

From the Staggering Heartbreak of Jasmine Meriweather by Don Zolidis

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JASMINE, 17.

JASMINE *(to the audience)*

Falling in love is difficult to describe. So I will now show you what it's like to fall in love with an interpretive dance routine based on 1970s rock standards. And at the same time, I will recite a steam-of-consciousness monologue.

(She looks at an imaginary "BRENDAN" and begins a high-energy interpretive dance routine.)

Does-he-like-me does-he-like-me I'm-not-sure-that-he-likes-me. I'm freaking out over here and look at him he's so cute and he's going to marry me and we're going to have three kids and we're going to eat ice cream every day and never get fat and I can wear stretchy pants and he's going to love stretchy pants guys shouldn't wear stretchy pants – but I love you I love you I can't tell you that but if I did tell you that I loved you and you said it back that would be like the most awesome thing in the history of the universe – like rainbow unicorn chocolate chinchilla bacon cherries! Bacon cherries doesn't sound good. You're better than bacon. I wish I could create a swimming pool filled with marshmallow fluff and you and me could go swimming together and then eat all of it and then roll in a bucket of puppies afterwards. When I look at you I see universes and stars in your hair and in the dimples in your face and they're like comet explosions ripping across the solar system at just under the speed of light, trailing a lightning cataclysm of reflected mermaid tail awesomeness. I love you I am the happiest person in the universe there is no one in history who has ever felt like this before they were all stupid idiots and we are the best thing ever.

(She stops. She slumps to the ground, exhausted.)

Yeah. It was kinda like that.

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