

THREE LITTLE WORDS

By Krista Boehnert

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THREE LITTLE WORDS*A Ten Minute Dramatic Monologue***By Krista Boehnert**

SYNOPSIS: Carrie Klein receives a phone call from the guy in her life saying he needs to tell her something and asks to meet her. Carrie prepares to hear the big news that awaits her by getting dressed up and trying to keep calm. The three little words are spoken. Rather than “I love you” from the lips of her boyfriend as she’s led the audience to believe, the words “You have cancer” are spoken by her doctor. Carrie has prepared herself to hear, “You’re perfectly healthy.” When the opposite proves true, she’s forced to grapple with the news of her own mortality.

CAST OF CHARACTERS*(1 female)*

CARRIE KLEIN (f) 18 years old, is talking about the phrase that changed her life.

CARRIE: I've been with him for a while now. At first we were just casual, only getting together every now and then, but...for the past few months we've been seeing each other pretty steady. A lot. In fact, at this point in our relationship, we're together at least a couple times a week. Sometimes more, depending. We didn't have plans to get together last Friday, but he called and asked me if we could meet. Told me he had something to tell me. Something big. Something important.

I remember thinking. Wow, this must be it. He's going to say it. He's going to tell me those three little words. I was relieved that the day had finally come. All the time, all the months we've spent together, it means something to him. He'd finally figured out what. And now, he was ready to share it with me. To share those three little words.

When I recovered from the shock, I said I could meet up with him right after school and he said: "Good. I'll see you then." He sounded relieved that I'd show. Of course I was going to show. I'd been waiting for this day since the moment I met him. I wasn't going to mess around now. I was desperate to hear what he had to say.

As soon as I got home from school, I headed straight up to my room to get ready. I didn't have much time before we were supposed to meet up. I looked at myself in the mirror, and gasped. My outfit wasn't right for this occasion at all! I was getting epic news in a matter of minutes, and I definitely needed to be wearing different clothes. My t-shirt and torn jeans would be fine if we were seeing each other under normal circumstances, but we weren't. Today was going to be different than all the other times we'd spent together. Today was going to be life-changing. He was going to tell me three little words and set my world spinning. I needed to be better prepared. I needed a wardrobe upgrade. Stat.

I realize how lame this must sound to you. And girly, but...well, you're probably right. All I can tell you is that when I saw him, I wanted to be wearing an outfit that made me feel brave and beautiful. Ever since he'd called me, there'd been an entire battalion of butterflies whirling around in my stomach. Anything that would help me calm my nerves – even if it was silly, like changing my outfit – I was going to take it.

So...seven discarded outfits later, I ended up wearing a lavender dress with pretty pink flowers on it, and ruffles at the sleeves. The butterflies in my stomach totally approved because they calmed down a little. I swiped on some mascara and a bit of lipstick, and ta da! I was bold and beautiful and ready to go hear his news.

Well...that, and I had wasted a lot of time picking out an outfit. There was no time for the hot rollers now. My trusty ponytail was going to have to suffice; I had to get going or I'd be late to meet up with him. It was probably for the best, anyway. He's used to seeing me in my jeans and tees, the dress would be enough of a shake up for him. Had I tossed in movie star hair on top of it, it would've been a complete shock to his system. He probably wouldn't have recognized me, let alone tell me what he wanted to say.

Did I mention I was nervous?!?! Turns out he was too. When I first arrived and we greeted each other it was super awkward. After all the time we've spent together over the past few months, it's shocking that we could be awkward with each other, but we were.

Here's the thing: this is the person I've spilled all my secrets to. I've told him all my biggest fears, my deepest hopes, and he's listened patiently and never judged. He's always been there with comfort and a listening ear. That sounds like nothing really, but when you get right down to it, it counts. It counts for a whole lot. That's why I was so anxious. This guy knows all of me, and he's about to tell me those three little words. This moment is *huge* for me. How on earth am I supposed to be calm right now?

So, anyway, there we are stumbling our way through a greeting, neither of us able to act normal. It's like we both know things are about to be very different between us. Instead of being our natural selves, we're acting shy, and a bit standoffish with each other. He was as bad as me— which made me feel better. At least neither of us was at ease with this situation.

I asked him about his day and he asked about mine. I gave him a quick recap – leaving out the part about changing into a thousand different outfits before coming to meet him of course – and then, he looks me dead in the eye, and says, “Carrie, about what I said on the phone.”

And that's when I knew for sure he's going to say them. Say those three little words. I try to be calm; to be all cool and collected before he opens his mouth and says the phrase that would change everything after the words were spoken aloud.

I failed miserably.

My breathing got shallow. My hands started to sweat. I was freaking out on the inside, and it showed. He paused and stared at me for a moment with a worried expression on his face, like he was debating whether to continue or not. But as far as I was concerned, he'd gone far enough down the road now, there was no turning back. For either of us. Even if he wanted to remain silent, I was going to sit there until he told me why he'd asked me to meet him.

He took a deep breath, and cleared his throat, and then opened his mouth to speak. I remember I bit my lower lip and held my breath in anticipation as I waited for the words to exit his mouth. Time stopped as I sat there. Waiting. And then...after all the nerves...and anticipation...and build up...the three little words came tumbling out of his mouth:

“You. Have. Cancer.”

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