

A brief monologue from:

THE RICH WOMAN'S TESTICLE
A Comedy Of Perverse Intentions

by

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SCENE THREE SAINT MAGDALEN'S SCHOOL FOR WAYWARD YOUTH

KELLY GREENWICH TREMAINE, in her thirties, drags on a derelict shopping cart. She has the old clothes and swollen belly of a pregnant woman in hard times.

KELLY

Oh god, my feet hurt.

(Three babies cry. She shakes a scolding finger)
April, don't tear off your diaper, it's got to last another week. May, quit chewing on your sister's cold sores. Junie, don't eat my cigarettes. You three girls would drive me to drink... if I hadn't spent our money on beer. *(clutches her side)* Ohh. Ohh. The contractions. Oh my god! They're coming. Triplets again. Ohh. Ohh. Oh, please not right here in the middle of Times Square, in rush hour, with a garbage and taxi strike. Oh no! My water's broke. *(doubling over)* I'm having contractions. *(drops to her knees, rolls on her back and starts her breaths)* Hee, hee, hee. Haa, Haa, Haa. Oh, Oh, Oh. The babies are crowning. Hee, hee, hee. Haa, Haa, Haa. Oh, Oh, Oh. Dear god in heaven, please don't let them all be born alive. *(she rolls onto her side facing the audience)* If only I hadn't disobeyed my mother and started wearing thongs, maybe I'd still be a virgin and not lying here at forty-sixth and Broadway, bleeding to death while my six starving babies face an orphan's life of living hell. *(pause)* Remember girls, it's your body, it's your life, don't let some testosterone driven bad boy do this to you. Abstinence now. Abstinence forever. *(chanting)* Abstinence now. Abstinence forever.

(Offstage school girls chant, "Abstinence now. Abstinence forever". Kelly rises, rips off her dress and pregnancy pad to reveal a trim and attractive woman in the shirt and shorts of a P.E. coach. She blows her whistle)

P.E. class dismissed! Hit the showers.

(A burst of teenage noise. Several basketballs fly at her. She catches the balls and puts them into the shopping cart. Her cellphone rings.)

Kelly Tremaine. Don't call me at Saint Magdalen's for Wayward Youth... Yes, boys can be wayward too. No, I'm not teaching co-ed Sex Ed... For fucking Christ's sake... *(looking if anyone heard)* You know I volunteer here on Tuesdays. I left what? *(listens)* I have drawers full of thongs. *(listens)* No, don't mix it with your laundry. I don't want it touching your... I know we did, I'm not an idiot. It's just gross. *(turns and shouts of offstage)* Becky Woyzinski, you can't wear wet towels in the gym. Randy, I can't talk now. *(listens)* What do you mean, I need a piece of Alan? *(listens)* So the lawyer who charges a fortune to help women lose their live husbands, now wants to charge me a fortune to find my dead one? Go screw! And no, not with me.

(catches a volleyball thrown from offstage)

(MORE)

KELLY (cont'd)

Crap! Becky Woyzinski, put that towel back on. You can't play volley ball in the nude. Randy, tell Lucian to dig up her own dead husbands and leave mine alone. (*listens*) I don't care if she uses Alan's frozen body as a battering ram, she's not evicting me from my penthouse. (*looks*) Jeremy Longhorn, drop that camera. Becky's picture isn't going into the year book.

She slams the ball into the shopping cart and exits.

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THE END

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