

# I CAN STILL BE ME

A Dramatic Monolog

By  
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(Whitney enters a few steps and looks around nervously and uncomfortably as though she is in a strange environment. Then she looks downstage, focusing three or four feet up from the floor. She reaches out her hand tentatively and pantomimes stroking someone's hair. Whitney is in a hospital room talking to Stephanie Stetson, who is in a deep coma.)

Steph?...Stephanie?...I...um...It's me – Whitney. I...uh...the doctor said that maybe you can... hear what's going on...so...so when I asked your parents what, you know, what could I do...well...they said I could...um...talk to you. It that okay?

(Nervous, upset giggle) "Is that okay?" Boy does that ever sound stupid. Like you're gonna sit up and say, "No, Whitney, it's not okay, so get out of here and leave me alone"...like always. (Same giggle) Yeah, like you're going to say that.

No, what I mean is...oh man, I feel so weird. Maybe this was a bad idea. (Whitney steps away a few steps, rethinks, tentatively walks back, and sits in a chair if one is provided.) It's just that...I feel all strange talking to you like this. You're just...lying there...all hooked up like some science experiment. What *are* all these machines, anyway? Look at all those graphs. Listen to those beeps. The humming from that one would drive me nuts. And look at all those tubes! In your arms...up your nose...down your throat. You look like my brother's fish tank! (Nervous, upset giggling) Oh – sorry! No offense. (Same giggle) Yeah, like you'd sit up and say, "Hey who are you calling a fish tank?" (Giggles and then, mortified, puts her face in her hands.)

I'm babbling like a lunatic. I'm sorry Steph. I just don't know what to do – what to say, I...I wish I had some script to tell me what to do, you know? Or...or...some guy hiding in the bushes like in *Cyrano*. Remember? My mom asked me if she should come along, but I was too cool to agree. Miss Independent, that's me. (Mocking herself) "Oh, Ma, I can handle it. Give me a break." Miss Cool Breeze, that's me. Maybe I should have – you know – let her come along...*Your* mom said she'd be back in a couple of minutes. I wonder what's taking her so long? I guess she really needed a break. I don't blame her. I'm kind of scared, Steph.

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