

Monologue from *No Good Deed* by Paul Braverman

Frankie Payne - in her 50s, burned out private detective, ex-cop. The play is set in East Boston, 1962. Frankie is talking to a young, female client who is in danger.

FRANKIE

Look sweetie, when you get to be my age...you come to grips with what life is all about. The world where the damsel and the prince live happily ever after, that's illusion. That world doesn't exist. Oh, they don't tell you that, of course not. All you hear is that if you keep your nose clean, get married and pop out some kids, you'll get your deluxe kitchen and your nicely mowed back yard. Camelot, they say? There is no Camelot in the real world. The only way to know the real world is to live in it. How much have you lived, sweetie? Right now, you know that fear you're feeling? You know that ball that feels like a hot fist in your gut? That's real, maybe the first real emotion you've felt in your whole life, a twist like you. That's what living really is, not knowing from one day to the next if you're going to live or die, or maybe return to your castle in the suburbs to find your prince in bed with the scullery maid. There's no room for love in the real world. The best we can hope for is to grab hold of each other and survive.