

Pillow Talk

A monologue written by Ashley Nader

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The cast can be 1 or 2 females

Requirements

1 x pillow

The monologue can be split between two females. Where a younger girl can portray the memories or the child upto the age of 22.

From the age of 22 the second older female can then portray the rest of the memories leading upto the present)

A lot of children become attached to their pacifiers, baby blankets and even breast feeding. My mom said for me it was my pillow. This one (*in her hand*) in fact. The pillowcase may have changed over the years but the stuffing inside remains the same.

This pillow holds so many memories for me... it was given to me by my father who got it from his father. My mom said I would carry it everywhere with me. I couldn't say the word "pillow", it would come out as "po" so it became my "po po". My father told me, "*No matter what happens in life – the good, the bad and ugly – the one thing that will never leave you is your po po*".

When I was a little girl it would go everywhere with me. Back then the pillowcase was bright pink to match my Barbie posters, and my mom even sewed pink flowers and Barbie patches onto it. At the dinner table I would use po po as a cushion to give me extra height so I could see over the table. When I got taller it would stay on my lap, but it was always with me.

I wasn't very popular at school; I was the ugly duckling with braces and thick glasses with coke bottle lenses. Po po became my best friend. I would get home, give it a big hug and tell it about my day.

When I was eight years old my dad passed away, a heart attack at the dinner table; one moment he was there eating, talking, laughing... and the next thing the spoonful of peas flew out of his hand and he fell to the floor. By the time the ambulance arrived it was too late. I remember the odd looks from family members and neighbours as I walked into church for

the funeral – my one hand holding onto my mom so tight, cutting off her circulation, and the other wrapped around my pillow.

The Barbie pillowcase stayed at home and a black pillowcase made an appearance out of respect. As we walked to the grave site, my pillow was there to catch my tears. Even though dad was no longer around, I would close my eyes and hug my po po and I knew that a piece of him was still with me.

Time marched on and my mom started dating again. When I was 10 she found a companion who I use to call uncle Jeff. He never really had time for me. Mom and Uncle Jeff would fight and scream sometimes, especially when the “special” iced tea was flowing too much. I would put po po over my head and block out the noises and pretend I was somewhere else.

Uncle Jeff didn't last long and mom stopped dating altogether, she just focused on the house, work and me.

At 12 years old the braces came off and the glasses were no longer needed after my eye operation. Things began to change; girls wanted to be my friend and boys wanted to spend time with me. Po po became an accessory at slumber parties and used in pillow fights.

Jerry asked me to my first school disco – he was drop dead gorgeous, cute smile, twinkly eyes. All my girlfriends knew how to kiss except me, so I needed to practice and po po was there for me yet again (*kissing noises close to pillow*).

For many years after that, po po became just a normal pillow as I faced high school life and boyfriends. After dating stupid boys and getting my heart broken a few times, Jerry came back into my life – he probably couldn't resist my kissing skills, thank you po po.

A week after my 22nd birthday my mom passed away. At the funeral I held Jerry with one hand and po po with the other. It was a sad time and Jerry was... he was the best support. He officially became my family when we got married the following year. Of course po po was the ring bearer's cushion at the wedding. My dad's words never really sunk in until I realised that po po had been with me through so much in my life. I would go to bed and Jerry would spoon me while I held po po to my chest.