

MONOLOGUES FOR GYPSY

Louise (as Gypsy): (confrontational telling off her overbearing stage mother Mama Rose) Nobody laughs at me! Because I laugh first — at ME! ME, from Seattle! ME, with no education! ME, with no talent, as you kept reminding me my whole life! Well, Mama, look at me now! I'm a STAR! Look! Look how I live! Look at my friends! Look where I'm going! I'm not staying in burlesque! I'm moving! Maybe up, maybe down! But wherever it is, I'm enjoying it! I'm having the time of my life, because for the first time, it IS my life! And I LOVE it! I love every second of it, and I'll be DAMNED if you're gonna take it away from me! I AM GYPSY ROSE LEE, and I love her! And if you don't, you can just clear out now!

June 1: as teens (someone will read with you)

Louise: Aren't you happy someone like Mr. T.T. Grantziger thinks you can be a star?

June: Mr. Grantziger could make me one if...Mama can do one thing: she can make herself believe anything she makes up. Like with that rhinestone finale dress you sewed for me. Momma wants publicity so she makes up a story that three nuns went blind sewing it! Now she believes it. She even believes the act is good. It's a terrible act and I hate it! I've hated it from the beginning and I hate it more now! I hate pretending I'm two years old. I hate singing those same awful songs, doing those same awful dances, wearing those same awful costumes —I didn't mean about the costumes.

Louise: You can't blame everything on Momma.

June: You can't maybe. I wish she'd marry Herbie and let me alone.

Baby June 2: Goodbye, goodbye Caroline (the fake horse)...take care. Don't forget to write!...Wait! Stop the train! Stop the music! Stop everything! I can't go to Broadway with you!

Because everything in life that really matters is right here! What care I for tinsel or glamour when I have friendship and true love? I'm staying here with Caroline!

Tessie, Mazeppa, Electra (has been strippers)

Your're always in a bind in the flea-bitten trap. I'm a strip woman, slob. I don't do no scenes. Now screw! (to Louise) Have you ever heard of a first class strip woman playing scenes? Well, you play stock in a dump like this; you gotta expect to be insulted.

This costume ain't weighted right, Goddammit! It scratches hell outa me and it just don't bump when I do. Maybe there's something wrong with my bumper!

Big joke. I'm out there bumpin' my brains off with no action and she's bein' witty! (to Louise) Hey, you with the neck! I paid six bucks for that G-string. Now, back where you found it!

Rose 1: (mocking Louise) "I thought you did it for me, mama. I thought you did it for me mama. I thought you made a no talent ox into a star because you like doing things the hard way Mama." And you have no talent. Not what I call talent, Miss Gypsy Rose Lee! I made you...I made you! And you wanna know why? You wanna know what I did it for? 'Cause I was born too soon and started too late, that's why. What I got in me (begins to chuckle), I could have been better than any of you! What I got in me, what I been holding down inside of me, if I ever let it go, there wouldn't have been signs big enough. There wouldn't have been lights bright enough. HERE SHE IS BOYS! HERE SHE IS, WORLD, HERE'S....ROSE!

Rose 2: (cold anger) I'm used to people walking out. When my own mother did it, I cried for a week. Your father did it, and the man I married after him did it, and now...well this time, I'm not crying. This time, I'm apologizing. (to Louise) To you. I pushed you aside for her. I made everything just for her. But she says I can't make her an actress like she wants to be. The boys walked because they think the act is finished. They think we're nothing without her. (now beginning to build in volume, strength and passion) She's nothing without me! I'm her mother and I made her! And I can make you now! I'm going to make it up to you for all the years I pushed you in the back. And I will, my baby, I swear I will. I'm going to make you a star! (she's carried away now by her own determination and emotion that she does not see the look that has come over Louise's face. With enthusiasm:)

I'm going to build a whole new act — all around you! It's going to be better than anything we ever did before! Better than anything we ever dreamed!

Herbie 1 :Rose...Honey even if we...Honey, listen. I can go back in the candy business. It's steady: 52 weeks all year every year, I'll work my fingers to the bone; I'll do twice what I did before and that was pretty fair. See, I could be a district manager and we could stay put in one place. Louise could go to school. Rose? Rose, honey, you still got Herbie. You can marry me and I promise you, you won't have one single worry the rest of your life. Don't you want that? (going back to rose, brighter). Honey, honey, it's going to be fine. Everything happens for the best. O.K., the act's finished, but you and me and our daughter, we're going to have a home—say, we even got a cow for the back yard! Why we are going to be the best damn – family that ever—

Tulsa (someone will read with you)

Tulsa – Singing, dancing teen/early 20s.

Louise: You didn't tell them, did you? I mean that you're rehearsing a dance-team act

Tulsa: How'd you know I was?

Louise: I saw you practicing Monday after the matinee, with your broom for a partner. I was up in the flies.

Tulsa: Louise...

Louise: Oh, I won't tell anybody, Tulsa! I'm very secretive. Just like you. (takes his hand, reads his palm) See? That's what this means in your palm. And this means you make up dreams, just like me.

Tulsa: What do you make up dreams about?

Louise:people.

Tulsa: Oh I do that too!

Louise: Yes, but yours are about a partner for your act.

Tulsa: She's gonna be more than a partner, I hope. I mean I dream...well, you know...(he starts to dance around)

Louise: What would she have to be like, Tulsa? A wonderful singer and dancer, I guess.

Tulsa: No. I'm going to do most of that. I don't mean I'm going to hog it but...they always look at the girl...in a dance team, especially if she's pretty. And I got my costume all figured out. A blue satin tux with rhinestone lapels. I start the act by pretending I'm home getting ready for a date. I'm combing my hair. I take a flower. Put it in my lapel. Then I spot the audience...(he starts singing All I Need is the Girl)

KIDS 8-12

KIDS: (loud and over the top enthusiastic) You know, everybody has somebody to thank for their success. Usually, it's their mother, and sometimes, it's their father. But tonight, I would like you all to join me in giving thanks to an uncle of mine—and an uncle of yours. The greatest Uncle of the all: Our Uncle Sam!

All Men/women for the ensemble (when kids are auditioning for the Uncle Jocko Kiddie Show)

Everybody, shut up!...All mothers..out! Georgie, I don't want them in the wings, I don't want them in the theater, I want them OUT! All right kids, get in a straight line along here and come forward one at a time.

Take each one of them from the top and then cut to the last eight. (sarcastic) Uncle Jocko didn't know there were so many talented kids right here in Seattle and the rest of the crap! This is what's gonna kill Vaudeville!