

THE GRASSY HILL
A two-minute monologue
By JANE CAFARELLA

Drama

DEBRA, any age, tells her abuser how she made an important decision.

At first it's fun.

You chase me, catch me, tickle me till I'm weak and helpless with childish giggles, rolling down the grassy hill, gathering prickly burrs in my pink jumper and my curly whirly hair, giggling, gurgling, giddy...

Until you roll on top of me... goggling, ogling, groaning,

DON'T! I say,

But you do.

"Don't tell," you whisper, "Or they'll take you away."

So, I don't.

I stay at the bottom of that grassy hill -- for years.

Until one day, on her birthday, my sister, my little sister, drunk, sad, suicidal, whispers ... "Tickly ickly, rolling down the grassy hill. Don't! Please DON'T!"

Don't tell or they'll...or they'll take you away!"

So, she didn't.

Until today.

In court.

"DON'T!" you plead. "Don't! Please don't or they'll take me away!"

But we do. Together.

Together, we climb up the grassy hill, picking the burrs from our hearts and souls.

Together, we tell.

EVERYTHING!

And finally...

finally...

they take you away.

162 words

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