

**Actress**, an actress playing a prostitute, 20s  
From the play **The Making of Eye Contact**

My last boyfriend, my last real... back in high school. Peter. You're kinda like him, really. He was nice. I was seeing... well, a lot of guys, but he was really serious about it. He would forgive me, no matter what I did or who I fucked... he always wanted us to work through it. Try to save me. Fucker. He had big goofy hair, and he was too skinny, but he was still cute. The best part's how I got him to go away. Yeah. He gave me, like, this blank journal, with an inscription that said something like "Don't write about any guys but me in here." And that totally pissed me off. So I started writing daily entries in there, like "I fucking hate that guy," "Peter is such a spineless dick," shit like that. Then one day I wrote, "I hate him so much, I'm going to give him back this fucking book." And the next day I did. (pause) Yeah... it was shitty. He made me do it. I told him to let me go, that I wasn't good for him or anybody. And I didn't, I don't want to be good for anybody but me and... my friends... (pause) You're not very happy, normally, are you? I mean, when you're not making eye contact in a cold dark park. You mope around a lot and think, don't you?