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Monologue about a homeless girl
from
Ghost of the Tree
by
Charles Robertson

I been on the street for four years now. It's bad out there. You gotta know how to handle yourself. You gotta be tough cause there's a lot of screwed-up people out there. Like I can't get welfare cause I don't got no permanent address. Like you need a home to get money from the government, and the shelters, the shelters are more dangerous than the streets. Like sometimes I can con my way into a friend's home for a while. Get cleaned up. But that's only for a while.

Like, it's like a fork in the road where you make a decision but sometimes there is no decision because of the kind of person you are. Like maybe like they say, everybody has free will, but I don't think so, I think you do what you do because you're programmed that way. Not like programmed at birth and shit, that's gotta be part of it, but I mean the words in your head, all the stuff that happens to you, stays in you. And words like no, and you can't do that, and whore. And words like I'll give you twenty bucks if you...words that mess you up and stop you from getting out of the shithole that you're in..

I spent a weekend at some rich guys house. He was like a judge or something. It was real nice. There was like two forks at dinner. Class. A whirlpool. An elevator in the house. A friggin' elevator in the house..The next night, I'm eating a slice of pizza I found in a garbage can...It was still warm.