

MONOLOGUES

THAT
KICK

• ASS

DAVID-MATTHEW BARNES

Monologues That Kick Ass
A Collection by David-Matthew Barnes

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Monologues for Women

And the Winner Is...

Comedic

Tracy Morrison, a black woman who has been nominated for an Academy Award for Best Actress, has had it once and for all with her fellow nominees. Backstage at the ceremony, she finally lets them have it.

Listen up, you little star fuckers! My name is Tracy Morrison and I'm here because I was nominated for my performance in *Sorrow Is My Sister*. Now, if y'all wanna be nasty about this, then I can be nasty. First of all, April Newton - everyone I know has slept with your husband at least a dozen times and they all complain about the same damn thing - two inches don't go very far in *my* neighborhood, *okay?! And Pauline Emerson, why don't you take your skinny white ass back to England and choke yourself on a pot of piss and tea. Your movies are almost as bad as your nose job. And don't even let me get started on how many sexually transmitted diseases you be spreadin' 'round town, you triflin' ho! You lay on a doorstep faster than the mornin' paper. And Rachel Riley...for some God-awful reason, some dumb ass put you in a movie and told you that you can act. Shhh-eeeit. That son of a bitch lied to your stupid ass and because of that, we all have to suffer by seeing your ugly ass smilin' down at us every time we go to the movie theatre. I could make one of your movies with ten dollars and a hooker from Harlem. And Danielle Taylor, you little drunk bitch, that sweet innocent routine don't fool me. You've got an arrest record a mile long and more ex-boyfriends than Elizabeth Taylor. In a year, you'll be burned out, used up and doing infomercials. I, myself, worked three jobs to put myself through college. I've studied every aspect of actin' you can possibly imagine. I've played every maid, call girl, and the wife of countless dope dealers on every stage from here to Kentucky. It took me eleven years to get a part in a film, and now that I'm here: I'm not going *anywhere*. I got an agent. I got a manager. I got a lawyer. I got a publicist. I've got a personal mothah fuckin' assistant. And it's about time. I deserve all of this. Because unlike the four of you dirty tramps, I live an honest life with dignity and self-respect. I care about the movies I make and not the size of my bank account. So, if the four of you cannot maintain yourselves like the decent young women that God intended y'all to be, then step aside, because I can and I will. It's not about box office. It's not about power. It's not about having your face on every trashy magazine in America. It's about givin' somethin' to the world. And believe you me, I'z got plenty to give. Now, get that camera rollin', because I am ready for my interview.*

Are You All Right in There?

Seriodramatic

Seventeen-year-old high school student Gina has locked herself in the master bathroom at a house party. She addresses the audience directly, explaining why she's hiding out from the superficial world that surrounds her.

I'm sorry. I am so sorry. I'm just kind of emotional right now. I think it's graduation. I'm graduating in a month and I can't wait to get out of here. My hometown. My friends. My family. I hate these people. And I feel so ... guilty for it. I must be the most horrible person in the entire world. I hate this party. I hate Jimmy Foster for inviting me in the first place. I hate my best friend. I hate my boyfriend. But I *really* hate Brittany Tyler. She's evil and she has a bad haircut. I am so horrible. Something is seriously wrong with me. I have lived here for all of my life. I should be proud of where I come from. I should look back with fond memories and kind thoughts - but I just can't wait to leave. I don't know why. I really don't. It's like this ... feeling. I wake up in the morning and it just chokes me. It's the same house and the same people and the same school - I just can't take it anymore. I am only seventeen. I should be happy. I should be sweet. I should do a lot of charity work in the community. What if I'm nuts? What if I need serious help - like therapy or something medieval like that? My aunt went to therapy for six months and she totally gained thirty pounds. She blew up like a house. Then she almost choked to death one night. She was lying in bed - eating a box of Crunch 'N' Munch - and she was watching this really sad movie and she started to cry - and I guess one of those little popcorn kernels got stuck in her throat or something - anyway, she almost died. But she's okay now - I guess. She sells Tupperware and she's dating this guy named Bob. He used to live on a commune and he refuses to take a shower. It's a really sick relationship - if you ask me.

Are You All Right in There?

Seriocomic

Seventeen-year-old high school student Gina has locked herself in the master bathroom at a house party. She addresses the audience directly, explaining why she's hiding out from the superficial world that surrounds her.

This party is pathetic. I could be at home right now, curled up in bed and reading *Wuthering Heights*. Instead - I was standing in the living room and this foreign exchange student kept staring at me with this weird look on his face. He comes up to me and says (*She imitates his accent:*) "Oh, you are such a beautiful American girl!" So, I looked at him - at the top of his pointy little head because he was shorter than my patience - and I told him that he smelled. Because he did. Like cat puke or something gross like that. So, he started yelling at me in his native language and it freaked me out. I thought he was psychotic. Then he walked away as if it were supposed to shatter my heart into a million tiny pieces. (*Beat.*) Puh-leaze, Don Juan - either go home or grow. So, he slithered his way around the room until he found Leslie. She's ... real. She thinks she's cool because she went to Paris last summer and made out with some French guy at the Eiffel Tower. I'll tell you how I really feel about Leslie. She has the personality of a cheese grater. She's been a cheerleader since she was in diapers and she thinks we should worship her because she knows how to jump in the air and do a cartwheel. Trust me - I have been to a football game and I have seen the girl dance. It's not pretty. She should consider buying herself a little bit of rhythm before she goes to college. (*Beat.*) You know - this whole party was Madeline's idea - as usual. She's my best friend - and I hate her guts. I don't want to sound really negative or anything, but I had this dream - that I killed her ... in a swimming pool. I held her head down in the water until - never mind. I don't want to think about it. It will give me nightmares. Anyway, she does this all the time - Madeline - she'll get all excited about some party we're invited to. She'll spend four hundred hours picking out the right sleazy outfit to wear. Then, we'll drive to the party together in her Dad's new car and we'll walk in together. And then no less than five minutes after we've arrived - she is gone. Nowhere in sight. Disappeared. I don't know where she goes for hours - but I have a feeling that it looks like a (*She breaks the word up:*) bed - room. Oh, I am not insinuating that she has sex (*Beat.*) I know she does. In fact, the whole town knows it. I'm embarrassed for her really. Maybe I'm her friend because I feel sorry for her. See, her family is kind of messed up - but then again, whose isn't? I mean - my Mom and I - we get along great. (*Beat.*) Really. Really, we do. I swear. (*Beat.*) Do you believe me? (*Beat.*) Yeah, me neither.

END OF PREVIEW