

## UGA Monologue by Nelle Tankus

Play title: *Slack Water* by Nelle Tankus

Play description: family drama, sci-fi, major roles for trans women

Character Description: Pearl (she/her) is a trans femme person/trans woman. Can be played by any race. 30 years old, an ER nurse. The play is set in modern times, and is located in no specific city.

Given circumstances: Pearl's mother, Semmie, is an elder trans woman, and has become pregnant overnight. Semmie and Pearl are estranged as of a few years ago. Pearl's seven year-old sibling Marge is now acting as Semmie's de-facto caregiver. Semmie has arrived pregnant in Pearl's emergency room, and has been demanding a "natural birth" or nothing, and has been harassing the other nurses in addition to Pearl for several hours prior to this. Pearl has been trying to stick to her original diagnosis of "septic gallbladder" for the past several hours but Semmie has begun vomiting seaweed and Pearl is understandably freaked out. Immediately prior to this monologue, Semmie tried to get Pearl fired. After this monologue, it's revealed that Semmie is indeed pregnant.

### PEARL

You want to keep fighting me while I offer you care? You want to give low-income trans women a bad name? Go to some other emergency room and cry wolf again. See how they rightfully ignore your crocodile tears. Even better, watch them treat you like a science experiment and tell you the exact same things I'm telling you now, except they'll point at your dick and make jokes about cutting it off. And I bet you'll sit there and take it because you want so badly to be a victim. Don't come to me with your begs, or your bills, or your backhanded compliments anymore. Leave the ER. Have your imaginary baby at home. You have my permission. Wait and see what happens when your septic gallbladder ruptures and infection seeps into your blood, weeping and rank like rot. I should've known you would slither back into my life right as I was healing. Mom! You. Cannot. Be. Pregnant. It's biologically, technologically, medically impossible. No matter how much you want it, you will never carry children because the technology doesn't exist yet. You don't think I'm devastated by that? I want to feel another heartbeat inside me. So many people who can't give birth dream of it. And you're spitting in their faces. If you don't listen to me, you are going to die. And no one deserves to die for trying to bring breath and life into this terrible world. Get it together, Mom. Get a fucking grip.