**The Oast Monologues Comedy Female practice with American accents & add character……………..**

 **APHRODITE:** So what’s this I hear, Selene —that you’ve taken to pausing the moon in the sky every night so you can gaze like a schoolgirl at this hunter, Endymion, while he sleeps? Sometimes, they say, you actually abandon your post and join him in his bed. Is this true? Yes, you can blame Eros, if you like. He's such a naughty boy, my son! He plays the same wicked games on his own mother, you know! First he smites me with an insatiable desire for Anchises (pronounce aahseeses) of Troy, then before I can get my fill of that noble prince, he redirects my love pangs toward some Assyrian stripling or some Phoenician farm boy, and I’m off for Lebanon, Cyprus, Tripoli, like some crazed bitch in heat! It makes me dizzy! I can’t catch my breath! And worse, once I’m smitten, he doesn’t even leave the man to me, but makes some other goddess or mortal beauty in love with him as well, so that half the time I don’t get any satisfaction at all! It makes me so mad…I want to strangle the little devil! I’ve even threatened to clip his wings and break all of his arrows you know....

**FAMOUS AMERICAN ACTRESS:** It happens to every actress who is moderately pretty and successful. It's one of the oldest expedients in the world, and we actresses are such conspicuous targets for it! There is scarcely a man connected with the theater who doesn't make use of us in that way some time or another; authors, composers, scene designers, lawyers, Musical Directors, even the Producers themselves. To regain a wife or sweetheart's affections all they need to do is invent a love affair with one of us. The wife is always so ready to believe it. Usually we don't know a thing about it. But even when it is brought to our attention we don't mind so much. Why? At least we have the consolation of knowing that we are the means of making many a marriage happy which might otherwise have ended in the divorce court. *[With a gracious little laugh]* There, dear, you mustn't apologize. You couldn't know, of course. It seems so plausible. You fancy your husband in an atmosphere of perpetual temptation, in a backstage world full of beautiful sirens without scruples or morals. One actress, you suppose, is more dangerous than a hundred ordinary women. You hate us and fear us. None understands that better than your husband, who is evidently a very cunning lawyer…….And hasn't he left any of my love letters lying around? Don't be alarmed. I haven't written him any. Although, I might have if he had come to me. I should certainly have done it for him. I'd have written a letter that would have made you weep. I wrote ten like that for a very eminent playwright once. But he had no luck with them. His wife was such a proper person she returned them all to him unread.

**MARY LOUISE:** I don’t know. I don’t know what the problem is. I’ve been trying to write about the city, you know, my experiences here. Then I decided to write a love story, but that’s not working out either. My hero sounds more like a clothing store dummy than a real live human being, and, from what I hear, editors aren’t fond of black-mustachioed figures nowadays. I’ve been fighting with him for a week now, the stubborn mule. He won’t make love to my heroine. He simply refuses. I’ve tried to put red blood in his veins, but the two of them just won’t get together—they’re as far apart as they were the day I sat down to write. I’m at my wit’s end. I’ve bitten off nearly half of my fingernails—look—see? Not once has he clasped her to him fiercely or pressed his lips to her hair, her eyes, her cheeks. He hasn’t even had the guts to “devour her with his gaze” as we writers like to say. This morning I thought he might be showing some signs of life. Developing some possibilities. But nothing came of it. He wimped out. God if I don't break into the magazines pretty soon ... I'll have to go back and teach thirty-seven young devils that six times five is thirty, put down the naught and carry six, that a rhetorical question requires no answer, and that the French are a gay people, fond of dancing and light wines. Sometimes I get so tired of not being able to wrest a living from this big city that I want to stand out at the edge of the curb and just scream, “Hey, you four million self-absorbed, uncaring people, I'm Mary Louise Moss, from Escanaba, Michigan and I like your town, and I want to stay here!

**The Oast Monologues Comedy Male practice with American accents & add character……………..**

**Man**

**ZEUS:** You’re a meddling, mean-spirited old man, Eros, and you won’t get any mercy from me just because you have no beard or white hair! You were about to send me off to a tryst with death! That’s right, I know all about it! Prometheus spilled the beans on “Thetis and the prophecy of Zeus’s doom”! No woman’s worth that! Not to mention all the little pranks you’ve played over the years! Every time you send me down to Earth to have a little fun with some mortal, I have to change into a bull, a satyr, a swan, an eagle … I’m a one-man zoo! I’m surprised you haven’t had me turn into a bunny rabbit or a titmouse! Why can’t these women ever be in love with me? I am the ruler of Olympus, after all! Why do they always have to have some sort of animal fixation! Just once, I’d like to show up as myself—be appreciated for my own charms! I mean, what kind of woman does it with a swan?! As long as I’m honking and molting and flapping those ridiculous wings, she’s in heaven, but the second I show my true form, she nearly kills herself trying to escape! I don’t get it. Apollo doesn’t have this problem. Maybe it’s the hair.

**Younger Man**

**HERMES:** It isn’t fair! Why do I have to be the whipping boy? I’m a God just like the rest of them, but it’s always “Hermes! Do this! Hermes! Do that!” I’m surprised they haven’t started tipping me! I might as well be a servant! I get all the grunt work, the mindless labor, and I never say a word! I get up early, sweep the kitchen, lay out all the cushions so Zeus can be nice and comfy—then I spend the whole day rushing his messages back and forth, up and down! No sooner am I finished with that (no time for a bath) then I have to set the table and make sure all the forks are in their proper place—before this new cup-bearer came, I had to pour the nectar too! And afterwards, while everyone else is letting their food settle and enjoying pleasant conversation, I’m off to Pluto with the Shades, to play the usher in Rhadamanthus’s court! I might as well just kill myself before I drop dead from exhaustion!

Mortal slaves are so better off than I am—at least they have some hope of being sold to a new master!

**CALFUCCI:** Well, he thoroughly enjoyed himself. Several times, in fact. You have to admire his stamina. And Lucrezia was very cooperative. Very pliant. She didn't resist, you know. She encouraged the boy in his efforts.

*[Pause.]*

She was only following my instructions, of course. I told her to do it.

*[Pause.]*

But I don't understand. Why did she keep screaming like that? That loud wail. Almost like singing. Like something from an opera.

*[Pause.]*

She doesn't do that with me.

*[Pause.]*

Anyway, I left them alone after that. Went downstairs. I found her mother in front of the fireplace. We talked about the baby. How wonderful it will be. Different names. I could almost feel the child in my arms. It's breath. It's little pulse. And then Lucrezia would scream again. She'd cry out.

*[Pause.]*

I couldn't sleep a wink. Every time I shut my eyes, I'd hear her. Like a soprano.

*[Singing.]*

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!

*[Pause.]*

At seven, we went to collect him, and they were still going at it! We could barely pull them apart!