ATLANTIC STUDIOS LLC

ALWAYS RIDICULOUS

A monologue from the play by Jose Echegaray

 NOTE: This monologue is reprinted from *Poet Lore,* Volume XXVII, Summer 1916, Number III.

REMEDIOS: You may say what you like, Don Cosme, I can't agree that Teresina is quite as complex as you think she is, and I'm certainly not subject to illusions. I know the World; I'm not an ingenuous child; I say I'm not because, good Lord! no widow has any business to be one. Although I must admit that as far as years go, and in looks and manner, I am still something of a child. But that's because of certain characteristics. Don't you think so? Why don't you speak? You understand my character? *[Turning toward DON COSME and looking carefully at him.]* Good Lord! the man's asleep again! Up at ten this morning, it's now eleven. And he sleeps! No, sir! I must have somebody to talk to. Teresina is in the garden flirting with the two of them--spinning like a planet between her two poles, Juan and Eugenio. Don Pablo has gone on his usual walk. Don Hilarion? No one knows where he is! Here I am left alone with Don Cosme, and he sleeps, leaving me in full monologue. I won't stand it! I came to this house on the express condition that I should not be bored, and the condition is not being fulfilled. The place is beautiful--*Art,* Oh! plenty of Art--pictures, tapestry, statues, bronzes, porcelains; and *Nature,* Oh! a great deal of Nature, woods and flowers and lakes and water-falls and sunsets! But all that's not enough. There is no Life! No warmth! As they say nowadays, the warmth of humanity. And he goes on sleeping! This life is giving that man softening of the brain. Don Cosme! Oh, Don Cosme! *[Striking him with her fan]* Open your eyes!