

Men's Monologues (Singaporean Plays) – CHOOSE ONE

OFF CENTRE

by Haresh Sharma

VINOD:

Yes, you are right. I don't pray. Pray to who? What God? When I was young, I prayed to all the gods. I read books. I know all the stories. Like Ganesh. Ganesh was asked by his mother, Parvathi, to guard the house because she was going to bathe. She told him not to let anyone in. And as he stood outside the house, his father, Shiva, came home. But Ganesh refused to let him in. You know why? Because his mother told him so. And you know what Shiva did? He was so angry he chopped off his son's head. His own son. Of course Parvathi came out and became hysterical. Then Shiva had to go to the jungle to take the first head he saw to replace his son's head. And he got an elephant's head. Which is why Ganesh has the head of an elephant. And the elephant has one tusk broken. So whose fault is it? Poor Ganesh has to round with an elephant's head with one tusk broken and it's because he listened to his mother. His father is to blame. His mother is to blame. And look at Sita. The poor woman was kidnapped, lived through an ordeal, was finally rescued by Hanuman and her husband expects her to stand trial to test her faithfulness to him when they separated. He should be shot! He wasn't even man enough to rescue her himself. And she sacrificed herself. The ground opened up and swallowed her up. And look at Jesus Christ. He was crucified. For what? For a bunch of ungrateful people! It does not make sense Saloma. Religion just doesn't make sense.

THE CAR

By Verena Tay

Man: He showed me Morris Minors, he showed me Renaults, he then showed me a few Fords, and then...

It wasn't love at first sight, I can tell you. Such a small *futt*, squat, ugly like hell. My god, you even had a running board, like the 30s. No, I told myself, get a British car, maybe American – more modern-looking, guaranteed quality, more reliable, easy to get spare parts, good resale value. These Continental ones – you never know. Then I took you for a test drive...

I opened the door – very heavy; when I closed it, it clanked like a train door. But I felt safe, very safe inside – who can crash through half a ton of steel? I turned the ignition – you kicked to life like a baby rushing to be born; your revs like big breaths, your engine like a heart beating. When you started to move – steady, very steady. 30 miles per hour – not too fast, not too slow. Just right. The top was down and the wind blowing in my face – so cool. And then I horned at another car trying to cut into my lane. Wah, for a small *futt*, you had such a big voice! The other car jumped out of my way. That's when I knew you were special, you had ...Magic.

HOMESICK

By Alfian Sa'at

Manog:

I'm not talking about the States. I'm talking about Singapore. You English educated sorts are always so bus squaring off with Chinese educated folks you don't see how racist the both you can be. Job ads keep asking for those who can speak Mandarin. The English educated Chinese close one eye, they don't speak up, because they feel, oh, if I say something, then I'll be accused of denying my Chineseness. The Chinese educated think it's perfectly fine for these ads to even exist. They think, oh, the government has taken away so many things from us, our university, our language, syllabus, the lease they can do is recognize that Mandarin is still important. It's guilt on one hand, and entitlement on the other, but it both means the same damned racist thing. Where does that leave someone like me? I don't speak Chinese... But I don't want to learn. I'm sorry, but it's not even a National Language...

Why should it be? Your mother is Peranakan convent schoolgirl. That's not her language. Your father speaks Hokkien better than Mandarin. You think Herbert is wrapping this false identity around himself. But how are you being true to yourself, to your real non-Mandarin speaking ancestors? That's why I'm saying your both the same. One looks to England. The other looks to China. Neither of you dares to look at me. Despite the fact that I am not your sister's imaginary husband, that I am all flesh and blood. And why? Because I am someone who is as Singaporean as you can ever hope to be.

QUARTER TO MIDNIGHT

By Eng Wee Ling

JOHN:

Well, like the time I was covering the war in Lebanon. Nearly had my brains blown out. Of course, there were colleagues who thought I didn't have any brains in the first place accepting the assignment. Anyway, what happened was this. I was in the building where the press office was, minding my own business when suddenly I had the most horrendous stomach ache. I was in the look when the buggers dropped a bomb on the building. Quite miraculously, the toilet door saved me from having my head blown off but my pants were ripped off by the blast. Funny isn't it? I didn't think it was so damn funny then. Anyway, picture if you will: one dazed man, half-naked, waist down. Not a pretty picture. Fortunately, everyone else was either dead or in too much of a panic to notice. A while later, I stole the pants off a dead man. He was a real sorry sight and I felt like a grave robber, but I figured he wouldn't mind. Besides, better a sorry sight of a dead man than that of a lie one. Oh, I am sorry, am I making you sick?

Men's Monologues (American Plays) – CHOOSE ONE

THE ADVENTURES OF NERVOUS-BOY (A PENNY DREADFUL)

by James Comtois

After a rather awkward evening at an avant-garde play and a boring party, the NERVOUS BOY, a young man in his 20's, candidly expresses his feelings for Emily.

TIME

The present

NERVOUS BOY:

I've...I mean...I just think you're so funny, and... Smart, and...interesting...and beautiful. I just feel like I'm throwing myself at you, and ...I'm sorry. I just ... think you're wonderful. I've had feeling for you since we first met, and ... I've been trying to snap out of it for the longest time, but ...no. I love you. That is ... I'm falling in love with you. I care about you. And I worry about you. I worry about your career and whether or not you're being exploited. I worry about your father. I care about what you want in life and I care about you getting it. It's just so many times we talk and I'm listening but part of me is terrified that you see the hearts in my eyes and ...I just...think you're wonderful. And I love you. And...I'm sorry. (Pause.) I haven't been able to find a full-time job since I got laid off two years ago. I really don't know what I'm doing with my life and I'm kind of freaking out about it but I think I'm too lazy to really fix that problem and I get so sick of being lost in my thoughts and being by myself and I'm tried of being too scared to look at talking to you, because when I do I forget about all my anxieties for a short while and it feels like a giant weight has been lifted for a brief time and I'm not filled with guilt or self-loathing...I just like...being with you. I feel like a real person. You know? And...I'm sorry. I just...I haven't felt like that in a while and I'm sorry and I'm rambling.

THE LARAMIE PROJECT

By Moises Kaufman and the Members of the Tectonic Theater Project

In 1998 in Laramie, Wyoming, student Matthew Shepard was beaten, tied to a barbed-wire fence, and left to die because he was gay. JEDEDIAH SCHULTZ, one of those interviewed, is a 19 year old university student.

TIME

Late 1990's

JEDEDIAH SCHULTZ:

I've lived in Wyoming my whole life. The family has been in Wyoming, well...for generations. Now when it came time to go to college, my parents can't – couldn't afford to send me to college. I wanted to study theatre. And I knew that if I was going to go to college I was going to have to get on a scholarship – and so, uh, they have this competition each year, this Wyoming state high-school competition. And I knew that if I didn't take first place in, uh, duets, that I wasn't gonna get a scholarship. So I went to the theatre department of the university looking for good scene, and I asked one of the professors – I was like, "I need- I need a killer scene," and he was like, "Here you go, this is it." And it was Angels in America.

So I read it and I knew that I could win best scene if I did a good enough job.

And when the time came I told my mom and dad so that they would come to the competition. Now you have to understand, my parents go to everything – every ball game, every hockey game – everything I've ever done.

And they brought me into their room and told me that if I did that scene, that they would not come to see me in the competition. Because they believe that is wrong – that homosexuality is wrong – they felt that strongly about it that they didn't want to come see their son do probably the most important thing he'd done to that point in his life. And I didn't know what to do.

I had never, ever gone against my parents' wishes. So I was kind of worried about it. But I decided to do it.

And all I can remember about the competition is that when we were done, me and my scene partner, we came up to each other and we shook hands and there was a standing ovation.

Oh, man, it was amazing! And we took first place and we won. And that's how come I can afford to be here at the university, because of that scene. It was one of the best moments in my life. And my parents weren't there. And to this day, that was the one thing that my parents didn't see me do.

And thinking back on it, I think, why did I do it? Why did I oppose my parents? 'Cause I'm not gay. So why did I do it? And I guess the only honest answer I can give is that, well, (He chuckles.) I wanted to win. It was such a good scene; it was like the best scene!

FAT PIG

By Neil Labute

A somewhat narcissistic, shallow 20-something, Carter tries to apologize to his friend Tom after making fun of his overweight girlfriend by talking about his own reaction to his "Fat" mother.

TIME

The Present

CARTER:

I used to walk ahead of her in the mall, or, you know, not tell her about stuff at school so there wouldn't be, whatever. My own mom. I mean...I'm 15 and worried about every little thing, and I've got this fucking sumo wrestler in a housecoat trailing around behind me. That's about as bad as it can get! I'm not kidding you. And the thing was, I blamed her for it. I mean, it wasn't a disease or like some people have, thyroid or that type of deal...she just shovelled shit into her mouth all the time, had a few kids, and, bang, she's up there at 350, maybe more. It used to seriously piss me off. My dad was always working late...golfing on weekends, and I knew it was because of her. It had to be! How's he gonna love something that looks like that, get all sexy with her? I'm just a kid at the time, but I can remember thinking that.

Yeah, it's whatever, but...] this once, in the grocery store, we're at an Albertsons and pushing four baskets around – you wanna know how humiliating that shit is? – and I'm supposed to be at a game by seven, I'm on JV, and she's just farting around in the candy aisle, picking up bags of 'fun-size' Snickers and checking out the calories. Yeah, I mean, what is that?! So, I suddenly go off on her, like, this sophomore in high school, but I'm all screaming in her face..."Don't look at the package, take a look in the fucking mirror, you cow!! PUT 'EM DOWN!"

Holy shit, there's stock boys – bunch of guys I know, even – are running down the aisle. Manager scrambling out of his glass booth there, the works. (Beat). But you know what? She doesn't say a word about it. Ever. Not about the swearing, the things I called her. Nothing. Just this, like, one tear I see...as we're sitting at a stoplight on the way home. That's all.

I did feel that way, though. Maybe I shouldn't've yelled or...but it was true, what I said. You don't like being fat, there's a pretty easy remedy, most times. Do-not-jam-so-much-food-in-your-fucking-gullet. (beat). It's not that hard.

NO ONE IS ALONE

Music and Lyrics by
STEPHEN SONDHEIM

Tranquil (♩ = 60) *poco rubato*

No one here to guide you, —

p poco rubato

Now you're on your own. — On - ly me be - side you. —

Still you're not a - lone. No one is a -

lone, tru - ly. No one is a - lone.

dim. *poco rall.*

Some-times peo - ple leave you — Half way through the wood.

p a tempo *marc.* *poco rall.*

Oth - ers may de - ceive you. — You de - cide what's good. —

a tempo

— You de - cide a - lone, But no one is a - lone.

mp

Peo - ple make mis - takes, Fa - thers, moth - ers,

Peo - ple make mis - takes, Hold - ing to their own,

Think - ing they're a - lone. Hon - or their mis -

takes. Ev - 'ry - bod - y makes One an - oth - er's ter - ri - ble mis - takes.

Witch - es can be right, Gi - ants can be good, You de - cide what's

mp *mf* *mp*

right, You de - cide what's good. Just re - mem - ber Some - one is on your side. —

poco rall. *a tempo*

poco rall. *a tempo*

Some - one else is not. While you're see - ing your side, —

marc. *a tempo*

May - be you for - got: They are not a - lone.

marc. *poco cresc.* *poco rit.* *mf*

No one is a - lone.

dim.

meno mosso

Hard to see the light now, —

Just don't let it go. —

p

Things will come out right now. —

We can make it so.

Some - one is on

your

side, —

No one is a - lone. —

poco rall.

molto rit.

ANYTHING GOES

Words and Music by
COLE PORTER

Moderato

mp *rit.*

The piano introduction is in 4/4 time, starting with a half note chord in the right hand and a half note in the left hand. The melody in the right hand consists of eighth and quarter notes, ending with a ritardando. The left hand provides a steady accompaniment of quarter notes.

VERSE

Cmi. *Ab* *Cmi.*

Times have changed — And we've of - ten re -

p a tempo

The first line of the verse features a vocal melody with lyrics "Times have changed — And we've of - ten re -". The piano accompaniment is in 4/4 time, marked *p a tempo*. The right hand has a melodic line with some grace notes, while the left hand plays a simple accompaniment of quarter notes.

G7 *Cmi.* *Db* *Ab7* *Db*

wound the clock — Since the Pu - ri - tans got a shock —

The second line of the verse features a vocal melody with lyrics "wound the clock — Since the Pu - ri - tans got a shock —". The piano accompaniment continues in 4/4 time. The right hand has a melodic line with some grace notes, while the left hand plays a simple accompaniment of quarter notes.

G7 *Dm7* *G7* *C7*

When they land - ed on Ply - mouth Rock; — If to -

mf

The third line of the verse features a vocal melody with lyrics "When they land - ed on Ply - mouth Rock; — If to -". The piano accompaniment continues in 4/4 time. The right hand has a melodic line with some grace notes, while the left hand plays a simple accompaniment of quarter notes.

C7 Fmi. C7 Fmi.

day An - y shock they should try to stem, —

G7 Cmi. G7 Cmi. G D7 G7 G6

'Stead of land - ing on Ply - mouth Rock, Ply - mouth Rock would land on them. —

REFRAIN

G7 C Ami.

In old - en days a glimpse of stock - ing Was looked on as some - thing shock -

C7 Dmi.7 C Dmi.7 Fm6 C F6

ing, Now heav - en knows, — An - y - thing goes. —

C G+ C Ami.

Good auth-ors too who once knew bet-ter words Now on - ly use four -

C7 Dmi.7 C Dmi.7 Fm6 C Dm

ter words, writ - ing prose, An - y - thing goes.

C B7 E B9 B7

The world_ has gone mad to - day_ And good's bad to - day, And black's

E7 B7 Emi.

white to day, And day's night to day, When most guys to - day_ That wo-men

Emi. 7 Cdim. Ddim Cdim. G7

prize to - day, - Are just sil - ly gi - go - los; So

C Ami.

though I'm not a great ro - manc - er I know that {you're} bound to an -

C7 Dmi. 7 C Dmi. 7

swer when {I} pro - pose, An - y - thing

1. C F6 C F6 C Fdim. G7 mf 2. C F6 C Dmi. 7 C

goes. In goes.