

Male Monologues

You must select two (2)

Dennis Shepard: My son Matthew did not look like a winner. He was rather uncoordinated and wore braces from the age of thirteen until the day he died. However, in his all too brief life he proved that he was a winner. On October sixth, 1998 my son tried to show the world that he could win again. On October twelfth, 1998, my first born son and my hero, lost. On October twelfth, 1998, my first born son and my hero, died. Fifty days before his twenty-second birthday. I keep wondering the same thing that I did when I first saw him in the hospital. What would he have become? How could he have changed his piece of the world to make it better? Matt officially died in a hospital in Ft. Collins, Colorado. He actually died on the outskirts of Laramie, tied to a fence. You Mr. McKinney with your friend Mr. Henderson left him out there by himself, but he wasn't alone. There were his lifelong friends that he had grown up with. You're probably wondering who these friends were. First he had the beautiful night sky and the same stars and moon that we used to see through a telescope. Then he had the daylight and the sun to shine on him. And through it all he was breathing in the scent of pine trees from the snowy range. He heard the wind, the ever-present Wyoming wind, for the last time. He had one more friend with him. He had God. And I feel better knowing he wasn't alone.

Jedadiah Schultz: I've lived in Wyoming my whole life. The family has been in Wyoming well... for generations. Now when it came time to go to college, my parents can't—couldn't afford to send me to college. I wanted to study theater. And I knew that if I was going to go to college I was going to have to get on a scholarship—and so uh they have this competition each year, this Wyoming state high-school competition. And I knew that if I didn't take first place in uh duets that I wasn't gonna get a scholarship. So I went to the theater department of the university looking for good scenes and I asked one of the professors, I was like, "I need—I need a killer scene," and he was like, "Here you go, this is it." And it was from *Angels in America*. So I read it and I knew that I could win best scene if I did a good enough job. And when the time came I told my mom and dad so that they would come to the competition. Now you have to understand, my parents go to everything—every ballgame, every hockey game—everything I've ever done. And they brought me into their room and told me that if I did that scene, that they would not come to see me in the competition. Because they believed that it is wrong—that homosexuality is wrong.

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Doc O'Connor: Well, on the second of October, I get a phone call about, uh, ten after seven. It was Matthew Shepard. And he said, “Can you pick me up at the corner of Third and Grand?” So, anyhow, I pull up to the corner, to see who Matthew Shepard, you know. It’s a little guy, about five-two, soakin’ wet, I betcha ninety-seven pounds tops. They said he weighed a hundred and ten, but I wouldn’t believe it. They also said he was five-five in the newspaper, but this man he was only about five-two, maybe five-one. So he walks up to the window—I’m gonna try and go in steps so you can better understand the principle of this man. So he walks up to the window, and I say, “Are you Matthew Shepard?” And he says, “Yeah, I’m Matthew Shepard. But I don’t want you to call me anything. My name is Matt. And I want you to know, I am gay and we’re going to go to a gay bar. Do you have any problems with that?” And I said, “How’re you payin’?” The fact is...Laramie doesn’t have any gay bars...and for that matter neither does Wyoming...so he was hiring me to take him down to Fort Collins, Colorado, about an hour away. Matt was a blunt little shit, you know what I’m sayin’?—he always was. But I liked him ‘cause he was straightforward, you see what I’m saying? Maybe gay but straightforward, you see what I’m saying?

Matt Galloway: So what can I tell you about Matt? If you had a hundred customers like him it’d be the—the most perfect bar I’ve ever been in. Okay? And nothing to do with sexual orientation. Um, absolute mannerisms. Manners. Politeness, intelligence. Taking care of me, as in tips. Everything—conversation, uh, dressed nice, clean cut. Some people you just know, sits down, “Please,” “Thank you,”—offers intellect, you know, within—within—within their vocabulary. Um, so he kicks it there. Didn’t seem to have any worries, or like he was looking for anyone. Just enjoy his drink and the company around. Now approximately eleven forty-five, eleven-thirty—eleven forty-five, Aaron McKinney and Russell Henderson come in—I didn’t know their names then, but they’re the accused. They’re the perps, they’re the accused. They walked in, just very stone-faced, you know. Dirty. Grungy. Rude. “Gimme.” That type of thing. They walked up to the bar, uh, and as you know, paid for a pitcher with dimes and quarters, uh, which is something that I mean you don’t forget. You don’t forget that. Five-fifty in dimes and quarters. That’s a freakin’ nightmare.