

Hi! My name is Rosie



Hi! My name is Rosie. My real name is Ethyl. Some people call me Bud. Some of you know me well. As a matter of fact, more than ten million of you know me intimately. I've been acquainted with some of you since you were youngsters. Some think I am a terrible monster and do battle with me daily. Others consider me their best friend. They love me so much that they would die for me. Many do.

I possess great power. I can control your bodies and your minds. Yet many of you delude yourselves into believing that you can control me. Ha! I can slowly, surreptitiously take ten years off your life, or I can take you down just like that, with just the turn of a wheel or the click of a pistol.

I can break your heart and wreck your marriage. You might lose your mind and your job and your home, but you won't be alone. You'll have me to comfort you in your pain and your shame. Push away your loved ones, push away your friends, but don't push away that drink. With a flick of the wrist, I'll help you forget what is too painful to remember. Don't think about the angry words, the tears, the door slammed on the way out. Don't think about the close call with that crazy driver on the way home. Don't think about the promises that have been broken, again. Come to me, and I'll ease your mind, really I will.

My venom coursing through your veins can pickle your brain and rot your liver. But my potion, like a genie conjured from the magic bottle, can make you feel so good, you won't even know how sick you are. I can distort your personality, make you feel witty and clever, but your friends will think you're an obnoxious fool. I can waste your talents, warp your judgment, and you will be totally oblivious to the effects I have on you, and on your loved ones as well. They also feel the not-so-subtle touch of my wrath. I scream at your children, I slap your spouse. I even mangle the bodies and scramble the brains of your babies yet unborn, as they wait to escape my silent destruction while breathing me into their tiny, helpless bodies.

Enough seriousness! I can be fun sometimes too. Take me out tonight. I'll show you how to party! Pop my top. I smell so sweet! Taste my tingle. I'll make you feel so good. I can relieve your stress, help you relax and loosen up a little. Throw away your inhibitions. I'll even make you feel sexy. I can seduce you with a desire that'll make you want to give up everything for me. Come on! You'll have fun with me ... if it's the last thing you do.

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Note: This monologue was written by Teresa Kellerman in 1994 and was performed by a local actress and is being videotaped as a PSA for television.