BLIND DATE

TEN MINUTE MONOLOGUE

By J.J. Jonas

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SYNOPSIS: In this somber and disturbing drama, a teenage girl explores the cruel world of choices, the agony of loneliness, and the pain of betrayal. Teen drama with a mature theme.

CAST:
ONE WOMAN
I remember when my parents started breaking up. Well, actually I guess I knew before my mom did. I found out about my dad’s affair before she ever knew. The “other woman” was a graduate student at the university where my dad was head football coach. She and I had taken a dance class together. Imagine performing a tap number with your future stepmother. I had no idea then. But I did call her up once and demand that she come to my dorm room for me to speak to her about the whole affair. I think I thought I could threaten her into leaving my family alone. She was very nervous meeting with me. I remember her hands were shaking slightly. I can’t remember much of what we said, but no threats were made. I do remember asking her if she loved my father. Her “yes” was so sincere that all I could do was nod my head. Although Marty and I did not exactly become allies that day, I know that I wasn’t angry at her or my dad. Not then.
It was the best year and worst year of my life. I was president of my sorority, I was a cheerleader, and I was elected Sweetheart of Sigma Chi - the first girl to be chosen who had not slept with any of the fraternity. I was the “golden girl,” the vestal virgin queen, the much sought-after prize and I was dating one of the stars of our national champion football team. I should have been the happiest girl in college, but my family was falling apart. I felt as if I was betraying my mother, not telling her what I knew, but there was another part of me, a big part of me, that just wanted my father to finally be happy. I was torn apart inside, but smiling the plastic smile expected of me on the outside. One night Richie picked me up late at the dorm. I really wanted someone to talk to. I was at a breaking point. I could smell beer on his breath as he parked the car in a secluded area near the Ag. barns. I should have asked to leave then, but sometimes your need outweighs common sense. That night I needed to be heard. I needed the comfort of someone close to me. Rich was sweet. He stroked my hair and held me, listening to me talk and tightened his arms around me when I began to cry. It felt so good to let go, to finally quit being the strong one in the family. When he began to kiss me, I remember thinking that I just wanted to melt into him and quit being me. Just be someone else for a while. I let the kissing take me to another place, far away from football coach fathers and abandoned mothers. Far, far away. I remember jerking back to reality when I realized Rich had his hand sliding up my dress. He pushed me down in the seat and pressed down with his body over mine. The smell of his alcoholic breath reminded me that this was not a situation in control. I tried to protest, but he pressed his mouth over mine. His body moved more urgently, over mine and I began to be afraid. I was so stupid. I was so stupid. I was so stupid. (Long pause.) I’ll never feel like I fought hard enough that night. (Sarcastically.) I guess I was worried about the “impoliteness” of the whole situation. You know, I was the one who wanted to come somewhere private to talk, I was the one kissing back. Maybe I was a tease, maybe I deserved what happened... (Shift.)