

# A Mother's Monologue by Sally Gamgee

**Female mid-late thirties**

**Perform as though camera is a person.**

TRACEY

My daughter Neesy, well Denise after my mother- but ever since she was born, she was always my little Neesy girl! She used to be obsessed with Cinderella, every chance she got, she would watch it, every night for a year she would read the book, and when she finished, she'd just start it all over again! I mean she knew the book and the film off by heart and didn't need either to say the story or the film! Obsessed is not the word! She wanted so badly to be Cinderella and find her Prince so she would leave one shoe on the stairs hoping that her Prince Charming would find her. I can't count the amount of twisted ankles I got from tripping over her shoes! One day when she was about 5, we were in a big shopping centre and she left her shoe on an escalator but she didn't understand that escalators move!- and so as usual she left her shoe at the top of the escalator and when she got to the bottom, looked behind to find it and noticed it was right behind her and before I could grab her she picked up the shoe and bolted to the up escalator to take it back up to the top and she was just so confused when it followed her down again.