

ADAM

By Krista Boehnert

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A Ten Minute Dramatic Monologue

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SYNOPSIS: Jared Tindell is on cloud nine when he starts dating the girl of his dreams, Jenny Bowen. After only a couple of dates, Jenny abruptly stops talking to Jared and gets back together with her volatile ex-boyfriend, Adam. Jared, who is hurt, angry and confused by her choice to reconcile with Adam, confronts Jenny about breaking his heart.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 male)

JARED (m) 16 years old.

AT RISE: *JARED is talking to the girl who stole his heart, and then smashed it to smithereens.*

JARED: You started it. Remember? You were the one who asked me to dance at homecoming. Looking back on it, I can see now that you weren't so much asking *me* to dance, but making sure Adam saw you dancing with someone else. You two were fighting that night. No surprise there really, you two are always fighting. You're either at each other's throats, or shoving your tongues down them.

Anyway, at the time I wasn't paying attention to *why* you were standing in front of me, asking me to dance, just that you were there. I know, I know, I should've clued in to your game, but I wasn't exactly thinking straight right at that moment...

Do you have *any* idea how beautiful you are up close? I mean, in a room full of people, you draw attention, but up close? Trust me, no guy is immune to you when you're a mere foot away from him. Impossible. I was a goner before you even opened your mouth. I'd have given you anything you asked for.

You have this thing you do, when you're nervous, where you rock back and forth on your heels, did you know that? You were doing it then, when you asked me to dance with you, and I remember thinking, "Jenny Bowen is nervous talking to *me*?" Now I get that you weren't, you were nervous because you were thinking about him. About whether Adam was watching. Whether he was jealous. It wasn't about me at all.

I bet you'd love to know what his facial expression was at the moment you asked me to dance, wouldn't you? Well I can't tell you that, because he wasn't even there, Jen. As soon as you stalked off on him, he grabbed Alyssa Chalmers – yes *that* Alyssa – and took her outside for some “air.” You went to all the trouble to make him jealous, and he didn't even see it. He was out sucking face with the easiest girl in the whole school. Talk about a wasted effort on your part, huh?

And what were you two fighting about that night anyway? What is it you're *always* fighting about? Don't you ever get tired of it? Don't you just want to have fun with your boyfriend? Or do you enjoy drawing the battle lines and duking things out with each other every thirty seconds?

You know what? Forget I asked that. I don't care what you two do. You two can go on ripping each other to shreds until there's nothing left of either of you for all I care. (*Beat.*) That's a lie. I do care. I care about you, Jen.

But that's my problem, isn't it? I knew better than to fall for you. I knew you were off limits. I knew you were Adam's...and...I let myself fall for you anyway. It happened, during our dance. One second you were nervously asking me, and the next, you were in my arms, resting your head on my shoulder, and we were slow dancing... (*Beat.*) And that was it. I fell. *Hard.* I was holding you close and you were a perfect fit. I could wrap my arms around you and rest my cheek against the top of your head. It felt like you were meant to be there. That we were meant to be.

When the music ended you thanked me, and when I asked you to dance to the next song, you hesitated for just a second and glanced around. Probably for Adam. Your pause didn't seem weird to me at the time, I was too caught up in the moment, I guess. I realize now that you were looking for Adam to cut in and whisk you away. But, when he didn't, you smiled and said, 'Sure,' and we tore up the dance floor for another two songs before you excused yourself to the ladies' room.

At some point during those three songs you realized the effect you had on me. You had to have. You're not a stupid girl, Jenny. It's one of the reasons why I like you. You're more than smart enough to recognize a full blown crush when you see one. Especially in close range like that. I bet you filed that fun fact away, didn't you? Thinking there would come a time when it might be useful for you to exploit it.

It didn't take you long. Not even a week.

What happened, Jenny? Had you heard about Adam and Alyssa or were you two fighting about something else by then? Whatever it was, it must've been epic for you to decide the best way to deal with Adam would be to go out on a date with somebody else. Not that you actively went in search of anyone, I will give you that. But, when the opportunity presented itself, you jumped on it without hesitation. I think you would've gone out with any guy who'd asked you, it didn't matter who, so long as you had someone to dangle in front of Adam's face. I just happened to be the idiot who popped the question first.

Truth be told, I figured it was a long shot, asking you out on a date. I thought the odds were good you'd laugh in my face, but I was willing to take the risk for the promise of getting close to you again. Imagine my surprise when I asked if you were free that Friday night and you gave me a resounding 'YES!' You were so enthusiastic about it, that I thought you actually wanted to go out on a date with me. That you were excited I'd asked. That maybe, just maybe, you'd been thinking about our dance too.

What's a two letter word for moron, Jenny? *Me.*

I went into our date with all kinds of plans and hopes. I wanted it to be special. To be fun. To be something different than what you'd be used to. I was dumb enough to believe that once you spent time with me, once you got to know me, you'd see how amazing it was to be with a guy who treated you like a real person and not a piece of property.

Don't look at me like that, I've seen the way Adam is with you. How he treats you like arm candy whose sole purpose it is to look pretty and hang on his every word. You're so much better than that, Jen. *(Beat.)* At least I thought so. I don't even know what to believe anymore. All I know, is that when I was planning our date, I was sure you'd see how much fun we could have together. What a great couple we would be.

The problem was, my entire plan rested on the premise that you were actually interested in *me*. Not that you were actively trying to spark a fit of jealousy in Adam. *(Beat.)* Joke's on me I guess, huh?

I took you to the movies, remember? A strange art film at the university theatre and you sat there, wide-eyed, drinking it in. When it was over, you turned to me and grinned and said, "That was amazing."

In that moment, I promised myself I'd do anything to see you smile like that again. What can I say? If I first fell for you when we danced, that smile clinched the deal. I was pretty much walking on air after that. I thought...well, it doesn't even matter now, does it? I thought a lot of stupid things on our first date. Like how when I took your hand as we left the movie theatre and I interlaced our fingers together, and you held on tight in response...well, I thought that meant something too.

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