THE UNDERSTUDY BY THERESA REBECK

ROXANNE: (a stage manager of a Broadway play, working with her ex-fiancée for the first time since he left)

You know what I hate the most about it is how dumb the story sounds. It’s like an insult to my life, how without interest the whole “he left her when she was practically walking down the aisle.” You try telling that story without sounding like a bad romance novel, “jilted when”, and the endless moaning about “the flowers!” “the caterers!” “The invitations must have cost a fortune and then he just,” all that money that’s all anyone could talk about because nobody wanted to talk about my broken heart. It just reduces, everything, the internal story is obliterated by the external facts in such a grotesque and to have the, and not just me, but the both of us, to have that annihilated in such a careless, because that’s what, I’m telling you I can’t even finish my sentences that’s how mad I still am about it. Because even if there was some question there, in him, some secret that could not enter the, that is only one small piece, why should that secret become everything? The destruction of everything? And with silence. Six years of silence. That is what I got. He left without a word, not one word, and then there was nothing, and then he was back, and of course I found out about it in the most hideous way, I’m at an audition, and someone I barely know starts talking about how she saw him at a reading, he’s been back for months and no even, nothing. Ever. He’s back in the same city, he lives within miles of me and there is no, what is it, why do people think silence is such a why is it a choice? The failure of words. Yes words fail us this is hardly news but you TRY ANYWAY BECAUSE YOU’RE STILL ALIVE AREN’T YOU. Silence is such a defeat.