

There used to be a man

A monologue by Lianna Babauta

(pacing) (contemplative, nervous)

Ok, for this year's community play I have to write a monologue... oh, forget a play! I have to finish my song.

(sigh, shrug shoulders)

Which song? ...Well, how about the one where I fall in love with the boy who doesn't fall in love, or even notice, me? That's a really good song. No, that one doesn't showcase my full songwriting abilities. It is my catchiest song though. I have the paralleled verses, bridge and pre-chorus. I think it's damn catchy. MAYBE I'll put it in the realm of possibilities to perform live one day. Oh! What about the song I wrote for my new beau that's all happy and goes like "I met a guy, I could tell from the look in his eye... (fade off) he was mine... (fade off even quieter) since the time..." Ah, noooo! The lyrics are so cornball pop! (aside to self) Well, hold on. What's wrong with cornball pop? The Beatles did it famously and delightfully. "Ooh, I need your love, girl. 8 days a week!"

(deadpan) Yeah. Hell, just look at how popular Taylor Swift is. The girl does have some good chord progressions. I admit she puts her soul out there despite what people think.

(aside to self) Which is what I find so insulting! Popstars all morph into the same boring, unoriginal persona. I can do better than someone who collaborates on predictable, rhymable love lyrics. But how? And when? You've written how many songs now and yet performed zero? And left others with good potential unfinished? Most of them are about men. All of the lyrics are original and relevant to my life. But I'm so insecure. And what for? MOST SONGS THAT HAVE EVER BEEN WRITTEN HAVE BEEN ABOUT LOVE AND SOMEONE'S TAKE ON LOVE. So what if I equate the enormous feelings of love to one crossing an ocean or jumping olympic hurdles? Vance Joy geniusly related love to a riptide. If I were a man who rocked the guitar and had the range of vocals he does I'd probably be more self-assured. But of course, white men rule the world. At least I'm not leaning on John Mayer for lyrical guidance. I mean, he's a good guitar player but not the kinda rockstar I would be... Ok, Lianna. Focus. The lyrics are about love, inspired by men. What have you got?

(play song on guitar)

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I remember when he took my hand

Soothing me, saying, "Baby, it will all be ok.

Don't wash the dishes. Spend time on bigger wishes.

Let me handle that. I'll do it after I water my plant."

I said "Man, ok, if you're sure. I'm not always quite so demure. I mean, I think I'm not. What else have you got?"

And he said, "To offer? Baby, my life. I've given it to you and my wife."

Could it be true? Is that really you, Dad?

"Yes, sweetie, and I'm not doing half bad. You have a legacy to fulfil that is all your own. Now that you're grown I can see my work is done.

I said "Well, ok, I'll keep living life and have fun! And always love you forevermore."

And he laughed and said, "Just don't wake up God when you come knocking on his door."