

GOLDIE, MAX AND MILK by Karen Hartman

Unpublished

Max, the freshly dumped mother of a newborn, tries to keep a grip.

MAX

This poor perfect baby cursed with me for a mother. This poor perfect baby.

(Max talks to the baby in her arms – you don't need to look down)

I want you to know in advance that I am sorry. When you grow up and have a fixed craving for nurturance, when you marry someone twice your age who appears to provide solidity but actually wants to crush your soul, when you mistake rigidity for sanity, that is my fault.

After you were born I was alone and went somewhat out of my mind, and I was unresponsive to your demands. I was inconsistent. I had never been flighty, never wanted to go anyplace at all really; I thought stability would be my forté as a mom, but then, after you were born –

(Max puppets the baby, a nightmare teen. **As baby/ teen**)

I'm engaged to my math teacher!

(As Max)

That's my fault.

(As baby/teen)

We're happy Mom! We're in love! We solve equations!

(As Max, more desperate)

I'm sorry you think that's happiness. It's my fault.

(As baby/teen, super happy)

Well, thanks. Thanks for being so shitty. Now I know shitty shitty love!

(As Max)

You're engaged to your math teacher?

(As baby/ teen)

He smells good. Like chalk. Like the answer!

(As Max)

I'm sorry I wasn't gravity, I'm sorry I didn't pull hard enough, I'm sorry –

(As baby/teen)

Volume of a cone, mom! Volume of a sphere!

(As Max)

Are you **pregnant?!?**

(Max marginally regains her senses)

You're a baby. You're a baby. You're a baby.

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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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