

Excerpt from...

‘YOU’VE GOT MALE”

Monologue

By Bruce Kane

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WARNING No one shall make any changes to this play for the purpose of production. Publication of these plays does not imply its availability for production.

**“YOU’VE GOT MALE”
by Bruce Kane**

(A MAN ENTERS and walks to the edge of the stage.)

MAN: Good evening... At this point in the proceedings I was scheduled to perform for you a monologue about the male experience. I'm sorry to say, I won't be doing that. I know you're disappointed and well you should be. I would have been magnificent. However, because I have so much respect for you as an audience and as wonderful human beings and because I care so much about this magnificent institution I call "theatre," I would like to offer you an explanation, if I may. A few months ago that annoying little person who lives inside my computer announced that I had mail. What it failed to reveal, however, was that the communication was from someone who thought I was idiot enough to believe that for a small investment on my part, I could earn ten thousand dollars a month without getting out of bed. So, after putting the delete key to the use for which it was designed, I was then told another e-mail had arrived.

This time from this very theatre (*Note: You may substitute the name of your theatre here*) which was trolling the internet seeking monologues about the male experience.. "What the hell?" I mused. I was male... I had experience... How hard could it be? But then again it was the (*insert name of your theatre here*) and I had submitted material to them before. Material to which they had responded with such phrases as "Lacks structure and cohesiveness,," as though structure and cohesiveness were some kind of dramatic virtues. In spite of this theatre's philistine approach to good drama, I decided to press on. I began like I always do by free associating... Letting the subconscious flow unhindered by any real thought. I asked myself what's the first think you think about when you think about the male experience... Exactly... The female experience. Women, I pondered... Ah yes... Women... Women... Women... I let the word roll around on my tongue savoring the sweet, succulent taste that quickly turned bitter and astringent. Women, I muttered... Women... Pain.... Pain and loneliness... Women and pain and loneliness. Loneliness, pain and women... Pain, loneliness, women... rejection. Loneliness, pain, women, rejection... Writing. Pain, women, loneliness, rejection, writing... plays. That was it. The old subconscious came through again. If there was one thing with which I had experience up the wazoo it was rejection. I had my subject and it had only taken me two minutes tops... Sixty seconds later I had my title... Writing Plays, One Male's Experience With Pain, Loneliness And Rejection. All I really needed was some conflict, a few lines of dialogue and the money would start rolling in. The way I saw it, the stage lights would come up on a male... Then I thought. That's not enough. No... The lights should come up on an experienced male... No... On a pained, lonely and rejected male. Sets up the character... Lets the audience know what to expect. If I had gone through the first stages of the creative process like a man possessed, I charged into the script itself like a man re-possessed. His name was going to be... It had to be the right name... A name says a lot about a character. It paints a picture of him... I needed a name that painted a picture of pain, loneliness and rejection. Then it hit me right between the eyes like a brick thrown from close range at a man who was becoming tiresome and annoying... "This is a monologue," I whispered to myself, in case someone was eavesdropping. One character. No one else is there to say his name. He doesn't need a name... He doesn't have a name. He's the character with no name... If that doesn't say pain, loneliness and rejection, my name isn't... Isn't... Well, that's unimportant. The man with no name speaks. No.. Not yet, I reflected... First he looks up at the audience... No, that's too fast... I need to establish some

mystery here. Who is this guy? Why doesn't he have a name? Why does he look so pained, lonely and rejected? I began to re-write. I was already in second draft. This thing was taking on a life of its own. The man with no name enters and walks to center stage. But, why "center" stage? His movements can't be arbitrary. Everything in a play needs to be specific... Grounded. Why center stage? Why not stage left or stage right? Whoever said "writing was hard" must have been wrestling with stage directions. I decided not to let important questions bog me down. Wherever the hell he is, he looks up at the audience and... Does he have to look up? What if he kept his head down and didn't look at the audience, at all? Hell, he could turn away completely. Just stand there with his back to the audience. I was on to something new. The man with no name backs onto the stage and speaks...Or does he?

(The monologue continues...)

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