

Penny Monologue
(Lines from Pages 91-92)

Yes, do whatever you feel you need to, but please, spare the child.

Because.... Hope is my Daughter.

And I am her mother.

Yes, Hope, it's true. I am your mother, the onetime lover of Caldwell B. Cladwell.

Call me what you will, but it was during the Stink Years, you see. No one thought they had much time then, so many of us did... questionable things. There was the looting, of course, and the hoarding. But there were also the fond farewells and the late night trysts. Life was an explosion filled with riots, cheap cabarets, dancing girls. Oh yes, and love. There was love like no tomorrow, for there was no tomorrow, but there is always a tomorrow of some kind or another. After you were born, Caldwell made me promise never to reveal my identity to you, for I was something of a strumpet in my day.