

# MONOLOGUE – ALICE FROM *BOTTLE BABY*

by Lindsay Price

Use this monologue for your next IE!

<b>Play</b>	BOTTLE BABY by Lindsay Price
<b>Stats</b>	Drama - Simple set - 10 minutes
<b>Casting</b>	2W
<b>Description</b>	Alice is Beeb's (Barbara) younger sister. Beeb has been battling sobriety for a year, after a car accident that seriously hurt Alice. Beeb is on the verge of suffering a relapse, and is relying on Alice to save her. Alice doesn't want to be the one everyone relies on.
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This isn't the way it's supposed to go Beeb. I'm not supposed to save you. You're not supposed to rely on me. Lean on me. I'm supposed to do that to you. You're my big sister. Who do I lean on? (*she sighs*) Good girls, bad girls. White hats, black hats. Why is it when they were handing out good girl/bad girl cards you got bad and I got good? Nobody asked me.

When you're good and you dress in pretty clothes, and you're polite and nice and you get good grades, no one gives a crap about you. I can see their eyes gloss over and I can hear inside their heads: "Thank God. I don't have to worry about her. I don't have to think about her. Thank God she's quiet. Thank God she's quiet and smart and sane and pretty and nothing like her sister." Alice the good. Alice has no idea what it's like to be bad. That must be the way it is. Never mind that I learned from the master. Well, I learned from your mistakes. Your brilliant flashes of light. You pulled out a flask in English class. I have headaches. (*very matter of fact*) I have terrible headaches. Everyone knows. I was in this "little" car accident a year ago. No one ever questions that I have a big bottle of aspirin in my backpack. And no one ever shakes the bottle. No one's

Continued Over...



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The Fine Print

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ever wondered why there aren't any pills. How come I don't hear any pills? How come it sounds like liquid in there? How could that be? I had a cough syrup bottle for a while, liquid for liquid, but I thought, that's too easy.

This past year has been the most fascinating experiment. I should have documented the whole thing for posterity. "How far can an Invisible Good Girl go before anyone pays attention?" What the hell do I have to do to get noticed in this town? The funny thing is that no one notices. No one cares. They think they see a good girl and that's what they believe. They think they see a bad girl and that's what they believe. Good ole, hell raising, car smashing, money stealing, amount to nothing, take her little sister for a joy ride on a bottle of Jack so she almost killed her, bad girl Beeb. Ok. If you're right and if I'm the good girl white hat coming in on my horse from the sunset to save everyone, life jackets for everyone, then I won't be able to handle a pull from that bottle. *(she holds out her hand)* Give me the bottle. What are you afraid of? You're right aren't you?

*ALICE wipes her mouth, tips up the bottle and takes a long pull. It's obvious she's done it before.*

Who's the bottle baby now, huh Bee Bee? Who wears the crown? Who's the one who drinks her liquor straight from the bottle, no mix, no nothing and it's smooth like butter. You think you're the only one who sneaked drinks at Mom's? You think you're the only one who got Roger Thompson to buy you bottles? You think you're the only person in this house? This world? This life?

*BEEB cries and ALICE watches her.*

Aw Beeb don't cry. You're not supposed to cry. How can I feel good about being bad if you cry? 🍷