



ANAÏS NIN GOES TO HELL

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2 Act Full-Length (6 Women; 1 to 2 Men)

Imagine an island in hell where Cleopatra, Joan of Arc, and Queen Victoria...wait for their men. What happens when women's lib icon Anaïs Nin arrives to turn their afterlife upside down? David Stallings' new comedy, *Anaïs Nin Goes to Hell* explores the question of whether Sartre was right and hell really is other people, or whether we carry around our potential for damnation or salvation within ourselves.

CHARACTER:

Heloise—Age: 30s. Twelfth Century nun. She is in her early thirties and wears a severe nun's habit. She is of notable intelligence and has a morose sense of humor.

HELOISE

I first saw him...in the study at my uncle's house...and although we had never met before; he had seen me at the market and at church. He had been lecturing on the Holy Trinity when a reflection of light blinded his eyes. He turned and saw me. He said he had immediately fallen in love. I was beautiful then. I had long, dense hair—golden. The nuns made me shave it off when I joined the order. I used to wear jewels in my hair. That's what caught his eye...the jewels in my hair. Abelard approached my uncle and offered his services to tutor me. He would teach the tenets of the Holy trinity while outlining the curve of my lips with his finger. I traced the outline of my breasts while reciting the Lords Prayer. We read the letters of Paul completely naked and quoted Revelations while fornicating. Soon, God and sex were combined in Abelard—and I couldn't pray without becoming wet... My uncle had never let me meet men before—so...Abelard was my savior. I had always found women to be stupid—but men... And then he took me away and we married. We eloped. I lied to your uncle and he was furious. And there was a child... My uncle said we were forgiven and could return...but then...the first moment Abelard was alone... My uncle got a group of men together and attacked Abelard in his sleep. The men restrained my love as my uncle tied a piece of twine around Abelard's parts and castrated him. (*A beat of disappointment.*) After that, Abelard didn't want to see me. He was ashamed. But I still loved him. I still wanted him. He left me and became a monk. That is when I joined the order. I became a nun...trapped with women...as I am now...because if I couldn't have Abelard, then I would remember him in prayer. I would pray and still become aroused. With every communion I would have a secret orgasm that was mine alone. I would feel him inside of me again. But I don't think he wanted me after that. No. (*Beat*) I had beautiful hair.

The playwright, David Stallings, encourages the use of these monologues for audition and acting class purposes **ONLY**; Performing this material without the playwright's consent is copyright infringement.