

## MONOLOGUE #1

### **Jess**

Greetings, ladies and gentlemen. *[Begins professorially, as if lecturing a class of students.]* William Shakespeare: playwright, poet, actor; Stratford's proudest flower, transplanted from the heart of the English countryside to bask in the warmth of London's literary greenhouse. A man who, despite the ravages of male pattern baldness, planted the potent seed of his poetical genius in the fertile womb of Elizabeth's England. There it took root and spread through the lymphatic system of Western civilization, until it became the oozing carbuncle of knowledge and understanding that grows even today on the very tip of our collective consciousness. And yet how much do we intellectually flaccid members of the twenty-first century appreciate the plump fruit of Shakespeare's productive loins?

Now, you are a theater-going crowd, obviously of above-average literary sensibility, and yet, if I may just have a brief show of hands, how many of you have ever seen or read any play by William Shakespeare?

Edited excerpt from:

Long, Adam et al. *The Complete Works of William Shakespeare [abridged]*. Revised Edition, Applause Theatre & Cinema Book, 2011. Page 2.

## MONOLOGUE #2

### **Alexa**

But what I didn't count on, what I didn't bank on was — the world he would show me. A way of life. A way of possibilities. The casual way with which he, because he was so bloody rich, could breeze through life and meetings and get things done. And he loved me so. So ceaselessly. And I came to love him. And after we were married a year and had taken those pointless religious and legal vows, we took new vows. Profound vows. Vows of true love. For eternity. He nurtured me, again as I do others now, he "Found my genius" as he loved to say. He set me up in business. My connections in rock music from the party days were... extensive. I became a manager. He was so ungodly proud. But that life, any life in the entertainment field — Phone calls, meetings, triumphs, disasters. Barely keeping afloat in the sticky sweet success. As bees in honey drown. Soon he became abandoned. All my good fortune. And he felt resentful of my success. He was sick of people asking at parties what it was that he... did. And one morning, in the middle of several overwhelming negotiations he called me, sobbing, to say that he... felt no longer a part of my life. And I, on a car phone whisking on to God only cares what now, Filofax on my lap. Cellular ringing at my side. Glibly snapped, "then do something about it."

Beane, Douglas Carter. *As Bees in Honey Drown*. Revised Edition, Dramatist Play Service, Inc., 1998. Page 30.

### MONOLOGUE #3

#### **Stage Manager**

Y'know, the dead don't stay interested in us living people for very long. Gradually, gradually, they let go hold of the earth—and the ambitions they had—and the pleasures they had—and the things they suffered—and the people they loved. They get weaned away from earth—that's the way I put it, weaned away. Yes, they stay here while the earth-part of 'em burns away, burns out, and all that time they slowly get indifferent to what's goin' on in Grover's Corners. They're waitin'. They're waitin' for something they feel is comin'. Something important and great. Aren't they waitin' for the eternal part in them to come out—clear? Some of the things they're going to say maybe'll hurt your feelings—but that's the way it is: mother 'n' daughter—husband 'n' wife—enemy 'n' enemy—money 'n' miser—all those terribly important things kinda grow pale around here. And what's left? What's left when memory's gone, and your identity, Mrs. Smith?

Wilder, Thornton. *Our Town*. Revised 2nd Edition, Samuel French Inc., 2010. Page 68.