



ACADEMY OF MUSIC AND PERFORMING ARTS

# MONOLOGUES FOR MALES

## CONTENTS

*I TRIED TO STOP IT* (West Side Story)

*I REMEMBER EVERYTHING* (Oklahoma)

*WHY NOT ME TOO?* (My Fair Lady)

*THE FINALE* (Pippin)

*PHILASTER* (Beaumont and Fletcher)

*THE LUCKY CHANCE* (Aphra Behn)

*I WILL RUN* (Merchant of Venice)

*DON JUAN* (Molière)

*MY MISTRESS WITH A MONSTER IS IN LOVE* (A Midsummer Night's Dream)

*THE KING IS SMITTEN WITH THE PRINCESS* (Love's Labour's Lost)

## **'I Tried to Stop It' from West Side Story**

Character name: Tony

Gender: Male

Age Range: 18 — 25

Show: West Side Story

Duration: 0 — 1 minutes

Monologue Type: dramatic, contemporary

Notes: The Jets and Sharks have just had a rumble in which Tony accidentally killed Bernardo. He is now frantically trying to explain to Maria what has happened.

I tried to stop it; I did try. I don't know how it went wrong... I didn't mean to hurt him; I didn't want to; I didn't know I had. But Riff... Riff was like my brother. So when Bernardo killed Him... 'Nardo didn't mean it either. Oh, I don't know he didn't! Oh, no. I didn't come to tell you just for you to forgive me so I couldn't go to the police...

## 'I Remember Everything' from Oklahoma

Character name: Jud Fry

Gender: Male

Age Range: 27 — 40

Show: Oklahoma

Duration: 0 — 1 minutes

Monologue Type: dramatic

Notes: Judd has been stalking Laurie and is mentally unstable

I bet you don't remember as much as me. I remember everything you ever done; every word you ever said. I can't think of nuthin' else. You see how it is? I see. I ain't good enough fer you, am I? I'm a hired hand. Got dirt on my hands, pigslop. Ain't fittin' to touch you. We'll see who's better, Miss Laurey Williams. Then maybe you won't be so free and high-filootin' with yer airs. You're such a FINE lady! I TOLD YOU THE WAY IT WAS, AND YOU WOULDN'T LISTEN! Well, you ain't NEVER gonna be rid of me.

## 'Why Not Me Too?' from My Fair Lady

Character name: Alfred P. Doolittle

Gender: Male

Age Range: 40 — 70

Show: My Fair Lady

Duration: 0 — 1 minutes

Monologue Type: comedic

Notes: Higgins and Pickering have asked Eliza's father, Alfred, if she can move in with them. Alfred, a poor drunkard, has agreed to this but demanded payment in return for sacrificing his morals.

No, no, I can't afford 'em, gov'ner. Neither could you if you was as poor as me. Not that I mean any 'arm, mind you, but if Eliza's getting a bit out of this, why not me too? Eh? Why not? Well, look at it my way - what am I? I ask you, what am I? I'm one of the undeserving poor, that's what I am. Now think what that means to a man. It means that he's up against middle-class morality for all of time. If there's anything going, and I puts in for a bit of it, it's always the same story: "you're undeserving, so you can't have it." But my needs is as great as the most deserving widows that ever got money out of six different charities in one week for the death of the same 'usband. I don't need less than a deserving man, I need more! I don't eat less 'earty than 'e does, and I drink, oh, a lot more. I'm playin' straight with you. I ain't pretendin' to be deserving. No, I'm undeserving. And I mean to go on being undeserving. I like it and that's the truth. But, will you take advantage of a man's nature to do 'im out of the price of 'is own daughter what he's brought up, fed and clothed by the sweat of 'is brow till she's growed big enough to be interesting to you two gentlemen? Well, is five pounds unreasonable? I'll put it to you, and I'll leave it to you.

## 'The Finale' from Pippin

Character name: Leading Player

Gender: Male

Age Range: 25 — 50

Show: Pippin

Duration: 0 — 1 minutes

Monologue Type: dramatic

Notes: None

Ladies and Gentlemen, we apologize for our inability to bring you the finale that we promised. It seems our extraordinary young man has elected to compromise his aspirations. But I know there are many of you out there: extraordinary people: exceptional people: who would gladly trade your ordinary lives for the opportunity to do one perfect act - our grand finale. Now, if you should decide to do so, we'll be there for you: waiting: anytime you want us. Why we're right inside your heads, and we promise you sets, costumes, lights, magic: and a short - but - spectacular career!

## PHILASTER

### A monologue from the play by Beaumont and Fletcher

KING: To give a stronger testimony of love  
Than sickly promises (which commonly  
In princes find both birth and burial  
In one breath), we have drawn you, worthy sir,  
To make your fair endearments to our daughter,  
And worthy services known to our subjects,  
Now loved and wondered at; next, our intent  
To plant you deeply our immediate heir  
Both to our blood and kingdoms. For this lady  
(The best part of your life, as you confirm me,  
And I believe), though her few years and sex  
Yet teach her nothing but her fears and blushes,  
Desires without desire, discourse and knowledge  
Only of what herself is to herself,  
Make her feel moderate health; and, when she sleeps,  
In making no ill day, knows no ill dreams.  
Think not, dear sir, these undivided parts  
That must mold up a virgin, are put on  
To show her so, as borrowed ornaments  
To talk of her perfect love to you, or add  
An artificial shadow to her nature.  
No, sir; I boldly dare proclaim her yet  
No woman. But woo her still, and think her modesty  
A sweeter mistress than the offered language  
Of any dame, were she a queen, whose eye  
Speaks common loves and comforts to her servants.  
Last, noble son (for so I now must call you),  
What I have done thus public is not only  
To add comfort in particular  
To you or me, but all, and to confirm  
The nobles and the gentry of these kingdoms  
By oath to your succession, which shall be  
Within this month at most.

## THE LUCKY CHANCE

A monologue from the play by [Aphra Behn](#)

**BREDWEL:** You are my Lady, and the best of Mistresses--Therefore I would not grieve you, for I know you love this best--but most unhappy Man. *[Pause.]* My Master sent me yesterday to Mr. Crap, his Scrivener, to send to one Mr. *Wasteall*, to tell him his first Mortgage was out, which is two hundred pounds a Year--and who has since engaged five or six hundred more to my Master; but if this first be not redeem'd, he'll take the Forfeit on't, as he says a wise Man ought. Mr. Crap, being busy with a borrowing Lord, sent me to Mr. *Wasteall*, whose Lodging is in a nasty Place called *Alsatia*, at a Black-Smith's. Well, Madam, this *Wasteall* was Mr. *Gayman*! He's driven to the last degree of Poverty--Had you but seen his Lodgings, Madam! I went to the Black-Smith's, and at the door, I encountered the beastly thing he calls a Landlady; who looked as if she had been of her own Husband's making, compose'd of moulded Smith's Dust. I ask'd for Mr. *Wasteall*, and she began to open--and so did rail at him, that what with her *Billingsgate*, and her Husband's hammers, I was both deaf and dumb--at last the hammers ceas'd, and she grew weary, and call'd down Mr. *Wasteall*; but he not answering--I was sent up a Ladder rather than a pair of Stairs; at last I scal'd the top, and enter'd the enchanted Castle; there did I find him, spite of the noise below, drowning his Cares in Sleep. He waked--and seeing me, Heavens, what Confusion seiz'd him! which nothing but my own Surprise could equal. Asham'd--he wou'd have turn'd away; but when he saw, by my dejected Eyes, I knew him, He sigh'd, and blushed, and heard me tell my Business: Then beg'd I wou'd be secret; for he vow'd his whole Repose and Life depended on my silence. Nor had I told it now, But that your Ladyship may find some speedy means to draw him from this desperate Condition.

## 'I Will Run' from Merchant of Venice

LAUNCELOT GOBBO:

Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow and tempts me, saying to me, 'Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot,' or 'good Gobbo,' or 'good Launcelot Gobbo -- use your legs, take the start, run away.' My conscience says, 'No. Take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo,' or as aforesaid, 'honest Launcelot Gobbo -- do not run; scorn running with thy heels.' Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack. 'Fia!' says the fiend; 'away!' says the fiend. 'For the heavens, rouse up a brave mind,' says the fiend, 'and run.' Well, my conscience hanging about the neck of my heart says very wisely to me, 'My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son' -- or rather 'an honest woman's son,' for indeed my father did something smack, something grow to; he had a kind of taste -- Well, my conscience says, 'Launcelot, budge not.' 'Budge,' says the fiend. 'Budge not,' says my conscience. 'Conscience,' say I, 'you counsel well.' 'Fiend,' say I, 'you counsel well.' To be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master who, God bless the mark, is a kind of devil; and to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly the Jew is the very devil incarnation; And in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel. I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment; I will run.



## **DON JUAN - A monologue from the play by Molière**

DON JUAN: What! would you have a man bind himself to the first girl he falls in love with, say farewell to the world for her sake, and have no eyes for anyone else? A fine thing, to be sure, to pride oneself upon the false honour of being faithful, to lose oneself in one passion for ever, and to be blind from our youth up to all the other beautiful women who can captivate our gaze! No, no; constancy is the share of fools. Every beautiful woman has a right to charm us, and the privilege of having been the first to be loved should not deprive the others of the just pretensions which the whole sex has over our hearts. As for me, beauty delights me wherever I meet with it, and I am easily overcome by the gentle violence with which it hurries us along. It matters not if I am already engaged: the love I have for a fair one cannot make me unjust towards the others; my eyes are always open to merit, and I pay the homage and tribute nature claims. Whatever may have taken place before, I cannot refuse my love to any of the lovely women I behold; and, as soon as a handsome face asks it of me, if I had ten thousand hearts I would give them all away. The first beginnings of love have, besides, indescribable charms, and the true pleasure of love consists in its variety. It is a most captivating delight to reduce by a hundred means the heart of a young beauty; to see day by day the gradual progress one makes; to combat with transport, tears, and sighs, the shrinking modesty of a heart unwilling to yield; and to force, inch by inch, all the little obstacles she opposes to our passion; to overcome the scruples upon which she prides herself, and to lead her, step by step, where we would bring her. But, once we have succeeded, there is nothing more to wish for; all the attraction of love is over, and we should fall asleep in the tameness of such a passion, unless some new object came to awake our desires and present to us the attractive perspective of a new conquest. In short, nothing can surpass the pleasure of triumphing over the resistance of a beautiful maiden; and I have in this the ambition of conquerors, who go from victory to victory, and cannot bring themselves to put limits to their longings. There is nothing that can restrain my impetuous yearnings. I have a heart big enough to be in love with the whole world; and, like Alexander, I could wish for other spheres to which I could extend my conquests.

## 'My Mistress with a Monster is in Love' from A Midsummer Night's Dream

PUCK:

My mistress with a monster is in love.  
Near to her close and consecrated bower,  
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,  
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,  
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,  
Were met together to rehearse a play,  
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.  
The shallowest thickskin of that barren sort,  
Who Pyramus presented in their sport,  
Forsook his scene and entered in a brake.  
When I did him at this advantage take,  
An ass's nole I fixèd on his head.  
Anon his Thisby must be answerèd,  
And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy,  
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,  
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,  
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,  
Sever themselves and madly sweep the sky;  
So at his sight away his fellows fly,  
And at our stamp here o'er and o'er one falls;  
He murder cries and help from Athens calls.  
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,  
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong,  
For briars and thorns at their apparel snatch:  
Some, sleeves -- some, hats; from yielders all things catch.  
I led them on in this distracted fear  
And left sweet Pyramus translated there,  
When in that moment (so it came to pass)  
Titania waked, and straightway loved an ass.

## 'The King is Smitten with the Princess' from Love's Labour's Lost

BOYET:

Under the cool shade of a sycamore  
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour;  
When, lo! to interrupt my purposed rest,  
Toward that shade I might behold address  
The king and his companions: warily  
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,  
And overheard what you shall overhear,  
That, by and by, disguised they will be here.  
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,  
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassy:  
Action and accent did they teach him there;  
'Thus must thou speak,' and 'thus thy body bear.'  
And ever and anon they made a doubt  
Presence majestic would put him out,  
'For,' quoth the king, 'an angel shalt thou see;  
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.'  
The boy replied, 'An angel is not evil;  
I should have fear'd her had she been a devil.'  
With that, all laugh'd and clapp'd him on the shoulder,  
Making the bold wag by their praises bolder:  
One rubb'd his elbow thus, and fleer'd and swore  
A better speech was never spoke before;  
Another, with his finger and his thumb,  
Cried, 'Via! we will do't, come what will come.'  
The third he caper'd, and cried, 'All goes well.'  
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.  
With that, they all did tumble on the ground,  
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,  
That in this spleen ridiculous appears,  
To cheque their folly, passion's solemn tears.



ACADEMY OF MUSIC AND PERFORMING ARTS