

THE HUNDRED DOLLAR HUG

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A Monologue

by

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Cast of Characters

George            A disenchanted man.

Plant            The non-speaking audience member plant: any age, any gender, any ethnicity.

Setting

A bare stage.

Time

The present.

(A bare stage. An audience PLANT sits in the theatre. GEORGE enters holding a one-hundred-dollar bill.)

GEORGE

I have here in my hands a crisp one-hundred-dollar bill. That's right- good old Ben Franklin himself- the real deal. And someone here in this audience will get to take Gentle Ben home with them tonight for the low, low price of... One hug. That's right. You heard me. The first person to come up here on this stage and give me a hug gets one hundred big ones. But wait! Before you all stampede down here, there's probably a few questions running through your mind. The first: "Is that a real hundred-dollar bill?" The answer is simple. "Yes". The next question and the biggest: "Why?" That answer is a tad bit trickier. Why does this guy need to pay someone one hundred dollars to hug him? Doesn't he have any friends, loved-ones, family members who will hug him for free? What's wrong with this guy? He looks normal enough. Maybe I'm crazy. Maybe I'm a stalker- a psychopathic killer. Maybe when you go to hug me, I plan to pull a knife on you or strangle you or inject you with something deadly. Could be dangerous. But then again, there are so many people here in the audience, so many witnesses, and they'd protect you, right? So you're safe... for now... But, maybe I'm going to follow you home after the show, demanding my money's worth. Or maybe I won't do anything to you at all. You'll walk away from this hug perfectly healthy and a hundred dollars richer. But you'll never know what I was thinking about when you touched me... And the way I'll recall your warmth, your smell, your flesh, the pressure of your body against mine. Oh, the thoughts I might have about you. The dreams I might have about you. The fantasies I might have about you. Or maybe I'll never think about you again. Or maybe something other than my mind is diseased. I could be contagious. Who knew a hug could be so dangerous?! But isn't it worth the risk? One hug equals one hundred dollars. No joke. Easiest money you ever made. Tax free. Who's going to be the first to take me up on my offer? Going... going... Heck, maybe I'd have done better to have left out the hundred dollar thing. Money has a way of making people doubt motives. Money. Everyone wants it, but nobody trusts it. Or... maybe I should've said, "Hey. I am going to stand here and say nothing and do nothing until somebody gives me a hug. Yep. We will all sit here bored to death in complete and awkward silence and your evening of entertainment will come to a screeching halt