

UNANSWERED

By Bradley Walton

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A Ten Minute Dramatic Monologue

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SYNOPSIS: When Amanda meets Bobby at a student play festival, she thinks it's love at first sight. But afterwards, even though Bobby responds to Amanda's texts and messages, it never seems like he wants to see her. Months turn into years, and finally, even though she doesn't understand what went wrong, she accepts that they will never be together, and tries to move on. But then Bobby is killed in a car crash, and Amanda finds herself mourning him all over again, knowing that all of her questions will now forever go *Unanswered*.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 either; gender flexible)

AMANDA / ANDY (m/f).....A high school senior who is heavily involved in theatre.

NOTE: The script's references to "online" and "social media" may be changed to a current website, program, or app. The name "Bobby" can be changed to "Bobbi" (along with accompanying pronoun changes) if the narrator is male (ANDY). Or Bobby / Bobbi can be the same gender as the narrator. Any combination is fine.

SETTING: Bare stage.

COSTUME: Dressed in black.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

The seeds of inspiration for parts of this script, unfortunately, came from reality. Someone my wife knew was killed in a car crash. I saw an article about it in the paper, but didn't read beyond the first paragraph, so I didn't find out the victim's name. Shortly afterwards, my wife included him in a group invite to an art show, not knowing that he had died. About a month went by before we found out via Facebook what had happened.

AMANDA: I was really nervous going to my first high school play festival as a freshman, but by the time it was over, the show was the last thing on my mind. I'd figured the day would be epic, but I hadn't expected it to be life-changing, or that what happened would leave me hollow and grieving three years later, with questions that would never be answered.

His name was Bobby. I first time I saw him was when he walked onstage that day. His school was doing a comedy set in an office supply store, and Bobby played a hit man shopping for pencils. He was trying to do a Russian voice, but he had a natural Southern accent that he just couldn't shake, and he kept slipping back and forth between the two. It was actually kind of funny and cute, and accent problems aside, I thought he did a really good job. When I saw him out in the hall between plays, I told him so. He smiled and said he liked my school's show, which was a drama about a girl with an abusive father. Our plays couldn't have been more different, but he pointed out that they were both written by the same author, and we talked about that for a few minutes. Then we went into the auditorium and sat together in the back to watch the next show, which was about Greek gods. I wasn't real familiar with Greek mythology beyond what I'd seen in a couple of movies. Like, I knew Zeus was king of the gods, so I figured that made him some kind of a hero, but after the play was over, Bobby explained how Zeus was basically a perverted creep who cheated on his wife in all kinds of incredibly disgusting ways. Then Bobby did impressions of Zeus taking on the forms of different animals, and each one was hilarious.

We pulled out our phones, swapped numbers, and friended each other online. He looked at my age on my profile and laughed, saying that if he wasn't careful, he might get in trouble, because he was a junior and almost three years older than I was. If the age difference bothered him, it didn't show. I knew it didn't bother me.

We decided to skip the next play and sat in an empty stairwell. He started talking about his part in last year's one-act festival, and how he'd wanted to base his character on one of his school's three assistant principals, but they all had funny personality quirks, so he'd had a hard time choosing. And then he started doing more impressions. And I was laughing again. And then I just—kissed him. And he kissed me back. We made out for...I don't know...a pretty long time...and then we went back to the auditorium. I think we both knew that if we stayed in that stairwell by ourselves, things might go too far.

We watched the rest of the plays together, holding hands in the dark. When the competition was over, we snuck off to the stairwell for a goodbye kiss that turned into another ten minutes of making out.

Even though I'd known Bobby for less than a day, I was pretty sure I was in love.

I texted and messaged him constantly over the next couple of weeks. We talked about movies, music, Broadway shows, and even more Greek mythology. He always answered back. But every time I asked about getting together, he said he was busy. The signals he was giving me didn't make sense. He'd chat online until two o'clock in the morning, but he was never able to work out his schedule to see me in person.

I landed a part my school's musical that winter, and I invited Bobby to the show. I was thrilled beyond words and more than a little amazed when he came. He found me after the show and I asked if he wanted to get something to eat, but he said he had to get up early the next morning and needed to go home. For the few minutes we talked, though, he looked at me—I mean, *really* looked at me—like he was trying to make up his mind about something.

I texted him a few more times about getting together, but he always said he was busy. I tried not to let it bug me too much. I figured the best thing to do was give him space, so I stopped texting him after a while.

I was on pins and needles when I started rehearsals for our one-act play the next fall—not on account of the play itself, but because I knew that going to the festival meant that I might see Bobby again. I was afraid to text and ask if he was going to be there—I was worried I might scare him away. As hard as it was, I waited.

When we got to the festival, I spotted Bobby right off the bat. He smiled at me and waved. I wanted so much to talk to him right then, but my school was performing first, and I had to get ready. Bobby's school performed third, and I sat in the audience and watched. He played a drama club president interviewing a bunch of crazy teachers who wanted to direct a musical. He was funny, sympathetic, and charismatic, and if I wasn't completely sure that I loved him before, I was positive now that I did.

I found him in the hall afterwards, gave him a congratulatory hug, and asked if he wanted to talk. He smiled and said, no, he was a senior and it was his last one-act festival, so he was going to hang out with the rest of his cast. I smiled back and told him it was no problem, but inside I was crushed. I went to the bathroom, threw up, and spent the rest of the festival and the bus ride home trying not to cry.

I knew, rationally, that whatever might've been there between us was over, even if I didn't understand why. I would've given up hope, except for one thing...even though I kept waiting for Bobby to unfriend me online, he never did. So I messaged him occasionally. Sometimes he answered, but his replies were always short—a few words...never more than a sentence.

I got a part in the musical again that year. I included Bobby in the invitations I sent out through social media. He didn't come. But still, he didn't unfriend me.

Another year went by. Bobby stopped replying to my texts and messages all together, so I stopped sending them. I was a junior, and he was in college now. His profile said he was just half an hour away. I invited him to my musical again that winter. He didn't come. And finally, after almost a year of no contact, I accepted that it was over. I mourned what I'd lost—if I'd ever really had it in the first place—in pretty much the same way I would have mourned losing a family member. Bobby had meant that much. But I was ready to put him behind me and get on with my life.

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