

When I heard the learn'd astronomer, Walt Whitman

When I heard the learn'd astronomer,
When the proofs, the figures, were ranged in columns before me,
When I was shown the charts and diagrams, to add, divide, and
measure them,
When I sitting heard the astronomer where he lectured with much
applause in the lecture-room,
How soon unaccountable I became tired and sick,
Till rising and gliding out I wander'd off by myself,
In the mystical moist night-air, and from time to time,
Look'd up in perfect silence at the stars

Here's What I Said When I Prayed in Spanish

I love to hear you pray over me,
yet as foolish as it may sound,
I hate when it is my turn
because of how well *you* do it.
So I do it in the easiest way,
and I know you don't understand,
but you say it's fine.
So here's what I said when I prayed in Spanish:

I thanked Him, and I asked Him to give you
a more-than-decent job offer.
I begged Him to put a wall of angels around you
because I knew that was what my grandma would say.
I asked Him to protect your heart and all its purity
so that it may never be ruined
by anger and resentment.
I told Him I love you.
I told Him I love Him.
I told Him I love you because He gives me
the strength,
the capacity,
the courage.

He quickly replied
and told me I was a vessel.
He loves you through me.

Niw, La Negrita
from Maria Soñando

Éste es el poe
pero para mí
para mi famil
para cuando :
«¿Qué sabes
«¿De quién e
«¿Cómo te e

Éste es el po
No sé nada,
que perdí ya
En verdad, :
Yo estoy tar

Villains Anonymous, by Lore Burns

<https://nonbinarymonologues.wordpress.com/>

Red Claw (*they/them*):

Hello, my name is Red Claw and I'm a villain. It has been eight days since my last attempt at world domination...and I'm freaking bored! How the hell do you people do this? I mean, what's-his-face, Decapitron, has supposedly been sober for five months?! I call bullshit. Is anyone actually following the creep around? Is there some sort of tracking system? How do we know he hasn't fallen off the evil wagon? Is this seriously an honour code amongst villains?

I don't even know what I'm doing here – I freaking love being a villain! The respect, the flexible work hours, managing a team of likeminded individuals...it's bliss! I'm only here because the so-called 'good' guys managed to catch me off guard at a yoga class and slap a taser band on my ankle. I see a lot of you nodding, is that why you're all here, too? And Miss Goody Two Shoes is the only non-villain in charge? You do realise that if we combined our evil talents we could overcome the taser issue and form a League of Villains more formidable than the world has ever seen? (silence). Wow, you desperately need me as your leader; all this hero brainwashing has clearly addled your brains. You know what? For the first time, I'm glad I wound up here. It's proving to be a useful networking opportunity.

***Context:** At present this is a standalone piece, however it has been suggested I expand it and I am open to ideas and collaborations on that front. The general context is that heroes have started a rehabilitation program for captured villains, which seems to be working until Red Claw comes along and refuses to be swayed by the propaganda, instead forming a League of Villains and organising a mass break out from the facilities. Funnily enough, not all of the villains are what we in our world would call villains, but rather anyone who threatens the status quo as defined by the heroes, Red Claw wanting to abolish the gender binary being one.*

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Generation Red, by Alexander Utz

<https://nonbinarymonologues.wordpress.com/>

(Note from Woodzick: all of the character descriptions in the script are open to non-binary portrayals.)

ERICA.

Okay. Okay. Fine.

I imagine — that being at a school dance must be so different from what you see in movies. I imagine that it's really confusing, and there would be a lot going on, but it would be fun, maybe? It would be a good time, I think, with all the music and lights and all your friends there dancing. I imagine I'd want to get it right, I'd want to do everything right, but I have no idea what that would mean.

I imagine driving at night through a familiar neighborhood. I imagine it must be comforting to see everyone's individual houses and to see all the lights on. It must be like each one has its own personality, just like the people inside.

I imagine being outside late at night must be special, I imagine it to be quiet and peaceful and freeing. Do you ever think of what the night sky must look like from Earth? I can picture the moon up there, bright and clean and close. I'm so used to seeing it there in movies, this big benign dot in the night sky. It's comforting, in a way. I don't know.

Context:

Erica, Alan, Denver, and Trish are the first people to be born on Mars. They are waiting to find out the results of "The Test," which determines the type of work they'll be doing as adults on the compound. To pass the time while they wait, they play a game creating scenes that imagine what life on Earth would be like, based on the best representation of Earth they know: movies.

This monologue comes after Erica has chosen to act out a homecoming dance scenario inspired by the films of John Hughes.

Learn more at <https://www.alexanderutz.com>.

From **Pac-Man** by Tom Moran

BLINKY: A former videogame villain.

You think it was fun? You think it was fun? Bouncing around that stupid little box most of the time, only set free to follow you around. And right when we've got you, you turn the tables on us. Always the same endless pursuit down the same dark, tired corridors. Death was no escape, because there I am good as new five seconds later. And it never ended, the level numbers just changed.

And who got all the glory? You. And the money. And the magazine covers. And the chicks – including all the ones we never told Mrs. Pac-Man about.

And she deserved better. At least she sent us Christmas cards. Still does. Do you remember those electronics shows they'd invite us to? There you'd be signing autographs on the main stage, 500 people screaming your name, and we'd be stuck in some conference room panel discussion with a couple of Space Invaders and the snake from Q*Bert. And you would never even so much as wander over and say hello.

And now look at you, you broken-down sack of pixels. Fact is, you're down to your last life and I bet you're fresh out of quarters.

So I'm back to finish the job. Look at this as an act of mercy.

WHEN WE WERE YOUNG AND UNAFRAID

Sarah Teem

PENNY:

Why? What am I doing wrong? I'm nice to people. I don't make fun of anyone. I never try to make anyone else feel stupid. If I know the answer to a question in class, why can't I say it?

When I say it, nobody asks me to the prom! (*Beat.*) I did exactly what you told me to. I sat next to him in chemistry class and I pretended to be confused and I let him explain it to me, and I didn't correct him, even though I knew he was explaining it wrong. And then after school, I went to his practice and I cheered my head off. I could hear the other girls talking about me and I knew they were making fun of me, but I said to myself, "The only thing that matters is Tommy, the only thing that matters is Tommy," and I didn't react. And then after school, he walked me home, and I just asked him questions. He didn't ask me a single thing about myself in return—so I thought, he must not be interested in me *at all*, but I touched his arm like you told me to and he caught my hand and asked me to go to the prom with him. So it worked, everything you said to do worked. I don't understand. Why did you tell me how to get him, if I can't have him?

A FEMININE ENDING

Sarah Treem

AMANDA:

Hey Billy? If you brought me up here to catalog my dreams deferred, don't bother. I know what they are. I'm the one that let them go—

(Beat.)

(BILLY looks at AMANDA sadly.)

I mean—put them on hold.

(AMANDA doesn't say anything for a moment. Stares out over the frozen apples.)

Because I didn't want to be a bitch, Billy. Nobody sees a girl alone with an oboe and thinks she must be brilliant. They think she must be weird or maladjusted or stuck-up. I wanted people to like me. You get all these perks when you're a girl and people like you. You can open doors with a smile. Eventually I realized that those doors don't open very far at all, and besides that, they're the wrong doors and beside that, I didn't even know what doors I should be looking for, because I was too busy watching the boys when they gave that lecture in class. Because *there seemed to be a time crunch*. And a limited supply. And everyone else was getting one—

So I started to think I'd better get one too. And I did. A great one. A real catch. But it wasn't easy getting him. Because a lot of people wanted him. And it won't be easy keeping him, no matter how much he loves me...

I began thinking, recently...I have a few years now. Before Jack's career takes off...before children...of relative security. I could really get something done. But when I look around for the doors I've been meaning to open...

There used to be doors everywhere. But—it's like, I've forgotten what a door looks like.

Just Looking

By Kellie Powell

Later in ACT II. Angela has just realized the real reason she's been crazy:
Her infatuation with Brian.

ANGELA:

I have feelings for you. Not just, like, strange, uncontrollable physical attraction, although, I feel that... I have since we were in *Oedipus* together, since before I even broke up with Luke. And not just that bizarre combination of admiration and fascination that keeps you on my permanent good side no matter how drastically you cross the line or how much of a little whiny bitch you can sometimes be - although, obviously, I feel that. And not just that totally annoying and inescapable feeling that I want to take care of you, because I made you promise to treat her right, and I should've made her make that same promise, so you'd never have to feel the kind of pain I feel when I see her let you down - even though I feel that, too. It's all those things, and it's more, more than I can ever put into words.

Listen, don't say anything. Because you need to spend some time on your own, be alone for a while, and you're going to need time to let all that sink in.

I'm going to need time to let all that sink in.

But... if the time ever comes in your life, when you're ready... please consider me. I'll be here. I'll be waiting.

SHE KILLS MONSTERS by Qui Nguyen

AGNES

My memories? My memories are shit.

Do you want to know what my memories of Tilly are? They're of this little nerdy girl who I never talked to, who I ignored, who I didn't understand because she didn't live in the same world as I did. Her world was filled with evil jello molds and lesbian demon queens and slacker Gods while mine...had George Michaels and leg warmers. I didn't get her. I assumed I would one day—that she'd grow out of all this—that I'd be able to sit around and ask her about normal things like clothes and tv shows and boys...and as it turns out, I didn't even know she didn't even like boys until my DM told me so.

I didn't know her, Vera. That breaks my heart. I remember her as a baby. I remember her as this little toddler I loved picking up and holding, but I don't remember her as a teen at all. I'll never get the chance to remember her as an adult.

And now all I have left is this stupid piece of paper and this stupid made-up adventure about killing a stupid made-up dragon.

"August: Osage County" by Tracy Letts

Jean

Hi. Am I bugging you? I thought maybe you'd like to smoke a bowl with me.

Do you mind if I smoke a bowl? 'Cause there's no place I can go. Y'know, I'm staying right by Grandma's room, and if I go outside, they're gonna wonder.

(Johnna: Right.)

Mom and Dad don't mind. You won't get into trouble or anything. I say they don't mind. If they knew I stuck this bud under the cap of Dad's deodorant before our flight and then sat there sweating like that movie Maria Full of Grace. Did you see that?

I just mean they don't mind that I smoke pot. Dad doesn't. Mom kind of does. She thinks it's bad for me. I think the real reason it bugs her is 'cause Dad smokes pot, too, and she wishes he didn't. Dad's much cooler than Mom, really. Well, that's not true. He's just cooler in that way I guess. No, he's really not cooler. He and Mom are separated right now. He's fucking one of his students which is pretty uncool, if you ask me. Some people would think that's cool, like those dicks who teach with him in the Humanities Department because they're all fucking their students or wish they were fucking their students. "Lo-lili-ta." I mean, I don't care and all, he can fuck whoever he wants, and he's a teacher, and that's who teachers meet, students. He was just a turd the way he went about it and didn't give Mom a chance to respond or anything. What sucks now is that Mom's watching me like a hawk, like, she's afraid I'll have some post-divorce freak-out and become some heroin addict or shoot everybody at school. Or God forbid, lose my virginity. I don't know what it is about Dad splitting that put Mom on hymen patrol. Do you have a boyfriend?

From **The Virus** by Carolyn Kras

MAN: 30s.

Let me reassure you, I've had a funeral for my anger. I read *Transcending Hurt* cover to cover, and it's opened a lot of doors for me. I've forgiven how you sold my computer on eBay to pay your credit card. You needed a little extra cash. And totaling the Beamer. The car is replaceable, you aren't. The night I came home and saw you with the grocery bagger: Zap! erased from my memory. All of that's gone. And now I'm ready for you to move back in. Please, come home, I will lay out the welcome mat. Everything will be fine. More than fine: Fantastic. Because we've healed. And I... I really... Fuck this. No. Rachel, you were a virus. You somehow broke down my firewall, infiltrated my system, and all hell broke loose. Except I didn't know it until I was already half destroyed. Like those nasty Trojan Horse numbers. And it's taken me a long, long time to figure out how to quarantine your shit. I have re-booted my system. And now, you are permanently deleted. Find somebody else to infect.

AMINA'S BROTHER

Hi. I'm Amina's brother

And I don't give a fuck about dance.

I think the only people who give a fuck about dance are people who actually give a fuck about dance...

...

...

And that is not that many people

...

...

I'm not talking about social dancing. I'm talking about DANCE.

Who cares? Not me

...

...

You could be the most famous dancer in the entire world and I would not be impressed at all. I

wouldn't even know who you were because I don't give a fuck about dance. And I don't know

many people who do, frankly.

...

Like you're a famous opera singer. Who cares!

...

That's the thing about the world. It's so big that you can always be anonymous.

Like I've done

some pretty bad things on the Internet. And some days I like freak out thinking maybe somebody

is going to find out all the bad things I've done. And I get really anxious. And I'm like: Oh no,

my life is about to be ruined! I mean. At some point my life will be ruined, if somebody finds

out. And let's face it. It's 2016. Somebody's going to find out at some point because we're all

naked before technology, you know what I'm saying, so it's just a matter of time before my life

is ruined. And that makes me panic and get anxious, like I said, but. BUT. Then I think..... There's always gonna be some place in the world that I can go and be

anonymous. Libya maybe. Or even Japan. France. If you really look at the list of all the countries