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Soliloquy, You: The World

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Soliloquy, You: The World

Author Bio

Hannah! Evans has been writing her name with an exclamation point since first grade. She's currently a Senior English Major with a Writing Concentration and Educational Studies Minor. As a lover of the multidimensional, Hannah! considers herself a writer, an artist, a thinker, a creator, and more, and she hopes to follow her inspiration into a career which involves many things. She hosts poetry recitations and analysis on twitch.tv/hannahex.

Soliloquy, You: The World

HANNAH! EVANS

Act 2, Scene 1 - You: The World

The empty stage. Curtains have been drawn during intermission, hiding all elements of the set. NARRATOR appears from behind the curtains and casually walks to the center of the stage. NARRATOR wears dark pants and a white blouse. House lights remain up, but dim slightly. Low spotlight centers on NARRATOR. NARRATOR takes additional distinctive step FORWARD as audience settles. Scene begins.

Narrator: You know, I think I've got something to offer the world.

[House and stage lights dim abruptly.]

A relatively common phrase. I bet you've heard it, or thought it yourself, at some point. Purpose: it's all about purpose.

Now, I find there are two main lines to follow, two common schools of thought.

[NARRATOR takes two purposeful steps LEFT.]

[Emphatically, tumbling over each phrase] For one, the boldness, the presumption, the absolute audacity I have, to think that I have something to offer—to the world, or anyone else!

What stems of a narcissist flower! What hubris I have! Can you imagine: the scope of the world and all its inhabitants, and I'm just one of them, a speck among millions of illustrious lives, and yet I believe I'm somehow worthy of providing some great service? That's just about beyond the bounds of rationality! Take a seat, take a spill, Ozymandias!

[NARRATOR takes exaggerated deep breaths. Pause for laugh. NARRATOR glides down stage right.]

Contrarily—I THINK I've got things to offer? That I don't know for certain

seems an oversight, an indication of perhaps profound insecurity. I'm not sure, I'm hesitant, hypothetical, held back!

I'm in the fastest sports car ever, driving through the perpetually slow streets of my small hometown. I'm making up extra rules of the road to apply to myself. I'm the best writer in the world, too concerned about hypothetical future revisions to submit a single masterpiece. I'm an expert marksman, and yes, I'm shooting myself in the foot. I'm standing at the beginning of my marathon, holding myself back, struggling against my own arm. My fingers press hard into my abdomen. I'm not going anywhere at this rate.

With one move, one word, I cut down my legs with a machete.

[NARRATOR sits on edge of the stage, legs hanging off. Lights dim and spotlight gradually becomes the only source of light.]

So, what? What about it? So I have something, anything to give the world—is it any good? Do we want it?

Is there any chance that I've got any good?

[Pause]

What's the point? What's the purpose? What's the meaning, what meaning can we get out of this?

[Seems to take notice of audience reactions] —No, I'm not crazy, stop dismissing me. Think about what I'm saying, take me seriously.

[Reassumes Dramatic affect] Why... are we here?

[Drops affect] Oh come on, put your phone away. *[Beckoning gestures]* Think with me! Don't let your eyes glaze over the important questions! The best lines!

[NARRATOR peers into audience for a brief moment, but seems to be met only with boredom and/or disengagement. NARRATOR hops down from stage to stand in front of audience.]

Ok, that's it, up. Come on, stand up. You're a part of this, too. Let's go. Do

some jumping jacks or something. Wake up those minds.

[*As an aside, amused*] Wow, I sound like one of those fresh-outta-grad-school baby teachers who think they can do something with their students, 'make something of the world'. How funny is that?

[*Refocuses*] Ok, answer me this. Why are you in this crowd, now?

You just listened to me say *nothing* for like 600 words. Come on, start throwing things out! What's the purpose of any of this?

[*Meditative*] Why are you here, listening to me? Paying attention?

[*A long pause*]

When did you decide that I've got something to say? When did you decide that I've got something to offer you: the world?

[*Blackout*]