

MOMENTS OF IMAGINATION

a small book of
witty,
humorous,
dramatic,
and raw
monologues

IMANI-GRACE KING

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DEDICATION

To all of our creative and gorgeous minds, may everyone believe that they have them, may everyone be encouraged to use them, and may everyone know it is their right to tell stories of truth and imagination.

AN IMANI-GRACE KING SNIPPET

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

To my wonderfully unique family.

To my extraordinary friends.

To all creative and gorgeous minds.

AN IMANI-GRACE KING SNIPPET

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INTRODUCTION

We are stories. We have the stories of our desires, memories that make stories, the stories we tell ourselves, the stories we tell others, the stories we connect to, and the stories we long to create. I think this hunger for storytelling is innate and beautiful. It's a chance to connect and bask in our universality. I read that there isn't a feeling or emotion in this world that someone else hasn't felt. So the creative playing field can be as global as inclusive and as wonky as we want, because someone, somewhere, will truly understand and appreciate it. Storytelling is the act of taking those universal feelings and fusing it with imagination and creativity. **It's such a gift!**

The monologues in this book are semi colons in stories. They aren't periods, because that would denote finality and an end. These monologues don't end, instead they mold, and build, and blossom into other stories. Your stories. These monologues are open to your creative interpretation and authority. Your voice is what makes the words radiate from the page and they become **YOUR PIECES OF CREATIVITY**. This exchange is extraordinary and nothing short of a miracle. Allow this to be my gift to you, because I'm grateful that you are giving life to my creativity.

I challenge you to consider the following while reading:

Who is the character speaking to?

What on earth has happened to lead up to this moment?

What would have to happen for this character to achieve happiness?

What is standing in the way of the character finding happiness?

What has happened in this character's life to make them like this?

Make these monologues yours through your performance and your discovery of character. Use specificity, use your own experience, use the depth that you naturally have to dive into the words and see what you pull out, you'll surprise yourself. I do everytime. You decide who that character is and what exactly they are experiencing. Their age, their ethnicity, their hometown - it matters not... unless you decide that it does because it's your world!

Whether you are trying to nail an audition with these monologues or to find a worthwhile character for your short story, or utilize this as a creative writing prompt, or if this is what you put in the bathroom to occupy your personal time on the toilet... I invite you to indulge in your own truthful imagination. It is deep in the confines of your mind that magic is found!!

Last thing: these monologues are written to be spoken, because your voice is **remarkably, authentically, and meticulously yours.**





PHYSICALLY FIT

Would you like to hear the honest truth? I don't want to pressure you or make you feel that you must now unlearn that lies you've seem to have grown accustomed to telling yourself. But if you want the honest truth, here it is.

Those boys will ruin you. All the while absorbing your kindness and love, laughing with you, even throwing a glass in the air just for you. But they will never pick you. To say it's a physical reason would be too... uncluttered and classic. It's too easy to say that you're too good for them, that you could do better. That's boring. They want page 6 of 17 magazine or the leading lady in a Hallmark movie, or perhaps the runner up of the bachelor. They want easily understandable and talkative enough. A sense of humor but not too witty because that takes brain power to retort. Sexually playful but not so kinky we can't see her as the mother of their children. Giggles a healthy amount so the parents and grandparents can still take her seriously. A girl who doesn't undermine their primitive intelligence but can also stomach their fathers' fathers' favorite classic film. They want engaging but not challenging. Challenging requires effort and effort forces them to see at their best they are just decent.

Those girls are good arm candy... no that's cliché, that's boring. Let's say it plainly. Those girls will slowly morph into women who will strive for significance with every online post, black tie benefit, and housewarming party they diligently organized to show off their newly remodeled kitchen because after all they were the first in the neighborhood to use white granite. They will drink that attention like it's the fountain of youth while secretly hating themselves because they have the slight inkling that they are destined for more.

You will run yourself ragged trying to get those boys' approval. Touting your accolades and your achievements and they won't care because that is not what they value. They want their girl to have everything and nothing at all. Darwin coined survival of the physically fit, the organisms who were most likely to have reproductive success, were the ones who would evolve, yes? You, my dear, are physically fit. But if you let those boys drag you to the depths of mediocrity, commonness, and simple conversation, you might as well just lay back, get ruined and cease to evolve.

I don't know about you but I'd rather be dead than mediocre.



CEREAL

You know I never use the word hate. I dislike it, I feel like only ugly people hate. But Jeremy, I hate... I really hate... the way you eat cereal. It's an all consuming type of hate. Like you know how in Dante's inferno the path to hell is adorned with unborn babies skulls? That beginning realm of hell isn't even what I categorize your cereal eating. It's more like the last realm where you're so far from God's love that it's arctic cold... and you know I can't tolerate cold weather and temperature discomfort. That's the realm of hell I'm in when I witness, visually and audibly, you eating cereal.

Two years ago, it was our anniversary, you woke up early to make me breakfast, because you're just that sweet. And you made poached eggs, which takes a lot of effort. And you put those gorgeous white roses on the kitchen table, and I don't even like flowers. But then Jeremy... and please help me understand this...you grabbed a bowl, you put the milk in first, which just infuriated more, and poured half the box of frosted flakes in that bowl and then you ATE IT. For the rest of the day, our anniversary, I visualized stabbing you with your spoon, like a stripper in a CSI Miami episode. I'm pretty sure the anger induced my period... I'm pretty sure.

But then you left. And I walked through the cereal aisle at the grocery store because I missed you so intimately it took my breath away. I think about you even when I'm not thinking about you. Don't you hate it when you get exactly what you thought you wanted and you only feel like half of yourself when you finally get it?

AN IMAGINE GRACE KING SAMPLE

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INK FACE

Do you remember when we were hidden from the truths of this world? When we danced, when we wished to dance and cried and when we wished to cry and laughed right from our stomachs? Remember that french tutor? We tried quite valiantly to lend our attention to conjugations but she made it nearly impossible with her ungroomed unibrow. It will be eternally written on my conscience when we put ink in her tea. When she sipped it her face contorted in utter disbelief, to which we responded, did you enjoy your black tea? It was quite funny, wasn't it?

We were once so sly and roguish. And now, my dear sister, we are enamored with war, with men who are lesser than us but for whom we must bow before with inferiority. We are victims of blind submission and strictly ornamental power. You inquire about my motives, well that is why I did what I did. Because I long to behave with the same greediness and heedlessness as these men do, as we did as children.

The face of the french tutor after she drank ink, that face of deep revile and acrimony, that's how they look at me, at a woman daring for an inkling of authority. But soon sister, those faces will transform into fear and that fear will create abiding and relentless deference. They will not soon forget that they need not a hero, they need a queen.

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IT'S QUITE ALRIGHT

The Endangered Species and Climate Change Task Force for Environmental Justice and Less Privileged Communities Wine Tasting & Candle Creation Benefit is my charity gala so I'm genuinely wondering as to why you put your name down as co-chair. It's quite alright. It's just that me having a co-chair for an event, is like saying I'm an incompetent person. Do I look incompetent to you? Because the only time I've had crutches is when I broke my ankle at my 5th grade gymnastics competition, and yet I still performed 4 events and secured 2nd place. That's quite alright though!

It just grinds my gears when my altruistic efforts are interrupted, it grinds my gears when I feel disgruntled while I participate in civic engagement. Did you mean to interrupt my altruistic and efficient efforts and cause me to be a disgruntled civic servant? That's quite alright! I'll just glide this paper through the shredder, so it will be like this fun conversation was a figment of your creative imagination! Looking forward to seeing you at the Endangered Species Climate Change Task Force for Environmental Justice and Less Privileged Communities Wine Tasting & Candle Creation Benefit!

AN IMANI-GRACEY SLIPPER