

GOLDIE, MAX AND MILK by Karen Hartman

Unpublished

Lisa left her partner Max for a married man while Max was pregnant. Days after the birth, Lisa reconciles with Max just long enough to abduct their daughter. Now Lisa hides out at the posh Manhattan law firm where she works, trying to feed the screaming baby.

LISA

Eat. Eat something. Would you eat?

Hey! I made a purchase!

(Lisa plays an inane children's lullaby from her phone. It has no effect)

Nice, right?

(Lisa hums along, becoming a little calmer herself)

Once upon a time, there were two mommies. Only they weren't mommies yet. They had just barely finished being girls, walking and playing in the woods. The mommies lived in a little house with a purple door and a bathtub outside, and they grew their own grapes, and tomatoes, and squash. Well, one of the mommies did most of the growing. We'll call her Max. Mommy Max would fetch organic chicken poop from a farm, to spread on her plants, and she'd wear overalls with her hair under a cap, like a boy from olden times, but she never looked like a boy. She looked like a princess in disguise. And the other Mommy, let's call her Lisa, would drink coffee on the porch next to the outdoor tub, and read about the history and the future of justice. The mommies passed many days in this way, many seasons of growing.

And then one summer, Mommy Lisa travelled to a big city for work purposes. And the city sparkled; Mommy Lisa began to sparkle; and when she returned home she was not content. So, Mommy Lisa pulled Mommy Max out of the garden, out of the home which they didn't even own, having missed the entire housing boom like losers, and they went together to the city.

And Mommy Max grew like a pumpkin, with a seed inside her. That's you.

But Mommy Lisa grew like – did you ever read that part in [Alice in Wonderland](#) where Alice eats the wrong thing and busts out the roof of the white rabbit's house, and the forest creatures shame her and pelt her huge head with tools?

Mommy Lisa grew in the *wrong way*. She f-u-c-k-ed the *wrong person*. She wrecked her house.

Why would Mommy Lisa do this? Why do grownups leave their gardens and break their homes? Why can some grownups dig root vegetables and age softly and settle in, while others set fires, cause wreckage, and wander?

What is it like to be just born? What's it like to view the world through eyes that have not yet set their color? What's it like to feel air in your lungs for the first time? Does the change hurt? Is that why you cry?

(The desk phone beeps. Lisa picks up. Baby cries again)

This is Lisa. *Now?* Send them up.

(Hangs up)

Do you think Mommy Lisa can become new again? But also whole, and innocent? Do you think we could do that together? Start over?

(Lisa reaches into the carrier, but is terrified to pick up the baby, so she strokes her head a little instead)

Please stop crying. Happy ending. Happy ending.

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You are welcome to perform this monologue for free!

You may CUT but you may not CHANGE the words. Please introduce the monologue with title of play and author's name (this is a monologue from Leah's Train by Karen Hartman).

Feel free to send a video link to yourself performing the monologue through the Contact page, and let me know if I may share! Thanks and be well, KH

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