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## Seventeen Stitches: Rachel's monologue

A dark comedy monologue

By Tara Meddaugh

Cast: Female, teen – young adult

Running time: Approximately 2 minutes

Genre: Dark Comedy/Thriller

About the play: *In this one-act dark comedy/thriller, Rachel and Peter meet in a vortex-like space between opposing lines of people. While Rachel is simply passing the time before she returns to her place in line, Peter has stepped out of his line in protest. As the lines begin to close in on them, he must make a life-altering decision by choosing to continue forging his path in his father's line, or join the haunting allure of Rachel's line, the "line of diamonds."*

About the monologue: *Rachel recounts to her old classmate, Peter, how she first met him. After being bullied by a classmate on a teeter totter, Peter stepped in and punch the bully.*

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### RACHEL

We weren't in the same class, but we had recess together. Play time. I'm Rachel. You're Peter, right? Of course I remember the name of someone who saved me. I was on the teeter totter with Becky Hill—she was really big, remember? She was my age—maybe six, or whatever age you are in first grade. I think she weighed over a hundred pounds already. I weighed maybe 40, or whatever you're supposed to weigh at that age. Hey, are you crying? I'm telling you the tale of why I know you and I really think you ought to be listening to me. So maybe Becky didn't like me because I stuttered when I read Dr. Seuss, or she was jealous that I still wore kids' t-shirts or maybe she didn't like me because I was just who she didn't want to like—I don't know. But when I was way up high and she was way down low, when her totter was touching the pavement, she pointed out that my hair was falling down. My dad put it in a ponytail every day—that's all he could do. She kinda laughed when she told me, and I felt embarrassed so I put my hands up to sorta smooth it back. It was really windy that day. Then, when she was sure my hands were off

my totter, she grinned at me—I could see she'd lost her front vampire tooth. And then she jumped off the teeter totter. I toppled right over. I cracked my head open on the black top. I had to get seven stitches. Or maybe seventeen. I can't remember. But when I was on the ground, feeling the burning heat from the pavement scorching my face, you came over to me. You touched the crack on my head, then you went to Becky and hit her hard in the stomach. That's what you did. C'mon. Let's get back in line.

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To read the entire one-act play, *Seventeen Stitches*, from which this monologue is extracted, visit:

<http://www.tameddaugh.com/seventeen-stitches>

To learn more about Tara's work, visit her website at:

[www.tameddaugh.com](http://www.tameddaugh.com)