

In the following monologue Matt is introduced to the audience. He is a smart, energetic boy who dreams big. He fancies himself a romantic hero. The poetic style of the monologue should influence tone, but not delivery. It should be treated like a fairy tale, not Shakespeare.

Matt:

There is this girl.
I'm nearly twenty years old.
I've studied Biology.
I've had an education.
I've been inside a lab:
Dissected violets.
I know the way things are.
I'm grown up; stable;
Willing to conform.
I'm beyond such foolish notions,
And yet—in spite of my knowledge---
There is this girl.
She makes me young again, and foolish,
And with her I perform the impossible:
I defy Biology!
And achieve ignorance!
There are no ears but hers to hear the explosion of my soul! There are no other eyes but hers to make me wise, and despite what they say of the species, there is not one plant or animal or any growing thing that is made quite the same as she is. It's stupid, of course, I know it. An immensely undignified, but I do love her!

Matt and Louisa are secretly in love, and hiding their relationship from their father's. Matt's father has just announced that it is time for Matt to be married. He has selected a bride for him. In the following monologue Matt is declaring to his father, and to Luisa, who is hidden behind the wall (she is the "wall," the "willow," the "flowers," and the "wounded bird" he refers to), that he will marry whom he chooses.

Matt:

Listen carefully to what I have to say.
Listen, Wall. And flowers. And willow, too.
And wounded bird. And Father, you
May as well listen too.
I will not wed by your wisdom.
I will not walk neatly into a church
And contract out to prolongate my race.

I will not go wedding in a too-tight suit
Nor be witnessed when I take my bride.
No!
I'll marry, when I marry,
In my own particular way;
And my bride shall dress in sunlight,
With rain for her wedding veil.
Out in the open,
With no one standing by.
No song except September
Being sung in the busy grass!
No sound except our heartbeats, roaring!
Like a flower alive with bees!
Without benefit of neighbor!
Without benefit of book!
Except perhaps her handprint
As she pressed her hand in mine;
And she gives me her golden hair;
In a field, while kneeling,
Being joined by the joy of life!
There!
In the air!
In the open!
That's how I plan to live!