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Charles Robertson

GHOST OF THE TREE

Hippie girl monologue

GIRL

Here I sit in my backyard, in the shade of my tree, my big old oak tree.
Here I write stories, stories about animals, about places, about places I have never
been, about dreams, about this tree.

We have this big hole in my back yard. I don't know why. I don't know why it's
here. I get stoned sometimes and sit in the hole, hide in the hole,

To tree

and watch the children playing in my tree fort. I love children. They are so innocent.
They have the whole world ahead of them. I am going to have a hundred of them, a
hundred children just like that big oak.

To audience

hundreds of little saplings that will grow up strong and pure with respect for all
races, all people, and I pray my child is stronger than me. Perhaps she can go to
Africa instead of just dreaming about it, or maybe to South America as a missionary to
help those less fortunate. I will call my child Rainbow, because I think the rainbow is the
most beautiful of God's gifts, like Gods' angels lighting up the sky after a storm, and it
shows how different colours can live together, in harmony, in peace.

Like there's this guy; Desmond.

We're really into each other. We're gonna go down to Africa, and help the starving, the
poor people of the earth. I mean, we have so much, and they have so little. Save the
wildlife too, cause lions and elephants and hippos, they're vanishing, and I want to do
something about it. I know I have something important to say because I believe in stuff,
like women's rights, and gay rights, animals, the Vietnamese. Everybody. I believe in
everybody. And I'm against stuff, too, like the war. Like killing is wrong.

To audience

My mom tried to kill herself. She did. And now her brain is fried...empty. Nobody home...and I don't want to talk about her. My dad, I don't want to talk about him either. My dad has a girlfriend. She's his secretary, and I hate her with all my heart. And she stays at the house, too. How could he do that to my mom? What's wrong with him?

Looks up at tree

When I was little, me and my brother built this tree fort beside the house, and it would be our safe place, our castle in the sky...and we could see into the back bedroom, see my mom sitting there like a zombie, staring out the window. Staring at nothing,

To audience

or maybe she's like God, and can see everything, see what a mess I'm making of my life. I cried when my cat Sparkles died. I don't cry about my mom. I'm too depressed to cry about my mom. She never even got to do anything in her life. My mom thought I would be the perfect little Suburban angel, the light in the dark world. But I'm not. I'm nothing.

Sits on stool

Here I sit in this big hole in the backyard. Hide in the hole...get stoned.

She gets up and takes photo out of her pocket and shows audience

Here's a picture of my mom. It's my favourite. This picture I like because she's laughing. I never saw my mom laugh before.