

Royalty free for audition purposes only.  
Contact Bottle Tree Productions for royalty information.  
a.mortensen@bottletreeinc.com  
613-384-8433

Monologue about a young crazy woman killing her brother

From  
Pretty Pieces  
By  
Charles Robertson

**Girl**

Hmm. I thought in the whole wide world that we were special, that we were the only two people like us in the world. That we were sposed to be together forever, cause we shared sumthin', cause when we were younger sumthin' happened, and somehow if we stayed together, it would come out all right, somehow, it would turn out good, but you're makin' it all wrong. You can't leave me. I can't let you leave me. Everythin' would go all wrong. If you leave there would be no more us. That can't happen. How could there be no more us? I wish that there was some sorta answer. I wish I knew what happened. Back when I was eight, I wish I knew the answer to the mystery. But I don't. I don't know nuthin'. All I know is that sumthin' happened, sumthin' happened to us. I wish there were more clues, I wish I understood, but it's just a puzzle without enough pieces. I'm the girl and you're the boy, and we are the only two people in this world. Broken dolls in a box. And I was hopin' for some cake, and some vanilla icin' with candles, like angels in the dark, and my name in candy letters, save them to the end, Eat them at the end. But I don't think I'm ever gonna get that cake, and I don't think I'm ever gonna unnerstand nuthin'...

Go to sleep. Yeah, that's right.

*(Puts pillow over his face)*

Go to sleep.