

ADDIE & ME

A TEN MINUTE MONOLOGUE

By Ronald Micci

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CHARACTER

MARJORIE, a girl in her teens with a vivid imagination and a keen sense of longing

SETTING

We're in the bedroom of MARJORIE, early teens, late at night. She enters in her pajamas, moving deliberately to the bed to rouse her imaginary sleeping sister. Note: She might use a chair of some kind in lieu of the bed, or no props at all.

PRODUCTION HISTORY

Addie & Me was awarded a silver medal in the Solo/Serious category of the 2004 Wisconsin state forensics finals.

*This play is dedicated to the memory of
my sister, Alice.*

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MARJORIE

Addie -- Addie wake up, please. Addie, you've got to wake up. A grunt. A groan. It was 2 A.M., what did I expect? **(beat)** Addie, Addie please? **(another beat)** Super lethargic big sister syndrome. I couldn't give up. Addie, wake up, sister dearest darling, please, I'm begging you. Addie, wake up, please -- only the most important discovery of all time has just been made, and it is about to rock your world. Still no dice. . . Because I got in there -- I did, that's right. I was brave and I crept down the hall and I did it. I used a hairpin and I got in. And, oh Addie, it was beautiful, so very beautiful, there on a hanger in the closet. It was hers, it was mother's wedding dress. And it was so beautiful, just the way I imagined it.

(SHE shakes her sister.)

Addie, Addie are you listening to me?

(Another moment, and a sense of frustration.)

Addie, I found it -- the wedding dress. Mother's dress. I crept down the hall and got in the locked room and saw for myself, and it was so sweet and darling and beautiful. Oh Addie, you've got to wake up and listen to me. What I'm telling you is, at long last I found it. "You what?" Aha!

"But -- ?" So pristine and pure and beautiful. You have never seen a dress so pure, Addie, in all your life -- so white and pure and infinitely beautiful. Oh Addie, she must have looked so beautiful on her wedding day-- so sweet and lovely and beautiful. As she was sweet and lovely and beautiful always, with her eyes shining and her bright smile. "You know what daddy said!" I know -- don't go in there. Strictly forbidden. Off limits, painful memories department. But this was my mother we were talking about, my mother who was no longer with us, who had died in the hospital three years ago. Whom we had loved with all our heart. Who was gentle and good to us, who always loved and cared for us. But then was stricken with an awful cancer, truly awful, and was gone.

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