

Better Version of Jenny

by

Joseph Arnone

Copyright © 2019

www.MonologueBlogger.com

All rights reserved. No part of this ePlay may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording or any other storage and retrieval system, without the written permission of the author or publisher.

Cast of Characters

JENNY:

20's

OLGA:

20's

Place

Jenny's apartment

Time

Night

Setting: A small apartment. Jenny and Olga hang out in the living room/kitchen.

At Rise: Jenny sits on her couch and Olga fixes them alcoholic drinks.

JENNY: I did something pretty shitty today. I'm not proud of it. It's been happening to me quite a bit lately.

OLGA: What happened?

JENNY: I was standing in the rain by myself at the bus stop. I must have been waiting for the damn bus for twenty minutes. I was meeting Roger for coffee and dessert to go over our project together and I looked a wreck from the weather.

So, I wasn't in the best of moods.

Anyhoo, I see this couple, a young couple, walking to the bus stop. They are sharing one umbrella and the guy has his arm wrapped around the girl and they are laughing as if it was a bright sunny day. This annoyed me. I'm still trying to figure out why, but it really got under my skin.

So, they stand not more than five feet beside me and I could hear their conversation. He's talking about how cute she is and she's giggling and kissing him and he's eating it up and she's rubbing her hands on his chest and he's smiling. It was as if they were the only two people in the world. Like the world revolved around them.

It saddened me. I became so miserable on top of being miserable, which means I was two levels deep in my misery.

Why can't I be caught in the rain with a handsome man who's telling me how beautiful I am?

Anyway, I was first to get on the bus and I walked to the very back and check this out, there were only three vacant seats left. The last pair of seats were empty and there was another empty seat next to some guy.

You know what I did? I took the double seats and watched this young happy couple sit apart from one another. I did that. I caused that break. They could have sat together but I made them separate.

At first I felt victorious. Like, HAH, how do you *happy people* like that?! But then, after a minute or two went by and I saw the guy look over at his girl and she back at him and how they both smiled at one another...it nearly broke my heart.

I feel like such a fool and I've had this terrible feeling looming over me ever since. How do I change and get back to feeling happy again?

OLGA: That is pretty messed up. I'm not gonna lie.

JENNY: Shut up, Olga.

OLGA: Just saying.

JENNY: I know it is. I wouldn't feel so bad if it wasn't.

OLGA: That's some Grinch stole christmas type shit right there.

JENNY: Are you done?

OLGA: Just saying.

JENNY: I know you're saying. Do you actually hear what *I'm* saying?

OLGA: What you're saying is that you want happy people to be miserable like you.

JENNY: ...Do I?

OLGA: That's what it sounds like to me.

JENNY: That's horrible.

OLGA: You got it so bad, that you actually wish misery on people, on strangers.

JENNY: You aren't making me feel any better.

OLGA: Why should I make you feel better?

JENNY: Because you're my best friend and I don't want to feel this way. I don't want to ruin people's lives.

OLGA: Alright, chill, you're not ruining people's lives.

JENNY: You know what I mean. This bitterness toward people. How do I make it stop?

OLGA: You start with yourself. Come on Jenny, you aren't stupid. You know you've become this negative, bitter, depressed person. I've been telling you to get help for months.

JENNY: I don't want to get professional help. What do I have you for?

OLGA: I don't have all the answers for you.

JENNY: Thanks.

OLGA: I bought this lemon balm plant and brew tea with the leaves and it's really made me a calmer person.

JENNY: Oh, come on with that head in the clouds shit.

OLGA: There you go. I try to help you and you cut me down. This is why you always stay in one place.

JENNY: I'm sorry, no...I'm sorry, you're right...continue...please, continue, I'm listening.

OLGA: Do that again and I'm out.

JENNY: Okay, okay, sorry. Go on.

OLGA: So, I bought this lemon balm plant and brew a tea with the leaves and I kid you not, after only a few days I've been much more relaxed, thoughtful, nothing really gets me stressed as much.

JENNY: All from leaves from a plant?

OLGA: And sometimes I'll just chew some leaves. I like the taste and it's very healing.

JENNY: I can get tea at the store.

OLGA: How about I give you one of my lemon balm plants and you can see for yourself? I'll teach you how to brew my secret remedy. Give it one full week. I bet you will feel like a new person.

JENNY: I'm willing to try anything at this point. If eating leaves makes me smile, I'll eat the friggin' leaves.

OLGA: Start with the tea.

JENNY: Something needs to work.

OLGA: When did all this crap start?

JENNY: What start?

OLGA: Your unhappiness.

JENNY: I'm...well...I'm not really sure. I've never thought about that before.

OLGA: Was there something that you think sparked this road of sadness?

JENNY: I don't think it was ever any one thing...I think it's been a series of things.

OLGA: Like what?

JENNY: I thought I'd be further along in my career by now. I thought I'd be engaged. I thought I'd have enough money to put down on a house. I thought I'd be in better physical condition. I thought I'd be smarter, more confident, have more friends, live more and I don't know, be a better version of Jenny.

OLGA: But where does all this come from?

JENNY: It comes from me, who else?

OLGA: But where do---what's the root of these thoughts?

JENNY: ...My mother is always putting pressure on me to get married and have kids or buy a house or get a promotion. She drives me crazy.

OLGA: And your dad?

JENNY: My dad is my dad, you know how he is, left field, goes along with everything my mother says.

OLGA: You gotta live your life for you. You can't get bogged down with trying to make other people happy. You gotta find your own inner happiness for YOU.

JENNY: I know, it's just that---

OLGA: No, understand what I'm saying to you, Jen. It's cool if you want your parents to be proud of you and that they care so much about you that they want to see you make good in your life, but at the end of the day, if you aren't happy, it doesn't matter what you achieve, you'll always be searching, you'll always be unsatisfied.

You need to put yourself first. I know it isn't easy, but it's the only way. You need to think about what makes Jennifer truly happy. You ever do that? You ever look inside yourself and think only for your own best interests?

You need to start coming to terms with who you are and who you need to be because if you don't, you are going to spend your entire life confused and bitter because you never took the time to look inward.

And not only do you need to look inward, but you need to have the confidence to be true to yourself. Like, for instance, if you are happy living in this one bedroom apartment, then you are happy living in this one bedroom apartment. You don't need to buy a freaking house.

If you want to date random guys, then date random guys. Don't force yourself to find a man just to marry in order to make your mother happy or anyone else happy for that matter.

This is your life. Own it. Don't let strangers, friends, family ever put demands on you that you don't desire for yourself. You can't live someone else's life, Jenny. You can only live your own.

JENNY: You just blew my mind right there.

OLGA: Did I hit the nail on the head or what?

JENNY: You buried it girl.

OLGA: I know you too long to be wrong.

JENNY: Why didn't you say something sooner?

OLGA: Now seemed like the best time.

JENNY: Makes a lot of sense, but it's scary.

OLGA: Of course it is, and bad shit will happen. Your mother won't agree with some of your choices, but you have to be strong enough to go through with the blows because it's the only way you will find self-respect. And I gurantee you, sooner or later whoever disagrees with you now or doesn't understand you now, will eventually be on your side and if they don't, who really gives a damn, right?

JENNY: Right.

OLGA: Want another mojito?

JENNY: Yeah.

OLGA: Nothing like drink therapy.

JENNY: Haha.

END OF PLAY