

MONOLOGUES (MEMORIZED-ish)

MASTER OF CEREMONIES (ringleader or magician with flare and charisma)

Welcome, dear friends, to an evening of illusion and delusion. Of inclusion and exclusion. And fantastical confusion. Our story is set in a sleepy southern Californian village called Plastica, near the turn of the Millenia. A Noble family, the Dollies, had escaped a cold and dirty war and now lives in peace and harmony. Another more warring noble family, the Wrenns, had yet to settle past accounts with....shall I say...oh, I won't bore you with the details but you don't say their names negatively in public and still be allowed to walk upright. Well, after a final ..dispute...that ended in victory for the Wrenns, they decide to take some rest and relaxation by going north on surprise visit to see their pals, the Dollies. Here is where I story begins. With the war over, love is in the air and all seems right in the world. Yet, in this time of happiness is hidden a mischievous plot, borne out of nothing but jealousy. Let's meet our merry group.

LADIE DOLLY angrier and angrier. Louder and louder

Is he not proved a villain! He has slandered, scorned, dishonored my kinswoman! O that I were a man! ...(pacing)..to take her in his hand until they come to be one hands; and then, with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancor, --O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place!!!!!! (Pause then pacing)...."Talk with a man out at a window"! A proper saying! ... Sweet Hero! She is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone. O that I were a man for her sake or that I had any male friend for my sake! I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

(WREN)

My dear Dolly. By this hand, I love you.

DOLLY (directly into his eyes)

Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

(WREN) (exhausted)

Think you in your soul the Lord Fabio has wronged Hero?

DOLLY (haunting, like a demon)

Yes,.... as sure as I have a thoughtor a soul.

DUKE WREN (full break of 4th wall)

(remove part of his upper costume, walk into audience, speak directly to them)

So here's the skinny...Have you ever wondered why Dudes hassle other Dudes who act like dorks when they fall in love.... only to be hassled themselves by other Dudes when they act like dorks when they fall in love?!! This is exactly what is going on with Fabio. I have known him to rock out to Kiss or Metallica..AC/DC..: He would run a marathon without stopping...backwards...without shoes...with a broken leg...without any hint of emotion on his face; and now he lies on a chez lounge in a trance with rosy cheeks and a sheepish grin! He lies there for endless hours, ...posing... naked, ...singing Barbra Streisand love songs... out of key!! He used to speak honestly; now he speaks in love sick words; words like... cuddle ...(wretch)and ageless... (plah) and evergreen! (plah, plah!) I can't stand it!

PRINCE DON PEDRO

(happy)

And, you know, Wren is not the worst candidate for husband. His pros are; he is of a noble blood, brave and well-known honesty. (to Hero) I will teach you how to lure Dolly so that she will fall in love

with Wren; and I, with the help of you two, will do the same to Wren, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall madly in love with Dolly. If we can do this, Cupid is no the only matchmaker: we will be the love gods. Go in with me and devise the details our plan.

THEN

(angry)

Why, then are you no maiden. Neonato, I am sorry you must hear: upon my honor, Myself, my brother and this grieved Lord did see her, hear her, at that hour last night talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window who has indeed, most like a common villain, confessed the vile encounters they have had a hundred times in secret. (Hero begins o faint)

LORD FABIO WRENN

Thus answer I in the name of Duke Wren but hear this gut-wrenching news with the ears of Lord Fabio. Is this certain? the Prince woos for himself!! Friendship is constant in all other things except love: therefore, everyone in love must woo maids for themselves and trust no one else to do it for them; for beauty is a witch that cast spells on any man. Even a friend will betray you... which is proven just tonight. Farewell, therefore, Hero! (tries to exit).

LADY HERO DOLLIE

(Gentle, Then firmly in control)

Fabio, I am reborn as a phoenix. Reborn from the ashes of shame and self-doubt. The former feeble, frail, weak, vulnerable, unsteady and powerless Hero is dead. You will never see her again. In her place, you will find the sound, strong, virile, stalwart, and powerful heiress to the house of not one but two lords and she is in full control of her own destiny! And honey, you got some splanin' to do! Step aside.

THEN- after the friar didn't listen

Settle down, Church Man! I got something to say! In case you weren't listening to my song. I'm not marrying this freaky freak. Not at least until he has groveled at my tired and sore maiden feet. Uh huh. That means you, boy, got some courtin' to do. And it better be good. I'm talking future Kardashian Courting. I want diamonds from Africa, fresh spices from the West Indies, the latest fashion from France, every color of tulip from Holland but don't bring me those ugly shoes, the finest tea from China....and that's just my short list.

(begin to head off stage. Fabio stands dumb founded and has not moved. Hero stops, turns back and shoots Fabio a glaring eye)

You comin' lover boy?

(Fabio runs to her as if she owned him)

Yeah, I thought so! (they exit)

LORD NEONATO DOLLIE angrily

End your counsel! It has no effect on me just as water pours through a strainer: My soul tells me Hero has been the victim in some cruel scheme. Bring me an honest father that so loved his horribly accused innocent child and persuade him to talk of divine patience; take full measure his grief and ask him to not to be madly enraged and tell him not to become the slanderer's executioner! If there is such a one who can smile and bear it, bring him to me, and I will ask how he found this angelic patience. But no! No, this man is mere fantasy.

LORD DON JUAN WRENN

I wish I had a more correct word for her wickedness; something more evil! You must come with me tonight; you shall see proof of her black-molded heart; even the night before her wedding day. We must stand silent at her chamber-window even at the moment when Hero is revealed for what she is, If after seeing this awfulness, you still love her then, tomorrow, wed her; but it would better fit your honor to change your mind.

MARGARITE/BRICKY/SLIPPER

I swear he loves her; for once he asked me to help him write a love letter for you Lady Dolly. But here's (taking a paper from his coat) proof, a paper written in his own hand, a sappy sonnet from his own brain, fashioned to Dolly (gives to Dolly). And here's another I have stolen while cleaning her bed chamber for just an occasion as this. It is written in Dolly's hand proclaiming her devoted love unto Wren (gives to Wren).

RYAN WRENN (plotting)

Go, then; meet in an hour at Hero's chamber window, but first go catch the Prince and the Lord Fabio alone: tell them you know that Hero loves me; tell the Prince that his friend's reputation and honor are at risk. The Prince, having made the match, will not believe it at first and be very concerned. Plead with them on their honors to follow you for proof. Run to Hero's chamber window where they will see a man making love to a woman who calls her Hero. What they do not know is that I will be making love to Margaret but all the while calling her Hero. Margaret will do this for me because roll play is our favorite bedroom game. But Margaret will not if she knew the devil truth for she is an honest woman, so you must be silent upon seeing us.

SHANE WRENN

Yes of course, but you can never reveal this publicly until you are far away from your half-brother's scrutiny. You have just gone against him in the dealings with the Cartel and you need him to believe your challenge is over. Otherwise, we will never be free of him. I realize you will always want to avenge your mother and I, of all people, know how the death of your father has pitted you against Pedro. However, you need to, at least, pretend that you have changed and wish to be part of his rosy garden.

SMIDGE /TALAN

A good old man, sir: but as they say, when the age is in, the wit is out: God help us! Well said, neighbor Talan: well, God's a good man; when two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind. An honest soul, in faith, sir; by my honor he is, but God is to be worshipped; all men are not alike; alas, good neighbor!

Or

I would not crush and ant, much more a man who has but nobility in him. (to the watch)

This is the end of your duty. Well, masters, good night: and if there be any matter of importance, wake me: but do your duty on your own, I am off to bed not to be disturbed. good night, watch. Come, neighbor.

LORD PANCHINO angrily

He shall kill two of us, He may kill one, but he will never kill two; For one will be there to defend the other. We shall nearly fatally wound him then tie him to the whipping post drenched in his own black blood for all the world to see his villainy. Come boy let us see this to the end!...God knows I loved my niece; and she is dead, slandered to death by you villains..What, man! I know them, yes, they are nothing more that unscrupulous, turn-coat, fashion-mongering boys, that lie and gossip, deprave and slander, wag and piss, and speak off half a dozen dangerous words about how they might hurt their enemies and even their friends for sport. Please; let me deal in this.

FRIAR PATCH

Hear me; for I have been silent and watching this tragedy unfold. By watching the lady I have seen a thousand blushing ghosts in her face, a thousand innocent shames of an true angel; and in her eyes laid poisons by errors that these Princes have been hidden away from. Call me a fool; do not trust my observations, my age, my reverence, my calling, or divinity, if this sweet lady is not a victim of a cruel hoax.