

THE STORY OF THE LIGHTHOUSE

A Monologue

By

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CHARACTER LIST

Lighthouse Keeper

Male, between 40-65 years old. A father.

SETTING

The setting is a lighthouse in the 1800s.

The monologue spans a non-descript amount of time.

NOTES

“---” means the switch between the two aspects of the play, that being the Lighthouse Keeper’s reality and the fairy-tale *Rapunzel*.

Between the two aspects of the play, the Lighthouse Keeper switches his demeanour, being gruff and walking/acting more rugged during his own monologue, and becoming softer and more joyfully animated during the *Rapunzel* sections.

The Story of the Lighthouse

Lighthouse Keeper:

Once upon a time, there was a man and a woman who birthed a beautiful child, which they named Rapunzel.

However, an evil sorceress suddenly appeared, and stole Rapunzel away! She locked her in a tower in the middle of the wilderness, with only a window at the very top.

I've been in this tower a while now.

I forget when I was first stationed. The days have all blurred into one. I get up, I put the uniform on. If anyone else were here, they'd tell me to have a proper wash. There's a bathtub and a well nearby, but there ain't nothing that a bit of seawater can't clean.

I get me breakfast, and I get me gun, to chase the seagulls away from that breakfast. I grab some whiskey, I sit at the window, and I watch the water.

I watch it. I watch it.

My daughter adores the sea. When she was a baby, she was able to swim in it before she could even walk.

I've been here so long, I've forgotten how old she is now.

I wonder how she is. I would love to send her letters, but I don't know how a postman would even get up here.

See, when the witch wanted to enter the tower, she had to stand below and call out:

“Rapunzel, Rapunzel,
Let down your hair.”

Rapunzel had splendid long hair, as fine as spun gold. When she heard the evil sorceress' voice, she let that hair fall to the ground, and the sorceress would hoist herself up with it.

It does shine like gold, falling onto the wild waters. I've put the light on early. Too many have been stolen at sea recently, so you can't be too careful.

I rarely see anything, but I can hear the boats gliding through the waves, making their way safely. I can sense it, the sailor's spirits rising along with their hoisted sails. After so long at sea, the sight of land is enough to make one believe in miracles. All by putting a light on.

I've done that for people thousands of times, all by myself. I'm good at this job. Wouldn't be stationed here so long if I wasn't. But I often wonder what would happen if I ever met the lives that I'd saved.

A few years later, a prince was riding through the forest. As he approached the tower, he heard a song so beautiful that he stopped to listen. It was Rapunzel, who was passing the time by singing with her sweet voice. The prince went to the tower and called out:

“Rapunzel, Rapunzel,
Let down your hair.”

The hair fell down, the prince climbed up, and upon first meeting, the two fell in love.

He asked for her to go with him, to which she said, “Every time that you come, bring a strand of silk, from which I will craft a ladder. When it is finished, I will climb down, and you can take me away.”

Now I can't stop thinking about leaving here. It's keeping me awake.

When I was home, it was impossible to get me little girl to bed on a night. I tried to sing nursery rhymes, but I was appalling at it, I sounded like a foghorn. I would have to tell her one of them new fairy-tales, *Rapunzel*. I used to never fancy them fairy-tales, too wishy-washy, and I was never that good at readin' either, but she loved 'em. Made me do all the voices and everything.

I've got a crafting table down below. When I get all shaky in my doss, I go down there and make something, usually some sort of toy like a puppet; she always liked them wooden dolls. It's good to keep busy sometimes, and it keeps me going until I can see her again. I just wish someone would give me a sign for when I could.

On cloudless nights, when I can see the moon through the window, I wonder if anyone's looking down on me. I don't pray, like a good man should. I only think of her. Maybe this is my recompense, this purgatory.

Or perhaps God simply does not care. Perhaps he has not noticed me at all.

The witch did not notice what was happening, until one day she found the ladder that Rapunzel was making.

“CURSE YOU, YOU GODLESS CHILD!” she yelled in anger, and she took hold of Rapunzel's beautiful hair, brutally cut it, and banished Rapunzel away into the wilderness.

That same day, the prince climbed up, but instead of his beloved Rapunzel, he found the witch!

"Aha!" she cried scornfully. "You have lost Rapunzel. I have forsaken her!"

The witch then threw the grief-stricken prince out of the tower's window. He survived, but the thorns into which he fell poked out his eyes. Blinded, and in despair over Rapunzel, he wandered about in the forest miserably for many years.

Hark! I too am lost in the wilderness, as a storm has been sent to slate me! It comes unexpectedly, but the wind is strong enough to break through the window. I hold the fort against the waves that rise from the depths and break as tall as mountains, but spray splashes into my eyes, burning them out of my head! Blinded, I can only hear the misery out on the ocean. The waves CRASH and they CLASH and the wind, oh the wind! It ROARS. It roars as if it will devour me with its next breath! I would pray to God for mercy, but this storm tells me that this is a GODLESS place!

But I CURSE the witch of the wind that has trapped me here, the same witch that sends sailors to their graves. That leaves us forsaken, lost to the world, a fate as unforgiving as the smothering salt-foam of the sea!

I CURSE YOU, WITCH! I CURSE YOU!

I would curse something else, but there is nothing else but me.

But one day, the Prince heard a voice, and thought it was familiar. It was Rapunzel, who had found him! Crying, she threw her arms around his neck. Her tears fell into his eyes, and suddenly he could see again! He led her into his kingdom, where they lived happily ever after.

I put the light on, and it soars like a shooting star upon the sea. Against my better judgment, I wish upon it.

I wish to hear someone else's voice. I wish for someone to find me. I wish for my daughter to throw her arms around my neck. I wish to just see her, even for a moment.

I tell me-self the fairy-tale now. It's the only thing lifting me out of this place. I have the whole thing memorised, so when I do go home, I'll be able to give her a whole performance, puppets and everything.

I shall keep telling the story. A thousand times if I have to. I'll get my happily ever after, one day.

END