

I'm Pregnant...Again
a monologue from *The Suicide Table*
by Kris Thompson

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I'm Pregnant...Again

I'm pregnant. Again. I was on the pill but David found them and threw them away months ago. He thinks birth control is unnatural. I didn't tell you because...because I was embarrassed. I...I just...Oh God. I can't have another baby. And I know you'll say abortion but David would never agree to it. He thinks it's a sin. Maybe it is. I don't know and I don't know what to do and I'm just so tired all the time. All I want to do is sleep. (pause) Everything feels so (pause) heavy. Like I'm drowning. Like I'm tied down under a wet blanket. Suffocating. (long pause) I'm useless to the girls. They see me. They know. They know how disgusting and weak and useless I am. I don't want them to grow up with that. And David. I can't possibly please David. I can't do anything right. (long pause) I don't think I was meant to be a mother or a wife. (pause) And I'm so tired. I'm tired of fighting it. I wish I was just (pause) not here. It's the only thing that makes me feel...better...lighter, somehow. (Closes her eyes.) I imagine opening my wrists and letting all the ugliness and heaviness drain out. And then (pause) then I'm light. Free. Weightless. And I just...float away until I'm nothing. I know. You're going to tell me this is serious. You're going to say I'm depressed. I'm suicidal. I need to see a psychiatrist or therapist or something. But David won't allow it. He thinks I'm being dramatic. That I'm trying to start a fight. That I'm trying to bring out the worst in him, so I can look good. (pause) Jesus. All I know is that I just can't have another baby.