

Did You Know I was Raped?  
a monologue from *The Morning After*  
by Kris Thompson

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## Did You Know I was Raped?

Did you know I was raped right after Paul and I started seeing each other?

It was our fourth date. We went to that little Italian place over on 33<sup>rd</sup>. Mondellos? He was so amazing at dinner. So...I don't know...Perfect. Perfect for me. That was the night I knew I was in love with him. And I was, for the first time in my life, considering breaking my five-date rule. You know, don't sleep with them until the fifth date. After dinner, we drank our second bottle of wine with dessert. I had more wine than I should have and was fairly drunk when he drove me home. He wanted to walk me up. I wanted him to walk me up. But I was afraid that if we got as far as the door, I'd break my five-date rule for sure. So, we made out in the car for a while. A long while. Things were getting a little hot and heavy when I stopped and then insisted I was fine to walk up on my own. He protested. Only a little. I could tell he really, really wanted to come up. And not to just walk me to my door. He could tell I felt the same, but I laughed and told him to be patient. Told him that good things come to those that wait! God. What a tease. If only I'd broken my goddamn rule, just that once. And then I did my best to walk as sexy as possible to my building. I wanted him to leave really wanting me, you know? When I got to the door I turned and waived, blew a kiss. He waived and then drove away, grinning.

And...and then, from out of nowhere, a man was there. I mean, in an instant, he was right there behind me. I had just turned toward the door and he was right there. He grabbed me from behind, grabbed my throat. (pause) I couldn't breathe. I remember thinking, "I'm screaming, and nothing is coming out." You know...like when you're having a nightmare and can't make yourself wake up? (pause) He dragged me behind some bushes, away from the security lights, held a knife in front of my face and whispered, "Make a fucking sound and I'll slit your throat. Understand?" Then he put the knife to my neck so I could feel it. It actually cut me a little. (Subconsciously touch neck.) Just enough to bleed. No scar. (long pause) I didn't make another peep. I didn't even cry. I just...went limp. He shoved me down on my knees, pushed my face into the dirt, yanked up my dress, tore down my underwear, and, and...(pause) I can still remember what he felt like. Clear as if it was yesterday. The smell of mulch and him (pause) inside me. When he was (pause) finished, he thanked me. Can you imagine? He thanked me! Told me I was a good lay and then (pause) he was gone.

I stayed like that for a few minutes, lying with my face in the dirt. I didn't even care. When I was sure he was gone I crawled over to my stoop and just sat there, the right side of my face and my new dress torn and covered with dirt. The landscapers must have been there recently. The mulch. I smelled like mulch. I remember being worried that someone would think I'd shit myself. Like that was the biggest of my worries. God.

Eventually, my neighbor Stephanie came out front for a smoke, found me, called the police. Police took me to the hospital, did a rape kit, let me take a shower, cleaned up my scrapes. I didn't call Paul. Didn't want to call Paul. I was...I don't know. Ashamed? Embarrassed? (pause) Humiliated. But the police did. They called him and he rushed to the hospital and then...then

they questioned him. Like he was a suspect or something. I had already told them it wasn't him. That I had watched him drive away. That it couldn't have been him. The...man...he was bigger, taller, heavier. I didn't see his face, but his hands were big and rough and he had a tattoo of a star on his arm...here. (Indicate inside right arm between wrist and elbow.) So, there's no way it could have been him, but they questioned him anyway.

And even though the police treated him like a suspect, Paul was still super supportive and helpful just like you would expect. He helped me with the hospital paperwork, he drove me home, he made...soup. (smiles) Chicken noodle. He checked all the closets, the windows, the doors. He switched out my lock out for a deadbolt. He slept on my couch for three days. He didn't go to work. Paul...Mr. Work-First-Unless-Someone's-Dead, didn't go to work. And, you know my five-date rule? I didn't need it anymore because it took Paul ten more dates before he would do more than give me a short kiss. He wouldn't touch me. I know he was afraid of hurting me, but it still felt like rejection. It was hard getting comfortable with each other again. Really hard. It was months later before we finally consummated the relationship. And even then, he was so careful and reserved.

I'm not sure he even enjoyed that first time. (pause) I know I didn't.