

## **TROY WOMEN by Karen Hartman**

<https://www.playscripts.com/play/1574>

*Andromache's husband Hector, Prince of Troy, was just slain by the conquering Greeks. As Andromache is being carted away by Greek soldiers, holding her infant son, she addresses her mother-in-law Hecuba.*

### **ANDROMACHE**

Mother may I speak to you about collapse?

For Polyxena it's like she was never born.  
Maybe that comforts you.  
In death there is no grief. No loss.  
While my life is a map of sadness.

I say without shame that I was an ambitious woman.  
I wanted a high reputation.  
I built one.  
I watched it crack against the ground  
fragile as a vase.

I have held myself to standards.  
I have been beyond reproach.

They say a woman who walks will stray.  
So I kept home.  
Imagined the outside.  
A person of position can command  
even her own longing.

They say wit in a wife is a wayward sign.  
So I spoke to myself.  
I know how women become friends  
swapping laughter and information.  
It is addictive.  
So I spoke to myself.  
I am interesting.  
My mind is a teacher.

They say the man is ruler  
so he ruled.

They say talk in a woman is brass  
so I was gold.

They say if you look at the sun you go blind  
so I watched the floor for reflection.

And action during pregnancy causes disaster  
so I lay with my feet up  
waiting.

They say Andromache is a model wife.  
They say Andromache is a lady.  
They say now, I want Andromache.

The son of Achilles picked me from all the women  
due to my reputation  
which had of course spread to Greece.  
A place I did not expect to see.

Mother.  
They say something else.

A night of pleasure with one man  
erases another.  
There is a way to touch a woman so she forgets everything that went before  
so she bucks against a face a hand a body  
like a horse.  
A mare if you switch her partner will refuse to bear the weight  
and she is only a beast.  
I hate women for this.  
And I think about touch.

Hector, you were my everything.  
Wise and beautiful, brave and rich.  
I came to you a sealed box.  
You unlocked me.

Now, in Greece,  
I will fail you whatever I do.

Do you see why I call Polyxena lucky?

Hope is old candy.  
I can't eat it anymore.

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*You may CUT but you may not CHANGE the words. Please introduce the monologue with title of play and author's name (this is a monologue from Leah's Train by Karen Hartman).*

*Feel free to send a video link to yourself performing the monologue through the Contact page, and let me know if I may share! Thanks and be well, KH*

[www.karenhartman.org](http://www.karenhartman.org)