

Male Comedic/Lighthearted Monologues

1. Outer Reaches of Space

In Outer Reaches of Space, John goes on a monologue rant about the inconvenience of shopping to his girlfriend without realizing she's in a store.

JOHN: Can you run in and ask someone if they have exactly what you are looking for? I can't stand waiting in this—I'm gonna get heat stroke, I feel it coming on—just go in there, ask the lady if she has the cream you want, if she says no, leave, if she says yes, buy it. Please. Don't go and have another two-hour conversation about where she's from and asking about discounts and all the bullshit stories you make up to try and get a deal, cause I can't take it.

Honestly, I'm like a heart attack away from death. Angie, you don't understand. I know I sound crazy, cause you've gotten me worked up to this point. Look at me, I can't even control myself cause I feel overwhelmed with all these fragrances in the air—so deep in my nostrils, I can't even breathe anymore, it burns my throat and I wonder, you know, I walk through the store wondering how in the hell do people that work here, survive such smells, all day long. Like, if I worked here, I'd be in a different department, I couldn't do perfumes or colognes or whatever that poisonous gas is, I'd DIE.

I rather work in the shoe section or suits, yeah, maybe the suits where things are calm, less customers, people are a little more assertive. I can't stand the madness. All this running around, jumping over one another, sweating with the hot flashes going on and the constant search for the best item for the best deal. I can't take it. I get dizzy, frustrated, annoyed, grumpy, sarcastic, violent, well no, not violent but I feel violent, which makes me worse cause I don't act on my violent feelings cause I'm a gentleman, and the restraint bubbles up under my neck, slowly strangling me, that's why, that's why I'm freaking hot—

2. Monologue: The Beanstalk

Synopsis: Jack has climbed a beanstalk but now, up in the clouds, he misses his home life more and more. He begins to question his decision to climb this large, strange plant, and worries how he will ever get down. He speaks to a black crow

JACK: Don't poke my eyes out! I'm not one of those sisters! I'm not—wait! Don't leave! I'm sorry—I'm getting a little, I'm a little anxious up here. By myself. But don't leave. I don't know if you can tell, but, I-I-I'm kind of a little bit stuck up here, and...I don't want to be alone.

(pause)

See, I didn't...really...think that I'd make it this far up. Although, I've always been a bit of a climber. When I was nine months old, my mom found me sitting on top of the brown cow in the barn one morning. I never considered myself afraid of heights before, but, it's not really the

climbing up that scares me. It's the getting down, Black Crow...It seemed so easy getting here — just put one foot on the branch then another and...Oh, I've tried going down already. I put my foot on a branch, but it's slippery now. See? It's like the sludge at the bottom of the pig trough. And you do not want be climbing down from the clouds on pig sludge! I'd fly off and land down there in a broken bone pile. And, then everyone would just say, "Well, that's Jack. He doesn't know how to climb down, poor slow boy."

(pause)

And I guess they'd be right.

3. The 26 Year Old Bar Mitzvah Boy

No, no. I'm not here to propose marriage to you again. You said no and I can respect that decision. And I'm still fine with us seeing other people like you suggested. Not here to like, win you back. It's totally cool.

But I've been thinking a lot about what you said that night. That I'm not ready, that I need to grow up, that I'm not a man, and you want a man. I've been thinking about it and I wanted you to know, I think I figured out how to fix that, uh, issue.

My bar-mitzvah - my transformation from boy to man at the age of 13. I don't think I got it right. I remember stuttering when I read the Shema. And my chanting, especially during the Haftarah, as I recall my bubbe telling me, it was a little off-key. So I'm thinking, maybe, due to that, I didn't enter manhood properly. Or perhaps I missed the entrance altogether. Or perhaps God locked the entrance, because he couldn't understand the torah portion through my heavy lisp.

Anyway, since then I've really grown up a lot. I mean, according to you, not into a real man, but... I mean, I don't stutter, I don't lisp, granted I still sing off-key, but...and then it hit me. This is genius. Brace yourself. Seriously, hold onto the door frame or something: What if I got bar mitzvahed again? What if I got re-bar mitzvahed? I could nail it this time. Just knock that bar-mitzvah out of the synagogue.

So I've been studying Hebrew. Went to a Rabbi these last six weeks. Been training intensely. I mean, Karate Kid training. Not just reading the Torah, but wax-on wax-off stuff like going to Saturday services, making Gefilte fish from scratch, learning to drive a hard bargain at the grocery. I even went back to Hebrew school and stood up to the current bully there. Granted the kid was like 4'11", but my heart was still pounding like crazy.

And after all that, I can feel it, I'm ready. Ready for man-land. Ready to pay a mortgage and

take out a 401k and sell insurance or cars or be a banker or something. And like, father some kids. I am charged. I am pumped. And tomorrow is my big day. Tomorrow, thirteen years after my first bar-mitzvah I am going to do it again – and it is going to rock!

4. "Road to Ruin; Paved with Kittens"

Althea, that was my last girlfriend ... she and I were so happy until that darned kitty entered our lives ...

Yes, Althea and I were so very happy in our little fourth floor walkup on the lower east side. We didn't have much but we had each other. Music was important to Althea and I, so we saved up for months and bought a baby grand piano. Who needs other furniture when you have music! Our evenings were filled with the sweet sounds of ebony, ivory and love making. We were so happy.

Until one day Althea rescued a little kitty cat from the streets. It was a mangy, skinny little thing. The cat, not Althea! Althea would feed it heavy cream. Caring for the kitty made Althea happy, and I liked to see her happy.

But a weird feeling started creeping into my soul. I guess you could call it jealousy. But what kind of idiot is jealous of a cat? Haha.

I tried to push the feelings away. But one night, as Althea lay there caressing the kitty I found myself thinking "When was the last time she rubbed my belly like that?"

That night I couldn't sleep. I go into the living room and there's the kitty. Laying atop our beautiful baby grand piano, licking its privates. The kitty looks up, stares at me from across the room. A mocking look on its little kitty face. The look flips a switch inside me.

I say to the kitty. "You little freeloader. What do you contribute to this household, huh?" I grab the kitty by the scruff of the neck "Tell me, what do you contribute?" At that moment, I see reflected in the window, Althea standing behind me. I release the kitty from my grip. "Jim, what are you doing?"

"Nothing Althea. I'm just explaining to the kitty the hierarchy of our relationship within this household, but Althea there is something I want to say to you. The way you rub that kitten's belly. It's been years since you rubbed my belly that way."

She looks at me in a way I still can't understand and she says "Jim, you're a man in your thirties, not a cat. And I've never rubbed your belly like that"

And I say, "Well, maybe I want you to rub my belly like that! Maybe that is what I need, Althea, from our relationship! I want you to prove how much you love me now. Rub my belly. Rub it!"

And that is why we are no longer together.

5. Full House, Jesse Ketsopolis

Synopsis: Significant other is coming home late from work and stay at home dad delivers this monologue to them.

Give me a break... Don't "huh" me! You waltz in here 25 minutes late and expect sympathy? Huh!

I have CLEANED the house, and washed all of YOUR clothes, and ran a daycare center for socially deviant munchkins, and missed Oprah! Ran this one to a ballet lesson, this one to the dentist no cavities thank you very much! Do you realize that I have slaved over a hot stove so you could have a hot meal when you come home HAH HMM HMM HMM! Sorry! HAH! Sorry! Sorry does not change the fact that my chicken tetrezini is ruined! RUINED! It's all dried out! But do you have the common courtesy to call me and tell me that you will be 25 minutes late? NO! Well, I am not an animal... Oh my God, what's happening to me?

Oh my God, I's turning into June Cleaver...

6. Love and Death

He is dead and talking to audience...

Wheat. I'm dead, they're talking about wheat. The question is: have I learned anything about life. Only that human beings are divided into mind and body. The mind embraces all the nobler aspirations, like poetry and philosophy, but the body has all the fun. The important thing, I think, is not to be bitter. You know, if it turns about that there is a god, I don't think that he is evil, I think that the worse thing you could say about him is that he is, basically, an underachiever. After all, there are worse things in life than death. If you've ever spent an evening with an insurance salesman, you know exactly what I mean. The key is, to not think of death as an end, but as more of a very effective way to cut down on your expenses. Regarding love, heh, what can you say? It's not the quantity of your sexual relations that count. It's the quality. On the other hand, if the quantity drops below once every eight months, I would definitely look into it. Well, that's about it for me folks. Goodbye.

7. "I would like to say something your honor..." – Leo Bloom from 'The Producers'

"I would like to say something your honor, not on my behalf, but in reference to my partner, Mr. Bialystock....your honor, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, Max Bialystock is the most selfish man I ever met in my life...Not only is he liar, and a cheat and a scoundrel, and a crook, who has taken money from little old ladies, he has also talked people into doing things, especially me, that they would never in a thousand years had dreamed of doing. But, your honor, as I understand it the law was created to protect people from being wronged. Your honor, whom

has Max Bialystock wronged? I mean, whom has he really hurt? Not me. Not me. I was.... this man.... no one ever called me Leo before. I mean, I know it's not a big legal point, but even in kindergarten they used to call me Bloom. I never sang a song before. I mean with someone else, I never sang a song with someone else before. This man.... this man... this is a wonderful man. He made me what I am today...he did. And what of the dear ladies? What would their lives have been without Max Bialystock? Max Bialystock, who made them feel young, and attractive, and wanted again. That's all I have to say."

8. "I think lunchtime is about the worst time of day for me." – Charlie Brown from 'You're A Good Man, Charlie Brown'

Synopsis: Poor Charlie Brown! Nothing can ever seem to go right. In this scene, a melancholy Charlie discusses why lunchtime is his least favorite part of the day.

"I think lunchtime is about the worst time of day for me. Always having to sit here alone. Of course, sometimes, mornings aren't so pleasant either. Waking up and wondering if anyone would really miss me if I never got out of bed. Then there's the night, too. Lying there and thinking about all the stupid things I've done during the day. And all those hours in between when I do all those stupid things. Well, lunchtime is among the worst times of the day for me. Well, I guess I'd better see what I've got. Peanut butter. Some psychiatrists say that people who eat peanut butter sandwiches are lonely...I guess they're right. And when you're really lonely, the peanut butter sticks to the roof of your mouth. There's that cute little red-headed girl eating her lunch over there. I wonder what she would do if I went over and asked her if I could sit and have lunch with her?...She'd probably laugh right in my face...it's hard on a face when it gets laughed in. There's an empty place next to her on the bench. There's no reason why I couldn't just go over and sit there. I could do that right now. All I have to do is stand up...I'm standing up!...I'm sitting down. I'm a coward. I'm so much of a coward, she wouldn't even think of looking at me. She hardly ever does look at me. In fact, I can't remember her ever looking at me. Why shouldn't she look at me? Is there any reason in the world why she shouldn't look at me? Is she so great, and I'm so small, that she can't spare one little moment?...SHE'S LOOKING AT ME!! SHE'S LOOKING AT ME!! (he puts his lunchbag over his head.) ...Lunchtime is among the worst times of the day for me. If that little red-headed girl is looking at me with this stupid bag over my head she must think I'm the biggest fool alive. But, if she isn't looking at me, then maybe I could take it off quickly and she'd never notice it. On the other hand...I can't tell if she's looking, until I take it off! Then again, if I never take it off I'll never have to know if she was looking or not. On the other hand...it's very hard to breathe in here. (he removes his sack) Whew! She's not looking at me! I wonder why she never looks at me? Oh well, another lunch hour over with...only 2,863 to go."

9. Well either you are closing your eyes to a situation you do not wish to acknowledge...” – Harold Hill from ‘The Music Man’

The infamous Harold Hill, a traveling salesman who poses as a band director in a small Iowa town.

“Well either you are closing your eyes to a situation you do not wish to acknowledge, or you are not aware of the caliber of disaster indicated by the presence of a pool table in your community.

Well, you got trouble my friend. Right here, I say, trouble right here in River City. Why sure I’m a billiard player, certainly mighty proud to say, I’m always mighty proud to say it. I consider that the hours I spend with a cue in my hand are golden. Help ya cultivate horse sense, and cool head and a keen eye. Did you ever take and try to give an ironclad leave to yourself from a three rail billiard shot? But just as I say it takes judgement, brains and maturity to score in a balk line game, I say that any boob, can take and shove a ball in a pocket. And I call that sloth, the first big step on the road to the depths of degreda- I say first, medicinal wine from a teaspoon, then beer from a bottle. And the next thing you know your son is playing for money in a pinch back suit and listening to some big out of town jasper here to talk about horse race gamblin’. Not a wholesome trottin race, no, but a race where they sit down right on the horse! Like to see some stuck up jockey boy sitting on Dan-Patch? Make your blood boil? Well, I should say. Now friends, let me tell you what I mean. Ya got one, two, three, four, five, six pockets in a table. Pockets that mark the difference between a gentleman and a bum with a capital B and that rhymes with P and that stands for pool.”