

After It Stopped
by
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A Monologue Adapted from the Author's Full-Length Play,
Everyday Monsters

5 Minutes

Speaker/Synopsis

TIMOTHY, a 38-year-old man recalling the aftereffects of the sexual abuse he suffered when he was thirteen. Any race or ethnicity.

Place

Indeterminate

Time

Indeterminate

Trigger Warning

References rape and childhood sexual abuse.

This copy of the script is for perusal only.
No performance of this play is permitted
without express authorization in writing
from the author.

TIMOTHY

People say I could have stopped it if I wanted to. I could have just said “no.” I tried. God knows I tried. But I was just a skinny thirteen-year-old kid. He was a grown-ass man, a lot bigger and heavier and stronger than I was and he wasn’t about to take “no” for an answer. It’s been twenty-five years and I still get nightmares about being smothered under the weight of him.

I’ve asked myself over and over. Why me? ... Why *me*? Was it my fault somehow? Was I sending out subconscious signals that made him think I *wanted* him to touch me? Did he think I was queer?

I’ve spent my whole life trying like hell to make sure nobody ever thought that about me again. When I got to high school and the girls started to pay attention to me, I’d go as far as they’d let me. Sometimes farther than they wanted me to. And then I bragged about it in the locker room so the other guys could see what a real man I was.

And I needed to show everybody, all right, to show myself, that I wasn’t some weakling who couldn’t stand up for himself. I got into a lot of fights, anytime I thought a guy was looking at me funny. Whenever I came home with my trophies of cuts and bruises Mama would patch me up, all the time asking what happened to me. She didn’t mean the fight. She meant what happened to the son she used to have, the good son, the happy son, the son who wouldn’t even think of hitting another human being.

That kid wasn’t all that athletic, either, but this new one? He went out for almost every available sport. Except wrestling. I knew I wouldn’t be able to stand having another guy on top of me pinning me down. And I had to be the best in all of them. I felt so worthless I desperately needed my coaches to keep telling me how good I was. I was valedictorian of my class because I craved praise from my teachers so much I studied like my life depended on it. In a lot of ways it did.

But there wasn’t any real emotion involved in any of it. I didn’t play basketball or study *David Copperfield* because I enjoyed it. I certainly didn’t love any of the girls I forced myself on. It was all mechanical. Still is. I’ve been married twice. And divorced twice. Both my wives complained I was so emotionally distant they couldn’t tell if I really loved them or not. Same with my kids. I was so afraid to touch them. I never hugged them. Never played with them. Never roughhoused with my son. I might as well not have been there.

My son. Exactly a week ago it was his birthday. He was thirteen. Thirteen. And I looked at him—happy and innocent and beautiful and having no idea anybody would ever want to hurt him—and I was thirteen all over again. It all came flooding back. The fear. The helplessness. A quarter-century of guilt and shame. Every last bit of it. And that’s when I knew I finally had to do something. I finally had to break through and *do* something.

I know where he lives, that monster who sentenced me and who knows how many other young boys to a life of self-loathing. Today I bought myself a gun. And tonight, I’m going to pay him a visit.

END OF MONOLOGUE