

I'LL ALWAYS KNOW WHERE YOU ARE

By Mariah Olson

Copyright © 2013 by Mariah Olson, All rights reserved.

ISBN: 978-1-60003-7344

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

RIGHTS RESERVED: All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS: All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

AUTHOR CREDIT: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this play must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this play. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the play. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this play is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice:

Produced by special arrangement with Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

COPYING: Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

I'LL ALWAYS KNOW WHERE YOU ARE

By Mariah Olson

SYNOPSIS: This solo piece follows a young woman who, devastated in her childhood by being abandoned by her mother and losing her father to cancer, finds herself in an abusive relationship. This powerful monologue explores family relationships and how they are passed on to the next generation.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 FEMALE)

DURATION

10 minutes

AUTHOR NOTES: This monologue was first written and performed during the 2013 speech season as a Creative Expression piece. The piece advanced to state in Minnesota.

DEDICATION

Thank you to Shari Michel and Forrest Musselman for always pushing me to do my best and for always being so supportive. Also, a huge thank you to my family and friends who are always supportive in everything I do.

I could hear footsteps coming towards the door. I pretended to be asleep, a trick that I had learned long ago. You see, if I pretended to be asleep, he'd leave me alone. I heard the door slowly open, and then quickly slam shut. He must have heard me move because the door quickly swung back open again. He had a baseball bat in his hand. He swung towards me. At first, he missed me, but then he had me in the corner. There was no escaping this. Not this time.

Note: The following is an optional introduction. It may be used at the beginning or after the first paragraph of the monologue.

Sadly, the abuse rate of people by their partners is dramatically getting higher and higher. In the story, I'll Always Know Where You Are by Mariah Olson, a young girl is abused by her partner, Zach. One day, she finally escapes the horror of abuse.

Sometimes, when I was little, my father and I would play hide and seek. I'd hide in the closet every time. He'd act like he couldn't find me. I could always hear him walk back and forth in front of the closet door, calling out my name like he didn't already know where I was. The smell of fabric softener from the freshly-washed winter jackets filled the closet. He'd act surprised when he opened the closet door and found me crouched on the floor, covered with the winter jackets, giggling to myself.

"There you are!" he'd say with that big old jolly grin on his face.

"Here I am!" I'd say back with an even bigger grin across my face. "Daddy, how can you always find me?"

"I always know where you are." Then, he'd reach out his rough, but kind hand, and pull me out from my hiding spot.

I started dating Zach when I was seventeen. You know how they always say that there's someone out there for everyone? Well, Zach was my someone. From his bright blue eyes to his intoxicating charm, he was everything that a girl could ever ask for. Not to mention, he was our high school football team's star quarterback. Nothing could beat the feeling of wearing his jersey to the football games every Friday night. Saturdays, we would go to whatever party was happening that weekend. He was that guy who was the life of the party. We'd walk in together, his arm around me, both smiling. I couldn't imagine being anyone's but his.

He took me on countless dates to all of these places that I never would've gone if it wasn't for him. One time, Zach even skipped football practice to take me to the county fair. He spent hours and hours trying to win this stupid game just so he could get me that big stuffed teddy bear. He tried so hard, but instead of winning, he finally paid off the carnie so that I could walk around holding this prize that he had gotten, just for me. Gosh, I was so proud. Though carrying that oversized bear around the fair was incredible, I felt so lucky because I knew how great he was even when everybody wasn't watching. Zach was the best from listening to me complain about the other girls at school to helping me cram for that test I should have been studying for all week. Most of all, he was the only one there for me when my father died. I started to distance myself from my friends and loved ones, afraid that they'd just disappear like my father did. Zach was honestly the only thing keeping me sane, but then he started to go to more and more parties. This time around, he went to all of these parties without me. There was no arm around my shoulder; just myself sitting at home waiting for somebody who maybe wouldn't even come home. That's where my love story turns around.

He always told me how his father wasn't good to his mother, and that his mother deserved better. He'd tell me stories about how he would come home to his drunken father with his hands around his mother's neck and he'd have to pry him off of her. He often had bruises and cuts, but always said how it was worth it. He told me all these stories and every time, they would always end the same way with the "I'm never going to turn into my father" speech. The next thing you knew, he was turning into exactly the man he didn't want to be.

When he would drink, he would start to take all of his anger out on me by hurting me. He would show up at all hours of the night expecting me to take care of him. In the beginning, I took very good care of him, but eventually he was never satisfied. Of course, the next morning he would feel terrible about it. He always did. He'd apologize and apologize, and I forgave him many more times than I should have. My dad always told me that I deserved better than Zach. Being the father of an only daughter, I always thought he was being overprotective. I knew that he was bad news, just like my dad had said, but it seemed like the good times made up for the bad times. I couldn't just throw all of our past away. I couldn't act like he hadn't made me the happiest girl in the world.

Thank you for reading this free excerpt from I'LL ALWAYS KNOW WHERE YOU ARE by Mariah Olson. For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script, please contact us at:

Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406

Toll Free: 1-888-473-8521 • Fax (319) 368-8011

www.brookpub.com