

**“Sisterhood of the Survivors”**  
**Monologue edits for auditioners**

Ilinca

I grew up with my mom and sister. My dad wasn't in the picture, he left us when I was really young. My mom got remarried and my step-dad was really great. But he passed away when I was ten. It was really devastating for us. My mom got super depressed so I had to take care of her. I knew if I could make her smile, I was doing something right. So that was my goal each day: get her to smile. My sister focused on school and spent a lot of time with her friends, so it was only me and my mom. She would talk about my step-dad a lot, about the love they had. It was so sad to see her depressed after he passed away, but also beautiful, in a twisted way. It just proved their love was so strong. So pure. I always wanted a love like that.

I wanted to be a nurse, so I could continue helping people. I enrolled in a nursing program after high school and I was doing good, I just couldn't get over the needles.

*She shudders.*

I ended up dropping out and I needed to find a job. I started working at a gas station. It wasn't my dream, but I was giving myself time to find out what that dream would become.

Clara

Stop! I just told you I'm fine, but you keep pushing and pushing and pushing. I don't give two fucks about school. I'm not obsessed with my grades. Do you know how annoying it is to see you studying *all the time*? I'm not good at school like you are. I don't care about school like you do. None of this shit matters to me. And I tried. I tried to care. I tried to understand. But it didn't work. You're this constant reminder of what I'm bad at. You can throw flashcards at me and you can make them look pretty, but that isn't going to help. Nothing helps. I'll read a paragraph in my textbook or look at an equation and it's like I'll see the words and the numbers but my mind won't absorb them. I can see that they're there, but they mean nothing. And tonight, the volunteer kept going over the first problem in my study guide. She kept asking me, “does that make sense now?” and I kept saying “no” because nothing made sense, whenever she tried to explain it, my mind would stop listening. I just looked at her face and thought ‘wow she is taking time out of her day to be with me, instead of her family. I wonder if she has daughters. I wonder

if she likes math. I wonder if she has a husband that loves her. I wonder if she tells him about us. I wonder what she thinks. I wonder if she thinks I'm really, really stupid.'

### Elena

He would lock me in the bedroom during the day, he called for his brother or sister to guard my door. I tried talking to his siblings, I told them what he did to me. They didn't care. He used the money to pay their rent. His siblings told him about my complaints, and he started rationing my food.

One meal a day.

I had almost no energy, every time a man came my brain would feel like sludge and my mind moved in slow motion. I would shake and they would yell.

The man came back to the room.

He took a crowbar and hit my wrists, my back, my thighs.

He stormed out so quickly he forgot to lock the door. I knew this would be my only chance to escape. Something came over my body. I had a moment of strength. I got up and ran through the town. I didn't even have enough time to put clothes on. I sprinted to the local police station, and I told them I was in danger, and I needed help. They called the ambulance and took me to the nearest hospital. I learned that both of my wrists and three of my ribs were broken. An officer came to the hospital and asked me what happened. I was so scared that if I got the details wrong, he would send me back. But he listened and told me a psychologist would come see me later, that she worked with a shelter for women like me.

### Maria

I was in a bad place when it happened. My life was...uncontrollable. It felt like the world was out to get me and there was only one thing to make it bearable. I wanted to be numb. My mom, dad, and grandma all died within the last five years. Pretty fucked, right? The only family I had left was a little sister who didn't need me. Didn't talk to me. Didn't want me in her life. She had everything – a job, a boyfriend, *stability*. I was the thing that reminded her of all that went wrong.

I found that chemically altering my brain was a nice band aid. One night I was out, looking for anyone I could buy stuff from. I met a guy who said he knew a place; he took me to a very small

studio apartment where an old man greeted us. The old man told me he could help, but I had to talk to him because he was lonely. He kept asking me questions.

Do you like my apartment?

Do you think I'm handsome?

How much do you like my coke?

I was so high I didn't focus on what he was saying. The younger guy who showed me to the apartment left, I tried to get up to follow but the old man blocked me and locked the door.

You're mine now.

I can do anything I want with you now.