



THE CELL MONOLOGUES – JENNY
By Paul Smith

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LAURENCE, A transvestite man, 50

A bare police station cell. A bench with a plastic covered thin mattress. A few magazines and newspapers. Dull lighting. LAURENCE is seen in full make-up and wearing female attire. Beside him is a carrier bag with clothing and a towel etc. During the following he removes his make-up and changes into male clothes.

I hate my wife.

Hate her.

Really hate.

She's made my life hell.

Never cared for me.

Not even without Jenny.

The name that won't pass her lips.

Cow.

PAUSE

It wasn't as if she didn't know Jenny.

I was up front and clear with her. From the word Go.

Jenny has been with me since I was 15.

35 years now.

Alice and I have been together 25 years.

It's been torture.

Most of it has been my fault. I should have packed up and gone years ago.

Too weak.

I've always been weak.

Jenny has offered me a diversion. A safe haven. A home.

I love Jenny. Despite the fact that she has caused me so much pain.

The pain caused by Alice is far deeper.

Pain to my core.

PAUSE

I hit her.

I have never done that before.

I couldn't cope with a moment more of abuse.

I hit her with a bottle of red wine.

It broke.

She was soaked.

It shattered.

It cut her.

She phoned the police.

Said I had been abusing her.

Showed them marks, cuts, bruises. Caused by me, she said.

She cried. She howled.

And here I am.

They requested I returned to Laurence. Told me to bring make-up remover and some clothes. So....

(LAURENCE starts to cry)

I'm pathetic. I really am.

Sorry.

I cry so easily these days.

Every scream from her. Every barb. Every insult. Every intolerance. I cry.