

Monologue 150

Girl in late teens sat at a table alone

Dressed in a white vest

Looks up and starts to speak

Girl: I worry about my mum. I think she might have depression. She seems to be crying most of the time at the moment...it's difficult to watch. She was always this strong person, always the one who I could go and cry to...but now she's just sad...terribly terribly sad.

Some of it's my fault...that's obvious. Probably a lot of it. I think I've disappointed her... but what children don't disappoint their parents at some point in their lives? It's a shame, as this disappointment is probably going to stick...not something which will pass by.

The clock reached 150 today...a slightly odd milestone...especially as it's moving backwards.

My poor mum...I'm not sure what she'll do. Dad's gone...she's never really had friends of any kind...not any that I noticed as I was growing up anyway. She just seemed to be there for me...I never had brothers or sisters or anything like that.

I think her being alone is the worst part...she's not good alone. I've left her alone before...

I first moved out here to get away...I actually think that's when the depression started...me moving so far away. I didn't see her for the best part of a year...I didn't want to.

Kids can be such fucking arseholes to their parents sometimes.

My poor old mum.

She flew over as soon as she found out...she must have maxed out every credit card she owned to pay for the ticket...it's not a cheap destination...

I still don't know how she's affording to stay here.

I hope she's not bankrupting herself.

She never actually asked me to explain, never directly asked why. She knew of course about Rachel...it was pretty bloody obvious. I knew she didn't approve...she couldn't...it just went so far against the grain for her. That was what sent me away in the end...me and Rach...all our money pooled together on two plane tickets...it was teenage and reckless and we were so excited...our own wild west adventure.

150 days...that's just less than 5 months...not an easily divisible fraction of a year...five twelfths I suppose...when it gets to 4 months at least I can say there's a third of a year left...

So what to say about Austin? It's not what we expected. You have this image of Texas being a backwards place...saloons, sand and Stetsons. But Austin was amazing...cosmopolitan, cultured...not wild at all really...

And we had fun...Jesus Christ we had fun...too young to buy our own drinks, but pretty and British enough to convince almost anyone to buy them for us...

We never hid who we were...but no one ever asked.

There was one group of guys who we started to see more often; older than us, but not too old. Just men drinking beer and talking shit. We honestly never tried to lead them on, never did anything apart from smile and show polite interest in their stories.

But I don't think it's ever about leading them on... not really about sex at all...our lack of interest was irrelevant.

We shouldn't have left that bar...shouldn't have got in the car...knowing what happened I can't believe I didn't see it coming...but why would I?

We'd been stupid and we knew it...there's a weird point when suddenly you realise that a mood has changed...when suddenly you feel the atmosphere...the laughter dies and the smiles lose their warmth...you know where you're going...

We tried to shrug it off, but we knew...