

# CAMPAIGN PROMISES

A TEN MINUTE MONOLOGUE

By John C. Havens

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**CAST: one female**

**PERFORMANCE NOTE:** *The parenthetical stage directions are for the actor only. They are used to let the performer know what would be happening if SHE were actually in the moment. It is not intended that SHE should mime picking up a phone, etc., in such a way as to distract the judges or her viewers. The point is that these moments are when the audience gets to see her actively being affected by what is happening to her.*

Listen, I've been thinking about what you said to me the other night. I've been thinking a lot about it, actually.

**(SHE paints the setting with her words, pantomiming where appropriate.)**

It was perfect. We'd just seen that romantic comedy together, what was it called? I seriously don't remember because once it started, I was just dying for you to hold my hand. I remember that perfectly. We were sitting down, pretending to be interested in the movie. I was trying to hold my popcorn and eat it with my right hand just so I could keep my left hand free for you to grab. I must have looked really stupid, I know. At first I thought you weren't going to catch on, but I guess you were just as nervous as me. Then my popcorn started to fall, of course, but instead of it going in my lap or falling on the ground and making a huge disaster, you reached over really quickly like a Ninja and caught it with your left hand. Your face was so close to mine, and I could see so deeply into your eyes. So instead of holding hands, we just kissed.

You are a really good kisser. No, I mean it. Really soft. And you didn't shove your tongue down my throat like some guys... anyway. It gave me goose bumps.

Then we left the movie and went to get ice cream. I loved how you ordered for me.

**(SHE impersonates MICHEAL)**

"She'll have a one-scoop cone with mint chocolate chip low-fat yogurt. Plus some rainbow sprinkles, but just a little."

That was so sweet, that you remembered exactly what I like. That means a lot to a girl, Michael. That you really listen. It shows how special she is to you. How she's the only one you care about in that special way.

After ice cream, we went to the center of town where they have that gazebo thing. Normally I would think it's kind of dopey, since they use it for band functions at town picnics and stuff. My mom always used to make us go to those things every year, you know.

***(Impersonates her mother.)***

“Christine, you have to have town spirit and show your support, no matter how silly you think it might be. It's the same with voting – you have to show your civic duty. Even if you don't believe in the candidates, you have to exercise your right to vote because we live in a country where we have that privilege.”

Anyway, sorry. Didn't mean to channel my mom or anything. I just thought of her because of that gazebo. But now I'll always associate it with you.

***(SHE paints the picture again.)***

The moon was shining just enough so we could find our way to the gazebo. I was kinda surprised no one else was there. It was such a beautiful night. You didn't pay someone to make sure it was free, did you? And we get up there and there were crickets chirping and off in the distance you could hear another group of people getting out of the movies. They were kids, just like us. Guys yelling stuff at girls to try to impress them. Stuff like:

***(SHE impersonates boys yelling)***

“Hey, Laura, you like the part when that guy took his shirt off?”

“Yo, Susan, I'll be Tom Hanks and you'll be Meg Ryan.”

“Yeah, you want mail? You've got male, baby. I'll be your male.”

Then all those boys laughed and thought they were funny. Boys don't understand. We girls don't like that stuff. The attention is okay, but we want someone to treat us with respect, not yell at us from down the street. We want someone...like you.

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