

From the Staggering Heartbreak of Jasmine Meriweather by Don Zolidis

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JASMINE, 17

JASMINE is about to be dumped by her boyfriend. She is speaking to BRENDAN, who is off-stage.

JASMINE

I mean... okay I'm all nervous now... I know it's only been seven weeks, and I think that some people would probably say it isn't possible in seven weeks but I think those people just have miserably small hearts or something – like they're incapable of experiencing what we're experiencing, so... so... I. Love. You.

(She smiles.)

(She waits for a response.)

(She waits for a response.)

Not exactly the response I was looking for, but I'll take it. I "um" you too.

(short pause.)

No. I'm rushing things. I'm rushing things. I'm being dumb. I shouldn't have said that so soon. And obviously you're not ready to say that to me yet even though you seem like a person who's really in touch with your feelings because you like recycling and hybrid cars or whatever – but those things are not the same as love and I probably shouldn't have equated them in my mind – and you know what? You know what I was thinking? There was a lot of formaldehyde in that fetal pig, so I probably inhaled like a tub of it in Bio, so obviously that has made some sort of apocalypse in my brain and I have lost a lot of brain cells – so that's why I said what I said just then, and I know you're thinking, like, "oh no she's freaking out – my girlfriends is freaking out" but I'm not freaking out – I'm freaking out a little bit I can't deny that – but I am not majorly freaking out because I believe in giving you space to arrive at the same place I'm at. You need time. You're like a sloth. You're slowly climbing the tree, and you're on your own timetable, and I'm like a squirrel and I have raced to the top of the tree, and I'm just like partying and looking around and like "this is most amazing thing you could possibly imagine!" and I'm jumping up and down and saying, "get up the tree, get up the tree", but you can't race up the tree because you're a sloth, you're not a squirrel, and sloths can't run. So you're eating, you're munching on like saplings or whatever and you're on your way to the top of the tree, and because you're a sloth it's not like I can run down the tree and pick you up and carry you to the top of the tree – you'd crush me, I'd be dead, I'd be a dead squirrel, and you wouldn't even notice because you've got your sloth hair in your eyes. Should I shut up? I should shut up. Is this bad? Are we in trouble? Tell me we're not in trouble.

To read more of this play, email me at donzolidis@yahoo.com