

Dear Amy - A Monologue

By

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INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

A WOMAN sits on a chair looking into a camera.

WOMAN

Dear Amy...wait is this thing even on?

The WOMAN looks to her right as if someone is talking to her.

WOMAN

What? The red light? Yeah it's on, why? Oh okay good!

The WOMAN looks back into the lens of the camera.

WOMAN

Amy. Hi. Sorry about that, we were never good at this technology stuff were we?

(BEAT)

Amy, I want you to know this video is being made with love, and I have your best interests at heart, I may be blunt at times but I think it's necessary for you to hear what I have to say.

(BEAT)

You're hurting at the moment aren't you? But I know something you don't. I know you can cope with the pain that you're feeling at this moment. I know it because I've been there. We went through the exact same stuff you and I and you know what? I turned out alright and I know you will too....If there's one eye opening piece of advice I can give you it is this: you are not alone. Yes it's cliché but at the end of the day it's cliché for a reason, and that reason is because it is true. All those idioms are; Every cloud has a silver lining, there's plenty more fish in the sea. People say these things so often because they're true.

The WOMAN begins to pull up the sleeve on her left arm but catches herself and stops. She was doing it automatically.

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WOMAN

Remember back to when Grandad first died. What was that? Your first year of University? That was a tipping point for you wasn't it. Mum could barely cope with her grief and it sent Grandma over the edge too, spiralling into her dementia which whilst scary was also endearing. After that incident you cut yourself off from your friends and family when they needed you the most. Grief is hard to deal with alone especially on top of the other things you went through that year. Your self-inflicted loneliness was the reason you self-harmed wasn't it? You felt like there was no-one else but there was, you had just pushed them away.

(BEAT)

I remember when you went to the hospital after dropping the knife into your foot, the security guard at your dorms was so scared, his first day on the job...did you ever see him again? To be honest, it's good you snapped to your senses when you did because it could have been more than a slashed arm and knife in the foot.

The WOMAN'S gaze goes distant as her eyes wander away from the camera lens.

WOMAN

I remember lying there-

The WOMAN'S eyes snap back to the camera.

WOMAN

I remember you lying there that night in hospital, going through how bad your life was, feeling backed into the corner with suicide your only option. That was how you felt at that moment, now skip forward six months and what do you remember from that point of your life? You'd just come back from the summer of your life, you'd got your first proper job, just something in

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WOMAN (cont'd)
a shop but a job either way. And
you were slowly falling in love.
Things were looking up and you were
happy. My husband, Jack once said-

The WOMAN looks to the right again, calling to the person
from earlier.

WOMAN
-Jack! Hey Jack come here a
second!...-

Again the WOMAN looks back to the camera.

WOMAN
Damn it, he must have gone out.
Nice of him to say goodbye eh?!
Well anyway he said to me one day;
"life is all about balancing the
darkness and the light. There is
always something to be drawn from
every experience." And he was right
you know, just because you're in
the shade at the moment light will
break through and you will find the
happiness you know you have felt
before, the rays of hope dappling
your skin. Jack always says
profound things like that, he's
such a sweetheart. Very
understanding. It'll be a couple of
years before you meet him but
you'll warm to him instantly.

The WOMAN stands up and paces.

WOMAN
I do have a point to all this I
swear, just stick with me. Let's
look at the "dark place" you're in
now. I know you're feeling very
lonely again, even though you're
surrounded by friends. Add to that
no confidence and no self-esteem
and well we have a recipe for
disaster don't we? I used to think
like you, I used to think "I can't
handle this". But you can and you
will, one piece at a time. Look at
your loneliness, it's not lonely in
a social sense but in a "I want a
relationship" sense isn't it. We're

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WOMAN (cont'd)

both the same you and I, we're not happy unless we have a partner, preferably one with issues worse than our own so you can "fix" them, take care of them, and look out for their every need. But that's not healthy at all and it took meeting Jack to make me realise that. Our relationship is even parts give and take. There's compromise.

The WOMAN comes to a halt in front of the camera again but doesn't sit down.

WOMAN

Your time is now Amy! You're so close to graduation and you don't want to throw all that away over such small things, they've just combined into one big pile, but sort through them and you'll see their manageable, one bit at a time. You don't want to hurt yourself not really and self-harm is a short term solution to a long term problem. It's also a vicious circle Amy and it feels like it is getting to the point now were you're going to take your own life. Suicide is a selfish act people say, and I agree. Sureee, you gain relief. But what about what you leave behind? Pain and anguish. That's what you leave behind. Guilt, that's what you leave behind. They all fill the darkness left behind when you're light is extinguished. Our parents will think "where did we go wrong?", friends will think "what could I have done better?" I beg you Amy, don't be selfish.

The WOMAN slumps back into the chair.

WOMAN

I know I've rambled but this is my point in a nutshell. You've been to dark places before and you've come back better and stronger and wiser and happier. Each of the traumas you've faced I faced too. From listening to the sound of our step

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WOMAN (cont'd)

dad's meaty fist connecting with
our mothers boney cheek to the
rejections of that boy in high
school. I know you'll survive. I
know this because I am you Amy. I
am the living proof that you get
better and move on and become the
happiest you've ever been. You
mature. I was you once and now I am
a very different person, but I have
never forgotten you and I never
will. I just wish there was
actually a way to send you this so
I could spare you these scars.

The WOMAN lifts up the arm of the shirt she's fidgeted with
all throughout.

WOMAN

I love will always love you my dear
dear Amy.