

# Monologues

## Female

### *Uncle Vanya*

Anton Chekhov, tr. Stark Young  
1899

Scene: a country estate in Russia

Sonya: a woman rejected by the man she loves, 20-30

Sonya realizes that there is no marriage in her future and that she will live out her days as a spinster on her father's estate. Here, she commiserates with Uncle Vanya, who shares a similar fate.

SONYA: But what can we do, Uncle? We're alive. *(A pause.)* We'll live, through a long chain of days, endless nights. We'll bear patiently whatever happens; we'll work for others, until we die, with no rest, and when our hour has come we'll go without a murmur. But in the next world, Uncle, we'll say that we suffered, that we were miserable, and God will have pity on us. Then, dear Uncle, a new life will start – radiant, beautiful; we'll rejoice and we'll remember these sufferings with a smile; we'll rest. I believe that, Uncle, with all my heart. *(She kneels in front of him and puts her hand on her uncle's hands. She speaks in a tired voice.)* We'll rest. *(Tyelyegyin quietly plays the guitar.)* Yes, rest! We'll hear the angels sing, the sky will be filled with diamonds. All our trouble and pain will melt, there'll be compassion. Our lives will be calm and gentle, sweet as a caress.... I believe that, Uncle, I believe it. *(With her handkerchief she wipes away her uncle's tears.)* Dear, poor Uncle Vanya, you're crying. *(Through her own tears)* You've had no joy in your life, but wait, Uncle, just wait.... We'll rest.... *(She embraces him.)* We'll rest. *(We hear the tapping of the night watchman. Tyelyegyin plays softly. Mariya Vasilyevna writes in the margins of her pamphlet. Maryina knits a stocking.)* We'll rest.

## Male

### *A Singular Kinda Guy*

David Ives

I know what you're thinking. You're looking at me and you're saying to yourself: average guy. Well, that's what I thought too for lots of years, and boy, was I wrong.

Now I look back, I think I always really knew the truth about myself, underneath. I'd be standing in a crowd of people at a party, and suddenly I'd get this idea like I was standing in a huge empty space and there wasn't anybody around me for miles.

And then one day I had a ... I don't know what you'd call it. A mystical experience? I was walking down Lex over in the thirties when I go by this office supply shop. Just a crummy little place. But I turn and I look and I see... an Olivetti model 250 portable electric typewriter.

Have you ever seen the old Olivetti 250? Well, let me tell you – it's sublime. The lines. The shape. The slant of the keyboard. It's all there! It's a thing of beauty!

Anyway, I'm standing there looking at this thing, and it's like I recognize it from someplace, like I'm seeing some long lost brother for the first time, and suddenly I realize: That's me, right there. That thing in the window is exactly what I feel like, on the inside. Same lines, same shape, same aesthetic. And what I realized was: I...am a typewriter. No, really! A typewriter! All those years I thought I was a human being, on the inside I was really a portable Olivetti 250 with automatic correctibility. And you know what? I can't even type!