

Biblio

By
Wayne Peter Liebman

(Glynda's monologue)

This monologue is copyrighted
and is to be used for classroom
and auditions purposes only.

For production rights, please
contact the author.

by Wayne Peter Liebman
liebmanw@dogear.org

GLYNDA

DID I SAY YOU COULD WATCH ME? GO!

(HE freezes, looking hurt.)

Please, just go.

(HE leaves. SHE sits on the edge of the stage and speaks to the audience.

LIGHTS darken around her. SOUND:
Radio sounds fade.)

It's some code thing. He translated. CIA or NSA or LBJ. Whatever. He would just call. Then we'd pick up and go after him. Berlin. Tokyo. I think we went. I lose the thread. My mother. Well, now it gets serious. I'm rambling, aren't I? My mother isn't in this play. She was very beautiful. He loved her. I think he loved her. She left him. I think he had her killed. No. First she died of natural causes. No. First she left him. Then she died of natural causes. Then he had her killed. Fuck that. I'm making this up. Anyway, he sent postcards. I knew where he'd been. I was, what, twenty? I was old enough. I knew he had women. I didn't give a damn about his fucking women. I was old enough to know.