

From **The War of Virginia and Alabama** by Dawson Moore
DONALD: Southern. Agitated.

DONALD

(to audience) This is the part where I tell you about... HER. The horror she has been to me. This dominating monster who has turned me into someone not worthy of another person's love. If you'd grown up under the fire of a sister like mine, you too would quiver whenever a woman approached. And as for her "lords a leaping..." I mean, I love my sister. She's... oh, damn it, I'm leaving anyway. Her ten lords were the most hideous collection of faux princes you can imagine. All one step from homelessness, and no steps from homeliness. And she then held their poverty against them. "Oh yeah, you'd like to be rich like me, wouldn't you? I knew it, YOU'RE USING ME!!" Is that the cruelest thing ever? Raising ugly paupers' hopes, and then resenting that they look forward to not being poor. I've digressed, but remember... a horror.