

The Sea Horse

by Edward J. Moore

Monologue Two: Gertrude mistrusts Harry's tenderness and tells him he's "full of shit." When he tells her he loves her, she's livid. She thinks all men are like Frank, the man she married when she was eighteen: "You're all bastards. . . . I see what ya do to those simple bitches, you wind 'em around your finger, get 'em to marry ya, then you start usin' 'em, beating 'em, like he did, he beat me, he beat me bad, look at me!!!" The one kind man in Gertrude's past was her father. She tells how she lost him.

GERTRUDE

I was sitting on the pier one day, doing my homework with some friends . . . waiting for my dad to take me home. I heard all this shouting coming from the Horse. I saw my dad throw this man out, a couple of other men came out too. This man was trying to hit my dad . . . I got up and started running towards him . . . crying "Daddy, Daddy!" My dad turned to me, and the man stabbed him . . . he died . . . I held him, and he died. (*She gets up and crosses, stands near downstage center table. Without emotion.*) You know I couldn't remember my name . . . For the longest time after, I just couldn't think of it, isn't that strange? . . . Daddy has a sister, so I stayed with her . . . they had a terrible time with me . . . I could remember everything that happened that night, all the questions everyone asked me, I would answer everything right . . . but I couldn't remember my name. My teacher had to come up and touch me . . . "Gertrude? Why don't you answer me?" (*A beat, then starts crossing stage left.*) I was okay after a while . . . finished school . . . then I started coming down here again, to watch my ships . . . but I would never go near the Horse . . . Frank . . . he knew what happened . . . but thought it was stupid letting this place rot away . . . When he walked out on me, we owed everyone! I thought I could make a go of it for a while . . . just . . . to get things squared away . . . it was bad! (*Sits on bar stool, left.*) Bums wouldn't pay, just walk out . . . rest of 'em were no better either, gave me a bad time . . . one day this swab grabbed me . . . I let him have it with a bottle, right in the face! . . . After that I got respect! . . . Money! (*Turns, looks at HARRY.*) . . . And I didn't need . . . anyone . . . anymore.