

MALE MONOLOGUES

From You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown

Charlie Brown: 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.)

From The Crowd You're In With

Dwight: I'm a waiter right? The people with the kids come in, and it's one of two things. Either they bring a whole refrigerator's worth of food with them, in these little Tupperware containers, or they don't bring anything. If they bring in the food, it's like, they hand you a Tupperware full of some sort of mush and they ask you to take it back to the kitchen and put it in the microwave for thirty-six seconds, like you have nothing else to do and like there's a microwave in the kitchen, which there isn't. So you take it back and you throw it under the warming lamp, for like two minutes, then you bring it back and they stick their finger in the mush and they ask you, "Could you warm it up for eleven more seconds?" And while they wait, they open Tupperware number two, which *always* has Cheerios in it. Always, always. Cheerios. Which the kids – they don't eat Cheerios. They *throw* the Cheerios. They spread the Cheerios like seed, like they're seeding the restaurant with little Cheerio trees. These people leave their tables, and it's like a cereal...PB and J...booger...tsunami hit.