

NEBRASKA – Monologue 1

KATE

That's Woody's mother Sara. She hated me because she wanted him to marry someone who'd milk the cows, but I said I ain't fiddlin' with no cow titties. I'm a city girl. The good lord did not do Sara any favors in the looks department. More a man's face than a woman's, really. I was pretty, so she resented me. You knew your mother was ugly, right, Woody? Saw herself in the mirror one day! No, cancer. And there's the old Swede Tolf. A good man, your grandpa. Never said much. That farm just ruined him.

You're lucky I took you away from there. That's Woody's brother David. You were named after him. He died of scarlet fever when he was only two. Woody slept in the same bed with him but never got it. Here's Woody's little sister Rose. She was only nineteen when she got killed in a car wreck near Wausa. What a whore. I liked Rose, but myGod, she was a slut. I'm just telling the truth. She was screwing guys in back of the Hawthorne Creamery when she was only...fifteen. My family's over at the Catholic cemetery. We'll go there later. Catholics wouldn't be caught dead around all these damn Lutherans. Now there's Delmer, Woody's cousin. He was a drunk. One time we were wrestlin' and he felt me up. Grabbed a handful of boob, and Woody was right there and didn't have a clue, did you, Woody? My goodness, I didn't know Keith White was here. When did he die? Keith White. He wanted in my pants too, but oh, he was so boring. See what you could've had, Keith, if you hadn't talked about wheat all the time?

