

ISOBEL MONOLOGUE, ACT 1  
From *Expecting*  
By Mark Chrisler  
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ISOBEL

I was young. She got sick. When I was... before I was born, maybe. I think it started. Before. These tumors... growths. She'd get them, periodically, on her body. Tumors. And when I was little--seven--it got bad. They'd said it was nothing to especially worry about. Not cancerous. Just her body, making these growths. But one got real bad. I don't know how. Blocked something. Grew real fast. Grew real fast, grew hair and... teeth... unsightly. And there she was, in the hospital, being cared for by doctors and nurses; lots of visitors. And I thought... it made her glow. She was in pain. A struggle to breathe. But she just glowed. For the attention, you see? All the people doting; bringing her water, massaging her, not wanting anything from her at all. And so, one day she died. But right before, right before she closed her eyes, she called for me--I was sitting in the corner--called for me and in my ear, knowing she didn't have much more to say, she said... Being special is the best thing.

Said that and then that was it. Closed her eyes. Being special is the best thing.