

# MONOLOGUE – PERSEPHONE

## FROM *CIRCUS OLYMPUS*

by Lindsay Price

Use this monologue for  
your next IE!

<b>Play</b>	CIRCUS OLYMPUS by Lindsay Price
<b>Stats</b>	Comedy - Simple set - Two Acts
<b>Casting</b>	6M+9W, Easily Expandable
<b>Description</b>	CIRCUS OLYMPUS brings several Greek myths to life. Persephone is taken to the Underworld by Hades because she picked a special flower.
<b>Get the Play</b>	<a href="http://www.theatrefolk.com">www.theatrefolk.com</a>

Hello there flower. Aren't you pretty. I've never seen a flower like you before. And I know all the flowers: (*she straightens up and counts off the flowers*) daises, azaleas, blue bells, magnolias, roses, snap dragons, tulips, violets, wisteria (*she takes a deep breath*) zinnias, impatiens, iris-s-sisses, gardenias, forget-me-nots, columbines, pansies, carnations, dandelions, baby's breath, ivy, (*she takes another breath*) hyacinth, hydrangea, honeysuckle, hibiscus!

(*she staggers a bit*) Whooo! What a rush! But you don't look like any of those. You would look so pretty in my scrapbook. I collect flowers.

*Realizing she has spoken out loud, she claps a hand over her mouth and looks around in a panic, scared her mother overheard her. Seeing she's safe, she takes a deep breath and focuses back on the flower.*

Shhhh. (*whispering*) It's a secret. I'm not really supposed to 'cause when I pick the flowers they die and mummy gets upset, and it's not good to get mummy upset, (*starting to get upset, she paces*) 'cause she loves the flowers and I do too and I try not to pick too many because when you pick the flower you can't enjoy the flower and I do enjoy the flower. I do, I do, I do, I do, I do!

Continued Over...



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The Fine Print

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*She freezes and gets a puzzled look on her face. She bends down again to the flower, which has said something.*

What's that little flower? You want me to pick you? You want to come home with me and be part of my collection? Are you sure? *(she reaches forward)* You are such a pretty flower. *(she pulls back)* I shouldn't. Mummy would get upset. *(she leans forward)* But maybe, I could hide you and then mummy wouldn't find out and then she couldn't get upset and I wouldn't get in trouble. *(she pulls back)* I don't like getting in trouble. What's that, little flower? You want me to pick you? Now?

*She pauses, bouncing up and down, and then, finally snatches the flower.*

OK! 🐾