

Caroline Donica

Original Comedic Monologue

(Inside the Villain Hall of Fame. There are cabinets of trophies against the back wall and a table with Captain Hook's portrait and a large, gold trophy placed on it. Captain Hook enters and stands at a podium placed stage left. He is dressed in a formal tuxedo, but still wears his traditional black curly wig and hook. English accent is optional.)

Captain Hook:

Thank you. May I just say that it is an honor to be here and an even greater honor to be inducted into the Villain Hall of Fame with all of you lovely criminals, thugs, and monsters watching and supporting me. You know, people think it's so easy to be a daunting figure. You just wave your sword around, gut a few people with your hook, and that's all there is to it. But let me tell you, to make it to the Villain Hall of Fame, you have to finesse your image. Anyone can pull out a sword and stab a few Lost Boys or Indians. Sorry. Native Americans. But it takes form to be a true villain. I think that's something the world doesn't really understand. It has way of painting us in such a black light, you know. We're portrayed as backstabbers, cowards, and the "bad guys" of every story. Rather than consider ourselves the lowest scum of the earth, I prefer to think of us as misunderstood. I mean, take my case for example. People point to me as the scoundrel who tried to murder children. But did they ever bother to hear my side of the story? No. I mean, think about it. Which is more dastardly? A boy with no identification who is a peeking tom and encourages three minors to run away with him or a gentleman who attempts to give children some purpose in life by inviting them to learn the useful, genteel trade of piracy. Why do you think I tried so hard to kill Peter? Because I knew he was a psychopath, a public menace. He cut off my hand which was extended to him in friendship and fed it to his pet crocodile. What kind of normal child has a pet like that? Forcing a young girl to be his wife was the last straw. Although it pained me deeply, I resolved to rid the worlds of this psychologically

disturbed boy before he could hurt any more innocents. I rescued all of the children and placed a poison in Peter's medicine that would end his life as swiftly and peacefully as possible. I was planning on returning the runaways to their respective homes, but unfortunately, Peter had brainwashed them to the point where they thought I was going to murder them. When he arrived, they rose up and massacred my men. It was horrific. My strong, valiant crew members who refused to strike down children were themselves struck down in their prime. Excuse me. I think I need a moment. *(takes a moment to collect himself)* Thank you. My point is that we must ignore what the world says about us. We know the actual facts of the matter. That we, the villains of the world, are really the ones fighting for truth, justice, and more truth. Thank you.