I think of that. I'm not like you. I don't feel compelled to tie a rock to my leg and jump off a cliff. It's nothing personal. You seem like a great guy. But a relationship? Why? We have everything we need right now. Love, conversation, sex, and the only kind of devotion that lasts: we're friends. Why would you want to trade it for an empty sense of security? Some kind of false guarantee? Love is short by nature. In a few months, we'll get tired of each other and drift apart. No mess, no bullshit. Look, I don't want us to lie to ourselves or each other. The moment I become your girlfriend, we're not each other anymore, and we're not going to be obligations. And I care too much about you to make that happen. You say you want more. Well, that's who I am. That's all I can give you. The thing for NERDS is D.M. Larson Source (Read the whole game here.) Jenny, I've always had a love for nerds. All... Geeky, Weirdo, Freak, Techie, Trekkie or Dork... Whatever you want... I want to catch them all. Sorry for the Pokemon reference... I'm a bit of a nerd, too. Girl cubes are rare, but we exist. I used to hang out with nerds as a kid. We played dungeons and dragons and loved being dungeon master... I held their fate in my hands. No matter how beautiful you are, it's just the fact that you're a woman, and like some nerd, it makes you very attractive to them. Other types of guys don't care about me... But for the nerds... I was hot. The more I hung out with the nerds, the more I realized that the girls had power over them... They want nothing more than the first contact with the female of their species. But great power comes with a great responsibility, and I tried not to take advantage of it... And the best thing about nerds is that they pay full attention. Pretty boys are too worried about their looks, and they're competing for the most beautiful... The beautiful boys always have a fight in the mirror. Tough guys and athletes... They always want praise or adoration. It's all about them and turn romance into competition... (Does bodybuilding impression) Who's the lucky girl who's going to catch you today? Nerds are the nicest guys. They have the best heart... If you get over the more than drawn comic book heroines and the overly aggressive Sci Fi chicks... They really care about you and who you are. You're getting the full attention of a nerd guy. The rest of the world is slipping away, and you're the whole universe, because no Death Star, the Tardis, or the warp drive is more exciting than a girl giving her time. That's why I love these guys... I feel special... Important... And not alone anymore. Before you reach Homeby Cheryl L. WestWhen He comes home to fight AIDS, Reba can't accept it. He can't even bring himself to touch the things he's touched. He blames Reba Wendal for everything she's ever loved. (Source.) Shut up. Just shut up. Don't say a word. I've heard enough from you last night to last a lifetime. I'm walking out that door trying to explain to that man why I don't have a home anymore. I hate what you did to my house, Wendal. I spent my life here, inside the walls, trying to stay safe, keep my family safe... I didn't know any better, maybe if I'd known, I could handle what you brought in here. You see, this slipcover, I did it. And this Afghan, I made it, these curtains... I made this tablecloth, look at this lace. I made you. He's my son! And I was so proud... But last night, you made me realize I didn't do anything, nothing... I was walking around deceiving myself... It's hard to look at something... I mean, I look around here, and it's like someone came in and smeared my walls... I'm afraid to touch anything... You know, Wendal, I'm afraid to touch anything in my own house... Nothing. Maybe if I could get out of these walls... I can't stay here and watch it fester, collapse around me... I can't help you right now. I can barely look at you... I can't help your father... What am I good for? I don't know anymore. All I know is that this house is close to me, and I need to get out of here. Hanging Women (More info on Play) Donna SpectorCelandine 30, persistently cultured & intellectual, neurotic, repressed, melodramatic, and always on the brink of hysteria. He talks to his mother Alicia and sister Peony as he climbs on a chair clutching a radio that plays Mozart softly. (Source.) CELANDINE: I don't need men anymore. Granted, I spent years resily resing my perfect partner. The dark side who let me see my good side. And vice versa, like a two-way mirror. I wanted someone to stare me in the eye, not in a disturbing way, but if you show me that you're watching, you appreciate who I am. Someone to cook with isn't chicken, it's lobster thermidor, steak tartare, asparagus quiche. He holds the bowl, and I hold the spoon in perfect sync. Someone who likes to hear me read Edna St. Vincent Millay by wine-soaked candlelight on Saturday nights. Who reads me to Wallace Stevens over coffee and oranges on Sunday mornings. Someone I could buy silk underwear for and paint silver on my nails. Even shave my legs that have gotten so hairy! A firebuilder, a door owner who doesn't judge me for reading Cosmopolitan and The New Yorker. Someone who's the hair in my neck, chewing on my ear lobe in the elevator, who's hugging me because my body is so lonely, it's forgotten human touch. But now I understand these Fantasies. I don't need a man wrapped in my bed warming up sheets on freezing nights. And I'm perfectly happy to eat, not chicken, but an artichoke and a glass of wine. I like to open doors, fires are cliché, poetry doesn't have to be shared, and I love cotton underpants that make me look like a female wrestler. So there's no pressed flowers in fading photo albums. What if I don't get love letters in a blue envelope and the phone stays silent and black? Why do you have a color phone when you don't have a man in your life? What do I care? I'll never have a broken heart or vaginal infection. Men always disappoint you, and I choose to be disappointed in myself. There is such freedom in this decision. I'm finally an adult, responsible for my own existence. (He spreads his arms wide.) I accept the status quo and I will die alone, in an old, rotting house by the sea! Knock-knock! I'm late? I'm late, aren't I? Fuck. Fuck! God, I'm so sorry, I'm so, so sorry. I got caught, like in the suburbs, and my cell phone went out. Then my fucking heel gets stuck in one of the sewers, which is something. And then there's this guy from the train, and I don't even want to talk about it, and he's been ramming the whole trip to my ass. Then it starts pouring. I'm going to get soaked to the fucking skin. Fuck. Fuck! I'm fine, I'm fine. It's just my usual luck. Thank you, God, one more time. Hi! Sorry. I'm Vanda Jordan. You know what I mean? I even know his name! How many girls in this town are called Vand? Actually, I'm Wanda, but my parents call me Vand. Anyway, I'm perfect for the part, and the fucking train gets stuck in a tunnel while these guys try to get in. Let's talk about fate. And you're Thomas Novacheck. God, I love the pieces. I mean, the people I know. The Shadows anatomy? Like Wow, Anatomy of Shadows was amazing! I've seen it twice! [-.] That's right, that's right. I mean, you know, the other one. Anyway, God, this is embarrassing. This piece must be amazing. I mean, I read the parts. It's pretty wild. You have to ask for permission before playing this game with a lecture or publication to ddog@freedrama.net (please contains the title: A not-so-perfect child at your request)The NOT SO PERFECT CHILD D.M. LARSON (Source)The released game FLOWERS IN THE DESERT (Available here)Length: 2-3 minutes Read monologue here (Edited to remove direct text from the monologue as an author's request) As we were not people Chelsea Terris Jane is a fifteen-year-old girl who was sent to live in a residential treatment center for mentally ill teens. The following monologue from act 4. (New Year's) I hate this. (Pause) No, I didn't mean questions. I mean, this whole damn place. (Pause) Yes, I had a bad day. (Pause) No, I did, stop swearing. God, you guys are a bunch of faggots, man. No, not like gay faggots. Like lame asses. I just want to get out of here, you know? (Imploring, manipulative) You can help me, can't you? You're tougher on me than you are with the staff at my house. It's okay, I think I deserve it sometimes. Maybe it's good for me. But shouldn't I be rewarded once in a while if I do the right thing? Plan? Well, my sister lives in North Carolina, this school where you can finish high school, but you can also get college credits. I want to get out, live with him, and go to school. (New Year's) No, he hasn't asked me yet. No, I haven't asked him yet. Anyway, I'm going to do it, and he's going to say, sure, come on, but you guys still won't let me out. (Pause) yes, my social worker said he looked into me. No, it's fucking useless, he's always whining about my ass about boys. (Pause). Don't talk to the boys, they're just causing trouble. I can talk to whoever I want. I don't want a disease. I'm not going to be stupid. (Beat) So, here's a question: what do I have to do to get fucking freedom? Break an Olympic swimming record? (Beat) No, I don't know why you're not enlightening me. (Beat) (Pause). How? It's like signing my level 2 papers, going to bed later, and an extra phone call. If you sign it, so does everyone else, because they look up to you. (Sound change) yes, I got into a fight with him at lunch, but only because he looked me in the face. It wasn't like going to Route 25 like Ebony did last week. He came back in a stranger's car, you hear me? That was fucked up. (Pause). No, I didn't see my mother. The fucking social worker won't let me visit my brothers because they blamed me for being in foster care or something. Fucking lies. Mom doesn't believe me about her lover Rob. (Pause). For forcing me to, you know... You study my file in bed at night. Know! Any. She chose to, and now I'm stuck here with these 12-year-olds, and there's nothing I can do. (Pause). Like the normal things a 15-year-old would do, like going to the movies alone. I don't want to be here until I'm 18. (Pause). What am I doing now? I'm sure I'll take lessons in my life that I'll never get back, and I'll talk about bullshit, yes, that's the problem. (Pause). I'm not calling my mother. No, he just didn't. I hate this. (Get up, leaves, slam the door). You posted one of the monologues about the not-so-perfect and I ask that you be removed from ASAP. I don't mind people linking to my scripts on my Freedrama website, but when people repost the actual text, it's a copyright infringement. I would be grateful if you removed ASAP. Thank you, Doug Larson doug@freedrama.netMy I thought it was ok to post short details of longer works until they are credited and source links. No offense meant I've edited this post in question to provide only a link to the monologue in question. Please let me know if you're still dissatisfied. See this app For more