

A script from



"I Hate Valentine's Day"

by
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- What** In this monologue, Alyssa wrestles with how she really feels about Valentine's Day, and ultimately finds herself being honest with God about her feelings.
Themes: Valentine's Day, Love, Relationships, Singleness, College, Monologue
- Who** Alyssa
- When** Present
- Wear (Props)** Alyssa wears present-day lounge clothes- ideally, all black in defiance of Valentine's Day.
Chair
Side table
Cell phone
Several heart-shaped boxes of chocolates
- Why** God understands the emotions and motives of our hearts (Psalm 139).
- How** The monologue should start completely guarded in tone (as if the character is playing a scripted role) and gradually becomes more authentic.
- Time** Approximately 4 minutes

Lights up. Alyssa sits alone center stage. Next to her is a side table with a cell phone and several heart-shaped boxes of chocolate. There are several empty candy wrappers lying on the floor beside her.

Alyssa: So. It's Valentine's Day.

She picks up a chocolate from an open candy box, looks at it, and, straight-faced, squishes it in her hand.

I HATE Valentine's Day.

Drops the candy to the floor.

Really. It's nothing but an excuse for gift shops to make money. Cause you know, between Christmas and Easter, there's three months where nothing else happens. Sales are down, so it's like "Hey! Let's pick a day where people can choose who they like best and then buy them stuff!"

Seriously, it's not like Valentine's is a "real" holiday. I looked it up once. It came from a feast day the Romans had, where they'd worship pagan gods using animal guts. Yeah, animal guts. Cause nothing says "I love you" like the inside of a goat. I told the pastors at church, we should proclaim February Fourteenth a day of mourning in memory of the holiday's lamentable past. But... they said I was overreacting.

I know what you're thinking. You're thinking I'm just bitter and cynical because I'm alone. Well, you're wrong. I'm not alone. I've had lots of invitations for Valentine's Day... my Organic Chemistry study group is meeting. And my mom invited me over. It's just, I said no to my mom because—well, who wants to hang out with their mom on Valentine's? And I said no to my study group because...well...everyone else said they couldn't make it. So, yeah. I'm spending Dead Goat Day by myself.

Confessional, letting down her guard a little.

Yes, I'm single right now. And you know, most days, it's not a big deal. At the moment there's no real candidates for Prince Charming... and I'd rather be single than settle for something I don't want. But then this day comes around... *(picks out another candy) ...* and I feel rejected. Passed over. *(She frowns and looks back into the candy box)* You know, like that "molasses chew" nobody wants. Seriously, why do they still put those in here? No one eats it. *(Some bitterness returning)* And yeah, this is me today.

I know I'm loved. I have a loving family. I have loving friends. Believe me, I feel the love. What I'm *not* feeling is this day where all I'm supposed to

think about is what I *don't* have, so that commercialism can feel better about itself.

No, I don't need a dozen roses to feel secure. I know God loves me. I know Jesus died for me. I know *that's* what really matters. But honestly? I want the roses too. Or, you know, those big daisies. I want chocolate that I didn't buy myself. That *isn't* from the dollar store. *(She picks up a candy and throws it onto the floor)* That isn't forty-five percent molasses chews. *(Looking at the ceiling and throwing arms in the air)* Seriously. Is that so much to ask?

Pause

I'm sorry, God. I know, I know. You've given me everything I need. And probably a lot more I don't even know about. But... if you love me, then you know me, and you know how I feel. So there isn't much point pretending. Right now, I feel lousy. Maybe next year will be different, but today, this holiday just stinks. *(Pause)* Thanks for letting me be honest.

Alyssa stands up, somewhat reluctantly, and picks up her cell phone. She touches the screen and waits for an answer.

Hey, Mom. *(Pause)* Yeahhhh.... I'm coming over. Thanks. *(Pause)* Nahh, I've had enough candy. But dinner sounds good. *(Pause)* Yeah. I'll bring the goat cheese.

Lights down.