

(Monologist stands in front of her soon to be ex-husband)

I ate them. That's right. I ate the divorce papers, Charles. I ate them with ketchup. And they were good...gooooood. You probably want me to get serious about our divorce. The thing is you always called our marriage a joke. So let's use logic here: If A we never had a serious marriage then B we can't have a serious divorce. No. We can't. The whole thing's a farce, Charles – a farce that tastes good with ketchup.

I mean, wasn't it last week, your dad asked you the reason you walked down that aisle with me, and you said "for the exercise." Ha, ha. That's funny. You're a funny guy, Charles. I'm laughing, not a crying. Ha, ha. I'm laughing because you're about to give up on a woman who is infinitely lovable.

For instance: Paul. He has loved me since the eighth grade. Sure, he's a little creepy, but he reeeeeeally loves me. He's made one hundred twenty seven passes at me, proposed forty seven times, and sent me over two hundred original love sonnets. He sees something in me, Charles. And he writes it down, in metered verse!

And that's not something you just find everyday. Someone who really loves everything about who you are as a person. Paul may be insane, but I value his feelings for me.

I would never ask him to sign his name to a piece of paper promising to just turn off his feelings for me forever. But that's what you're asking me to do, for you. To sign away my right to...to that sweet voice Charles, those baby brown eyes, the way your hands feel through my hair before bed...

Those aren't things I want to lose. In fact, I won't lose them. I won't lose you. I'll woo you. I've written you a sonnet. "Shall I compare thee to a summer's day. Thou art more lovely and more temperate, rough winds do shake the darling buds of may and..." I'm not crying. I'm laughing. It's all a big joke. It's very funny, Charles. I keep waiting for you to say "April Fools." Then I'll rush into your arms and... But you're not going to, are you? No. Of course not. It's not April.

I, I didn't really write that sonnet, you know. Paul did. I think it's good.

You see, the truth...the truth is, Charles, I ate the divorce papers, I ate them, because I can't stomach the thought of losing you.

(Cynthia addresses the man on his knee with a little box in his hand)

Don't do it! Don't open that little box one more crack! Don't ask me to marry you. Shh, shh, shh. Don't say another word. Just listen.

I can't let you do this to me. I mean, before I met you I used be such a bitch. I mean, serously, everyone at work thought I was a huge bitch. No one actually liked me. Those people I introduced to you as my friends. They're not my friends. They're scared of me. Or they were...before I met you.

Before you, I never said please or thank you at restaurants. I never smiled or laughed at anyone's jokes but mine. I never used to tip more than 10%. I was quick with insults. I always had a cruel word. I was cold, cross, crass, falsely compassionate.

But since being with you, I've begun to feel all...warm inside. Fuzzy. I find myself wanting to stroll in the park and whistle!

I have these thoughts, these urges to donate to charities and help out in soup kitchens, and hug people. Since being with you, I've given nearly ten dollars to homeless men, helped three old ladies cross the street, and I bought one of my so called "friends" a present at full price. And it was something I knew she'd like.

Don't you see? Don't you see you've made me NICE!? And what really scares me is that you'll open that box and ask me to marry you, and I'll...I'll just nicely say "yes," and then I'll be nice for life.

I'll be singing "cumbaya" for the rest of my days. I'll give back to the community, to the Salvation Army, to The MAKE A WISH FOUNDATION! And I'll do it anonymously.

And then one day, years from now, I'll wake up and I'll have the horrible realization that I lived a good life—that I contributed.

Please, for the love of God, put that box away. I mean, the planet already has millions of nice people. It doesn't need me too. I am a bitch! And I want to stay that way! Please, stop, don't—I'm asking you – No, I'm begging you – I'm getting down on my knees.

Will you please, please not marry me? ---

(Lacey enters a bare stage and addresses audience)

My father was a wonderful man who waited on me hand and foot when I was a child. Mother used to jokingly call him "the slave." When I grew up, I expected to find a husband as loving and selfless as my father. Instead I found Frank.

I would always give Frank thirty minute back rubs, which he always asked for. He'd never give me back rubs unless I begged, and then only for thirty seconds. One time, I broke both my arms and they were put in casts. Despite this I continued with Frank's back rubs. The doctor warned me that if I continued using the muscles in my arms that way, I would permanently damage them and have unbearable shooting pains for the rest of my life. I told Frank what the doctor said, and Frank told me I was exaggerating because I was lazy and didn't care about how his back felt.

One day shortly after that, after a long time rubbing his back, my own was sore. And so I said "Your turn, and I want a half an hour because I always give you a half an hour, - what's fair is fair." And Frank said "I thought you gave me back rubs because you love me not because you expected something in return?" And I explained that I love him, but I also wanted something since I give so much. Then he told me I was just being selfish, and I needed to start trying to be a truly selfless person.

And so I tried to be selfless for awhile, but the shooting pains in my arms, which he also refused to massage, were so unbearable that finally I figured it would just be easier to kill Frank than continue trying to be selfless. And I know I should have just left, or something, but the apartment was so nice and why should I be the one to give it up? I'm the one who found it in the first place. And I suppose even then, there were other ways to handle things, but I couldn't think of any at the time. Killing him was the best I could come up with.

The real problem with me and Frank was, I think, my inability to be assertive. To assert myself. I mean, had I just asserted my right to back rubs, and to my arms, and to my apartment which I found, then maybe Frank would have respected my needs and I wouldn't have felt that killing him was the only option available to me.

I think I fluctuate between being too passive and too aggressive when what I really need is to find some middle ground between the two.

In this female comedic monologue, CATRINA is an overzealous photographer, to say the least, who is photographing a rising star actress. As she snaps her camera, she gives the actress direction.

CATRINA: There you go! There you go! You're like a venom snake! You *are* a venom snake, ready to sink your fangs into flesh. That's right! Yes! Yes! I love it. Energy, energy! You are an anaconda wrapping your prey, SQUEEZING, SQUEEZING the ever loving shit—YES! Right there! Hold it! Hold that face! (*snaps photo*) YES, you angry little bitch! I love it! That's what we want! Spit on him! Spit on him and growl! Show your fangs and spit! YES!

(actress spits)

YES..cause who is he, right? It's just a man, he is no one, you are power baby! Show it, show that POWER! (*to her assistant*) Goddamnit, I love this girl.

(to actress)

Okay, now grab the axe, grab the axe and swing it at Carlo! Swing that axe straight—at—him! Right! YES! YES!

(to Carlo)

What is it Carlo? Just do it! Don't always look at me so wide-eyed. For God sake! REACT, don't look at me.

Helen, you're doing amazing! Swing the axe. That's it. Okay, you know what? Drop the axe cause Carlo is bleeding. Damnit it, Carlo! If you weren't looking at me and were paying attention to what I hired you to do, you wouldn't have gotten cut. Is it bad? Let me see. (*she examines him quickly*) You're fine, you're fine, PAPER CUT. Come on, let's go. Use it, use the blood if it starts leaking out.

HELEN! I want you to punch Carlo. Punch Carlo where he's cut. Hit him HAR—that's it! Yes! Yes! Punch that bastard of a man! Now claw, claw his chest with you—YES! YES! That's it annnnnnnnnnd claw, claw, claw BREAK.

Whew! That was...let me tell you sweetheart. That was incredible. That's how amazing you are!! Go in for the next change. When you come out, I'll show you what we have.

Carlo! Carlo, get up off the floor. I need you to go get the tiger...

Jane is sitting at a kitchen table having coffee and cake with her closest friends. All share stories of playing practical jokes on their children. Jane shares a recent story of a joke she played on her son unbeknownst to him.

JANE: Ha, ha, ha, ha. That is a good one Fran. Ha, ha, ha. I have to try that sometime. Ha, ha, ha. Clever. Very clever, I love it!

Okay, okay. Do you know what I did to MY son recently?. Lately he's been "discovering" himself. I found his collection in his bedroom. I found them when I was changing his sheets one morning after he left for school. He keeps them under his mattress. Ha, ha, ha. Not the greatest of hiding spots, let's face it.

So anyway, I waited. I waited to catch him in the act. A few days ago I told him that I was leaving to go grocery shopping. It was just me and him in the house, so he'd be home alone after I left. Ha, ha, ha. So, I made it sound like I left the house, I even called up to him from downstairs to say goodbye and then I closed the door extra hard to make it appear like I left. Ha, ha, ha.

So I waited. Sure enough, not even five minutes later, I hear him playing his movies in his bedroom. So I waited another few minutes and I snuck upstairs with a basket of finished laundry. I make it to the top of the stairs and barge right into his room all innocent and I said, 'Here's your laundry honey.'

My son leaps ten feet in the air as if he were Michael Jordan and he starts screaming, "Mom, knock! Mom, knock!"

I was like, (angry tone) 'What are you doing? What are you watching?!' My son turned milky white.

I said, 'Here's your laundry, I'm going grocery shopping now.'

I left the house and I couldn't stop laughing for over an hour!!! Call me a mean mother but that, Oh God, that was so worth it. Ha, ha, ha.

Becka: Which way do I go? Left or right? (sighs) Don't you know?! You're supposed to be the navigator. (beat) It's right there in front of you, just look at the map. I can't believe we don't get reception out here. Maps are so lame. GPS is way better.
(beat)

Did you find the road? What route? So it's a left? Okay, I'll make a left but wait a second. Where are we? We're—this isn't the same road, dude? This is not a route...there is no route mentioned here...there are no signs, Jack! Oh, there!

(reading and squinting)

It says...Maple Road. (looking at him) Just give me the map! (beat) Maple...Maple freaking Road, man. (beat) You found it? LEFT? Okay, I will make a left here and pray to God...

(singing) *it's getting dark outside and we're gonna be lost.*

(under her breath) I knew it. I should have listened to my Mother. (beat) Don't worry about it. Let's just get there *alive*.

Kim is so fed up with men approaching her with their one liners. In this comedy monologue, she talks to one of her good friends about the annoying men she randomly tolerates.

KIM: I don't know what it is with me lately but I just get so UGH! when guys come up to me, with their cheesy lines, (*imitating guy*) "Hey, you have such a beautiful smile" or "Can I just tell you that you are so beautiful". Ugh! It disgusts me. I mean, who the hell does this guy or that guy think he is to give me such compliments? What gives him the right? I don't do anything to give off any kind of interest whatsoever, I completely look the other way when I see eye contact happening and they STILL come over thinking they're so suave and it's simply repulsive. You know what I'm saying?? What does a girl have to do these days? Maybe if I just vomited on myself the guy would walk the other way but I bet even then, I'd get, "The way you vomit on yourself is just so, so delightful."

...All I want is to be left alone. I have a man, I love my man and I do my best to be polite but the irritation and the cheesy lines are getting to be too much. Guys are blind, they really are, OBLIVIOUS to when a girl is not interested. There are days when I'd rather be a man.