

## Monologues

**Irena:** Tell me, why is it I'm so happy today? As if I were sailing, with the wide, blue sky above me, and great white birds soaring in the wind. Why is it? Why? I woke up this morning, I got up, I washed – and suddenly I felt everything in this world was clear to me – I felt I knew how life had to be lived. Dear Ivan Romanich, I can see it all. A human being has to labour, whoever he happens to be, he has to toil in the sweat of his face; that's the only way he can find the sense and purpose of his life, his happiness, his delight. How fine to be a working man who rises at first light and breaks stones on the road, or a shepherd, or a teacher, or an engine driver on the railway... Lord, never mind being human even – better to be an ox, better to be a simple horse, just so long as you work – anything rather than a young lady who rises at noon, then drinks her coffee in bed, then takes two hours to dress... that's terrible! In hot weather sometimes you long to rest the way I began longing to work. And if I don't start getting up early and working, then shut your heart against me, Ivan Romanich.

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"Perfectly Ugly"

CINDY

(CINDY enters crying. She's a princess and looks it)

Am I okay? Not really. No, I am not hurt. Well... Only on the inside. Something terribly bad and sad happened. It's the Prince. He's under a sleeping spell. No one knows what to do. Me? How can I help? Kiss him?! I don't even know him. That's not proper at all. I'm not that kind of princess. I live in the castle down the street from his but we've never met. I always wanted to meet. I saw him from my castle tower but I never could bring myself to introduce myself. Because... I'm ugly. (She cries some more) Oh, yes I am ugly. You're just being nice. But look at this nose and this hair! I am not perfect... In any way. Perfectly ugly maybe.

END of SCENE

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"STAYING POWER" by D. M. Larson

BETH

Now those stars up there in the sky have staying power. I can always count on them. I can always look up and know they'll be there for me. The stars on Earth burn out too quickly. They have a moment where they shine so bright but then poof. They're gone. A memory. Sometimes not even that. But with the stars in the sky, I know they'll be there night after night, always there for me to make a wish. What do I wish for? (thinks a moment) Hope. I wish for hope. Hope for the world. Hope for peace. Hope for a future where no one is more important than anyone else and

money is a thing of the past. A future where everyone is taken care of no matter how little they have. I just want to be taken care of... cared for... that's what I hope for. That's my wish.

END OF SCENE

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"Fairy Godmother"

by D. M. Larson

PRINCESS BEAUTY

Nick, please don't grovel. That's why I liked you. You didn't feel like you had to treat me that way. I'm just a normal peasant girl now. My stupid fairy godmother did this to me. Correction: My smart fairy godmother. She's made me like cleaning. (To FAIRY GODMOTHER) It worked, fairy godmother. It worked! I'm happy not being a beauty. (Looks at NICK) I never thought I could live without my beauty, but I guess I can. But, I can't just go back to the way I was. I like my new life. I just don't want to be who I was before. I can never be as good as Honor. (To HONOR) I'm still not as beautiful as you are, sister. I don't think I ever can be. I used to think I was the most beautiful woman in the kingdom, but not anymore. Now I think you've always been the most beautiful the whole time, I just couldn't see it. No, Fairy Godmother, don't change me back. I don't think I want my old beauty anymore. It does me more harm than good.

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Play "Transit of Venus" by Maureen Hunter; Character

Celeste

No. I don't do it, you see. I don't do any of it. I don't baste, I don't sew, I don't knit, I don't mend, I don't darn, I don't tat, I don't embroider and I do not do petti-point! I do, however, read. And because I can read, I can learn. Oh, I can't actually travel – you have the advantage of me there - but I can read about travel, I can dream about it, I can imagine what it's like. I've been everywhere with you. You don't know it, but I have. I know every inch of sea you've sailed, every island you've set foot on. I know about the doldrums and trade winds and tides. Tides! Tides are so mysterious. I want to know everything there is to know before I die. This was your gift to me, you see? You pointed me at the sky and said, look! And when I looked, what did I see? Mirrors! Mirrors reflecting mirrors reflecting mirrors, on and on to infinity. So much to know, so much to learn, so much to wonder about. Once you begin to wonder, it's impossible, isn't it – inconceivable! – to abandon that sense of wonder for anything as straightforward and mundane as a needle and a piece of thread.

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Victor Hugo's  
Marius.

“We can’t strike. Why not? Because it’s against the law to strike! The king has declared that everything is a crime. Writing is a crime. Two weeks ago, the police destroyed the Galaty, the worker’s newspaper. They smashed the press. They burned over two thousand newspapers but that didn’t satisfy the king. Three days ago at a student meeting, a peaceful meeting, soldiers broke it up and arrested two of my friends. Writing, talking, going to class, speaking out is a crime. Being poor is a crime. Being poor is the worst crime of all. And if you commit these crimes, you are condemned for life. Our government has no mercy, no pity, no forgiveness. And there’s no work for us. And because there’s no work, our children are starving. Tell me: why are we powerless to save the people we love? All of you know. Tell me – why? The king betrayed us. We were promised the vote, do we have it? Do we have the vote? Where is the republic our fathers died for? It’s here my brothers. It lives here in our heads. But most of all, best of all, it’s here in our hearts. In our hearts – WE ARE THE REPUBLIC!”

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Thornton Wilder’s beloved ‘Our Town’

“I’m celebrating because I’ve got a friend who tells me all the things that ought to be told me. I’m glad you spoke to me like you did. But you’ll see. I’m going to change. And Emily, I want to ask you a favor. Emily, if I go away to State Agricultural College next year, will you write me a letter? The day wouldn’t come when I wouldn’t want to know everything about our town. Y’ know, Emily, whenever I meet a farmer I ask him if he thinks it’s important to go to Agricultural School to be a good farmer. And some of them say it’s even a waste of time. And like you say, being gone all that time – in other places, and meeting other people. I guess new people probably aren’t any better than old ones. Emily – I feel that you’re as good a friend as I’ve got. I don’t need to go and meet the people in other towns. Emily, I’m going to make up my mind right now – I won’t go. I’ll tell Pa about it tonight.”

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MEZMERO

I finally did it. I finally beat you. And all I had to do is NOT reveal my evil plan. Why do we villains always do that? Why do we have this strange need to tell you all our devious plots before we do them? That always gives you time for that last minute save... That last minute effort that gets you through... Or perhaps we reveal some flaw in our plan you are able to exploit. Not this time. This time it was kill first, gloat later. This is so much better. I get to brag now. Bragging is so much better than revealing the plan. Time for a victory dance on your grave!

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LUKE

Hello. I am taking applications to my official bully. I want to make sure the right person is picking on me day after day. It's a very unique and special relationship. Ready for some questions? Okay. First of all, are you interested in my lunch money or my lunch? Because if you need the cash I will bring that it if you prefer to have me bring a lunch already prepared, I can do that too. No this isn't a joke. I'm very serious about this. Or do you prefer I tell jokes? Are you the knock knock joke kind where you walk up and knock on my head? Knock! Knock! Or do you prefer the

walk in to the bar kind of jokes? (Thinks and shifts tactic) I can provide services such as homework preparation- in return I ask that I only receive swirlies at the end of the day so I can go home and shower after. And then one more thing - the most important part of all this - I ask for your protection. I want you to protect me from all the other bullies. This has to be an exclusive bullying arrangement and you have to make sure you step in at the first sign of any danger from other bullies. I like my day to be predictable - deliver your homework in the morning - lunch or lunch money at noon and then a farewell swirly or wedgie in the afternoon - yes I will even throw a few wedgies in the deal - so what do you say? Do we have a deal? Good - sign here please.

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WOLF

Man, you accidentally knock down some pig's house with a sneeze and they start telling stories about you. And now there's this little girl and her red hood. Who knows what they'll say about this one. I have self-a-team issues too. Everyone is always going around saying "what a big nose you have" and "what big teeth you have." It hurts. I just want to go away some place where I won't bother anyone. They're always promising happy endings but where's my happy ending? All that happily ever after seems to be reserved for princesses and cute little animals. Especially bunnies. Why are rabbits always getting happy endings? They're rodents, I tell you. Rodents!

END OF MONOLOGUE

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**GEORGIE:** I understand you all right. This part, I think I got that down solid. But what I don't have, you know- what I want to know is- if you're so real, Lydia, then what are you doing here? I mean, if you're so much better than me, then why even bother? You could just wait it out and I'll drift away like a piece of paper, like nothing, right? 'Cause that's what I am. Nothing. Right? So why are you up here, taking me apart? What an amazing job you are all doing on the world. And I bought it! We all bought it. My family- they're like, all of a sudden I'm Mary Tyler Moore or something. I mean, they spend their whole lives just wishing they were somewhere else, wishing they were rich; living on a street with trees, being on some TV show. And I did it. I moved to Boston. I work in a law office, I'm the big success story. And they have no idea what that means. It means I get to hang out with a bunch of lunatics. It means I get to read books that make no sense. It means that instead of getting harassed by jerks at the local shop, now I get harassed by guys in suits. Guys with glasses. Guys who talk nice. Guys in suits. Well, you know what I have to say to all of you? Shame on you. Shame on you for thinking you're better than the rest of us. And shame on you for being mean to me. Shame on you, Lydia.