

MULTIPLE PERSONALITY MURDER

A TEN MINUTE MONOLOGUE

By Deborah Karczewski

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CAST: one female

(In this monologue, the actress has two focal points. The first is her “guard” beside her, and the second is the “psychiatrist,” placed eye level beyond the audience. As the scene opens, PAT’s wrists are touching in front of her as if shackled. SHE is angry, belligerent, and intimidating.)

(To the guard) Get your paws off-a me. I’m goin’. I’m goin’. Geez, you’d think we was in a rush. Take it easy, will ya? I got all the time in the world. *(sarcastically to the psychiatrist)* Hey Doc, would ya tell Ms. Officer here to quit shoving? *(to guard)* Gimme a break! *(sarcastically)* Don’t ya got any respect? *(She trips into a chair as if pushed and sits.)* Yo Doc, did ya see that? She pushed me! No wait – she smacked me! That’s assault! I could press charges! I got a witness here. Right, Doc?

(With her foot boyishly on the chair) So how-ya-doin’, Doc? How-ya-doin’? *(listens)* Me? Great. Super. I’m just havin’ the time of my life. Hey- they gave me a new roomie yesterday. Some sniveling, nose-blowing wimp who cried all night. Can you believe it? I told her that if she didn’t quit whining, I’d put her face through the wall. That did the trick! *(laughs and then listens)* What? No – I was sweet as could be! I said, “How-ya-doin’? Pleased to meet ya! You can call me Pat, and if you don’t stop that wailing, I’m gonna shove your stinkin’ snot-nose through the stinkin’ wall!” It’s just that – hey, you know what it’s like to lose your beauty sleep? Well, it worked, didn’t it? She was quiet as could be after that. That’s how it works with people. They push and they push and they push! And they won’t back off until you put some fear into them, you know? *(working herself up into a temper)* Some people think they can do just about anything they want! They don’t care who they disturb! Who they hurt! They think they can use you like a toy, you know? Like a...like a toy! Like an animal! Like...like a stinkin’ ashtray!

Like...like...

(PAT's eyes begin to roll up and back as if SHE is in a trance. Her eyes close, and as if experiencing an icy wind, SHE shudders violently with two quick jolts. This is the signal that the actress will use to indicate a change to one of her other two "selves." PAT, LEESHA, or KAILEIGH is a victim of multiple personalities.)

(LEESHA, a very young child, opens her eyes quickly and looks around with a frightened, innocent expression. SHE draws her knees up to her chest as best as SHE can considering that her wrists are still bound together. SHE begins to whimper.)

Where?...Where?... Leesha's scared!... *(SHE sees the "psychiatrist" and appears relieved.)* Oh hi, Mr. Doctor! Oh, Leesha feels better now. I was so scared! I waked up...and...and where's my dolly? And, and why can't I move my hands, huh? *(lifting her wrists in a begging motion)* Hurts, Doctor! I'm not the bad cowboy! I'm the good girl! These handcuffs are for bad cowboys! Bang Bang! The bad cowboys hurt the good guys, and the Sheriff puts the handcuffs on the bad guys! Bang Bang! But I'm the good girl! These handcuffs hurt! *(whimpering tearfully)* Mr. Doctor, make the Sheriff-Lady take them off! Please? *(Continuing to hold her wrists out in a begging gesture, SHE turns her focus to the "guard" who evidently removes the shackles. LEESHA smiles widely and rubs her wrists.)* Yay! Yay! I free! Thanks Sheriff-Lady! You're nicer than you look! Ugly...but nice! *(laughing happily)*

Leesha's hungry! I know, I know – Fah! Fah! Fah-leesha's hungry. Don't say Leesha – Say Felicia! Big girls don't talk baby talk. That's what Mommy says. Felicia, be a big girl. Mr. Daddy doesn't like when you act like a baby. Don't make Mr. Daddy mad! Mr. Daddy gets so mean when he's mad. He hurts Leesha. Leesha cries. *(whimpering)* Leesha has boo-boo. Want to see? Want to see? *(SHE holds her arm over her head and indicates her armpit.)* See the boo-boo? *(SHE takes off a shoe and points to the bottom of her foot.)* See? 'Nother boo-boo. *(working herself into a frenzy)* Why Mr. Daddy put his cigarette on Leesha? Leesha good girl! Leesha not an ashtray! Bang Bang!

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