

“SEXUAL ASSAULT”

By Tom Smith

The front patio of Starbucks. 1 sits with a drink reading his/her phone. There is a second cup waiting. 2 approaches, suspicious and unsure about the forthcoming conversation.

1: Hey!

2: Hey.

1: *(motioning the other drink.)* Cinnamon Dolce, extra whip. *(2 hesitantly sits down but doesn't take the drink.)* I thought that was what you got once before. So, did you make it to Biology this morning?

2: No.

1: I got up on time, but ended up dozing during my Philosophy class. Which is not much different than any other day.

(Laughs. 2 doesn't react.)

2: What did you want to see me about?

1: We need to talk. About last night.

2: Oh.

1: Lorena's in Comm 265 with my roommate.

2: ...So?

1: She told him what you said to her.

(Beat.)

2: She shouldn't have done that. She said she wouldn't say anything.

1: Listen, that word isn't... I mean, you know that a word like that is pretty bad.

2: How would you describe it then?

1: I don't know. But it certainly wasn't...that.

(2 stares at 1.)

1: It wasn't!

2: I don't want to have this conversation here.

1: Why not?

2: There are people around.

1: Then where do you want to have it? Your place?

(2 looks hard at 1.)

1: You can't just throw that word out like that.

2: Don't tell me what I can or can't do. And you know that's exactly what it was!

1: It was not!

2: I was drunk!

1: So was I! I don't even remember most of the night.

(2 rolls his/her eyes.)

1: I don't!

2: Really? Because I do. I remember every single moment.

1: Well, I remember enough to know it wasn't that. I mean... Jesus! If Lorena starts spreading rumors like that I could get kicked out of school.

2: Or arrested.

(1 initially thinks 2 is joking, then realizes he/she might not be. Pause.)

1: *(Motioning the coffee.)* I spent five bucks on that. It's going to get cold.

(2 gets out their phone and quickly sends a text.)

1: Who are you calling?

2: I'm sending a text.

1: Oh.

(Pause.)

1: You brought the vodka. I was fine with beer.

2: So what?

1: I'm just saying...I don't get drunk off beer. I puke it out before it gets me wasted. You're the one who started with all the shots.

2: I like shots.

1: I do too.

2: So what's your point?

1: I just don't get why you're so mad at me. We were drunk. On vodka you brought. We were both drunk.

2: I know.

1: And you started kissing me.

2: Ok.

1: Remember that. You came up from behind and grabbed me. Lorena was there, she'll tell you. You were the one whispering "I want you so bad!" I wanted to go my place, but you wanted to go to yours because your roommate had already left for Albuquerque.

2: So everything that happened is my fault?

1: You kept telling me how much you wanted me.

2: When?

1: While you were lighting those candles. I mean, you took your shirt off! Why even do that if you didn't want to do anything?

2: I thought we were just going to make out.

1: In your bed? Shirtless?

2: I still had a tank on.

1: You took off your shirt and threw it at me!

2: I did not!

1: You threw it right at me.

2: I threw it down on the floor. In your direction.

1: Same thing.

2: I thought we were just going to make out some more. I took my shirt off because it was hot.

1: Well, how would I know that?

2: I don't know.

1: How would I even know that all you wanted to do was make out? I mean, you were taking off your clothes...

2: My shirt. Only.

1: And your shoes!

2: Ok.

1: We were at a party. We were both getting wasted on vodka you brought specifically so you could get wasted. We make out for a half hour in front of everyone before going back to your place—at your invitation—so we could be alone. We start making out again. You take off your shirt and throw it at me—towards me, whatever, same thing. You kept saying how much you wanted me. I mean, aside from taking off the rest of your clothes, what else was I supposed to wait for?

2: A “yes”.

(Long pause. 2, clearly upset, sends another text.)

1: You know what I think? I think you just don't want your friends to think we hooked up...

2: What!?!

1: And so saying what you said to Lorena makes it all alright. Like you're not to blame.

2: I'm not.

1: It's so easy to blame someone else. After the fact. But you didn't try to stop me while we were getting into it!

2: Yes I did!

1: Really? When? When you pulled my shirt off? When you were grinding up on me?

2: When I said "stop." Five minutes before you actually did.

1: But I was already...

(Remembering other people are around.)

That's so stupid! I mean, what's the point? By then, we'd done almost everything else.

2: You should have stopped when I told you to.

1: And you should have said something before it went as far as it did.

2: Maybe I should have.

(Pause.)

1: Why is it such a big deal, anyway? I mean, we messed around twice during Thanksgiving break and you were fine with everything. It's not like it was our first time.

2: You just don't get any of this, do you? *(Gets up to leave.)*

1: Wait, don't go!

2: Why not?

1: Sit back down.

2: For more of this?

1: I'm sorry. Ok? I wanted to say that I'm really sorry.

(Beat.)

Now, just sit down for a minute...

2: Someone's coming to pick me up.

1: Just for a minute. I said I'm sorry. I didn't mean for things to—

(2 sits.)

Are...are you going to tell anyone?

2: Tell them what?

1: What you told Lorena? Because it wasn't that.

2: I feel like it was.

1: Don't! I mean...this could ruin my life. Look, I'm sorry about how things went down last night, and maybe I should have stopped at some point. Maybe we both should have. But I'm serious about this—an accusation like that is serious. Like, really serious.

2: So what do you want me to do? Pretend like it didn't happen?

1: Maybe. Or, at least, just don't call it that. Just tell people we both regret doing what we did.

2: Do you though...? Do you regret it?

(Long pause.)

1: We were both drunk.

2: *(Getting up.)* My ride's here.

1: I mean, we were. You know that's true.

(Grabs 2's arm as they begin to exit.)

Just don't forget that you went along with everything. You wanted it as much as I did.

2: Until I didn't. *(Exits.)*