

Blanket

Written by Ashley Nader

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[A monologue, a chance for whoever is on stage to pour out sarcasm, anger, tears and raw vulnerability.]

[Props: blanket, backpack, newspaper, pack of tissues, a rose]

(If possible, a security guard is walking on the stage all over and exits through one side of the wings and then the actress comes walking from the other side to front centre stage, rubbing and twisting her hands while she talks to herself.)

Lauren: I can't believe I'm here. I must be completely crazy *(pauses)* don't answer that. I knew I had to come and say this to you before it was too late, before I lost my balls and chickened out *(puts her hand out)* don't interrupt me, I need to get this off my chest *(deep breath)*

You son-of-a-bitch *(tries to justify and make clarity of her thoughts)*. Well, I'm not sure if your mother was a bitch, now I'm picturing you being raised by wolves in the Jungle Book, "The Bear Necessities of life"... Focus Lauren, bring yourself back to yourself, don't be such a dingbat! *(bashes the palm of her hand on her forehead)*.

Come to think of it, you never spoke about your mother, or your father, or any of your family. Maybe you're a lone wolf *(small chuckle to herself)* or it could have been me with my 50 layers.

I would like to think that whatever you wanted to tell me would be enough for me, but who are we kidding, I would have dissected your answers and explanations, worse than a frog in biology class. "My parents live in Switzerland". Oh really, did they grow up there? How long have they been married? Are they married or are you a bastard? Well we know you're a bastard but are you a bastard bastard? Any other siblings? Where in Switzerland do they live? Could they get me chocolate from Scharffen Berger, the dark stuff not that sweet rubbish? And so it would go on and on, maybe that's why you left me? Left me for her.

(She tries to justify) It's just that I wanted to know more and more, there was nothing about you that I didn't fully want to know, I wanted to totally immerse myself in your world and when things didn't seem complete in my mind, that's when I would ask and ask and yes you guessed it, ask some more, which would turn into an argument as you would hardly ask questions about my life, interests, hobbies, ex boyfriends, addictions, sweet butt-kiss. You always said "Those things come with time, there's no need to rush, we have the rest of our lives".

I completely digress, I am not here to argue about arguing, or the inner workings of your family tree in Switzerland or the lack thereof. I am here to talk about this *(takes off the backpack and opens it and sees the blanket, looks at it for a few seconds and pulls it out)*. It's amazing how someone's habits or traditions stay with you even after they've left you. This bloody blanket was the bane of my life, and now it goes with me everywhere, unintentionally. "No matter the problem big or small sitting on a blanket can create the best unexpected moments."

The memories we shared on this thing. My head on your chest as the sun warmed us on winter afternoons and we would drift in and out of consciousness as I listened to your heart beat.