

REMEMBER WHAT I SAID

By Lauren Rose

A woman dressed as a grandmother sits in a rocking chair on stage with her granddaughter in her lap. The little girl has a bandage on her knee and is very upset.

WOMAN: That was a very mean thing that boy next door did to you. I know everyone says he has a little crush on you and that's why he did this but, this is unacceptable. A boy who really cares about you would never do something like this, so don't let him get away with it! You got that? *(The little girl nods, feeling better)* Good. *(The woman stands and lifts the little girl off her lap)* Ok well, run along then. And remember what I said!!

The little girl runs offstage. As she does the woman watches her run off and play for a moment. She breathes a sigh thinking about what just happened thinking about the men in her life. Suddenly we flashback to a moment in her 40's.

MAN: I don't know man ever since the baby was born she just has totally let herself go. Like it's been a good couple of months I was hoping she'd have bounced back by now but, she's not even trying. And when I try to bring it up she gets totally pissed but, is it my fault I want to be attracted to my wife??

Overhearing this conversation the woman looks at him. He notices her looking.

MAN *(flirtatiously)*: Heyyy

The woman sighs again. We suddenly see men from different stages of her life come onstage one at a time to talk to her.

COLLEGE DUDE: You wanna put on a movie or something? Cool, cool yeah whatever you want is fine...Nice. *(A few moments pass as they settle in to watch the movie. The college dude tries to make a move. She shifts away from him.)* Come on, you didn't think I came all the way over here juuust to watch a movie did you??

HIGH SCHOOL BOY: Oh hey don't worry. It's not your body that's the problem...it's your face.

MIDDLE SCHOOL BOY: You ever played Firetruck? Here I'll show you just tell me when to stop. *(He pinches her on the sides of the knee. He continues to do this up her thigh gradually. She says stop but, we don't hear it)* Firetrucks don't stop at red lights. *(He laughs and continues)*

MALE TEACHER: Oh hunny that's just what boys do. Ya knowww I think that means he likes you so take it as a compliment.

All the men from her stories suddenly begin to speak overlapping with each other repeating their phrases over and over.

MAN: Is it my fault I want to be attracted to my wife?

COLLEGE DUDE: You didn't think I came over here juuust to watch a movie?

HIGH SCHOOL DUDE: It's not your body... It's your face.

MIDDLE SCHOOL BOY: Firetrucks don't stop at red lights.

MALE TEACHER: That's just what boys do.

The little girl suddenly comes back to the woman and the men stop speaking.

LITTLE GIRL: Nana, Nana! Guess what? Guess what?

WOMAN: What?

LITTLE GIRL: The boy that pushed me over told me he likes me.

WOMAN(*nervously*): Yeah?

LITTLE GIRL: So I hit him in the face.

The Woman smiles and hugs her granddaughter.

WOMAN: Maybe next time we don't go quite that far.

LITTLE GIRL(*smiling*): Ok.

END OF PLAY