

**Debbie:** I don't want to hurt anybody. I don't enjoy hurting anybody. I don't like guns or bombs or electric chairs, but sometimes people just won't listen and so I have to use persuasion, and slides. My parents, Sharon and Dave. Generous, doting, or were they? All I ever wanted was a Ballerina Barbie in her pretty pink tutu. My birthday, I was 10 and do you know what they got me? Malibu Barbie. That's not what I wanted, that's not who I was. I was a ballerina. Graceful. Delicate. They had to go. My first husband, the heart surgeon. All day long, coronaries, transplants. "Sorry about dinner, Deb, the Pope has a cold." Husband number 2: the senator. He loved his state. He loved his country. Sorry Debbie. No Mercedes this year. We have to set an example." Oh yeah. Set this! My latest husband. My late, late husband Fester, and his adorable family. You took me in. You accepted me. But did any of you love me? I mean, really love me? So I killed. So I maimed. So I destroyed one innocent life after another. Aren't I a human being? Don't I yearn and ache...and shop? Don't I deserve love...and jewelry? Good-bye everybody. Wish me luck.