

MY STORY

A Dramatic Monolog

by
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(Audience sees only the profile of actress. Actress is tall and skinny...almost too skinny.) Beep—Beep—Beep—Beep. (After a long pause, actress turns to audience and goes down stage center.)

Don't worry, (motioning to hospital bed that is upstage left) she won't die. I've seen it before. (Optimistic) With today's medical wonders and advancement in technology—it's easy to bring somebody out of *this*.

Approaching audience a couple more steps forward) What's THIS? (Pause) Can't you see? It's a hospital bed! She has....well, maybe I should start at the beginning....

(Stage left) My name is Katherine and I am an expert on what is happening over there. You see, I too, struggle with....with....THAT! (Motioning to area of hospital bed.) Anorexia....I mean.... Bulimia.... (A little resentment) What's the difference, I struggle with both. They often go together, you know. Anyway, for me it was about my mother! (Frustrated) Ohhhh! (Center stage) It began at the beginning of sixth grade. She would constantly be comparing me to other girls in my class. At first it was subtle. (Stage right) "My, my, Sally Smith sure is trim." "And that Jennifer Wells, boy, she looks great!" She wouldn't come out and say "BOY, Katherine, YOU'RE FAT!" Well, not at first anyway! But, you know? That's when it all started. I loved my mother. I wanted her to be proud of me. I just felt that I needed to become this person that my mother wanted me to become. Or at least, what I THOUGHT she wanted me to be. (Center stage) So I decided that I was going to be as trim as "Sally Smith" and as good-looking as "Jennifer Wells". I started to eat less....a lot less! Weighing myself relentlessly. I remember thinking that I would be beautiful, even if it killed me! (Looking over at hospital bed.)

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