

“SEXUAL ASSAULT”

By Tom Smith

The front patio of Starbucks. 1 sits with a drink reading their phone. There is a second cup waiting. 2 approaches, suspicious and unsure about the forthcoming conversation.

1: Hey!

2: Hey.

1: *(motioning the other drink.)* Cinnamon Dolce, extra whip. *(2 hesitantly sits down but doesn't take the drink.)* I thought that was your go-to. So, did you make it to Biology this morning?

2: No.

1: I got up on time, but ended up dozing during my Philosophy class. Which is not much different than any other day.

(Laughs. 2 doesn't react.)

2: What did you want to see me about?

1: We should talk. About last night.

2: Oh.

1: Lorena's in COMM with my roommate.

2: ...So?

1: She told him what you said to her.

(Beat.)

2: She shouldn't have done that. She said she wouldn't say anything.

1: Listen, that word isn't... I mean, a word like that is pretty bad.

2: How would you describe it then?

1: I don't know. But it certainly wasn't...that. *(2 stares at 1 hard.)* It wasn't!

2: I don't want to talk about it here.

1: Why not?

2: There are people around.

1: Then where should we go? Your place? *(2 starts to rise.)* You can't throw that word out like that.

2: Don't tell me what I can or can't do. And you know that's exactly what it was!

1: It was not!

2: I was drunk!

1: So was I! I don't even remember most of the night. *(2 rolls their eyes.)* I don't!

2: Really? Because I do. I remember every single moment.

1: Well, I remember enough to know it wasn't that. I mean... Jesus! If Lorena starts spreading rumors like that I could get kicked out of school.

2: Or arrested.

(1 initially thinks 2 is joking, then realizes they might not be. Pause.)

1: *(Motioning the coffee.)* I spent six bucks on that. It's going to get cold. *(2 gets out their phone and quickly sends a text.)* Who are you texting? *(2 ignores the question.)* You brought the vodka. I was fine with beer.

2: So what?

1: I'm just saying...I don't get drunk off beer. I puke before it gets me wasted. You're the one who started with all the shots.

2: So what's your point?

1: I just don't get why you're so mad at me. We were drunk. On vodka you brought. We were both drunk.

2: I know.

1: And you started kissing me.

2: Ok.

1: Remember? You came up from behind and grabbed me. Lorena was there. You were the one whispering "I want you so bad!" I wanted to go to my place, but you wanted to go to yours because your roommate was gone.

2: So everything that happened is my fault?

1: You kept telling me how much you wanted me.

2: When?

1: And you were lighting those candles. I mean, you took your shirt off! Why even do that if you didn't want to do anything?

2: I thought we were just going to make out.

1: In your bed? Shirtless?

2: I still had a tank on.

1: You took off your shirt and threw it at me!

2: I did not!

1: You threw it right at me.

2: I threw it down on the floor. In your direction.

1: Same thing.

2: I thought we were just going to make out some more.

1: Well, how would I know that?

2: I don't know.

1: How would I even know that all you wanted to do was make out? I mean, you were taking off your clothes...

2: My shirt. Only.

1: And your shoes!

2: Ok.

1: We were at a party. We were both getting wasted on vodka you brought specifically so you could get wasted. We make out for a half hour in front of everyone before going back to your place—at your invitation—so we could be alone. We start making out again. You take off your shirt. You kept saying how much you wanted me. I mean, what else was I supposed to wait for?

2: A “yes”.

(Long pause. 2, clearly upset, checks their phone.)

1: You know what I think? I think you just don’t want your friends to think we hooked up...

2: What!?!

1: And so saying what you said to Lorena makes it all alright. Like you’re not to blame.

2: I’m not.

1: You didn’t try to stop me!

2: Yes I did!

1: Really? When? When you pulled my shirt off? When you were grinding up on me?

2: When I said “stop.” Five minutes before you actually did.

1: But I was already... *(Remembering other people are around.)* By then, we’d done almost everything else.

2: You should have stopped when I told you to.

1: And you should have said something before it went as far as it did.

2: Maybe I should have.

(Pause.)

1: Why is it such a big deal? I mean, we messed around twice during Thanksgiving break and you were fine. It’s not like it was our first time.

2: You don’t get it, do you? *(Gets up to leave.)*

1: Wait, don’t go!

2: Why not?

1: Please. Just...sit back down.

2: For more of your gaslighting?

1: That's not what I'm doing. Look, I'm sorry. Ok? I just wanted to say that I'm really sorry. *(Beat.)* Now, can you just sit back down for a minute...

2: Someone's coming to pick me up.

1: Just for a minute. I really didn't mean for things to— *(2 sits.)* Are...are you going to tell anyone else what you told Lorena? Because it wasn't that.

2: I feel like it was.

1: Please don't! I mean...this could ruin my entire life. Look, I'm sorry about how things went down, and maybe I should have stopped at some point. We both should have. But I'm serious about this—an accusation like that is really, really serious.

2: So what do you want me to do? Pretend like it didn't happen?

1: Just don't call it that. Just tell people we both regret doing what we did.

2: Do you though...? Do you regret it?

(Long pause. 2's phone dings.)

1: We were both drunk.

2: *(Getting up.)* My ride's here.

1: We were. *(Grabs 2's arm as they begin to exit.)* You went along with everything. You wanted it as much as I did.

2: Until I didn't and told you to stop. *(Exits.)*