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*Dramatic Publishing*

# Outrageous!

## Monologues and the odd scene

  
**Vampire  
LESBIANS  
of SODOM**

THE TALE OF  
THE ALLERGISTS WIFE

THE  
*Lady* IN  
QUESTION

**PSYCHO  
BEACH  
Party**

**TIMES  
SQUARE  
ANGEL**

**THE  
DIVINE  
SISTER**

BY  
**CHARLES BUSCH**



# Outrageous! Monologues and the odd scene

By Charles Busch.

This is the first anthology of monologues and scenes from award-winning playwright Charles Busch. He has been called “a comic playwright of the first order,” and this collection puts the spotlight on the hilarious monologues and two-character scenes from his many plays that have kept audiences in stitches for more than three decades. It is an invaluable resource for actors seeking unique audition or competition material but can also be appreciated by readers simply enjoying the work of a brilliant comic imagination. Included are monologues and scenes from his first outrageous off-Broadway successes, *Vampire Lesbians of Sodom* and *Psycho Beach Party*, to his Broadway hit, *The Tale of the Allergist’s Wife*. This special collection is an overview of a long and inspiring career featuring never-before-published highlights of his earliest work as a solo performer in the early 1980s, as well as his most recent critically acclaimed plays such as *The Divine Sister* and *The Tribute Artist*. Busch has also written an insightful and entertaining foreword explaining his fascination and love for the theatrical convention of the monologue and the actors who have inspired them. He has annotated the collection with personal anecdotes and a guide to the frequent movie and theatrical references that contribute to the great enjoyment of this master comic dramatist. Code: OA2.

Front Cover Design: B.T.Whitehill. Photo: Michael Wakefield.

ISBN: 978-1-61959-025-0



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# **Outrageous!** **Monologues and the Odd Scene**

By

CHARLES BUSCH



**Dramatic Publishing Company**

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Eighth Square Entertainment  
456 South Ogden Dr.  
Los Angeles, CA 90036 • Phone: (323) 469-1003

ISBN: 978-1-61959-025-0

To Katherine Carr for decades of love and laughter and collaboration.

and

Jeffry Melnick for decades of true friendship, hard work and his belief in me when I didn't quite believe in myself.

# Outrageous!

## Monologues and the Odd Scene

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# Foreword

CHARLES BUSCH: male, indeterminate age.

CHARLES. You know, I wonder if this whole thing started when I was browsing at the Drama Book Shop and saw that several of my colleagues had anthologies of their monologues, and suddenly my eyes narrowed into an envious squint, and I thought, “Hey, why not me?” But maybe it was earlier when I received an email from a young girl in Austin, Texas, who wanted me to know that she had performed a monologue from one of my plays in a national high-school competition. I got a real kick out of that. I’d always thought of my plays as being a bit . . . out there and not really high-school competition material. Well, you know something? She won! I think it was a monologue from *Vampire Lesbians of Sodom*. She didn’t say which monologue, but there are several really juicy ones in that play. That got me thinking that maybe I could make it easier for people who are looking for audition material or competition pieces by compiling all the monologues from my plays into one book. I also think you can read this tome without an angle of looking for fresh material. Just have yourself a good laugh. That’s important nowadays. And so for good measure, I threw in some of my favorite two-person scenes from my vast oeuvre.

I’ve always been mad for the convention of the big speech in plays. I love giving actors and often one particular actor, ME, an opportunity for a tour de force moment. I think of these speeches as arias. I remember when we were in rehearsals for *The Tale of the Allergist’s Wife*, the great Linda Lavin, who created the role of Marjorie Taub, had big speeches dotted throughout the latter part of the play. However, she didn’t really get a chance to take stage until the end of the first act. Linda is a playwright’s dream, for she has unlimited resources of both intense emotion and comic invention. A number of years earlier, Linda had played Madame Rose in *Gypsy* on Broadway. I told Linda she needed the equivalent in our show to Rose’s first big number, “Some People.” Therefore, I wrote the speech that I’ve included in this anthology where Marjorie goes ballistic when her aged mother suggests she should do some volunteer work. It established the character as an extravagantly verbal, emotionally volatile woman and made the audience look forward to her next rant.

As with Linda Lavin, great actors inspire a playwright to create theatrical opportunities for them. I’ve been fortunate to work with a number of wonderful actors who have seized my imagination. In the past few

years, a lovely actress named Jennifer Van Dyck has graced my plays, and her verbal dexterity and vocal resources have inspired me to write lengthy monologues for her in each of the plays we've done together. Over the past 30 years, I've written 11 roles for the actress/comedienne Julie Halston. We jokingly refer to her as my muse, but it's no joke. Offstage and on, I find her endlessly amusing. She has a unique way of expressing herself, where she effortlessly shifts back and forth between a kind of elegant grandiosity and raucous Long Island New Yawkese. When we first met in 1982, she wasn't totally comfortable with that latter more strident half of her persona. She had been told in acting school and in life to sand down those rough edges. However, it was that rough edge that made her unique. There is a quote from the French poet Jean Cocteau that I found very inspiring when I was first beginning my career: "Whatever it is about you that disturbs people, cultivate it, because that is who you really are." I don't want to make myself out to be too much Julie's Svengali, but right from the start, I began inserting phrases that came out of her offstage conversation into my roles for her. A good number of the monologues in this volume were written for Julie to—I won't say "steal the show" (because most of the time I've been in it with her, thank you), but to give the play a shot in the arm.

The monologue has played an important part in my theatrical life. The first seven years of my career was as a solo performer. It was easier creating opportunities to be onstage as a solo artist than to attempt to get an ensemble play produced. I was immediately comfortable being on the stage alone. Even in my embryonic phase as a performer, it was as though a relationship had been established between the audience and me. I've felt agonizingly alone in the wings but not on the stage.

Most of the pieces I wrote for myself were multi-character plays. They read almost like screenplays because, having no set, I could instantly change locations. I played all the characters, men and women, with no change of costume. The most important thing was clarity. You could lose the audience if even for a moment they were confused. I learned so much about doling out exposition. Within a minute, I had to make it clear not only where I was but also who I was and to whom I was speaking. When I began solo work, I tended to exaggerate each character's vocal and physical mannerisms to differentiate them from one another, particularly when I'd play several characters interacting with one another. Gradually, I learned that once a character was introduced, it was possible to play him or her with a subtle naturalism. I didn't need to lay on a quirky accent or physicality. You can indicate a change of character

by simply turning your head in a specific direction and maintaining that same focus each time they speak. I was very influenced by a brilliant solo performer named Jeff Weiss who could play two characters at once with such intense rapid fire back and forth dialogue that you believed you were seeing a dynamic scene played by two individual actors. I prided myself on creating solo pieces that could be viewed as a play rather than as a series of monologues.

The other major influence on my solo work was the legendary monologist Ruth Draper. Her long career ended with her death in 1957, but we're so fortunate that in her last years she was encouraged to make recordings of much of her repertoire. Anyone interested in acting or playwriting should be strongly advised to seek out those recordings. She would create a character with the vividness and detail worthy of Dickens and, through her characters' eyes, enable the audience to see an entire imaginary world. You begin to know the people she's speaking to as well as the character she's portraying. Late in my solo career, I attempted two monologues in that classic Draper mode. They are called *Reed* and *Après Moi Le Deluge*, and they are both included in this collection.

Perhaps because of my years as a solo performer and the confidence that gave me, I've provided myself with extended monologues in almost all of the ensemble plays I've appeared in. I've often played women who reinvent themselves after a shady past. My frequent director/collaborator Carl Andress jokes that there's always a point towards the end of Act I where I plunk myself down and say to the leading man, "Let me tell you a little story." What follows is the long speech where I reveal how my character climbed the ladder of success wrong by wrong.

My love of the monologue has been a challenge when I've written film adaptations of my plays. The monologue is very much a stage convention. In film, a silent closeup can be as emotionally articulate as a long speech. At times, I've found it frustrating because so much of my humor comes out in the extended monologue. I enjoy the slow build of tempo and intensity, the use of a repetitive phrase, all leading to the climactic parting words.

I've been writing for the theatre for nearly four decades—a lot of plays, a lot of hard work, a lot of concentration, some big disappointments, some very good luck, intriguing complex people, not as much off-stage drama as one would think and a lot of laughs. It's been a fascinating task combing through my entire catalogue to choose material for this collection. I thought it would be interesting to include monologues from my earliest work that have never been published, as well as the few later

plays of mine that were never produced. I've been very fortunate that almost every play I've ever written found its way quickly onto the stage. However, there are a few "ghost" plays that have remained in the trunk or more recently on the computer. One of them in particular called *Ronni Adams* has several monologues that could provide an enterprising actor with some challenging original material. Not surprisingly, I discovered that a great majority of the monologues in my plays were for women over 40. That's a demographic that isn't often catered to and could benefit from some attention. Still, I've tried to even it out a bit by constructing new monologues for younger actors and particularly young male actors out of short speeches, adding lines of existing dialogue and connecting them with new writing. It's been fun revisiting these old characters from my early work, and in a few cases, I wish these new monologues had been in the original plays. Along with material spanning my entire writing career, I couldn't resist the opportunity to throw in some choice anecdotes, good advice and annotated notes on my theatre and film references. This book of monologues and scenes has evolved into a very personal mélange of theatrical resource, memoir and finger wag.

A playwright must have a keen sense of when a speech requires fleshing out and, more importantly, when to bring it to a conclusion. I think with this monologue I've made my point, and now it's time to let you, my reader, get on with the show.

**Outrageous!**  
**Monologues and the Odd Scene**

## MONOLOGUES



# Out-Takes of a B-Movie

1975, unpublished

MAX

MAX is an 18-year-old boy managing a memorabilia shop in Manhattan. He affects a tough as nails attitude clearly influenced by the wisecracking dames of 1930s movies, and, like them, he is also surprisingly vulnerable.

\*\*\*

MAX. Everyone thinks they can read me like a book. Well, they can't because the memoirs haven't been written yet. I'm so sick of people telling me what my problem is. That was the problem with Sam. Acting like he was the Salvation Army. Talk about being screwed up. He was the one who had a wife and two kids and was boffing me on the sly. So on the fatal night in question, this chick, Delores, was crashing in my apartment with her lover, Suzy, and since I don't get off watching two chicks making it, I couldn't go home. I went to Sam's apartment but I knew as soon as I rang the bell that something was up. He was acting very strange. He's always strange, he's got that funny eye, but this time he was really spooking me. I said, "Hey, plant one here," and he slaps me. I said, "Let's have an instant replay but cut the slap." He told me that he followed me that Sunday. Followed me like the FBI. This man definitely has problems. And he knew that I fucked that photographer from *Mademoiselle*. Big deal. I was horny one day when Sam wasn't around and the dude thought I had a cute behind. That's grounds for a divorce? I'm not ashamed to admit that I've had more one night stands than a lamp, but with Sam, I really liked sleeping with him. Not sex so much; he really wasn't the world's greatest in the kip, but it was so nice to curl up in his arms and fall asleep. I may talk tough but underneath the graham cracker, I'm just a big marshmallow. So he went into this song and dance about how much he had done for me and that I'd never be more than nothing because I had the sensitivity of a sewer, and I had no feelings for anyone, not even for myself. I tried to put my arms around him. His sweater looked so warm and soft. I just wanted to rest my head for a second. He grabbed me by the arm and threw me down the stairs. I could have broken my neck. It bothered me for a long time that he said I had no feelings. I don't think at first I knew what he meant. But lately I've begun to think it's true. I just don't get wrapped up in things. All this mooning would have gotten in the way—you know what

I mean? I used to think I was lucky that way, but maybe a little bit of feeling wouldn't be such a bad thing.

NOTE: *Out-Takes of a B Movie* was my first play, not counting the unintentionally psychologically disturbing epics I wrote before the age of 12. This effort was written during my junior year at Northwestern University and was an early attempt at writing something very naturalistic and depressing. Although I was a theatre major, I entered the play in a writing competition held by the English department. I mean, you never know. I madly scrambled to arrange a dual major in English so I'd be eligible for the prize money. I wasn't able to pull that scam off in time before the announcement arrived that I won the competition! Having been immediately pegged a freaky outsider by the theatre department, this award really made me feel I had something to offer. But then the powers that be over in the English department figured out that I was indeed only a theatre major and they regretfully rescinded the award. Rereading the play after many years, I have to say that I think a lot of it is really very good for a 19-year-old budding playwright. I'm proud of him.

# A Theatrical Party

1980, unpublished

LILY MARBANKS  
SOLANGE GABRIELLE  
DAME BEATRICE FORTESCUE

A young aspiring American actress named LILY MARBANKS crashes an elegant soiree in 1920 London given by a legendary actor, Anton Troy, with hopes that he'll cast her in his upcoming repertory season.

\*\*\*

LILY MARBANKS. My name is Lily Marbanks, Mr. Troy. We've met before, in Cincinnati. I'm from Cincinnati. You were touring in your play *Gypsy Caravan* and I came backstage. We had a lovely chat. You were terribly encouraging. If you don't recognize me, I suppose I do look a little different. I was only 10 years old. I remember I was so fascinated by your great furry moustache and when I asked if I could touch it, you pulled it off and gave it to me. I suppose some children might have been terrified and even repelled by the sticky glue on its underside but for years I kept it underneath my pillow at night ... Oh, you do? You really do? Then you must also remember that you told me that when I grew up I should come to London and you'd put me on the stage. Well, as soon as I was able, I left home. Cincinnati can be so stifling to the creative spirit. That was two years ago. It's been rather difficult for me in New York. I was cast in a play. I made my debut in the latest Rowena Mae Claddy play. It was a silly sort of part, a few lines in the third act. The most I could do was give the character an amusing walk. A slight limp and swinging my arms in a most eccentric manner. I gave it my all. Unfortunately, the play ran only five performances. I haven't been able to find work since and Father has been insisting that he send me a ticket for the next train back to Ohio. I couldn't face that humiliation, as well as a certain very nice young man who wanted desperately to ... There's always a nice young man, isn't there? And then miraculously, I read in *Variety* that you were looking for a leading lady. Your promise kept coursing through my brain so I sold my grandmother's cameo. It was very beautiful, an heirloom, terribly valuable, but I always thought it a bit old-fashioned and well, fuddy-duddy for a girl of my age, so I pawned it and bought a one way ticket on the Queen Mary. As a matter of fact, my luggage is in your hall. Of course, I realize you can't just give me the role. I'm neither a fool nor an amateur. I am willing to audition. I've played all three roles in your repertory with the Cincinnati Dramatic Society. Cleopatra, Ophelia and

Juliet. Ah, Juliet. My director wanted to cut the “Gallop apace you fiery footed steed” speech, but I was adamant that he not desecrate the Bard’s divine intentions. I firmly believe an actress is only an actress when she can act Shakespeare. Don’t you?

I said I’d be willing to audition ... Well, how can I get experience if no one gives me the chance? (*Tremulously and on the verge of tears.*) I suppose you don’t have an obligation to let me read. I have just traveled a thousand miles across the ocean, spent my last dime on the taxi bringing me here to your home, swallowed my pride hoping you would remember my name. (*Getting her feisty gumption back.*) Well, you needn’t worry about me, Mr. Troy. I’ll get by. There are other parts in other plays, not as wonderful as Juliet perhaps. I have no fear of hunger or deprivation. I have an unshakeable belief that some enterprising theatrical manager or impresario somewhere will see me and realize ... You will? You’re not just saying that? You’re not merely humoring me? You’ll give me your word? Oh, thank you, thank you so very much. And I’ll work very hard and make you proud of me ... Yes, of course, just an audition. Thank you. Bless you. You really are a wonderful man!

NOTE: From 1978-1984, I toiled as a solo performer. Most of my solo pieces were multi-character plays. I mixed monologues with bits of dialog and there was always a strong narrative. The illusion was that by the end of the performance, the audience should feel that they were seeing a cast of, if not thousands, 10. *A Theatrical Party* was a solo play that was part of my repertoire from 1980-1984. I played all the characters, men and women, populating an elegant party full of theatrical folk in the ’20s. It was part drawing room comedy and part mystery.

I “premiered” *A Theatrical Party* in 1980 at the Source Theatre Company in Washington, D.C. The Source Theatre Company was a fairly new and scrappy nonprofit theatre in a dicey part of town. They chose not to present me in their barely renovated warehouse “main stage,” but in a brand new alternative space; a former fur vault that squeezed in around 30 adventurous souls. In those days, I always seemed to be performing in an experimental alternative space that was ultimately deemed unsuitable after my gig. Amazingly, I got rave reviews in every publication in town from the *Washington Post* to the supermarket weeklies. This had never happened to me before. I had barely been reviewed at all and when I was mentioned in some free gay bar rag, it was usually accompanied by several critical cavils and quibbles if not a warning to get out of town. The entire month long engagement in D.C. sold out. It was my first taste of success and gave me the encouragement that I wasn’t mentally deranged to have such faith in myself. In my fierce determination to find a place in the theatre, I really was Lily Marbanks.

This monologue referenced the young Katharine Hepburn in the 1933 film *Morning Glory*. While one doesn't have to do an exact impersonation of early Hepburn, an approximation of her tremulous but determined New England persona and affectations would really make this piece pop.

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The flamboyant, tempestuous and seductive first lady of the French stage, SOLANGE GABRIELLE, approaches the host, Anton Troy, with the hope of making her English language debut as his leading lady. Unfortunately, her English is mostly non-existent. The challenge of this speech is to make her intentions so clear that the audience will understand what she's saying even if they don't speak a word of French.

\*\*\*

SOLANGE. Ah, Anton, you receive of my message? (*Coquettishly.*) I come to believe, mon cher, that you have fear of me. C'est vrai? Confess of it. People say such things about me. What's the word? Tempestuous? You need not worry. Je n'ai que pour toi la plus admiration. Quelle artiste divine you are. Each time I see you on the stage I am quite overcome. You have the divine spark of genius. Genius? That is the correct word? And do you know why I believe in your genius, because I have that genius too. I must be on the stage with you in your marvelous repertoire. Quel magie we will create together. I was ... um ... je suis née a jouer les grand roles do Monsieur Shakespeare. Juliet, Ophelie, Cleopatre. You worry about my ... Tu t'anquienes apropos mon anglais? C'est absurd! Bien sure, je peux jouer en anglais. I study with the books. I put mind to each and every word. "Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou, Romeo?" Tu verras? Pas de problemes. (*Seductively.*) You and I, Anton. You and I. Nous vivrons ces roles et comme Cleopatre, je te ferai l'amour, I shall feel that love, that passion, you must feel it. Je te ferai l'amour avec chaque fibre de mon corps! ... What do you mean? You cannot promise me anything? I understand those words very well. And I condemn you for them. Tu m'a invite a cette soiree. You have me come all the way from Paris to London. To this soiree tonight. I have never had such insults leveled at me. Never! Te me fais paraitre sottte. (*Imperiously.*) Je suis Solange Gabrielle! La plus grande etoile de theatre Francais! Je devais faire l'ignorant que tu ne jamais existe. Mais non, je ne peux pas. J'ai trop d'amour pour toi comme artiste et je dois jouer ces roles, EN ANGLAIS! (*Employing tears.*) Comment tu es cruelle! No, je pars. Je pars! (*Building to a grand tirade of indignant rage.*) Tu m'a menti quard tu m'a ecris la meillure actrice que tu a jamais vue. You make me believe!! Liar! Menteure!! Je ne jouerais jamais avec toi! J'aimerais mieux ne jouer jamais le long de ma vie!!!

NOTE: This monologue was very influenced by Ruth Draper and I mean *very*. One of her most famous pieces was called *The Actress* in which she played a similarly volatile foreign actress. It's been a long time since I've listened to the recording but if I recall correctly, she speaks in perfect French, German, Italian and perhaps even in some obscure Balkan tongue and manages to make the listener comprehend every nuance of the drama.

---

DAME BEATRICE FORTESCUE is a faded grande dame of the British stage. Once a great star and fabled beauty, she is now struggling for roles and touring second rate theatres in her old repertoire. She has arrived at this elegant soirée with her ever present Pekinese, Napoleon, in hopes of persuading her former lover and leading man Anton Troy to cast her as his leading lady.

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DAME BEATRICE FORTESCUE. Napoleon, darling, I think we will have one of these delectable chocolate truffles. Oh no, I mustn't. I mustn't. This diet is too cruel. But alas, we are playing our old role, Viola, in the spring. Ohhhh, breeches! One little truffle can't be too brutal. And in our rapidly approaching flea bitten tour of the provinces, a fat Viola isn't that much of a tragedy. Anton! Darling! (*To a maid.*) My girl, would you please take Napoleon and give him ... Anton! Give him a small bowl of champagne. The little precious is terribly old and he adores it so. (*Gives her the dog.*) Bless you, dear heart. (*Calling to Anton, who has been attempting to flee.*) Anton! Remember in our day we learned to project to the last row of the gallery! You shall hear me wherever you go! (*He approaches her.*) Anton, what a lovely party and I almost didn't come. Your invitation never did arrive in the mail. Come now, you have nothing to fear. I may gobble up most of the hors d'oeuvres, but I promise not to devour any of your guests. I left my so-called *vicious tongue* in the taxi. I'll be a lamb. A baby lamb. A baby lamb on a sedative. I hear that you're about to embark on a London season of Shakespeare. That explains it. The profusion of unemployed actresses in the parlor. I spy Madame Solange Gabrielle. Choosing her would be *un coup de théâtre*. Tell me, would you both be acting in Swahili? It can't be worse than her English. Anton, is that a smile creeping on your face? I almost didn't recognize it. As you may have heard on the rialto, I have been penning my memoirs and I am just up to the point of our legendary feud. Do you have any idea how it began? If memory serves, it could be during a performance of *Gypsy Caravan*. Act IV, scene 2. I broke a vase of petunias over your head and you tried to make me eat

them. What an awful play that was. We really must do another. When we weren't at each other's throats, we really were a splendid team. I certainly remember it that way and I understand many others are quite nostalgic over our fabled past. Of course, I don't know when we could arrange this grand reunion. My schedule is really quite filled up. I'm touring in a repertory of several of my worst roles and then, I've been negotiating with Gerald about a series of classical readings and every word I'm saying is a lie. Surely you know my career is over. I've played the clown far too long and it has caught up with me. Give me the job, Anton. I promise to behave. You see, I really am quite desperate. Not a farthing left in the till. Have you ever known utter desperation? I am told it reveals our true character. Oh and hell, I'd be a bloody fantastic Cleopatra and you damn well know it. The Juliet could present problems.

NOTE: I became fascinated with theatre history at a very young age, perhaps as early as 10 years old. Fortunately, I grew up in New York City and had access to the Lincoln Center Library of Performing Arts. I spent long afternoons thumbing through enormous heavy weighted scrapbooks of yellowed clippings that revealed to me the careers of great actresses such as Laurette Taylor, Eva Le Gallienne and Katharine Cornell. The Lincoln Center Library also has a wonderful collection of recorded material, allowing me to listen to early recordings of Sarah Bernhardt. I didn't understand a word of French, but I was mesmerized by the sound of her voice as it rose to thrilling crescendos. I don't understand people who desire a career in theatre or film or opera or dance and yet have no interest in the great accomplishments of the past. I don't buy the excuse that acting conventions of earlier times make it impossible to appreciate performances of the great stars of yesterday. The truly great possess an honesty and truth that transcend time. It is up to us to lift the veil of old theatrical convention and seek the essence of these great figures.

It's also very important to have a wide frame of reference. I see so many people in the theatre today who are only familiar with plays and musicals and actors who exist within the time they have lived. On a very pragmatic level, it is not unlikely that you will be asked at an audition to read a role in a way that evokes a character from an earlier play or movie. I'm not saying you need an encyclopedic knowledge of film and theatre, but an actor must have a familiarity with the major plays and musicals and movies of the past. Along with your acting and singing classes, I would suggest taking a film appreciation course, or watch TCM's *The Essentials* every Saturday night.

# Benjamin Harrison High School

*1984, unpublished*

MARTHA

MARTHA (40s), a severe, tight-lipped Midwestern high-school administrator confronts her married lover, the school principal.

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MARTHA. J. Don, do you have a moment? Oh good. I am submitting my resignation effective three-twenty-two-eighty-five (3/22/85). I know this must come as a shock to you, Don, but it is an action about which I have given great thought. The situation between us has become untenable. You are the principal of this school, and I am in my own way a figure of authority. We must think of ourselves as role models. I cannot, will not be immersed in a three way sexual liaison with you and your wife. I think Penny's a fine woman and a good mother, and I think you're very good together, but I cannot be a part of your marriage. I found myself performing appalling sexual acts, and my only justification is that I love you ... loved you. And don't you dare say I enjoyed myself. When I got home at night, I took three hot baths to cleanse myself. After four months of this behavior ... well ... and last Tuesday night, when you brought in that Chinese girl ... I don't know who you think I am. Mr. J. Don Boucher, I was not brought up to be judgmental, but you are one sick person. Now I've had my say, and I will not dignify this with any further discussion. No, there is nothing you could say or do to change my decision. You put that thing back into your pants. That is not amusing, Don. Even if we didn't have these personal problems, I'd still be leaving. I enjoy my job. I've gotten a great deal of satisfaction out of disciplining the students. But I've gone as far as I can go with it. I've already put out feelers. My Uncle Martin has recommended me for a position with the Illinois State Arts Council in Chicago. You know of my great interest in music. Pardon? I already have plans for Saturday night, thank you. I'm going to a concert. I don't know whose playing. It's part of my subscription series. Why, what did you have in mind, I'm just curious? ... I don't care for parties. I'm not a party person ... I'm sure Penny will have a lovely buffet. She's a very capable hostess. I thought you hated throwing large parties ... Oh, I see. Only three couples and myself ... Well, I don't know. As I said, I have those tickets. I'm not promising anything, J. Don. It's possible I could stop by after



the concert, if I'm not too tired. Look, I really have to go. I have a whole stack of expulsion letters to sign. We'll talk later ... I hate you.

NOTE: Late in my solo career, my director Kenneth Elliott and I came up with a project where I would play all the students and faculty of a high school in Indiana. Having been born and raised in New York City, I knew Indiana as well as I knew Darjeeling. Fortunately, Ken, a refugee from Indianapolis, supplied the details.