Waiting for Destiny

A Monologue by Dan Kehde

Selected from his collection, "1400 Boxes of Jello and Other Monologues"

Cast: *1*

Length: *2 pages of dialogue (405 words)*

Performance time: *About 2 minutes*

The Story

A young man waits by a romantic spot at the river for Janice, a young woman he's recently seen and instantly fallen in love with. He thinks it was destiny that they were at the jazz club at the same time. He wonders and hopes, even though he's never called her, will destiny bring them together now at the river?

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WAITING FOR DESTINY

I waited for her for an hour. By the bridge, you know, at the spot at the turn of the river where the lights from Arlington reflect all the way down to the water's edge. I mean, it wasn't really our spot or anything, but it was more my spot for us, or for thinking about her. Have you ever really, really fallen in love with someone who never knew your name? If you have, then you know.

Her name was Janice, she was a friend of Jack's girlfriend, her roommate, actually, and she had come over to see Scared Jackie Phipps when he did a few sets at Blues Alley. I saw her when she came in. *(Pause.)* It was like destiny shouted, "Jerry, there she is. She is the one." I couldn't breathe. She wasn't beautiful in the classic sense, but her beauty, no, her whole being filled all of the empty places in my soul. Like two pieces of a huge jigsaw puzzle, you know? Finally, Jesse giggled and whispered, "If you don't inhale, you're going to pass out." I spent the whole night with her and never said a word. I just watched. She smiled so easily, and her eyes ... it's like they lit up the whole table when she laughed. Finally, the music ended and they all got up to leave. Jack asked me if I wanted to join them for a pizza, but, I said no. I don't know, I don't think I could have stood the stress anymore. So I watched her walk out, laughing, with Jack on her arm. And I went home. I think of her ... a lot ... maybe all the time. It's not like I'm stalking her, I don't think I could even call her. But at night, I'll walk down to the river and sit on the wall and look out over the water and just think.

End of Freeview

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