

FAIRY TALES AND LIES

By Kelly Meadows

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CAST: one female

(This comedy requires one person to do several voices. This type of monologue is extremely effective if done well.)

(As a narrator, but as things progress, we can see SHE's talking about her own life) Once upon a time there was a beautiful young princess (**indicates herself**) who lived in a very large castle squarely situated on the borderline of two former Soviet republics – Armenia and Azerbaijan. She lived with her father, the king, an occasionally benevolent if not scatterbrained ruler; and her stepmother, the queen: a vile selfish woman who kept importing late 80s grunge rock CDs from obscure American labels and playing them loudly in two nations where the majority of the landless peasantry could barely afford enough to eat, let alone acquire a taste for the anthologized recordings of Green Day and Nirvana.

Of course, being where they were, situated on the border of two former Soviet republics – the evil queen, by blasting her stereo at all hours of the night – was sowing *mucho* discontent in the peasantry of both populations. The princess – forced to attend public school in a cost saving measure designed to accommodate her mother's grunge budget – was often sleep deprived and cranky, and had to endure hostile insults from her classmates who much preferred the polka, or a happy Tchaikovsky tune, instead of the final agonies of Kurt Cobain.

(with an accent) “Oh,look, it's the spoiled *princhesa* with the rockin' mama!”

(another accented student) “Her music is ruining our harvest. Plants can't grow to rock and roll, and my father can't eat to it. **(weeping)** He'll starve and we'll be penniless.”

So while her stepmom might have been considered hip in America, if not groovy, even, here she was considered an acerbic, oppressive, evil, selfish-

(as her own father, interrupting) “Don't you talk about your stepmother that way!”

Dad! I'm telling the story!

(as Dad) “You're making your mother look like...”

(as herself) What she *is*, Dad. Just what she is! **(to the audience)** Okay, so we don't live in a castle squarely situated on the borderline of two former Soviet republics. We have a townhouse condo in suburban

Pittsburgh. And so I'm the one playing Green Day and Nirvana. But it's my narrative, and I'm going to tell the story to suit my own agenda.

(as Dad) "Shelly!"

Dad!

"Shelly, stop it!"

Dad, no! My family is so embarrassing!

Okay, so back to the Armenian-Azerbaijani border. The princess had a big problem getting her homework done because-

(as Stepmom) "Because she watched TV all night and talked on the phone!"

No mom, that's not why. **(parenthetically)** Ok, it is. **(to the audience)** Becaaaauuse – since her castle was in two separate countries, she had to present a passport and submit her backpack for customs inspection every time she wanted to take her schoolbooks to her room, which was located in an entirely different country and culture than was the front door! *That's* why she couldn't get her homework done.

(as Mom) "You didn't sign up for sex ed, did you? I told you – you're not signing up for sex ed, biology, or comparative politics or religion!"

Mom! It's a Russian history course!

(as Mom) "Harry, your daughter wants to be a Communist!"

Mom, communism is dead!

(as Mom) "So is grunge rock, but you still play it."

(sighs deeply) Well as you can see, the princess was often held up at customs for hours haggling over the minute details of her knapsack, while the royal family ignored the ever more desperate situation of an increasingly angry proletariat. The oppressed masses finally realized that the major issue of the palace was not the good of the citizens of the two separate countries, but rather what CDs were playing and at what volume, and what the princess was reading for school.

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