

## **NO SECOND TROY by Karen Hartman**

Unpublished

*Polyxena tries to talk her sister Cassandra out of a delusion that they are in Ancient Troy, facing ruin at the hands of men. But Cassandra might be right.*

### POLYXENA

Cassandra, I've been seeing a counselor, a woman. She's helped me to move on. My world is bigger than this place. You can't live anymore in this place. Her office is far away, near the ocean. I can see trees through her windows. We can take my car and then a bicycle.

I can bring her here. Would you like that? Or we can stay a while, just us. I'm not going to rush you. I've told her about you: my extraordinary sister.

Cassandra, you look tiny there. The nightmares are over now. We're grown women who drive shiny cars. I have a red convertible. You can go for a ride.

It has seatbelts. We're safe.

It takes a long time to reach her. By car and then by bicycle I go. The journey does me good. I used to stay inside so much, Cass. I understand how scared you are. I used to curl in my home; I too drank tea until I ran out. I ate and drank until I ran out, and then I thought I would waste away inside like you said. I thought I would starve and I wouldn't care, that anything was better than what you said. I knew you were right and I knew it and I knew it until I got so hungry that I didn't know anything anymore. So I bought a red convertible. Now I drive and look at men when I like. I eat mountains of beef and dessert. I see a woman in the woods near the sea at the end of a bicycle path and I've promised to bring her my sister. My sad and brilliant sister, will you please come with?

(Silence)

I have lunchtime reservations. I have tickets for the opera. I have a day planned full of things you love. I have people you can meet. I have a favorite café. There's a movie we could see, about sisters. You might like a movie, Cassandra. We could go afterwards to a bar and drink vodka.

You believe this is Troy. You believe you are Cassandra of ancient Troy.

I'll change the appointment. Can you ride a bicycle?

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*You are welcome to perform this monologue for free!*

*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*

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