

Underwear To Match
a monologue by Chloe Whitehorn

LUCY: I get home and he's waiting for me, looking really mad. Wandering the street, I tell Mike when he asks "what happened to your coat?". You can tell I'm talking to Mike 'cause I'm not prone to using such high language when talking to myself. Wandering that is, in the straightest, shortest possible line from where I've left to where I'm going. I feel a sudden compulsion to quench my personality of its usual amiable facade. A sample of the reaction I have been undignified by: "Excuse me," he said as he started walking toward me as I gracefully step backward. "I was wondering if..." He's playing with something in his jacket pocket. I grasp my keys in preparation to stab the potential mugger in the eyes. "If I could sleep with you." And Mike, it's not like he even posed it as a question. "Sorry," I say. Just that. *Sorry*. And then I turn to walk away before he can think of some compelling logic to persuade me. I am almost hit by a Saturn going the wrong way up a one-way street. The lack of traffic perhaps enough to purge the driver of trepidation. I can tell Mike's getting pissed so I get to the point. Indecision leads me through a respectable alley into a bar. Sitting at the bar, cigarette fog maintains the surprise of new arrivals. A woman slinks in. "Why 'slinks'?" That is such a dreadful word." I use 'slink' Mike because it's the only word that fits. Skirt so short she must have bought the underwear to match. As she sits I can tell she feels the textured plastic of the stool stick to her bare legs. But she tries to look all... Excuse me. She maintains her aura of dignity. Which believe me is really hard to do in a place like that. Immediately some really slimy... undignified man approaches her. "Can I buy you a drink?" He says. And under his breath I hear him add, "Or you wanna leave with me now." It's not even a question. "No, thank you. I'm waiting for someone." She's really very sweet about it. The man, if you insist I call him that, goes back to the corner of the bar. Making excuses to all his buddies. I think I hear something to the effect of "she's a dyke" from that general direction. Their words, I say to Mike as a disapproving look shoots at me, not mine. So, moments later this guy walks in. Smoke clears and he looks pleasant enough. Maybe someone she knows from work. Definitely a first date. I think they chose the wrong place. Anyway. Things seem to be going along smoothly. He's romancing her, she's flirting with him (you know, touching his thigh and that). Then he notices the men in the corner. The woman, she notices that he's noticed them. "Forget about them. They're assholes. Would you like to go somewhere..." And before she's finished the guy gets up, huge smile on his face, and he yells "Tony! How ya doing?!" He's talking to the man who approached the woman earlier. I can't believe the coincidence! I start thinking, they seem like really good friends, and this seems like the type of place that they would hang out in a lot. How is this a coincidence? And why is that guy talking so loudly? It's not as if there's music playing or anything. The guy comes back and he and the woman talk some more. Not a lot though, and it doesn't really look like happy talk. Then, fuming, the guy gets up, calls to his friends, and they all leave. The woman goes to the washroom. I know I shouldn't get involved but I follow her into the bathroom. "You okay?" I don't mean to be nosy, but... "A little hard not to notice though, wasn't it?" She is reapplying lipstick. She doesn't seem to be too upset. "Look, could you do me a favor?" Sure. "Do you live far?" No. It's about a five minute walk. "I was counting on him for a ride home. It's pretty far. Do you think, could I switch clothes with you? I'd give you my number and I'd get them back to you tomorrow. It's just, I'm going to freeze to death before I make it home tonight."

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LUCY: (cont') I think about it for a minute. Then I say, "Okay," cause I always wondered what it would feel like in clothes like that. So we switch and she left. *
Mike? Where are you going? "To bed," he says. "As long as you're getting your coat back tomorrow it's fine. Stupid, but fine."
And he left. I wasn't finished. He just got sick of my little words. I'm sorry if my vocabulary decreases as I get tired! I wanted to scream that at him. I didn't though. I wasn't finished. The jacket wasn't ripped when I got it. You think she'll still trade me back? The alley was dark, but I wasn't scared. The cement was cold though. I don't know how people can wear skirts so short. My underwear didn't match. They didn't notice that though. It didn't hurt too much. How do I say that in big words, so Mike will listen? It didn't really...