

OHIO

A monologue from the play by Nick Zagone

ZACH: I knew this professor in college, a physicist and he said there are these things called “wormholes in time.” Holes that can theoretically transport people to their other realities. Ya see, somewhere in another reality we have made the other decisions... the choices we didn’t make! In another reality this man is a billionaire... you are not married to your husband... and I’m living in Ohio! The other possibility lives on with every decision we make. In other realities we are on those paths not taken in our lives. When you think about what you could be doing, you are doing it! Right now! Right now, we can continue in this reality or start a new one based on this decision! And if we start a new reality, don’t feel bad because you will always be married to your husband in another one. It’s so easy to change-- just change your mind. Somewhere I’m a bum and this man is giving me a quarter. Somewhere right now you are at home in bed with your husband and I’m drinking myself to sleep in front of the TV. We have created a whole new reality here Cat! We decided... just to talk to each other, but in the process we have created for ourselves a whole new life-- possibly. [*Holds up ticket.*] We’re at a wormhole Catherine. Would you like to jump in with me?

THIRST

A monologue from the play by [Eugene O'Neill](#)

THE GENTLEMAN: You remember when the crash came? We were all in the salon. You were singing—a Cockney song I think? You were very beautiful. I remember a woman on my right saying: “How pretty she is! I wonder if she is married?” Strange how some idiotic remark like that will stick in one’s brain when all else is vague and confused. A tragedy happens—we are in the midst of it—and one of our clearest remembrances afterwards is a remark that might have been overheard in any subway train. You *were* very beautiful. I was looking at you and wondering what kind of a woman you were. You know I had never met you personally—only seen you in my walks around the deck. Then came the crash—that horrible dull crash. We were all thrown forward on the floor of the salon; then screams, oaths, fainting women, the hollow boom of a bulkhead giving way. Then I was on deck fighting in the midst of the crowd. Somehow I got into a boat—but it was overloaded and was swamped immediately. I swam to another boat. They beat me off with the oars. That boat too was swamped a moment later. And then the gurgling, choking cries of the drowning! Something huge rushed by me in the water leaving a gleaming trail of phosphorescence. A woman near me with a life belt around her gave a cry of agony and disappeared—then I realized—sharks! I became frenzied with terror. I swam. I beat the water with my hands. The ship had gone down. I swam and swam with but one idea—to put all that horror behind me. I saw something white on the water before me. I clutched it—climbed on it. It was this raft. You and he were on it. I fainted. The whole thing is a horrible nightmare in my brain—but I remember clearly that idiotic remark of the woman in the salon. What pitiful creatures we are!

THE THUNDERSTORM
A monologue from the play by [August Strindberg](#)

NOTE: This monologue is reprinted from [Plays by August Strindberg, vol. 3](#). Trans. Edwin Björkman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1913.

MASTER: I thought I heard the "little steps"--those little steps that came tripping down the corridor when she was looking for me. -- It was the child that was the best of all! To watch that fearless little creature, whom nothing could frighten, who never suspected that life might be deceptive, who had no secrets! I recall her first experience of the malice that is in human beings. She caught sight of a pretty child down in the park, and, though it was strange to her, she went up to it with open arms to kiss it--and the pretty child rewarded her friendliness by biting her on the cheek first and then making a face at her. Then you should have seen my little Anne-Charlotte. She stood as if turned to stone. And it wasn't pain that did it, but horror at the sight of that yawning abyss which is called the human heart. I have been confronted with the same sight myself once, when out of two beautiful eyes suddenly shot strange glances as if some evil beast had appeared behind those eyes. It scared me literally so that I had to see if some other person were standing behind that face, which looked like a mask. --

THE THREE SISTERS

A monologue from the play by [Anton Chekhov](#)

NOTE: This monologue is reprinted from [The Moscow Arts Theatre Series of Plays](#). Ed. Oliver M. Saylor. New York: Brentanos, 1922.

VERSHININ: Yes. [*Laughs*] How strange everything really is! [*Pause*] When the fire broke out, I hurried off home; when I get there I see the house is whole, uninjured, and in no danger, but my two girls are standing by the door in just their underclothes, their mother isn't there, the crowd is excited, horses and dogs are running about, and the girl's faces are so agitated, terrified, beseeching, and I don't know what else. My heart hurt me, when I saw those faces. My God, I thought, what these girls will have to put up with if they live long! I caught them up and ran, and still kept on thinking the one thing: what they will have to live through in this world! [*Pause*] I come here and find their mother shouting and angry. And when my girls were standing by the door in just their underclothes, and the street was red from the fire, there was a dreadful noise, and I thought that something of the sort used to happen many years ago when an enemy made a sudden attack, and looted, and burned . . . And at the same time what a difference there really is between the present and the past! And when a little more time has gone by, in two or three hundred years perhaps, people will look at our present life with just the same fear, and the same contempt, and the whole past will seem clumsy and dull, and very uncomfortable, and strange. Oh, indeed, what a life there will be, what a life. [*Laughs.*] Forgive me, I've dropped into philosophy again. Please let me continue. I do long to philosophize, I'm in just that sort of mood. [*Pause*] As if they are all asleep. As I was saying: what a life there will be! Only just imagine . . . There are only three persons like yourselves in the town just now, but in future generations there will be more and more, and still more, and the time will come when everything will change and become as you would have it, people will live as you do, and then you, too, will go out of date; people will be born who are better than you . . . [*Laughs*] Yes, to-day, I am in a most peculiar mood. I am devilishly keen on living . . .

THE TWO SHEPHERDS

A monologue from the play by Gregorio Martinez Sierra

NOTE: This monologue is reprinted from The Plays of G. Martinez Sierra. G. Martinez Sierra. New York: E.P. Dutton, 1922.

DON FRANCISCO: I've seen it happen. People talk of these "cures" ... Anything may be a cure ... for something. Yesterday they installed a regular medicine man in the dispensary. He has just got through his examinations in Madrid with flying colours ... and he seems a clever boy. A little pedantic ... but that's only natural ... for he knows such a lot ... such a devil of a lot. To hear him talk about serums and injections and immunity and all the while giving me a look from the corner of his eye as if to say, "Now's your chance to pick up a tip or two." And I sat and laughed to myself. "Talk away, my lad," I thought. "These clodhoppers here are made of another clay than the sort your Madrid professors like to meddle with. Once upon a time I had book learning at my fingers' ends too. Wait a little, and you'll be glad enough to put your faith in lemon juice and water." I have to vaccinate these folk by force, drag them by the scruffs of their necks. I went into the school yesterday afternoon, shut the door, and left El Tuerto in front of it with a thick stick. "Now," I said, "not a child leaves this room till he's been vaccinated." Lord, you should have heard them yell. Well ... I'd had three of them die on my hands in two days and there's no mortal way of knocking sense into their mothers. The savages! When they're ill they still think they're possessed by the devil. I am ... when I have to write small-pox on a death certificate. And now if one of these children that I stick a little calf lymph into goes and dies after all, the village will want to lynch me. So I ask myself ... and you ... for we're both in the same boat ... since we get neither pay nor thanks ... why on earth do we make such fools of ourselves?

THE WAR OF THE WORLDS

A monologue from the novel by H.G. Wells

NOTE: This monologue is reprinted from The War of the Worlds. H.G. Wells. London: Heinemann, 1898.

ARTILLERYMAN: This isn't a war. It never was a war, any more than there's war between man and ants. There's the ants build their cities, live their lives, have wars, revolutions, until the men want them out of the way, and then they go out of the way. That's what we are now--just ants. After Weybridge I went south--thinking. I saw what was up. Here's intelligent things, and it seems they want us for food. First, they'll smash us up--ships, machines, guns, cities, all the order and organisation. All that will go. At present we're caught as we're wanted. A Martian has only to go a few miles to get a crowd on the run. And I saw one, one day, out by Wandsworth, picking houses to pieces and routing among the wreckage. But they won't keep on doing that. So soon as they've settled all our guns and ships, and smashed our railways, and done all the things they are doing over there, they will begin catching us systematic, picking the best and storing us in cages and things. That's what they will start doing in a bit. Lord! They haven't begun on us yet. Don't you see that? Cities, nations, civilisation, progress--it's all over. That game's up. We're beat. There won't be any more blessed concerts for a million years or so; there won't be any Royal Academy of Arts, and no nice little feeds at restaurants. They ain't no further use. Those who mean to escape their catching must get ready. I'm getting ready. I'm going on, under their feet. I've been thinking about the drains. Of course those who don't know drains think horrible things; but under this London are miles and miles--hundreds of miles--and a few days rain and London empty will leave them sweet and clean. The main drains are big enough and airy enough for anyone. Then there's cellars, vaults, stores, from which bolting passages may be made to the drains. And the railway tunnels and subways. Eh? You begin to see? And we form a band--able-bodied, clean-minded men.

WUTHERING HEIGHTS
A monologue from the novel by Emily Brontë

NOTE: This monologue is reprinted from Wuthering Heights. Emily Brontë. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1848.

HEATHCLIFF: It began oddly. You know I was wild after she died; and eternally, from dawn to dawn, praying her to return to me her spirit! I have a strong faith in ghosts: I have a conviction that they can, and do, exist among us! The day she was buried, there came a fall of snow. In the evening I went to the churchyard. It blew bleak as winter -- all round was solitary. I didn't fear that her fool of a husband would wander up the glen so late; and no one else had business to bring them there. Being alone, and conscious two yards of loose earth was the sole barrier between us, I said to myself -- "I'll have her in my arms again! If she be cold, I'll think it is this north wind that chills ME; and if she be motionless, it is sleep." I got a spade from the tool-house, and began to delve with all my might -- it scraped the coffin; I fell to work with my hands; the wood commenced cracking about the screws; I was on the point of attaining my object, when it seemed that I heard a sigh from some one above, close at the edge of the grave, and bending down. "If I can only get this off," I muttered, "I wish they may shovel in the earth over us both!" and I wrenched at it more desperately still. There was another sigh, close at my ear. I appeared to feel the warm breath of it displacing the sleet-laden wind. I knew no living thing in flesh and blood was by; but, as certainly as you perceive the approach to some substantial body in the dark, though it cannot be discerned, so certainly I felt that Cathy was there: not under me, but on the earth. A sudden sense of relief flowed from my heart through every limb. I relinquished my labour of agony, and turned consoled at once: unspeakably consoled. Her presence was with me: it remained while I re-filled the grave, and led me home. You may laugh, if you will; but I was sure I should see her there. I was sure she was with me, and I could not help talking to her.

Hitchhikers Guide to the Galaxy – Narrator

It is important to note that suddenly, and against all probability, a sperm whale had been called into existence, several miles above the surface of an alien planet. But since this is not a naturally tenable position for a whale, this innocent creature had very little time to come to terms with its identity. This is what it thought as it fell: 'Ahhh! Whoa! What's happening? Who am I? Why am I here? What's my purpose in life? What do I mean by 'who am I'? Okay, okay, calm down, calm down, get a grip now. Ooh, this is an interesting sensation. What is it? It's a sort of a tingling in my... well, I suppose I better start finding names for things. Let's call it a... tail! Yeah! Tail! And hey, what's this roaring sound, whooshing past what I'm suddenly gonna call my head? Wind! Is that a good name? It'll do. Yeah, this is really exciting! I'm dizzy with anticipation! Or is it the wind? There's an awful lot of that now, isn't it? And what's this thing coming toward me very fast? So big and flat and round, it needs a big wide sounding name like 'Ow', 'Owng', 'Round', 'Ground'! That's it! Ground! Ha! I wonder if it'll be friends with me? Hello Ground!' ... Curiously, the only thing that went through the mind of the bowl of petunias as it fell, was: 'Oh no, not again.' Many have speculated that if we knew exactly why the bowl of petunias had thought that, we should know a lot more about the nature of the universe than we do now.

FINAL DRESS REHEARSAL

The director is loud, frustrated, the distraught type, trying to be orderly and businesslike and tries to keep everything going smoothly, but the lights are lagging, stage crew and cast members arrive late, and the sassy stage crew is noisy. The degree of humor of what goes wrong is largely dependent on the director's reactions to the frustrations.

All right! All right! Let's get this show on the road! Let's get started! Hey, stage manager, let's turn on some lights! (*lights off*) Now quit that! I said I want light, stage manager, lllllights! (*lights on*) There! That's better! All right, Stage Manager, nobody likes a smart aleck! We've got to get this rehearsal started. Hear me, Stage Manager? Or are you hiding from me again? Stage Manager, we're in a hurry! Where is my stage manager!! Oh. Now look!-We're running late and this is the final dress rehearsal. Turn on some more lights. Now get the cast on stage for roll call. All ready for roll call. We'll start with the technical crew. Stage Manager? Is all your crew here? Good...good. Prompter? Prompter! I'm calling roll. No one ever talks while I'm calling roll. Sound effects girl? Wardrobe and Props girl? Oh okay, Makeup Girl? All right, now for the cast members. The Stepmother? What's wrong with your nose? It looks terrible! You look like a big silly bird. Moving on...Younger Sister? Godmother? Fairy Godmother! What is wrong with your dress?! It looks horrid! No Fairy Godmother would ever look like *that*. And, Fairy Godmother, adjust your crown-it looks silly. Okay, good! (*Like a football coach*) All right, cast. This is it. This is the final dress rehearsal. It's important that you concentrate and stay in character. Keep the show moving at all costs. Remember, I'll be out front watching. Watching every move you make. Pulling and rooting for you all the way down the line. Tonight's the night-the final dress rehearsal. So give it the old stuff! The old oompa! (*With gesture*) All right-places!