

"UNPREDICTABLE"
by Dan Trujillo
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(RENE, a teenage girl, speaks to her friend BEN. It's lunchtime, at a bench on the school grounds. She eats a sandwich throughout.)

RENE

No, it's not that no one understands me. It's that everyone understands me. Too well. This sandwich. Perfect example. Tuna salad. Every day, I eat tuna salad. Not peanut butter, too fattening. Not bologna, that's just blech. Tuna Salad. People say, "There's Rene with her tuna salad sandwich, every lunch period, can always bank on that." Like somehow I'm linked to the sandwich. Like we're one. But I don't wanna be that. I don't wanna be whole wheat. Albacore or celery. 'Specially not mayonnaise. I can't be the stupid sandwich. I gotta be bigger than the sandwich.

(She takes a vigorous bite.)

But yesterday I had visions, Ben. I saw through the veil of reality. I traveled to far-off corners of possibility, where there are secret things, hidden treasures that the world has forgotten, stolen artifacts of the human heart. I met an old man who told me I can travel into pictures. I'm not kidding. I'm not insane. I jumped into an Ikea catalog? And I was in Sweden. Then I came back out, and I heard my mother outside, throwing plates at the fence again. She always buys more plates the same day. But I just ignore it. She knows I will. That's me. That's Rene.

(Pause as she eats.)

I can't be understood anymore. I'm all about mystery. Secrets. Freaky things. I'll tell you a secret: Tonight, I'm going to go into my television set. There's a documentary about the Alaskan Wildlife Refuge on Discovery Channel. Alaska. Very mysterious. I'm going in. But I'm scared. That's another secret about me. I'm scared. I'm not going to any bachelorette show, goofing around in a hot tub. I'm going to the edge. I'll be eating whale blubber. That's scary. I always kind've liked you. You...will you go eat whale blubber with me?