Female Monologue #1

From I Hate Hamlet
by Paul Rudnick

(ACT II)

Start

DEIRDRE (with real wonder): Andrew—I watched you on stage last night and I thought—he has worked so hard. He's put his heart and soul into this, and at least partly for me. And he's... so bad. And I thought I'd be demolished, but—something happened. I mean, people were coughing and a plane, it just flew overhead, and there were all those mosquitoes.

(ANDREW: Right in my mouth.)

DEIRDRE: And you just kept on going! And I thought—what makes a hero? It's just someone who tries to do what's right, despite impossible odds. Like you playing Hamlet! You're the bravest, noblest man I've ever met!

DEIRDRE (very frustrated): I know. Please, I thought Deirdre, everyone's right. Get some help. And that's when I felt it.
HUSBAND'S VOICE. What's the matter - don't you want me to kiss you?

WIFE'S VOICE. Not like that.
HUSBAND'S VOICE. Like what?
WIFE'S VOICE. That silly kiss!
HUSBAND'S VOICE. Silly kiss?
WIFE'S VOICE. You look so silly - oh I know what's coming
when you look like that - and kiss me like that - don't - go away.

End of offstage voices.

MOTHER. He's a decent man isn't he?

YOUNG WOMAN. I don't know. How should I know - yet.

MOTHER. He's a Vice-President - of course he's decent.

YOUNG WOMAN. I don't care whether he's decent or not.

MOTHER. But you just said you wanted to marry -

YOUNG WOMAN. Not him.

MOTHER. Who?

YOUNG WOMAN. I don't know - I don't know - I haven't found him yet!

MOTHER. You talk like you're crazy!

YOUNG WOMAN. Oh, Ma - tell me.

MOTHER. Tell you what?

YOUNG WOMAN. Tell me - (Words suddenly pouring out.)

Your skin oughtn't to curl - ought it - when he just comes near you - ought it? That's wrong, ain't it? You don't get over that,
do you - ever, do you ever do you? How is it, Ma - do you?

MOTHER. Do you what?

YOUNG WOMAN. Do you get used to it - so after a while it
doesn't matter? Or don't you? Does it always matter? You
ought to be in love, oughtn't you, Ma? You must be in love,
mustn't you, Ma? That changes everything, doesn't it - or does it?
Maybe if you just like a person it's all right - is it? When he
puts a hand on my blood runs cold. But your blood
oughtn't to run cold, ought it? His hands are - his hands are fat,
Ma - don't you see - his hands are fat - and they sort of press -
and they're fat - don't you see? - Don't you see?

MOTHER. (stares blankly bewildered). See what?

YOUNG WOMAN (rushing on). I've always thought I'd find
somebody - somebody young - and - and attractive - with
wavy hair - wavy hair - I always think of children with curls -
little curls all over their head - somebody young - and
attractive - that I'd like - that I'd love - But I haven't found
anybody like that yet - I haven't found anybody - I've hardly
known anybody - you'd never let me go with anybody and -

MOTHER. Are you throwing it up to me that -

YOUNG WOMAN. No - let me finish, Ma! No - let me finish! I
just mean I've never found anybody - anybody - nobody's ever
asked me - till now - he's the only man that's ever asked me -
And I suppose I got to marry somebody - all girls do -

MOTHER. Nonsense.

YOUNG WOMAN. But, I can't go on like this, Ma - I don't know
why - but I can't - it's like I'm all tight inside - sometimes I
feel like I'm stifling! - You don't know - stifling. (Walks up
and down.) I can't go on like this much longer - going to work
- coming home - going to work - coming home - I can't -
Sometimes on the subway, I think I'm going to die - sometimes
even in the office if something don't happen - I got to do
something - I don't know - it's like I'm all tight inside.

MOTHER. You're crazy.

YOUNG WOMAN. Oh, Ma!

MOTHER. You're crazy!

YOUNG WOMAN. Ma - if you tell me that again I'll kill you! I'll
kill you!

MOTHER. If that isn't crazy!

YOUNG WOMAN. I'll kill you - Maybe I am crazy - I don't
know. Sometimes I think I am - the thoughts that go on in my
mind - sometimes I think I am - I can't help it if I am - I do the
best I can - I do the best I can and I'm nearly crazy! (MOTHER
rises and sits.) Go away! Go away! You don't know anything
about anything! And you haven't got any pity - no pity - you
just take it for granted that I go to work every day - and come
home every night and bring my money every week - you just
take it for granted - you'd let me go on forever - and never feel
any pity -

Offstage radio - a voice singing a sentimental mother song or
popular home song. MOTHER begins to cry - crosses to chair
left - sits.

Oh Ma - forgive me! Forgive me!
Monologue from Noel Coward's Private Lives:

AMANDA: Do you know, I really think I love travelling more than anything else in the world! It always gives me such a tremendous feeling of adventure. First of all, the excitement of packing, and getting your passport visa'd and everything, then the thrill of actually starting, and trundling along on trains and ships, and then the most thrilling thing of all, arriving at strange places, and seeing strange people, and eating strange foods—
"HEXY: Hello! I can't find my seat, can you help me?

SPIKE: Sure, I'll get you set up with a comfortable seat. I've got a few options.

HEXY: Thank you! I still can't believe you're here, I mean...you're a ghost!

SPIKE: Yeah, I know. It's strange, but I'm here to help.

HEXY: Well, let's get you settled in.

SPIKE: Okay, I'll be right back with some cushions and pillows.

HEXY: Thanks, that would be great. I'm a bit nervous about this whole thing.

SPIKE: Don't worry, we've got this.

HEXY: Alright, I'm ready. Let's do this.

SPIKE: Okay, I'll be back in a moment.

HEXY: Okay, I'll wait here.

SPIKE: (returns with cushions and pillows)

SPIKE: Here you go, HEXY. These should make you more comfortable.

HEXY: Thank you so much! I feel a lot better now.

SPIKE: Anytime. I'm here if you need anything.

HEXY: I appreciate that. I'm excited to see what you're going to do.

SPIKE: I can't wait to show you. I've got a few surprises up my sleeve.

HEXY: Great! I'm ready to see what's next.

SPIKE: Alright, let's get started.

HEXY: I'm ready. Let's do this.
LUSTING AFTER PIPINO'S WIFE
by Sam Henry Kass
A big city - 1989 - Lorraine (30)
Lorraine is a troubled woman who has a hard time relating to
people—especially men. Here, she engages in a rather fruit-
less session with her therapist.

LORRAINE: I'm just so... I'm just so... So what? Could you help
me, here? I'm just so what? Obviously I'm having a little difficulty
filling in the blanks—completing the thought process. So you're the
doctor. What the fuck am I trying to say? I mean, you are a
doctor, aren't you? Do you have a 'degree'? Do you have an
answer? Okay, look... I believe all the answers are out there for me.
The problem is... The problem has been, that I've failed to recognize
them. I'm sure they've all but slapped me in the mouth—And I just
don't see it. Do you know what I'm saying? It's one thing not to
have any idea what I'm looking for—It's another to realize I'm
looking for something, to possibly know what it is, to feel it's there
...Right there... And yet... And yet, what? (SHE sits up) What are
you, a fuckin' mute? What's the point of all this— I've seen how many
stupid things you can get me to say? You know I'm not making any
sense, I know I'm not making any sense, we'll both seemingly never
find out, if you have any sense at all... One more thing—I've been
meaning to say this for several weeks now... There's a severe odor
emanating from your side of the room. It's probably affecting my
thought process. Some individuals are highly sensitized to smell.
This sort of problem has not received enough publicity in the
medical journals... A doctor who stinks— Someone who has a death-
like stench about him can bring on some form of mental incapacity
in a patient... Sometimes without the patient's knowledge. This is
absolutely true. On one hand, please don't take it personally. And
on the other hand, you must do something to rectify the problem.
No, no... Cracking the window will not solve the problem here. I'm
talking about my fuckin' sanity. Do you understand? You must take
a shower! You must clean yourself carefully! You are dealing with
a human being here. I am not cattle... (Pause) Yes... Okay... (SHE
stands up) See you next week.
How dare you? You are not fit to be in this school madam. You ought to be in prison! In the deepest
darkest darkest prison! I shall have you wheeled out strapped to a trolley with a muzzle over your mouth. I
shall crush you. I shall pound you. I shall dissect you madam. I shall strap you down to a table and perform
experiments on you. I shall feed you to the termites, and then I shall squash the termites into tiny
fragments. And then I shall crush those tiny fragments into dust. And then I shall take the dust and feed it to
the bloodworms. Then the bloodworms I shall feed to birds and the birds I shall release into the air and
shoot them down with my 12 balled shotgun and so on, and so on, an infinitum madam, and infinitum.
Your father is a crook and so are you. Last night I was driving home in the monstrosity he sold me and the
engine fell out. Well what do you say to that madam? You say nothing, and there is nothing you can say
because you are genetically predisposed to evil and you must be destroyed before you are allowed to go on
and grow a centimetre taller than you currently are. Vomit! Puke! Snot Stain are you listening?