

Pierrette

*Pierrette reveals to the audience the truth surrounding her life at the club*

When I left home, I was head over heels in love, I couldn't see straight. No one existed for me but Johnny. He made me waste ten years of my life, the bastard. I'm only thirty now but I feel like sixty. The things that guy got me to do! And me, the idiot, I listened to him. Did I ever. Ten years I worked his club for him. I was a looker. I brought in the customers, and that was fine as long as it lasted...But now...now I'm fucked. I feel like jumping off a bridge. All I got left is the bottle. And that's what I've been doing since last Friday. A girl who's been at it for ten years is washed up. Finished. And try telling that to my sisters. I don't know what I'm gonna do now. He dumped me. Just like that. "It's finished," he said. "I don't need you anymore. You're too old and too ugly. So pack your bags and beat it." He didn't leave me a nickel! Not a goddamned nickel! After all I did for him. Ten years! Ten years for nothing. That's enough to make anyone pack it in. I don't know what I'm gonna do. And here I've gotta pretend everything's great. Guess there's nothing left but booze...Good thing I like that.