Killing Chuck

Age Range: 20+

Gender: Male

Genre: Comedic

Synopsis: A scene of love accidentally turns into a scene of crime on the roof of a house party. (Warning: Adult language.)

Author: Gabriel Davis

Length: longer than 2 minutes

START

I just fuckin’ killed Chuck. I think. I mean, he’s just laying out there. He’s not moving. I don’t think he’s breathing.

I mean, there I was just up on the roof with Marissa – talking, laughing, having a great time. I tell her she reminds me of Sandra Bullock. I tell her I loved “Hope Floats.” Who knew those would be the magic words? Next thing I know her clothes are off and we’re loosening roof shingles like there’s no tomorrow. And then there’s biting and kissing and touching and suddenly someone starts beating on me, I mean, just pounding on me and growling. Yeah, growling. And I look up and there’s Chuck. And I’m like, “What’s the problem?” and he says “The problem is, dude, you’re fucking my girlfriend.”

So I look at Marissa and I’m like “You’re someone’s girlfriend?” And she says “No.” Then it comes out Chuck just wishes she’s his girlfriend but actually she’s his cousin or something, so he’s got these feelings of guilt about wanting her...and then he starts crying.

So that ruined the mood. Marissa puts her clothes on, and she goes back down through the window, back into the party. And I’m left with Chuck. Blubbing, whining, crying Chuck.

And he starts in on how he’s just this total fuck up and maybe he should just throw himself off the roof. And for a split second I’m thinking “YES! Throw yourself off the roof! Do it!” But I don’t say that. I say I “You’re gonna get a girl, buddy, just maybe not your cousin, huh?” And then I give him a friendly pat on the back. A nice manly slap on the back. And he looked heavy, I mean, who knew he’d go flying.

Who knew he’d go flying right off the roof?

end
Male Monologue #2

Film The Producers
Author Mel Brooks
Role Max Bialystock
Actor Zero Mostel

How humiliating. Max Bialystock. Max Bialystock. You know who I used to be? Max Bialystock! King of Broadway! Six shows running at once! Lunch at Delmonico’s. $200 suits. You see this? This once held a pearl as big as your eye! Look at me now. Look at me now!! I’m wearing a cardboard belt! I used to have thousands of investors begging, pleading to put their money in a Max Bialystock production. Look at my investors now. Voila! Hundreds of little old ladies stopping off at Max Bialystock’s office to grab a last thrill on the way to the cemetery! You have exactly 10 seconds to change that look of disgust into pity into one of enormous respect. One, two... Do the books. Do the books... Window’s so filthy, can’t tell whether it’s day or night out there. ... That’s it, baby! When you got it, flaunt it. Flaunt It!
Sweet and Twenty
by Floyd Dell

It's as though I had been groping about in the dark, and then—sunrise! And there's a weird feeling here.
(He puts his hand on his heart)
To tell the honest truth, there's a weirder feeling here.
(He puts his hand on his stomach)
I know now why men used to fall on their knees when they told a girl they loved her; it was because they couldn't stand up. I've never spoken to you before, and heaven knows I may never get the chance to speak to you again, but I have to say this to you now. I love you! I love you! Love you! Now tell me I'm a fool. Tell me to go. Anything—I've had my say... Why aren't you saying anything?
Callimaco's Monologue

The Mandrake  Niccolo Machiavelli

That's when I asked her to marry me. I know! I know! She's already married! But Calfucci's getting old. He can't live much longer. Right? So I asked her to marry me the second he kicks it. In the meantime, I explained how we could very easily continue our affair right under his nose. She stared at me for a long time. Finally, she said, "Since my husband's stupidity, my mother's selfishness, and my confessor's greed have conspired to force me into something I never would have done under normal circumstances ... I have no choice but to accept it as the will of God." Then she swore her undying love and sealed it with a ... well ... something special. As they were pulling us apart, she slipped me a key. Come and go as I please. It's perfect. Perfect. I couldn't be happier.
Act II

First Scene

Two weeks or so later. Dr. Givings and Leo, in the operating theater.

LEO
And then she left, very abruptly, for Italy.

DR. GIVINGS
I see.

LEO
It was a terrible shock. I had been studying in Florence for the year. They are exacting masters over there—the line must be just so—the proportion just so—there is no freedom—you sharpen your pencil with a knife, as Leonardo sharpened his pencil. It was heaven. Not to have freedom. No freedom in art, but in life, life! The peaches there tasted like peaches, the rain like rain. I met the woman in question in Florence. A very beautiful woman. (I know. No one ever said: I fell in love with a woman in Italy—a very ugly woman.) But she was beautiful. Perhaps not classically, but never mind . . . We met at the Uffizi. She was looking at the sculptures with no embarrassment, no embarrassment at all. I painted her face all summer. When she kissed she kissed with her whole body, not like American women who kiss only with their lips.

DR. GIVINGS
Mm.

LEO
You are perhaps shocked, Doctor, that I kissed her before marriage. I am a devotee of nature and I wished to avoid the fate of my boyhood friend. On his wedding night he was repulsed by his wife's body. He said, when she disrobed for the first time, he saw something monstrous. What, what? I asked. She had body hair, he said, down there! Like a beast! You see, he had seen the female form only in marble statues—no body hair! You are a scientist, that must amuse you.
Like Dreaming, Backwards
by Kellie Powell

Yale: I sold her a ticket that night. I only recognized her because... we played four-square together once. She introduced herself. I don't really remember anything we said, but she seemed sweet. I didn't know her last name until I saw the article in the paper. It said that she was a sophomore and a journalism major. She was from Joliet. She had a younger sister in high school, named Carolyn. I don't know why I remember everything about that article. Her picture... was in black and white and it was right under the "I-D-E" in "suicide." I don't know why I'm telling you this.

The picture was small, it didn't look like a school picture, it looked more like a candid shot. She was sort of smiling, but she looked somehow... suspicious. I have a strangely vivid memory... of her face.

That night... she seemed fine. Friendly, and smiling. And I couldn't have done anything different. And I couldn't have known what she was feeling. But then, I didn't ask, did I?

I just never knew anyone who died...