

Long Day's Journey into Night
By Eugene O'Neill

Character: Edmund
Gender: Male
Age (range): Early 20s
Style: Drama

God, Papa, ever since I went to sea and was on my own, and found out what hard work for little pay was, and what it felt like to be broke, and starve, and camp on park benches because I had no place to sleep, I've tried to be fair to you because I knew what you'd been up against as a kid. I've tried to make allowances. Christ, you have to make allowances in this damned family or go nuts! I have tried to make allowances for myself when I remember all the rotten stuff I've pulled! I've tried to feel like Mama that you can't help being what you are where money is concerned. But God Almighty, this last stunt of yours is too much! It makes me want to puke! Not because of the rotten way you're treating me. To hell with that! I've treated you rottenly, in my way, more than once. But to think when it's a question of your son having consumption, you can show yourself up before the whole town as such a stinking old tightwad! Don't you know Hardy will talk and the whole damn town will know! Jesus, Papa, haven't you any pride or shame? [*Bursting with rage.*] And don't think I'll let you get away with it! I won't go to any damned state farm just to save you a few lousy dollars to buy more bum property with! You stinking old miser --!

Man-ologues
By Richard Miller

Character: Warren
Gender: Male
Age (range): 40s
Style: Comedy

I like the way women smell. They make themselves like candy and chocolates. There is a woman where I work who always smells like vanilla. All I can think of when she passes by me is those chocolate covered vanilla twists, the kind you put in the freezer before you eat them. Other women smell like flowers, I want to inhale them. Once I dated a beautiful black woman. We went to a party and danced a slow dance. She wore a dress with bare shoulders. She smelled like candy... so I licked her. She pushed me back and said what are you doing? I said you look like chocolate, I wanted to see if you taste that way. She made a face and walked away. Why do women do that? Why do they go to the trouble, the time and expense to make themselves like a treat when you can't have any? I'll tell you why I'm here... I started to see a woman whom I care about, but to me she smells like Snickers. Snickers are chocolate covered peanuts with nougat and caramel... that's just not fair.