

Bluff

A Ten-Minute Play

by

Mare Biddle

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Mare Biddle
V | T 480.213.9974
MareBiddle.com
Mare@MareBiddle.com

Bluff

Cast

Suspect:

25-55 year-old male or female;

SCENE:

An interrogation room.

TIME:

Present

BLUFF

Scene: This monologue is a powerful example of madness and obsession carried by either a man or a woman for their ex-lover. The mixed pronouns may be initially distracting, but this piece takes on new twists and general creepiness depending on who is the perpetrator and who is the victim.

The SUSPECT weaves romantic and violent language to describe a tragic event and does not convey remorse for the result.

SUSPECT

You wanna know why? Fine! I went to her/him that night with my brother's gun. Breaking the latch on the kitchen window was... easy.

I remember the house...it was flooded with blue moonlight, and I...I crept down the hall to their room.

At the foot of her/his bed I wanted to take my own life. She/He took it once – a life of sneaking around, rendezvous at my place, or out of town hotels. What was I thinking? I knew she/he would never leave him/her. Him/Her or that damn dog. But she/he left me – at the door with cab fare... and never came back. And so, I would take my own life right in front of her/him. I would end it there.

A warm breeze blew in from the coast and goose bumps rose on my arms. I just stared at their bodies cloaked by soft green sheets. Only sweet dreams in this bed where they slept in the shape of a spoon.

I felt puke rise up in my throat. I held her/him this way too once. But now her/his husband/wife/partner was asking questions. Thanks for the good times baby or some shit like that. She/He thought she/he could just go back to her/his old life, and her/his husband/wife/partner would never know. He'll/She'll know now. Facing their bed, I wasn't sure if I could go through with it. Maybe I should just show her/him the gun to scare her/him – show her/him what she/he did to my mind.

Then I thought, *just do it. Just put the gun to your head and squeeze, then she'll/he'll know what she/he did to you, how she/he betrayed you.* My hand shook as I raised the gun. A wail escaped from my lungs. She/He rose up from the sheets and screamed. I closed my eyes and fired the gun – one, two, three times—then total silence.

Beat.

I actually wondered if I was dead... and that's when I saw them...their spoon spilling blood onto those soft green sheets. They were both so still, so quiet....

The gun fell to the floor, but I couldn't move my legs. It was like being held by a dream I that couldn't punch my way out of. My mind went blank. I came to when the dog barked out back. And suddenly I knew I had to get out of there. I bolted down the hall, through the arcadia door, and out the gate.

I remember there was a full moon that night. I ran all the way to the bluff. At the edge, I pulled out a smoke, lit it and took a long drag. I just stood there.

Beat.

Why? I don't know. I took one more drag, exhaled into the warm salt air and made the call.

"Hi, it's me."

Beat.

" I did it."