

Excerpt from...  
‘LONELINESS, PAIN AND REJECTION’  
A Comedy 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.

**‘LONELINESS, PAIN AND REJECTION’**  
**A Comedy Monologue**  
**By Bruce Kane**

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

MAN: Good evening... You probably read in your program that I am scheduled to perform a monologue for you right now called "Loneliness, Pain and Rejection." I know just from the title alone, how much you were looking forward to it. However, I'm sorry to say I won't be performing it tonight. I can sense your disappointment. However, because I have so much respect for you as an audience and because I care so much about this magnificent institution I like to call "theatre," I feel I must offer you an explanation. A few months ago I received an email from a member of the Nigerian Royal Family assuring me that for a small investment on my part I could earn ten thousand dollars a month without getting out of bed. Naturally, I put the

*Loneliness, Pain And Rejection*

delete key to the use for which it was designed. And then another email 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 here before. Material to which the powers that be 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 thing you think about when you think about the male experience... (*points to someone in the audience*) Exactly... Women. 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... Still free associating... Women... Women... 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 had come through again. If there was one thing with which I had experience up the wazoo it was rejection writing plays. I had my subject and it had only taken me two minutes tops... Sixty seconds later I had my title... Pain, Loneliness And Rejection. After all, who wouldn't pay to see a play with that title?

(The Monologue continues...)

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