

# 20 FUNNY MALE MONOLOGUES FROM MOVIES

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# 20 HILARIOUS MONOLOGUES FROM MOVIES THAT WILL KEEP YOU LAUGHING

## 1. Austin Powers: International Man Of Mystery

A monologue from the screenplay written by **Mike Myers**

### **Dr. Evil**

The details of my life are quite inconsequential. Very well, where do I begin? My father was a relentlessly self-improving boulangerie owner from Belgium with low grade narcolepsy and a penchant for buggery.

My mother was a fifteen year old French prostitute named Chloe with webbed feet. My father would womanize, he would drink, he would make outrageous claims like he invented the question mark.

Some times he would accuse chestnuts of being lazy, the sort of general malaise that only the genius possess and the insane lament.

My childhood was typical, summers in Rangoon, luge lessons. In the spring we'd make meat helmets. When I was insolent I was placed in a burlap bag and beaten with reeds, pretty standard really.

At the age of 12 I received my first scribe. At the age of fourteen, a Zoroastrian named Vilma ritualistically shaved my testicles. There really is nothing like a shorn scrotum, it's breathtaking, I suggest you try it.

## **2. Fools Rush In**

A monologue from the screenplay by **Johnny Mercer**

### **ALEX**

This afternoon, I couldn't decide between a tamale and a tuna melt, but my life made sense. And now, I know exactly what I want, and my life doesn't make any sense.

And I was doing fine this afternoon, I was doing great! That was me then. But I don't know, somewhere between the tuna melt and your aunt's tamales... and they were really great.

I was afraid that I had already met the woman of my dreams at the dry cleaner's or something and I was just too busy to notice. But now I'm here and I see that that's not true because.. it's you. Isabel, you're the one!

You are everything I never knew I always wanted. I'm not even sure what that means exactly, but I think it has something to do with the rest of my life! And I think we should get married. Right now!

### **3. Reservoir Dogs**

A monologue from the screenplay written by **Quentin Tarantino**

#### **Mr. Brown**

Let me tell you what "Like a Virgin" is about. It's all about a girl who digs a guy with a big dick. The entire song, it's a metaphor for big dicks. Like a Virgin's not about some sensitive girl who meets a nice fella.

That's what True Blue's about. Now, granted, no argument about that...Let me tell you what Like a Virgin's about. It's all about this cooze who's a regular fuck machine.

I'm talkin' morning, day, night, afternoon, dick, dick, dick, dick, dick, dick, dick, dick, dick... Then one day, she meets this John Holmes motherfucker, and it's like, whoa baby. I mean, this cat is like Charles Bronson in "The Great Escape".

He's digging tunnels. She's getting this serious dick action and she's feelin' something she ain't felt since forever. Pain. Pain. It hurts. It hurts her. It shouldn't hurt her. You know, her pussy should be Bubble Yum by now, but when this cat fucks her, it hurts.

It hurts just like it did the first time. You see, the pain is reminding a fuck machine what it was once like to be a virgin. Hence ... Like a Virgin.

#### **4. The Producers**

A monologue from the Broadway musical written by **Mel Brooks**

##### **Max**

I'm drowning! I'm drowning here! I'm going down for the last time! I...I see my whole life flashing before my eyes! I see a weathered old farm house. And I white picket fence...

I'm running through fields of alfalfa with my collie, Rex — Rex, stop it! — I see my mother, standing in the back porch in a worn but clean gingham gown. And she's calling out to me...

"Alvin! Don't forget your chores! The wood needs a-cordin' and the cows need a-milkin'! Alvin! Alvin! Al—" Wait a minute, my name's not Alvin. That's not my life! I'm not a hillbilly, I grew up in the Bronx! Leo's taken everything, even my past!

#### **5. Step Brothers**

A monologue from the screenplay written by Will Ferrell and Adam McKay

##### **Mr. Doback**

Listen to me. Dale, look, when I was a kid...when I was a little boy, I always wanted to be a dinosaur. I wanted to be a Tyrannosaurus rex more than anything in the world.

I made my arms short and I roamed the backyard...and I chased the neighborhood cats, and I growled and I roared. Everybody knew me and was afraid of me.

And then one day, my dad said, "Bobby, you're 17. It's time to throw childish things aside." And I said, "Okay, Pop." But he didn't really say that, he said, "Stop being a fucking dinosaur and get a job."

But, you know, I thought to myself, "I'll go to medical school...I'll practice for a little while, and then I'll come back to it. [...] But I forgot how to do it. [...] Hey, I lost it.

[...] The point is... don't lose your dinosaur.

## **6. American Pie**

A monologue from the screenplay by **Adam Herz**

### **JIM'S DAD**

Son, I wanted to talk to you about what I think you were trying to do the other day. Now, you may have tried it in the shower, or maybe in bed at night, and not even known what you were doing.

Or perhaps you've heard your friends talking about it in the locker room. Sure you know, son, but I think you've been having a little problem with it. It's okay, though.

What you're doing is perfectly normal. It's like practice. Like when you play tennis against a wall. Someday, there'll be a partner returning the ball.

You do want a partner, don't you son? Now remember, it's okay to play with yourself. Or, as I always called it — (elbows Jim) "Stroke the salami!" (chuckles) Ho-ho, Jim.

There's nothing to be ashamed of. Hell, I'm fifty-two, and I still enjoy masturbating. Uncle Mort masturbates. We all masturbate.

## **7. City Slickers**

A monologue from the screenplay by **Babaloo Mandel and Lowell Ganz**

### **Mitch**

'Value this time in your life kids, because this is the time in your life when you still have your choices, and it goes by so quickly. When you're a teenager you think you can do anything, and you do.

Your twenties are a blur. Your thirties, you raise your family, you make a little money and you think to yourself, "What happened to

my twenties?" In your forties, you grow a little pot belly you grow another chin.

The music starts to get too loud and one of your old girlfriends from high school becomes a grandmother. Your fifties you have a minor surgery. You'll call it a procedure, but it's a surgery.

Your sixties you have a major surgery, the music is still loud but it doesn't matter because you can't hear it anyway. The seventies, you and the wife retire to Fort Lauderdale, you start eating dinner at two, lunch around ten, breakfast the night before.

And you spend most of your time wandering around malls looking for the ultimate in soft yogurt and muttering "how come the kids don't call?"

By your eighties, you've had a major stroke, and you end up babbling to some Jamaican nurse who your wife can't stand but who you call mama. Any questions?'

## **8. Coming To America**

A monologue from the screen play by **David Sheffield**

### **Reverend Brown**

But you know, when I look at these contestants! For the Miss Black Awareness Pageant, I feel good! I feel good, because I know there's a God somewhere! There's a God somewhere!



Turn around ladies for me please! You know there's a God who sits on high and looks down low! Man cannot make it like this! Larry Flynt! Hugh Hefner! They can take the picture, but you can't make it!

Only God above, the Hugh Hefner on high, can make it for ya! ... Do you love Him? Do you feel joy? Say "Joy"! Joy! Can I get an "Amen"? Don't be ashamed to call His name! ...

Only God can give that woman the kind of joy she has right there! Make a joyful noise unto the Lord! ... Amen! Yes, sir! Can I get an "Amen"?

Ha! Ha! I don't know you what you come to do, but I come to praise the name! Lord, Lord!

## **9. Pirates Of The Caribbean**

A monologue from the screenplay written primarily by Ted Elliott and Terry Rossio

### **Jack**

Whose boons? Your boons? Utterly deceptive twaddle-speak, says I. (Pause) Cuttlefish. Aye. Let us not, dear friends, forget our dear friends, the cuttlefish.

Flipping glorious little sausages. Pen them up together, they'll devour each other without a second thought. Human nature, isn't it? Or.... fish nature.

So, yes, we could hole up here well-provisioned and well-armed. Half of us would be dead within the month. Which seems quite grim to me, any way you slice it...

Or... uh.... as my learned colleague so naively suggests, we can release Calypso, and we can pray that she will be merciful...

I rather doubt it. Can we pretend she's anything other than a woman scorned like which fury hell hath no? We cannot. Res ipsa loquitur, tabula in naufragio.

We are left with but one option. I agree with, and I cannot believe the words are coming out of me mouth... Captain Swann. We must fight.

## **10. 30 Minutes Or Less**

A monologue from the screenplay by **Michael Diliberti and Matthew Sullivan**

### **DWAYNE**

I remember the summer after my mother passed was the first year they had the Monopoly game at McDonald's. I musta come here three times a day trying to collect all the game pieces.

Packed on 20 pounds, got acne from all the grease. The Major said I was the fattest, ugliest 13-year-old he ever laid eyes on. But I didn't care, I just wanted to win the money and get the f— out of there.

So, one night, I followed this skinny register kid home, jumped him. I kept whaling on him, asking him where they were hiding the Park Place piece. The million dollar prize.

But he didn't know s—. A year later, The Major won the lotto. I asked him for a Sega Genesis. He bought me one of those paddles with the ball attached.

I'm not ashamed to admit that I've gone through some dark times since then. Depression. Addiction to a variety of s—, which I won't

go into.

I know you must think that's pretty silly, especially since you manage to get through the day and you don't got s— going on as compared to me. But that's just the way it is. That's life.

## **11. Ferris Bueller's Day Off**

A monologue from the screenplay by **John Hughes**

### **Ferris**

“The key to faking out the parents is the clammy hands. It's a good non-specific symptom. A lot of people will tell you that a phony fever is a dead lock, but if you get a nervous mother, you could land in the doctor's office.

That's worse than school. What you do is, you fake a stomach cramp, and when you're bent over, moaning and wailing, (confidentially) you lick your palms.

It's a little childish and stupid, but then, so is high school. I did have a test today. That wasn't bullshit. It's on European socialism. I mean, really, what's the point?

I'm not European, I don't plan on being European, so who gives a crap if they're socialist? They could be fascist anarchists – that still wouldn't change the fact that I don't own a car.

Not that I condone fascism, or any ism for that matter. Isms in my opinion are not good. A person should not believe in an ism – he should believe in himself.

I quote John Lennon: “I don’t believe in Beatles – I just believe in me.” A good point there. Of course, he was the Walrus. I could be the Walrus – I’d still have to bum rides off of people. “

## **12. The Hangover**

A monologue from the screenplay by Jon Lucas & Scott Moore

### **Allan**

I’d like to, I’d like to say something that I’ve prepared tonight. Hello. How ‘bout that ride in? I guess that’s why they call it Sin City. You guys might not know this, but I consider myself a bit of a loner.

I tend to think of myself as a one-man wolf pack. But when my sister brought Doug home, I knew he was one of my own. And my wolf pack, it grew by one, so where there two, there were two of us in the wolf pack.

I was alone first in the wolf pack and Doug joined in later. And six months ago, when Doug introduced me to you guys, I thought “Wait a second, could it be?”

And now I know for sure: I just added two more guys to my wolf pack. The four of us wolves, running around the desert together in

Las Vegas, looking for strippers and cocaine.

So tonight, I make a toast! Blood brothers!

### **13. Pulp Fiction**

A monologue from the screenplay by Quentin Tarantino

#### **Captain Koons**

This watch. This watch was on your daddy's wrist when he was shot down over Hanoi. He was captured, put in a Vietnamese prison camp.

He knew if the gooks ever saw the watch it'd be confiscated, taken away. The way your dad looked at it, that watch was your birthright. He'd be damned if any slopes were gonna put their greasy yellow hands on his boy's birthright.

So he hid it in the one place he knew he could hide something. His ass. Five long years, he wore this watch up his ass. Then he died of dysentery, he gave me the watch.

I hid this uncomfortable hunk of metal up my ass two years. Then, after seven years, I was sent home to my family. And now, little man, I give the watch to you.

### **14. Talladega Nights: The Ballad Of Ricky Bobby**

A monologue from the screenplay written by **Will Ferrell and Adam McKay**

**Ricky**

Dear Lord Baby Jesus, or as our brothers in the South call you: 'Hey-suz'. We thank you so much for this bountiful harvest of Dominos, KFC, and the always delicious Taco Bell.

I just want to take time to say thank you for my family: my two beautiful, beautiful, handsome striking sons, Walker and Texas Ranger, or TR as we call him.

And, of course, my red hot smokin' wife Carley, who is a stone cold fox, who if you would rate her ass on 100, it would easily be a 94. I also want to thank you for my best friend and teammate, Cal Naughton Jr, who's got my back no matter what...

Dear Lord Baby Jesus, we also thank you for my wife's father Chip. We hope that you can use your Baby Jesus powers to heal him and his horrible leg. It smells terrible and the dogs are always botherin' with it. Dear Tiny Infant Jesus...'

'Well, look, I like the Christmas Jesus best when I'm sayin' grace. When you say grace, you can say it to Grown-up Jesus, or Teenage Jesus, or Bearded Jesus, or whoever you want.'

'Dear Tiny Jesus, in your golden fleece diapers with your tiny, little fat balled up fists...Look, I like the baby version the best, do you

hear me? I win the races and I get the money.'

'OK. Dear Eight Pound, Six Ounce, Newborn Infant Jesus, don't even know a word yet, just a little infant, so cuddly, but still omnipotent. We just thank you for all the races I've won and the \$21.2 million dollars...

LOVE THAT MONEY that I have accrued over this past season.

Also due to a binding endorsement contract that stipulates I mention PowerAde at each grace, I just wanna say that PowerAde is delicious and it cools you off on a hot summer day and we look forward to PowerAde's release of mystic mountain blueberry.

Thank you, for all your power and your grace, Dear Baby God, Amen.'

## **15. The Grand Budapest Hotel**

A monologue from the screenplay written by **Wes Anderson**

### **M. GUSTAVE**

(surprised)

You want me to do it?

(instantly)

Dear heavenly Father, please, protect our cherished guest as she

travels through snow and sleet and under shadow of darkness.  
Guide her in the night to her final destination.

Indeed, whatever luxury she may require, be it small or more  
extravagant, please, do grant —  
Give me your hand.

Madame D. does so. M. Gustave firmly clasps it. He says  
in an affectionate, reassuring, patronizing voice:

You've nothing to fear. You're always anxious before you travel. I  
admit you appear to be suffering a more acute attack on this  
occasion, but, truly and honestly —

(suddenly taken aback)

Dear God. What've you done to your fingernails?

Madame D. wears an understated, pale-pink polish. She stiffens.

This diabolical varnish. The color's completely wrong. It's not that I  
don't like it. I'm  
physically repulsed. (checks his watch again) Time to go!

(to Zero)

It's quite a thing winning the loyalty of a woman like that for  
nineteen consecutive seasons. She's very fond of me, you know.  
I've never seen her like that before.



(mildly concerned)

She was shaking like a shitting dog.

## **16. 50 First Dates**

A monologue from the screenplay by **George Wing**

### **HENRY**

My grandparents. He was a political prisoner in Argentina. She was a human rights observer sent to interview him. When it was time for her to leave, he asked if he could look at her face for a while so that he would have something beautiful to remember in the long months ahead.

He stared at her for a whole hour. One year later, she went back for a second interview. He reached under his bunk and he showed her a little chip of wood.

On this chip he had laboriously painted my grandmother's face, using ashes mixed with water for ink, and his own hair as a paintbrush. He did it from memory, but it was a perfect likeness of her.

She looked at it, and then she looked at him. The moment their eyes met, they fell in love. For the next three years, they were allowed to see each other only once a year for two hours.

But they wrote the most incredible, passionate letters every day, and they really made those two hours count. Thanks to her efforts, my grandfather was finally released, and they moved to the U.S.

But every year, to this day, they spend a couple of weeks apart and then when they miss each other so much they can't stand it, they meet in a tiny hotel room for exactly two hours and re-live the passion of their youth.

I embellished a little. They met in a donut shop.

## **17. The Big Lebowski**

A monologue from the screenplay by **Ethan Coen and Joel Coen**

### **The Stranger**

Way out west there was this fella... fella I wanna tell ya about. Fella by the name of Jeff Lebowski. At least that was the handle his loving parents gave him, but he never had much use for it himself.

Mr. Lebowski, he called himself "The Dude". Now, "Dude" - that's a name no one would self-apply where I come from. But then there was a lot about the Dude that didn't make a whole lot of sense.

And a lot about where he lived, likewise. But then again, maybe that's why I found the place so darned interestin'. They call Los Angeles the "City Of Angels." I didn't find it to be that, exactly.

But I'll allow there are some nice folks there. 'Course I can't say I've seen London, and I ain't never been to France. And I ain't never seen no queen in her damned undies, so the feller says.

But I'll tell you what – after seeing Los Angeles, and this here story I'm about to unfold, well, I guess I seen somethin' every bit as stupefyin' as you'd see in any of them other places.

And in English, too. So I can die with a smile on my face, without feelin' like the good Lord gypped me. Now this here story I'm about to unfold took place back in the early '90s – just about the time of our conflict with Sad'm and the I-raqis.

I only mention it because sometimes there's a man... I won't say a hero, 'cause, what's a hero? But sometimes, there's a man. And I'm talkin' about the Dude here. Sometimes, there's a man, well, he's the man for his time and place.

He fits right in there. And that's the Dude, in Los Angeles. And even if he's a lazy man – and the Dude was most certainly that.

Quite possibly the laziest in Los Angeles County, which would place him high in the runnin' for laziest worldwide. But sometimes there's a man, sometimes, there's a man.

Aw. I lost my train of thought here. But... aw, hell. I've done introduced him enough.

## **18. The Other Guys**

A monologue from the screenplay written by **Adam McKay and Chris Henchy**

**Allen**

OK, first off: a lion, swimming in the ocean? Lions don't like water. If you'd placed it near a river or some sort of fresh water source, that'd make sense.

But you find yourself in the ocean, 20 foot wave, I'm assuming it's off the coast of South Africa, coming up against a full grown 800 pound tuna with his 20 or 30 friends, you lose that battle.

You lose that battle 9 times out of 10. And guess what, you've wandered into our school of tuna and we now have a taste of lion. We've talked to ourselves.

We've communicated and said, 'You know what, lion tastes good. Let's go get some more lion'. We've developed a system to establish a beach-head and aggressively hunt you and your family and we will corner your - your pride, your children, your offspring...

We will construct a series of breathing apparatus with kelp. We will be able to trap certain amounts of oxygen. It's not gonna be days at a time. An hour? Hour forty-five? No problem.

That will give us enough time to figure out where you live, go back to the sea, get more oxygen, and then stalk you. You just lost at

your own game. You're out-gunned and out-manned. Did that go the way you thought it was gonna go? Nope.

## **19. Blazing Saddles**

A monologue from the screenplay by Mel Brooks & Andrew Bergman

### **Jim**

Yeah, I was the kid...it got so that every pissant prairie punk who thought he could shoot a gun would ride into town to try out the Waco Kid.

I must've killed more men than Cecil B Demille. Got pretty gritty. I started to hear the word draw in my sleep. Then one day, I was just walking down the street, and I heard a voice behind me say,

"Reach for it Mister!" I spun around and there I was face to face with a six-year-old kid. Well I just threw my guns down and walked away....little bastard shot me in the ass!!

So I limped to the nearest saloon, crawled into a whiskey bottle, and I've been there ever since.

## **20. Shrek**

A monologue from the screenplay by **Ted Elliott, Terry Rossio, Joe Stillma, and Roger S. H. Schulman**

## Donkey

The rules are very simple, whoever spots a horse and cart along the road (suddenly) Punch buggy!

(punches Shrek's arm) Fun, right? (Beat) Haven't you ever been on a road trip? Man, you need to get out more, because Punch buggy!

(punches Shrek's arm again). I gotcha with that wagon of hay over there. See, that's another reason you need me around.

Who else is gonna fill you in on all the fun stuff you missed out on? You may not know it, but you are one lucky ogre to meet up with - (he is punched in the arm by Shrek)

Ow! Mother Hubbard, that hurt! Maybe we should move on to I Spy, or I Went on a Picnic, or something that isn't gonna put me in a body-cast.

(He smells something) Whew! Shrek! Was that you? Man! You gotta warn somebody before you just crack one off!

My mouth was open and everything! (Beat) Yeah, right...brimstone. Don't be talkin' it's the brimstone, I know what I smell and it wasn't no brimstone.

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