

# Feeling Peachy

A monologue by Pete Malicki

© Pete Malicki 2023

*Courtesy of*  
The  
**Monologue  
Project**

Permission to perform any or all of this script for any reason must be obtained from the author. Please contact him via email if you wish to use it.

Performance of this play may be subject to a royalty. Students, amateur/community theatres, auditionees, co-ops and not-for-profit enterprises are generally able to perform these plays for free.

Small payments are greatly appreciated and help the author continue writing. You can make a donation via his website.

Contact:

[petemalicki@gmail.com](mailto:petemalicki@gmail.com)

More plays and resources:

[monologues.com.au](http://monologues.com.au)

# Feeling Peachy

© Pete Malicki 2014-2023

Princess Peach: the benign ruler of the Mushroom Kingdom. Wears a billowing pink dress and has long blonde hair. She addresses a gathering of her subjects from her podium.

Good afternoon dear subjects of the Mushroom Kingdom. Ooh, what a wonderful sunny day it is. Hello there, Mister Sun. Ooh, you look a bit grumpy Mister Sun. Is it because Miss Moon is waning and you won't get to shine on her face for another week? Tee he.

Let us all just be happy that there isn't a cloud in the sky on this glorious day. Except for that one there, with the balding turtle throwing what looks like biological waste out all over the kingdom. Someone's going to call the EPA on you, Mister Turtle!

Now, I am delighted...

Why, hello there Captain Toad. You look a little anxious. *(pause)* You need to speak with me. I'm just in the middle of this little speech so I'll be with you in one minute. *(pause)* It's rather pressing, you say? Well I won't be long; I'm sure you don't want the entire Kingdom waiting while we shoot the breeze, Captain Toad. *(pause)* You're Yellow Toad, not Captain Toad? I'm so sorry (but you *are* all slightly identical).

Now, I am delighted to announce that we will be hosting a party for the whole of Toad Town at Mushroom Castle, this very evening. Everyone is invited. Yay! Everyone except Bowser, of course. Tee he. We will begin preparations immediately. Please tell your friends and neighbours about the party and please bring nothing more than your appetite and your good spirits.

*Princess Peach waves at the gathered crowd, then leaves the podium and drops the façade.*

Leave luck to heaven, I wish they'd bring me some *actual* good spirits; I could use a fucking drink after that. Don't know what I ever did to be put in charge of the fucking fungus province.

*Looks down at her dress like someone's pulling on it.*

Yellow Toad, what did you want? *(pause)* Really? You were going to interrupt me during a public address to tell me your *pay* is late? You are an abject coward, yet you had the guts to stand up to the *princess* in front of the entire population to complain about industrial matters. Alright, Mister Toadstool, how about this: you go and fix me some afternoon tea and I'll get out the chequebook. *(pause)* Pardon, my little darling? *What* would I like for my afternoon tea. How about: a cheese and mushroom pizza, spinach and mushroom crepes, chicken and mushroom lasagne, mushroom omelette, or, my favourite – stuffed mushrooms.

That's right, you little twerp. Run away!

Ah, Daisy, my favourite illegitimate monarch. Haven't returned to Sarasaland yet, the only place in the known universe that's more depressing than the bloody Mushroom Kingdom? What do you want? *(pause)* Of course you're upset with me. All you ever do is swan around showing off your dress and developing grudges. What the hell did I do to put a bee in your stupid bonnet this time? *(pause)* Luigi? Why would I sleep with *Luigi*? Gawky bastard is hardly the kind of guy a *real* princess would go for...

*Princess Peach leans in to look at Daisy's phone.*

Oh my, where'd you get that? *(pause)* Redtube dot com?! That double-crossing bastard. He said it wasn't recording. I'm going to cut off his balls for this!

Okay, Daisy, I shagged him. But I am a *princess*. The sole leader of an entire kingdom. Every week I am kidnapped by an overweight dinosaur with breath like a dead skunk's rotting arsehole and my entire defence force is comprised of one short, fat, moustachioed plumber with no military training or experience. He and his brother are the only human males around here and damn it, I have my needs; needs which toadstool people and turtles can't fulfil (and believe me, I've tried).

Anyway Daisy I told you six months ago I wanted you to get Link away from that bitch Zelda. Bring him to me and I'll stop schtooping your crush. Now scram. I have a party to organise and my staff are all spores.

Speak of the devil. Which one are you? Toad? *(short pause)* Good. What do you have to report? *(pause)* A present from the koopas, you say? This wouldn't happen to be, oh, about the size of a small house, would it? *(sighs)* Toad, do you remember the birthday cake the koopas sent last year? You let it into the castle, didn't you, and what was it that happened? That's right, Bowser was inside and I got kidnapped. I gave you a copy of *The Iliad* after that yet you're still letting in Trojan fucking birthday presents. Put it in the furnace or I will sauté you and make Toadette eat you in front of your children.

*Princess Peach sighs and puts her head in her hands, frazzled and fed up. Moments later, she notices Mario enter.*

Mario, I swear that wasn't me. Bloody Japanese porn lords are always using my image. No respect for the international conventions of intellectual property. *(pause)* Well if you're not here about that, what are you doing in my drawing room? *(pause)* You want to get married? Me? To *you*?! Honest to God, why is everyone bringing their crazy to me today?

Hang on Mario, I'm buzzing.

*Reaches into dress and pulls out a phone.*

Hello? *(pause)* Daddy! What a surprise! Mario's here. I hope you don't mind him seeing me with the cell. *(pause)* Okay, sure, I'll ask him to step out for a moment.

*Peach covers the phone.*

Mario, fuck off.

*Uncovers phone.*

To what do I owe this pleasure, Daddy. *(pause)* Forbes Magazine published my net worth? That explains a lot. What did they say it was? *(pause)* A *billion* dollars? You told me I had two hundred K in a trust account. Are you telling me I'm worth *five thousand* times that amount? *(pause)* I can do basic maths in my head, Daddy. *(pause; realisation)* Ooh, I know what's happened here. Someone's leaked your finances and you're trying to turn it around on me to deflect the fact you were trying to steal ninety-nine point nine eight percent of my wealth. You thieving old bastard! When I turn eighteen I am going to utterly destroy you.

*Hangs up.*

Mario, there's no chance in hell I'm letting you marry into my wealth but how would you like to earn one hundred thousand coins? That's a *thousand* new lives. *(pause)* Great. All you have to do is pop over to Hyrule and kill Princess Zelda. *(pause)* Because she's a bitch and I hate her and because Link will get lonely and I'll finally get laid by someone with a bit of stamina. *(pause)* No, I don't want you

to jump on her head, you stupid bastard. Take the shotgun from my walk-in wardrobe and take her out properly. *(pause)* An advance? Sorry, but I only pay on completion. *(pause)* If you don't want money, what do you want? *(pause)* You have got to be kidding.

*Princess Peach thinks it over quickly, then acquiesces. She thrusts one of her breasts forwards. She turns her head in disgust as the invisible Mario gropes her, then gets annoyed and hits him away.*

That's enough! Get away from me, you grotty little tradesman. Don't come back here until the deed is done or I'll personally see to it that you never feel a woman again.

*Big sigh.*

Finally, a moment's peace. I hardly get enough free time to fart around here before someone comes in with some trivial problem that only the head of fucking state can fix...

Oh my god, *who is it and what do you want!?! (pause)* Bowser! How did you get in here? Where are my bloody guards?

They're all out hauling the giant birthday present you got me to the furnace, aren't they? I seriously need a refund on my security detail.

Look, Bowser, I'm not feeling too peachy at the moment. Can we do this some other time? *(pause)* What are you talking about? I didn't put a hit on Princess Zelda. Tee he. Where'd you get that crazy idea from?

*Princess leans forwards, looking at an invisible phone she's taken from Bowser.*

He *recorded* our conversation? But that happened like *three* seconds ago. Ugh, those scheming, manipulative fucking Mario brothers!

Okay Bowser, you've got me by the balls. Now what? *(pause; sighs)* That guy just has to be the hero, doesn't he? Everyone loves the guy who saves the damsel in distress.

Alright, I'll go grab my makeup bag. No one's going to want to rescue me if they see all these goddamn wrinkles.

*Peach starts walking offstage.*

Oh, and promise me something, will you Bowser? *(pause)* Make it rough, you big green beast.