

Female Monologues

GLORY: Oh, no. I'm just here to see the northern lights. Oh, I hope you don't mind! I'll only be here tonight. I'll see them tonight. The northern lights. And then I'll be gone. After I see them. I hope you don't mind. Do you mind? [realizing] Oh, no, I think you mind! No, you do! You do! Oh, I'm so sorry! I didn't think you would! I didn't think – You see, it says in your brochure that people from Maine wouldn't mind. It says that people from Maine are different, that they live life “the way life should be,” and that they'll let people who are complete strangers, like cross-country skiers and bikers and hikers, camp out in their yard, if they need to, for nothing. They'll just let you. I'm a hiker. It is true? That they'll just let you stay in their yards if you need to? 'Cause I need to. Camp out. 'Cause I'm where I need to be. This is the farthest I've ever traveled – I'm from a part of the country that's a little closer to things – never been this far north before, or east, and did you know that Maine is the only state in the country that's attached to only one other state?! It is! [taking in all the open space] Feels like the end of the world, and here I am at the end of the world, and I have nowhere to go, so I was counting on staying here, unless it's not true, I mean. Is it true? Would you let a hiker who was where she needed to be just camp out in your yard for free? I mean, if a person really needed to? Really, really needed to?

GAYLE: I want it back. All the love I gave to you? I want it back. Now. I've got yours in the car. I don't want it anymore. I've made a decision: We're done. We're done, I've decided. And so, I've brought all the love you gave to me back to you. It's the right thing to do. It's in the car. Under the circumstances, it doesn't seem right for me to keep it, so I'm gonna give it back. And I think it's only fair for you to give me mine back because I've tried to make you love me by giving you every bit of love I had, and now ... I don't have any love for me left, and that's, that's not good for a person, and that's why I want all the love I gave you back. Because I wanna bring it with me. I have to get away from things, I have to think and start over, and so, all the love I gave to you? I want it back, in case I need it. Because I can't very well go around giving your love – 'cause that's all I have right now, is the love you gave me – I can't very well go around giving your love to other guys, 'cause that just doesn't seem right.

HOPE Oh, don't even answer that. That was--. I know that's a horrible question to ask a person who lives in a small town, as if everybody in small towns knows everybody else, agh!, can't believe I asked that. I don't live here anymore, but when I did, I hated when people assumed I knew everybody in a small town just because it was small. It was worse than when they'd ask if we had “...plumbing way up there?”, 'cause, you know, people in small towns really don't know each other any better than in big towns, you

know that? I mean, you know who you know, and you don't know who you don't know, just like anywhere else. (Pause) I'm so sorry to have bothered you. I was just sure--. When his parents passed away, he kept the house, I heard. He lived here. He stayed here, I thought. He was one of the ones who stayed. (Pause) I didn't stay. I went away.

Male Monologues

STEVE: No, it's not serious. I don't think an ironing board could really hurt your head, 'cause – see? Ironing boards aren't on my list of things that can hurt you. Plus, there's no blood or discoloration from where I got hit, so. And my list is pretty reliable, 'cause my brother Paul is helping me make it. I have a list of things that can hurt you. I have congenital analgesia. Some people call it hereditary sensory neuropathy type four, but it just means I can't feel pain. You can hit me if you want to, to see! You don't have to. Most people don't. Hit me. Most people just go away. You can go away, too, if you want to. That's what most people do when I tell them about myself. My brother Paul says I just shouldn't tell people about myself, because I scare them, so I've actually recently put myself on my list. I have to know what hurts, so I know when to be afraid. See, my mind can't tell me when to be afraid, 'cause my body doesn't know what being hurt is, so I have to memorize what might hurt. And I have to memorize what to be afraid of. Things like bears. And guns and knives. And fire. And fear – I should fear fear itself – and pretty girls. Well, 'cause my brother Paul says they can hurt you 'cause they make you love them, and that's something I'm supposed to be afraid of, too – love – but Paul says that I'm really lucky 'cause I'll probably never have to deal with love, because I have a lot of deficiencies and not very many capacities as a result of the congenital analgesia.

CHAD: I don't know. Just sometimes ... I don't know why I bother goin' out. I don't like it, Randy. I hate it. I hate goin' out on these dates. I mean, why do I wanna spend my Friday night with some girl I might maybe like, when I could be spendin' it hangin' out with with someone I know I like, like you, y'know? I mean ... that was rough tonight. In the middle of Sally tellin' me how she didn't like the way I smelled, I got real sad – and all I could think about was how not much in this world makes me feel good or makes much sense anymore, and I got really scared, 'cause there's gotta be something that makes you feel good or at least makes sense in this world, or what's the point, right? But then I kinda came out of bein' sad, and actually felt okay, 'cause I realized that there

is one thing in this world that makes me feel really good and that does make sense, and it's you.

MAN Oh, come on. You give yourself too much credit. He was young. That's all you need to get your hopes dashed: Be young. And everybody starts out young, so...everybody gets their hopes dashed, and besides...I don't think you really dashed his hopes. 'Cause if you dash somebody's hopes—well that's...kind of a nice way to let 'em down, 'cause it hurts...but it's quick. If you'd have said, "No," that woulda been "dashing his hopes". (Pause) But you didn't say, "No." You said nothin'. You just didn't answer him. At all. And that's...killin' hope the long, slow, painful way, 'cause it's still there just hangin' on, never really goes away. And that's...kinda like givin' somebody else a little less air to breathe every day. Till they die.