

THE FIRST TIME

A monologue adapted from the author's full-length stage play, *Best Friends*

by

Donald E. Baker
(he, him, his)

5 Minutes

Speaker/Synopsis

EDDIE, a 25-year-old small-town blue-collar guy fearfully questioning his sexuality after an encounter in a public restroom. He speaks with a country accent.
Grammar anomalies in the script are intentional.

Place

Indeterminate

Time

1975

Trigger Warning

This monologue references sex acts between adults and sexual exploration by adolescents.

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EDDIE

They say you never forget your first sexual experience. 'Course, what my best friend Danny would say is, a couple of horny teenagers sharin' a hand job was not a "sexual experience." But 'til I married Michele that was all I had to go by. What I do know is, God didn't approve of what we were doin' down in Danny's basement when we were fifteen and I was supposed to be helpin' him with his algebra homework. But sometimes it just pops into my head, you know? How it felt with Danny. Sometimes even when I'm tryin' to get it on with Michele.

Few years later here I am a married man with a two-year-old kid and one on the way. Got a decent job drivin' a truck out at the plant, mostly haulin' stuff to and from their other facility fifty miles away. Livin' the American dream, right? But then I was drivin' back couple of weeks ago and comin' up to that little rest area off the highway. You know the one. No secret it's a place where the queers like to hang out. Ever' few months the state cops'll arrest somebody outta there for public indecency and their names'll be in the weekly paper for ever'body to see.

I only stopped 'cause I had to piss real bad. Honest! I was standin' there finishin' up when this guy come in. Stood at the urinal next to me. Made eye contact and then reached over and grabbed my dick. I didn't say "what the hell you think you're doin'!" I didn't shove him away. And when he got down on his knees—I let him.

I knew it was wrong. I knew I could be headed straight for hell. God sees ever'thing that happens, don't He? But I never felt nothin' like it. I swear my eyes rolled back in my head. When I came my knees buckled an' I had to lean against the wall to stay upright.

Dammit, all my life I thought I was straight. I mean, me an' Danny, that was just a phase, right? You fool 'round with boys 'til you're old enough to fool 'round with girls. But if I'm straight I'm not supposed to let some stranger come onto me like that. I'm supposed to be so disgusted I get the hell outta there. Maybe punch him a time or two on the way out the door.

But I wasn't disgusted 'til *after* it happened. And I wasn't disgusted at him. I was disgusted at me. What if I got caught? What if I got some disease and took it home to Michele? I could of lost ever'thing. Wife, kids, house, job. I was drivin' the company truck for God's sake. It would of all been gone. Ever'thing. Gone.

But I can't stop thinkin' 'bout it. An' I'm carryin' such a load of guilt I dunno if I can handle it. Problem is, I'm also carryin' the card the guy gave me with his phone number on it. Should of tore it up and flushed it down the toilet right then and there. But I didn't. Instead I stuck it in my wallet, in the secret compartment Michele don't know 'bout.

He said he'd like to see me again. But do *I* want to see *him*? That's the million-dollar question, ain't it? And if I don't, then why the hell am I keepin' that damned card?

END OF MONOLOGUE