

TO BE OR NOT TO BE

By Phil Lewis

Monologue

SHORTENED **SAMPLE VERSION**

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Approx: 7 minutes.

Cast

Sara (lonely and desperate) Any age

Style

Possibly set in a small room (bed sit) with a bed. The narrator has just awoke from sleep and has to make a daily decision.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE

(OPENING MUSIC: I DON'T LIKE MONDAYS – TORRY AMOS)

(SARA RISES FROM HER BED. STRETCHES YAWNS, ETC. AND IS FACED WITH ANOTHER DAY. BUT BEFORE THAT DAY CAN BEGIN - A DECISION HAS TO BE MADE)

SARA: Morning.
I hate mornings.
Especially the first day of the working week.
I hate it.

(SHE TRIES TO WAKE UP)

Lord! I so hate this life. What am I doing here? WHY am I still here?
What IS the point of it all?

I wish.....I wish this could be my last day. I just wish.....

Shall I end it now? Big question. Big decision.

To be.....or not to be.

No! Not yet!

Not without finishing a few things. Things must be settled. Sorted.
Finalised.....ended.

Mum.

(SHE FINDS A RECORDING MACHINE AND SPEAKS INTO IT)

Mum.

I don't know how you're gonna take this but.....

I need you to understand the way I feel and why I'm doing what I must do.

You of all people know I get a little ...desperate, upset. Lose my mind. I can't always be your little angel.

I'm really sorry for all the years that I've behaved so badly. It's far too late for me to make it up to you now.

I'm not an angel, but neither are you.

Goodby, mum.

Love you.

Sara.

(SHE SWITCHES OFF THE MACHINE WHILE SHE THINKS THROUGH HER NEXT MESSAGE. WHEN SHE'S READY SHE SWITCHES ON THE MACHINE AGAIN)

Dad.

I know this will come as no shock to you. You're used to shock.
Especially after Mother's, well, we said we'd all forget about that.

But you must agree that you've not helped at times. Have you?

I used to be a happy child. You said so yourself.

But that was a long time ago. And now.....I have emotional problems that sometimes get out of hand.

It's something I've tried to control, tried to change...but...that's life.

Look after Mum for me.

Love always.

You daughter, Sara.

(SOUND OF A CAT MEOWING. SHE SWITCHES OFF THE MACHINE AND TALKS AT THE CAT)

Paws for Thought. Shut outside. You're better off there sweetie.

You're a good cat. Good friend. Good company. Still... you've been well looked after. We're always there for each other.

I often wonder if you pick up on my moods. You never complain, unless you're hungry. You don't get into a mood, do you? I do. Well...you certainly know that.

I'm sorry Paws. Really sorry.

I just seem to get into these black depressions and I have to take it out on someone. And sometimes that's you.

Maisy will look after you when I'm gone. I sometimes think she loves you more than I do.

Anyway

(SHE SWITCHES ON THE MACHINE)

James.

(SHE SWITCHES OFF THE MACHINE WHILE SHE THINKS THROUGH WHAT TO SAY. WHEN SHE'S READY SHE SWITCHES ON THE MACHINE AGAIN)

Sweet James.

How have you put up with me for these two years?

We've had rough times along with the good. We're still together because I really do love you. And I'm sure you love me too.

This is going to come hard for you, but even you being with me is not enough to make me really happy.

And it's mostly you that takes the brunt of my moods.

I am truly sorry and can never thank you enough for being there during those times and not walking out on me.

Find yourself someone more stable and marry her. You deserve the best. Call Triny. She fancies you, I know.

Goodbye my love.

EDITED