

MARCELLAS'S MONOLOGUE

Written by

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Based on the hardships of a black creator

## A WRITERS MONOLOGUE

Time and time again, in efforts to  
change the story, then ending  
always remains true  
Spoken words fall upon deaf ears,  
closed eyes, and shallow minds  
Time is filled with false hopes,  
half truths and lies built off of  
desire hiding behind a truth of  
pure interest.

Time and time again, many are led  
astray. And time and time again,  
one of us is chosen, proclaimed as  
the "lucky".

"What is special about me"  
And as time goes on, you find out  
nothing is special.

And that you are simply a body,  
used to fill a quota.

"They do not care" what happens  
beyond their doors

"We have one woman, one person of  
color—that's good"

Just as long as they say "yes, we  
see you, we hear you, we understand  
you—welcome"

They have done their simple, yet  
seemingly hard, duty.

And as time goes on, you find  
yourself alone, unheard, unseen,  
misunderstood.

"Disposable" rings through your  
mind.

One mistake

One wrong word

One off movement

One bad scene

One simple line

Can end mountains worth of effort  
While counterparts are given grace,  
which something you do not know of  
But, alas your time is not done yet

They need you to tell the stories  
they misinterpret

To represent the voices they shut  
down

"Don't let sacrifice be for  
nothing"

You tell yourself

To get through the hurdles  
The looks

(MORE)

## A WRITERS MONOLOGUE (CONT'D)

The questions about your hair, your  
nose, your mouth, your words  
The blissful ignorance in prejudice  
And as time goes on  
You find that are are in fact not  
alone  
"We've got to finish what we  
started"  
Your peers turned family say  
And then you find that there is  
home in the seclusion  
And that your voice is to be heard  
That you are to be seen  
That your work is meant to be  
understood

Valued

And time and time again

You prove them *wrong*