

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 are welcome to perform this monologue for free! It would mean a lot to me if you would [buy this play](#), and it's a good idea for your performance too.

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