

# MUSSOLINI MONOLOGUE

By Steve Gold

**WHY WE LIKE IT:** *A short and not so simple character study as sharply cut as an Italian intaglio. Gasp! (Font size is author's own.)*

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### MUSSOLINI

When I was a boy, I was small and ugly. Everyone laughed at me. They called me names and made fun of me. I was ashamed of my cowardice. But then one day, a boy I was with in the schoolyard—a boy bigger than me—began taunting me, calling me a sissy and saying I should wear a dress because I looked like a little girl. Finally, I had enough. I turned toward the boy and I punched him. He was shocked. He had not expected to be hit by me. I punched him again. I punched him in the face. I punched him in the stomach. I punched him in the balls. He bent down in agony. I kicked him in his chest. He screamed to high heaven. The other boys rushed over to us. I continued kicking the boy. I showed no mercy. I enjoyed it. The blood poured from him like a river. All those years of being scared emptied out of me. Finally a teacher ran over to us and pulled me away from the boy. The teacher called me a maniac and said I should be put away. At first, I was intimidated. But then I looked at the faces of the teacher and the other boys. I noticed they all looked scared. They were scared of me. I felt good about that. ...I was on to something.

**AUTHOR'S NOTE:** *With the Mussolini Monologue I was trying to examine the totalitarian mind, and to show the immense damage an single man can do to the world around him.*

**AUTHOR'S BIO:** I'm a New York City-based playwright and the author of the full-length plays *Smash the State*, *Women and Guns*, and *Star of David*, *Men of*

Bondage. Several of my one-act plays have been staged at local festivals. My influences include Bernard Shaw, Eugene O'Neill and Preston Sturges.