

Monologue from *A Rose is a Rose*

Kacey: Female, 34

She is in her ex-boyfriend's apartment.

KACEY

I found this in the ashes of his cabin.

I know you did it, because it turns out you never know what little bits will survive a fire.

*She pulls out a badly burned Pete Rose baseball card.*

Duane's not into baseball cards.

He's definitely not into Pete Rose.

You still won't admit it, will you?

You're a liar guy, too, like Charlie Hustle.

I wasn't sure what to do when I saw the card.

It's just such a weird thing to do.

I guess the act had symbolic value to you?

Was that it, was it cleansing for you somehow?

I wondered if you took all your clothes off, like a real psychopath.

You probably just tossed it in and muttered something to yourself about closure.

Like a loser.

You're selling the other ones.

I'm sure nobody else has thought of selling their baseball card collection during Covid.

Guess it's moot now, huh?

I'm hoping that's gratitude I'm seeing behind your blank stare.

I don't think jail would do you any good.

You'd just keep on lying.

*She leaves.*