

Female 40s

PICNIC by William Inge
ROSEMARY

Now it's your turn to dance with me. I may be an old-maid schoolteacher, but I can keep up with you. Ride 'em cowboy! (she continues to sip a drink through the rest of the monologue) I used to have a boyfriend was a cowboy. Met him in Colorado when I went out there to get over a case of flu. He was in love with me, 'cause I was an older woman and had some sense. Took me up in the mountains one night and made love. Wanted me to marry him right there on the mountain top. Said God'd be our preacher, the moon our best man. Ever hear such talk? You know what? You remind me of one of those ancient statues. There was one in the school library until last year. He was a Roman gladiator. All he had on was a shield. (She gives a bawdy laugh) A shield over his arm. That was all he had on. All we girls felt insulted, havin' to walk past that statue every time we went to the library. We got a up a petition and made the principal do something about it. (She laughs hilariously during her narration) You know what he did? He got the school janitor to fix things right. He got a chisel and made that statue decent. (Commanding him imploringly) Dance with me, young man, Dance with me...Young? What do your young. And I'm old?! You been stomping around her in those boots like you owned the place, thinking every woman you saw as gonna fall madly in love. But here's one woman didn't pay you any mind. Aristocratic millionaire, my foot! You wouldn't know an aristocratic millionaire if he spit on you. Braggin' about your father, and I bet he wasn't any better'n you are. You think just 'cause you're a man, you can walk in here and make off with whatever you like. You think just 'cause you're young you can push other people aside and not pay them any mind. You think just cause you're strong you can show your muscles and nobody'll know what a pitiful specimen you are. But you won't stay young forever, didja ever thinka that? What'll become of you then? You'll end your life in the gutter and it'll serve you right, 'cause the gutter's where you came from and the gutter's where you belong.