

COMEDIC MONOLOGUES BY BRIANDANIEL OGLESBY

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CAMPY STUFF

From *The Untitled Pirate Play*

***Captain Greenery is recruiting seamen, who later turn out to be pirates.***

GREENERY

You are looking at the USPS Hubris. My father bought it for me.

It's an intrepid ship, built with timbers salvaged from the Hispaniola, the Dauntless, the HMS Enterprise, the Austin-American Statesman, with the double hull of an ice cutter, the firepower of a warship, and the handling of a Honda Civic. And speed! It's quadruple masted to go from 0 to 14 knots, about 12 miles an hour, in an hour.

I've got a dangerous mission for you, where the risks are high and the payoff low. A shipment was supposed to come to me in last week. This is a very important shipment, a menagerie of the most exotic animals from the land of England - a herd of corgis gifted to me by the QUEEN OF ENGLAND HERSELF. They were hijacked by a band of pirates. It makes me very mad, very mad indeed. So, I seek a band of disposable sailors to risk their lives and limbs for this symbol of excess and exploitation!

Also from *The Untitled Pirate Play*

***THE CREATURE CALIBAN emerges from some sort of underground jail cell bunker on an island that is moving through the sea.***

CALIBAN

Air. Sweet air. Fine air, un-breathed by otherkin. Air, you taste of candy and happiness and marmalade and kittens. Okay perhaps not kittens. Oh, but 'tis true? Am I, Caliban, no longer stuck like a piece of sweaty lint deep in the stinking bellybutton of this lumbering island? Or am I dead? Or asleep? Oh no! May it be my Valhalla and not a mere dream. This is such stuff that dreams are made on.

(pinches self.)

Good.

Check again: Caliban slaps self)

OW! Pain. But this pain is the best pain I've ever felt because it means — I's free, free, free! Sky, I am ye servant, I worship ye! Oh, for years, only my dreams belonged to me. And now, I get THE SKY! Clouds, if ye opened and let yourself weep on me, it would be riches ye be dropping on me. Oh, sweet, sweet freedom!

From *Nameless in the Desert*

***The opening. Nameless awakes in a desert.***

NAMELESS

When I awaken, I remember nothing. No name. No past. Where am I? Sand. Lots of sand. A sandbox. Am I child? Am I crab? No. A desert. I am desert. No. Body. Voice. I am human. I am human and I am in a desert. And I have this feeling, an ache, a hunger, a desire – I am desire. For what, I don't know. Huh. Weird. Maybe I am asleep? Yes. I am tucked into a warm bed, under a heavy layer of blankets made by an ancestor, lying next to a lover or a stuffed animal. I'll pinch myself – and I'll wake up.

NAMELESS tries various ways of waking himself. They all fail.

NAMELESS

FINE THEN! I'm awake. I am awake and I am in the desert. And I'm alone.

(We hear a voice from his memory. It is singing. It's singing a lullaby, in fact.)

NAMELESS

Hello? It's gone. Was that wind? A spirit? A curse? No. A memory. A memory of... of... not desert.

(We hear the skittering of a creature. Something is over there.)

NAMELESS

Are you an enemy? Are you a flesh-eating creature meant to hollow the marrow from my bones? I'll fight you with my teeth! I'll bite you. Go away!

NAMELESS throws a fistful of sand at the sound.

NAMELESS finds a skull and throws it.

NAMELESS finds a sword. He's about to throw it - but, it's a sword.

NAMELESS

WHO GOES THERE??

I have a sword, apparently.

Hello sword. You seem to hum.

(He grips it. He's trying it on. Yes, he likes it.)

Hayah! Hayah! I'm a knight or something! With this sword, I'll be a hero. I'll mount glorious steeds studded with chainmail, rescue damsels, slaughter lions and tigers and dragons. I will be known all across the lands. Parry, thrust, jab, parry, thrust jab. En garde. En garde! Et tu, brute!

Also from *Nameless in the Desert*

*(RICHARD is piloting an aircraft with NAMELESS as his passenger. He has just saved him from dying in the desert)*

RICHARD

I could have let you pass on to neverland in the toothy grin of Mr. Desert, but I saved you from his jaws.

(The plane banks left.)

RICHARD

I am here to offer you this: I will satisfy more than your thirst for water – I'll slake the thirst for adventure.

The king is a tyrant, my gutter worm, and him and me are cousins. When old Grandpawpaw kicked the holy bucket in a highly improbable boating accident, my cousin pried the crown from his forehead with the help of about a dozen of his favorite Dukes.

(the sound of something banging around in the engine.)

Take the wheel please.

(NAMELESS grabs the wheel.)

RICHARD has to repair a piece of the airplane while it flies.)

RICHARD

Sometimes you have to hit it.

(RICHARD hits something in the engine with a wrench)

We were going to share the power, but my cousin was never the one to share – he was a whiny greedy gremlin at Christmas growing up. Never was a brat so worthy of coal. And black jelly-beans.

(A final hit, and the engine works right.)

Good as new. With the bloody crown on his forehead, he set his sights on bringing a rein of terror down all around us. First step: have me hung. Hanged? Hung? Short drop, quick stop, and Sir Richard would no longer have the heart of a lion beating inside his chest. I spirited away in my Bessie, nameless one. So, rapsallion, you and me, we're going to make our way back to the castle, and we're going to have a quiet negotiation with our liege. It will probably involve swords. Together, we're going to end the rule of the king. You'll be a hero throughout the land. You'll get everything you want. How's that sound?

Oh. And one thing –

I'm out of fuel'

From *And Then, She Picks Up the Sword*

*At the beginning of the play. We're in a wedding hall, awaiting the Princess Wimberley to arrive to marry Prince Driftwood.*

QUEEN

GET TO WORK YOU SLUGS! I'LL HAVE YOU THROWN IN THE DUNGEON WITH RATS AND MURDERERS AND HOMELESS PEOPLE! ARE YOU TRYING TO HAVE FUN?? NO ONE HAS FUN AT WEDDINGS!!

(turning to the audience)

Oh! Welcome Duke! Duchess! So good of you to join us. Oh, Lady Windermere, I'm glad you've recovered from the dropsy. The wedding begins momentarily. Princess! Princess! The Duke and Duchess from Worcestershire are here. Princess? PRINCESS!

Maid Marfa, come over here.

Maid Marfa, we are about to have a wedding for the princess my daughter, and I do not see her. Generally the audience looks in favor of the attendance of the bride at her wedding...

Also from *And Then, She Picks Up the Sword*

*We're in the forest now.*

*GERALD is a dragon who has been turned into a human.*

*He adopted a BOY years ago, whom he has convinced is also a dragon-turned-human. He makes him fall asleep.*

GERALD

Hold this.

(The BOY does)

Sleep.

The BOY instantly falls asleep. The plant puts people to sleep.

GERALD

He always falls for that. My little puke, you know ye old man was one time a great drago. He'd rumble the countryside with roar and fire. Those were glory days, before humans withered his wings, stole his flame, and locked him in this suit of human flesh. They turned him into one of them. Still, this old Drago felt his reptile heart beating in his human chest, and he sought revenge. He was clever clever, and when he found a wee boy a wandering in the woods lost, alone, crying, afraid, did he return the boy? No. He stole him. Boy - he stole you. I stole you. Raised you as my own., Kindled you up to a low flame. Made you into one of me, a boy with the heart of a dragon... And now your dragon heart wants nothing but the breath of fire. You will never have it. You wait for your body to change to be like your old drago. But it don't. Never will. And the old drago should tell you. He should... Son, he'd say. My boy. You are— ...

(but he can't)

As I made you mine, you made me yours. The old drago could never turn his love to hate. It would lance his heart like a knight's glinting sword. ... One should always weigh the cost of revenge.

Also from *And Then, She Picks Up the Sword*

***The Queen is searching the woods for her daughter, who fled the wedding. She is talking to herself about her condition. Well, she's talking to her son, but really she's talking to herself.***

QUEEN

I had a dream myself, you know. You think I wanted to be queen? Who wants to be queen? No woman wants to be queen. I wanted to be a hair stylist. Or a singer. Or a pony A singing hair stylist pony.

You abandon your dreams, son, that's what it means to grow up. Do you know what it's like to grow into someone you never thought you'd become?

But you get older, you think, oh, I need health care. I need reliable shelter. I need lobster bisque. I need this feeling that comes with yelling at people and those people listening.

When her father was eaten by an alligator, that's when the kingdom ceased being about me, and it became about her. Oh, my dear husband King Austin. I told him, you shouldn't keep alligators in the bathtub, but he said, "Well, actually, it's a crocodile." He could never listen to a woman.

And if you don't listen to women, you get eaten by alligators. It should be a wakeup call. Mortality. Any day, you too could be eaten by an alligator.

From *Deleted Scenes from Fairy Tales*

***In this one, RUMPLESTILTSKIN's name was not guessed. He took the queen's first born. And then he got fed up with the baby, and is returning it to the royal family.***

RUMPLESTILTSKIN

My name is Rumplestiltskin, Rumplestiltskin is my name, here's the baby, take it back.

I haven't slept for 72 hours. I'm talking to my pet cat, and I'm pretty sure it's talking back, but not in a magical way.

(speaking too fast)

I am not equipped to be a father! I thought I could be. I spent my best years dating this amazing woman, but it was long distance because she didn't want to move to Connecticut when I went to grad school, so we broke up, and I never had a chance to make a family, and so when you handed me the baby, I thought, second chance, maybe this is what I needed to get my life in order, to start eating right and doing my laundry regularly, but no, RUMPLESTILTSKIN is my name, and Rumplestiltskin eats pizza over the sink three times a week and washes his clothes when the smell makes the cat angry at me —

And, Rumples kinda likes the baby. And Rumples wants it to be with its actual mother. So I'm tearing up your contract.

(he tears it up)

**From** *The Twelve Huntsmen*  
*Specifically from One Eye, Two Eyes, Three Eyes*

***In this section, the mother of the three children, who each have different numbers of eyes, talks about why she does not offer more than a few breadcrumbs to her average daughter, Bernice. Bernice has only two eyes. This is a fairy tale, of course.***

MOMMY-DEAR

Look. It was a mistake. I was young, her father was in a band. Haven't you ever made a mistake? That you have to live with for the rest of your life?

BERNICE

Mommy-dear.

MOMMY-DEAR

Hold still. I'm explaining to the narrators how you were a mistake. Let that be a lesson – never trust a man. Their eyes are below their belts. Look, I have two gifted and talented children. Why must everyone focus on the mistake? I treat all of them individually. When you have gifted children, you must nurture their gifts. I gave Bernice two egg yolks yesterday! Two! It's more than what I could afford for her. Listen, to the extraordinary, you give extraordinary resources. It's the only way to progress. Our family's only chance of rising above our station is if one of them marries a prince or Lord or Priest or CEO. Even Bernice knows this, despite her bifocal nature. I am no worse than anyone else. Sharon Wisegarden stabbed out her ordinary daughter's left eye in hopes that would make her pretty. So I will soak myself in your envy, I will drink it up until I am thoroughly soused. And I will exit. Come with me. Trilosia, Cyclopsia. Bernice – you make those eyes useful and watch the goats.

From *Space Carl*

*In this one, BOB (an alien) explains to Carl (a human) his relationship to his ship, the Atlantis, which was recently destroyed. He also informs CARL he only brought him along to trade him as food.*

BOB

You're likable enough, Earthmeat. I like you. You have many other positive qualities.

CARL

Liar.

BOB

From my Marley liver to your earthling heart - I'm glad you came along. Before you, my only friend was an inanimate object.

CARL

Trashy?

BOB

Atlantis. My ship. Oh, I'm going to miss Atlantis so! I can't talk about that rusted scrapper without tears dribbling from my eyeballs. Tears, fall to the ground in honor of the great ship Atlantis, my home. My safe harbor. I got the ship from my father. I stole it when he kicked me out.

"There's a big universe out there. You can't stay here unless you pay rent." "Make something of yourself! I'm not going to pick up after you forever." I'll show you, Dad! And what do I do? I crash it. Oh, dude, Atlantis was a classic. My dad is going to kill me!

CARL

Okay, so this stopped being about me.

BOB

No, it's still about you. I like you, Earthmeat. Carl. You are my... friend. A real one. (chuckles) You'll like this. So, I brought you on board in case I needed to trade you to an alien for something. You look pretty tasty.

CARL

What??

BOB

Oh. I thought you'd be flattered. But you won me over, Carl. I don't want to trade you for a meal.

From *Begin Anywhere, Little One; Spin the Lonely World, and Where You Land is Where You Start*

***In this one, the Artist Antonio has been shipwrecked on Sycorax's island. Sycorax is in a cave and pretends to be two people - Henrietta and Duke Sycorax - who were aboard the ship with Antonio to draw him in.***

SYCORAX

Rogues! Plunderers! THIEVES! Were I youngster, I'd devour theses thieveses, but I have to worry about cholesterol, so I have vowed vegetarianism. And yet, THEY HAVE STOLEN MY PET! A pet who used to be my husband until I grew bored of his prattle and turned him into something amusing. Husbands should be seen and not heard, but a stolen husband is clearly NOT BEING SEEN.

Hark.

The artistic thief approaches the cave in search of inspiration. Alas, he dares not come inside. Coward. Outside this cave I am no more magic than a fish is pedestrian on land, but inside, I can make a trade. An eye for an eye. Hmm. Ahahahah. I will borrow the voices of the dead.

(as HENRIETTA's voice)

Hullo! Is anyone out there? Antonio!?

(DUKE's voice)

Antonio? It can't be.

(as HENRIETTA) It's me.

(as DUKE) And me.

(as HENRIETTA) The Lusitanias.

(as DUKE) We're in this cave.

as HENRIETTA) We survived the wreck and have made the island our home.

Should we get his help?

(DUKE) No, Henrietta.

(HENRIETTA) You need help, Duke.

(DUKE) It's nothing.

(HENRIETTA) It's not nothing. HE FELL!

(DUKE) It's nothing, DON'T BOTHER YOURSELF ANTONIO.

(HENRIETTA) Antonio, we need you to enter the cave. Duke is always so difficult!

(DUKE) You're the difficult one.

(HENRIETTA) Your toxic masculinity is going to kill you —

From *Begin Anywhere, Little One; Spin the Lonely World, and Where You Land is Where You Start*

In this one, Antonio, a poor artist, tries to weasel his way aboard a ship headed for Australia.

ANTONIO

Excuse me, El Capital, be there any tickets left for your fine vessel?

CAPTAIN

Got any money?

ANTONIO

Sadly, your majesty, I am an artist, and I have not a dollar to my name, which is Antonio, but I am very charming

(aside to himself)

Money. My only weakness. I USED to be rich 'til I was disowned for my artistic pursuits. I could offer to portrait this Captain in exchange for passage, but he is far too unfortunate in face and will surely take offense to my work. Artists are always blamed for substandard faces.

(back to the CAPTAIN)

El Capital! Perhaps a barter! I have... this ring. It's not cash-money, but it is sure to woo some shallow singleton, and a man such as you needs as much help as he can get.

CAPTAIN

The Captain is married to the sea.

ANTONIO

May you get a divorce. I must get on that ship! The land of Ostrolia, she calls to me like my mother! "ANTONIO! ANTONIO! Get your pointy butt over here, Antonio!" I'M COMING MOTHER! Her curio of strange and curious beasts I must capture in my sketchbook, and so earn the respect of my field and the love of my father. Hark - Do I spy the very famous Mr. and Mrs. Lusitania?

## REALISM

From *Basement Demons and Trailer Saints*

By Briandaniel Oglesby

2. Taco Bell.

At a Taco Bell. DEAN is showing a photo album to ELLA, whose discomfort is obvious to everyone but DEAN. Inside of the album are photographs of relics - pieces of the bodies of saints on display.

DEAN

And this one is just a finger, probably the pointer.

ELLA

Oh.

DEAN

Imagine all of the benedictions this finger brought forth, all the times it drew the cross over the saint's heart, all of the people it blessed. It's perfect. Isn't it?

I took that one when I summered in Prague. Every summer, I go to at least one country I've never been to before.

You should go.

(another picture)

And this one was in... Italy. Milan or Florence, I think.

ELLA

Oh.

DEAN

It's so fabulous, isn't it? You can still see the skin. It's almost translucent.

ELLA

Yeah.

DEAN

And, this one - it's not Catholic - *I'm* not Catholic, I'm just fascinated by — oh and this one was in Peru, and they don't usually let children see the mummies, but I'm not really, well, a child, and I'm like kinda special.

ELLA

~~Um. I really need to get back to work.~~

DEAN

And this one - they were touring her in Los Angeles. My mother took that picture, that's why it's so- I'm sorry it's out of focus, but she insisted. Ugh. We had to drive to LA to see it, and four hundred miles of my mother, well, oh my God, she just doesn't get it. She is a piece of work, but it was all worth it, you know, *worth it*.

ELLA

~~Are you going to order?~~

DEAN

I am obsessed with relics. The stuff of the immaculate, bodies that become things that become forever. Everyone thinks they're special, so they become special. Like, flesh becomes so much more than *flesh*.

~~ELLA~~

~~Okay.~~

DEAN

You'll like this one. It's the head of St. Catherine of Siena.

~~ELLA~~

~~Eew.~~

DEAN

Wrong page.

Oh, sorry.

Oh, you need to take my order.

Uh.

I'll get a bean burrito.

From *Basement Demons and Trailer Saints*

By Briandaniel Oglesby

4. Dean's Bedroom.

We hear DEAN first, as he enters into his room a whirlwind of exasperation. He clearly comes from money, though he doesn't realize it.

He is in the middle of a dispute with his mother.

DEAN

YOU'RE NOT EGYPTIAN, MOM! YOU'RE-NOT- EGYPTIAN!

(A muffled response.)

The Egyptians worshipped cats, Mom!

(A muffled response.)

Because that evil cat is a god in your eyes, not some psychotic Philistine terrorizing priceless antique furniture— and we'll talk about this later —

(A muffled response.)

*We'll talk about this later!* I need half an hour without you disrupting me, okay Mom?

(A muffled response.)

Eeeew, no, never say that again.

(A muffled response)

I don't care if it's human nature, Mom's are not human. They don't get to say whatever they want. Look, I'm going to be live. LIVE.

(A muffled response.)

Just, gah! Don't talk to me.

(DEAN realizes the time)

Oh crap.

(DEAN sets up his laptop. He's vlogging. And he's doing it live. And he's late.)

DEAN

Focus...

There.

Hello internet! Um.

So this is my first blog, video blog. Vlog.

I think I need to start over. So just pretend I'm starting over now.

I'm starting *now*.

Hello internet this is my first vlog and I'm Dean like James Dean bringing stories of ritual and sacredness and my own fantastical adventures to my channel - Dean! Relic hunter!

I've done a lot in my life, and I look forward to sharing it with you. You can chat me in *real time* through twitter or Facebook or Skype or Snapchat or Youtube as I entertain you with pictures and stories.

Hey! I have ten viewers already! What up my peeps!

(a pause as DEAN vows never to use the word "peeps" again)

So I wanted to start with Saint Theodore the Tiro —

Where's my album? Where's my album!?? Oh my God!

Excuse me.

(DEAN goes to the door)  
MOM, WHERE'S MY ALBUM?? IT'S MISSING!  
(A muffled response.)  
That's fine. Everything is fine.  
I have backups —  
(he shows a picture from his phone)  
The year is —  
Notes??  
Um. The year is 1210, likely, and the place is um Brid - Bridisi, Italy —  
(The phone buzzes.  
He looks at - his mother just messaged him.)  
MOM! I'M BUSY, WHY ARE YOU MESSAGING ME?? Why is she messaging me?  
(to the camera)  
We are in dispute. The cat she brought into this house viciously destroyed thirty-thousand dollars of antique Louis XVI armchairs.  
I'm going to move out. I need to be around people who respect the past.  
Anyway, I'm excited to make this video. This video is a lot like these relics. In a thousand years, this video will still be there.  
(a notification sound)  
Oh. It's a message from my viewers! Yo!  
(DEAN glances at the message.  
It's a troll.)  
Um, no, I'm not going to do that.  
(another one)  
Or that.  
(another one)  
Internet, that's not even how you spell those words.  
(He receives more messages. These messages are still trolling. They are overwhelming.)  
No I'm not  
I'm not.  
Stop that  
Stop that.  
Stop that!  
Okay, if you're going to be horrible—  
**YOU ARE ALL SO TERRIBLE!!!**  
Internet, I have a lot of stories, I am a great storyteller, and I will be posting them on my youtube channel - and!  
Stop that.  
**STOP!**  
**STOP STOP STOP!**  
(He turns it off.  
He folds into his bed.  
Then ... he gets another message. This one on his phone.)  
Hello?  
I don't know how you got this —  
Oh.  
You liked it?

...

Yeah.

I think it's interesting, too.

Um.

The profile picture?

That was taken in *Prague*. Last summer.

(He clearly loves this message.)

Thank you. Yeah. Everywhere. A different country every summer. I know! Everyone should travel.

Um.

You are making my life okay.

Thank you.

(HE takes a picture of himself blowing a kiss, and he sends it)

From *Third Street* by Briandaniel Oglesby - EDITED VERSION

OTIS

Did I say I wanted you to leave?

I don't want you to leave.

Listen to me --

I saw a dinosaur.

I think it's eating cats.

A dinosaur, a DINOSAUR, are you deaf? Are you dumb? A dinosaur.

And cat-eating leads to Otis-eating, and that's not cool.

I've been drinking a lot of these to keep awake:

(an energy drink)

You want one? I got lots. Stole 'em from the CVS.

Caffeine, taurine, ginseng. It's technology, man, the greatness of the modern age in a can. Keeps you on your toes. And if you're on your toes, you get to keep your toes. No little diplodocus to chew them off, no little nothing.

Or whatever, I don't know. It's got claws, scales, teeth, feathers. I got these kids books to figure out what it was.

(pulls out children's books from his backpack. He hands them to SHANE.)

"How do dinosaurs count to ten."

Tearing off your toes one at a time, that's how. This little piggy had roast beef, rip. This little piggy had none – rip! This little piggy went to the bodega – DEATH! This little piggy went wee wee wee all the way –

Listen, Teapot. So the other night, I get thrown out again. My bike is busted, so I'm gonna hitch my way downtown, right? And I'm -- I hear this rus'ling – In the bushes. I think, I think that's a possum or something. Or no, possum's aren't that big, are they? Maybe someone's trying to break in. So I go to flush it out – and I just, tear through the bushes and bam – there it is – gotta be eight, ten, twenty feet high – staring me right in the face. Beady, bloodshot eyes. It's eating a cat. Smells like gasoline. It looks at me like, I can destroy you, I can tear you into pieces, you little punk. And I know that's it, I'm done. Then it lurches away.