



11 PERFORMANCE MONOLOGUES FOR MILLENNIAL WOMEN

By Vivian C Lermond

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Good Witch, Bad Witch

A

Monologue

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So my best friend Lizzie is throwing a Halloween costume party tonight and I'm cravin' some misbehavin'. What to wear ... what to wear. I go to my spare closet of the misbegotten, the clothes coffin of terrible textiles, and there they are! The bridesmaid dresses ... putrid pink, ruby red and baby boy blue, with shoes dyed to match. Got it! I'll go as super Oz Glenda - good witch of the East! I run to the dollar store for glitter galore, a magic wand and a tacky tiara. Three hours later and voila ... I am transformed! (Beat) I get to Lizzie's and straight away, here comes this guy checking me out. He looks like he just stepped out of a time warp machine. "Hey Bo Peep ... where's the sheep?" He wants to know. "I'm Glenda, the good witch!" I snap. "I'm John Travolta," he slurs, breaking into some really bad disco dance moves. "Sorry. I'm not feeling the POW of your polyester," I sling over my shoulder as I beat feet through a throng of costumed characters hell bent on mastering the Monster Mash. (Beat) Then I see him ... Little Boy Blue! Babe, come blow your horn! He throws me a gorgeous smile. I'm melting ... melting (*wait, wrong Oz witch*). I adjust my tiara. He speaks. His words come out in squeaks, like he just took a massive inhale from a helium balloon! I bolt out the back door into Lizzie's garden. A sexy male voice speaks from the shadows. "Bad night?" I look closer. It's a guy in street clothes ... a cute guy. "I'm Darren, Lizzie's new neighbor next door," he offers. "I'm Harriet." "That magic wand work?" He asks. "Maybe". "Then how about you give it a wave and transport us out of here. I got a nice bottle of wine and some super Stilton at my place." I wave my wand. He takes my hand and we trample through the hedge row. Hey, I said I was cravin' some misbehavin'. Nothing bad about *nice* Glenda getting' a little ... *naughty*.