

Please locate and read the entire play – the monologue below is merely a suggested one.

An excerpt from: **No-Good Friday** by Athol Fugaud

REBECCA: Oh, Guy! What you think I been doing here these five days? What? Do you think I just been sitting here watching ...making coffee when he wanted it...cooking his food? I knowed with something inside me that this was our last chance, and if you think I've wasted it I'd call God down to give witness. If he even heard half my prayers He would have a lot to say. I've tried everything – everything a woman can try so that if he wanted something he could ask. I've tried in here. I've tried just being with him, just being here so that if he wanted something he could ask. I've tried it on that bed at night...Offered him the comfort only a woman can offer a man. I would have let him take me like a dog takes a bitch in the street i I thought it would be comfort. Because I know if I could have given Willie that, in any way, there would still be hope. *[Pause.]* I haven't been able to comfort, help or do anything a woman should for her man.

GUY: And now you're clearing out?

REBECCA: Clearing out or being kicked out. I don't know which it is. I only know that I'm going, that I should have been gone a long time ago. I've overstayed my time.

GUY: There is no time to you and Willie.

REBECCA: Hearing you speak like that makes me realize what Willie must have thought of the things I said. You sound stupid, Guy. It's over and you're still trying to kid yourself it isn't, like I been doing. And all the time Willie knew it was over. Only he was to much of a gentleman to kick me out. He waited for me to realize it was time to go.

GUY: Before you go, Reb...Remember you still love him.

REBECCA: Love him! I feel like I been to bed with one man and woke up to find a stranger beside me. I might have loved the man I went to sleep with, but the man I found this morning fills me with shame. And it's so deep, Guy, I just want to run away from what causes it.

GUY: He needs you, Reb.

REBECCA: He hasn't said it.

GUY: He's blind! He doesn't know what he's up against.

REBECCA: Well, if he doesn't it's no use. Can't you see that, Guy? Willie is a man and because of that you can't force a thing down his throat like a mother with a child that won't take medicine. He's a man, Guy, so he lives his own life and if he doesn't want anything, he doesn't want it and this is how it is with me. It's over. You walked in at the end. Life isn't like a gramophone record where you can go back to the beginning.

