

## Warrington Minge Monologue 1

Aaaaarggghhhhh, good evening, good afternoon, good morning and good God do you think there may be people listening?  
Aaarggh, you may be wondering who doth assault your listening lulus on this the 789<sup>th</sup> anniversary of Shakespeare's mother.  
My name for those of you unfortunate enough not to know is Warrington Minge - which is not, as some have suggested a statement of intent.  
As you can no doubt guess I am .....unemployed. Or as we like to call it in the noblest profession since Mata Hari first lifted her veil, resting.  
Those of you still more unfortunate to actually know me can tell the rest that I am....wait for it, wait for it.....an Actorrrrrrrrrrrr!!!!  
HUGE ROUND OF APPLAUSE.....Oh no,.....apparently they'll be adding that later.  
Yes, an actor, a thespian, and without a hint of irony, a professional.  
I neither mumble, being fortunate enough to be a British actor, nor mince - which in this profession can be called an act of God.  
Commonly known in the trade to have the best vowels since Donald Sinden but the worst bowels since Kenneth Williams. There is a theory, though not being intimately acquainted with Donald's bottom it's hard to prove, that the two do indeed go hand in hand. So as I speak to you today sitting upon my doughnut shaped cushion we come to my first mini rolled topic.  
Many thoughts occur to me, as they do to all Homo sapiens and indeed to a small handful of actors, but today's chief bigum Nancy feathers rolling around my grey cells is the small matter of today's youth. The Tomorrow People whom we shall shortly be entrusting with the big nappies we have to look forward to in our senility. Yesterday, I saw a young woman wearing a tie and a short man wearing a dress. When I had stopped choking on my own amazement I felt a surge of pride I haven't felt since my days working as a voice coach at Crufts. I stopped these two young people and with a tear in my trousers I congratulated them on their sense of individuality and their obvious lack of care at how ridiculous they looked. I gave them my card and advised them that should they ever desire a career on the stage that they were ideally suited to it. The girl had the body of a young Greek boy and the boy the body of a three week old corpse. Perfect I cried. They had no fear of being mocked, no fear of laughter in the streets. Actors they were or would no doubt become one day. Of course my sojourn around this fair city was not completely how's your father. Many young people I noted looked disturbingly like other young people I noted. Depressed they looked, fearful. Not one ounce of courage left in them as they tried desperately to fit in. All wearing the same clothes, having the same hairstyles, talking incessantly to each other whilst holding the same mobile telephonic devices. It is a sorry day indeed when the young rebels have become middle class bankers by the age of thirteen. You know I can't help feeling that some of the blame should be laid squarely at the feet of Holy Wood as they're now calling it. Not one smoker there now you know, not one drinker, all instead desperately jogging and believing God's a spaceman. All so perfect. YAWNNNN. In my day none of the stars looked the same. They

had character, wit, intelligence and talent. Aaargh, talented stars. By god don't we miss them? But they were eternally different you see. Richard Burton looked nothing like Peter O'Toole. Peter O' Toole looked nothing like Spencer Tracy and Spencer Tracy looked nothing like Katherine Hepburn. We could all pick a star back then to identify with. Tall short, thin, fat, ugly or indeed Charles Laughton. They were the perfect expression of the common man, but they were never perfect. It seems now that as young people look to the stars of today, they realise that they will never make it, not without serious plastic surgery and ten thousand pounds worth of dental work. Perhaps our stars are getting too high up, too far away and too perfect. Children feel the need to measure up. So, in some small way I feel that my appearance is therefore an encouragement to the young. They know that if I can make it, with as some critic wrote a face like battered spam, that they too can become stars. Never be afraid young people. Never change what is essentially you, be it that large nose, that weak chin, those small bosoms or a disturbingly erratic hair line. And that's just me. The confidence gained by ignoring those defects will serve you well in years to come, they may be in fact what you draw on for your talent. And remember ladies, never, never have them done. If you assume that yours are rather too small to attract a crowd, instead of having yourselves sliced open and paying for the privilege simply walk into any bar frequented by actors, buy them a drink and when you feel the moment is right, whip off your top and ask "are these big enough for yer honey". I'm sure you're bound to find someone in there who thinks they are. And though I can hear many thousands of young men out there saying shut up Warrington, we like them big. Ask yourself if a woman does that for you, what might she one day ask you to do for her. And you won't catch me near a pair of scissors or a foot pump in my jim jams. Your thanks are noted to save you time. Well, till you've twiddled with your knobs again.....

Announcer - You have been listening to Warrington Minge. We apologise!!