

Martha King De Silva. 
PLAYWRIGHT

Scene 1. Libby's apartment. Eddie is speaking to Libby.

EDDIE

Dolores Murray is the only woman I ever loved before you. Seriously. From the time she climbed on the school bus at the corner of Twin Lakes Drive and Boonton Avenue, the fall of my freshman year in high school in what was going to be the worst year of my life, I loved her.

I remember hours of sitting on that bus, looking out the window, trying not to care that the assholes in the back of the bus – the jocks – had stolen my ski cap. Again. I remember the bumping of the bus and how it always, without fail, gave me a hard-on. I'd prop my right leg on the wheel well and hope that no one would notice. And I remember Dolores. Miles of long hair. Oversized sweaters. And that laugh. God, her laugh.

I was small for fourteen. I looked more like a ten-year old. Girls didn't pay much attention to me. Dolores paid attention to me. Not in a girlfriend way. Not that. But she was friendly. We'd talk. And sometimes on the way home, I'd get off on her stop just to walk home with her. And sometimes she'd invite me inside to do homework with her. We'd sit at her kitchen table and have Coke and do math problems. You know, I bet everybody on that bus thought I was pathetic. A pathetic five foot two freshman with pimples and a hard-on, getting off the bus with Dolores Murray, beautiful Dolores Murray, who transferred from Cherry Hill High School that fall.

That was twenty-six years ago. Twenty-six years. I've gone to college, have a decent job. I wear contacts. By some standards, I might even be considered mildly attractive. And I've dated some nice women. And you want to know something? Okay. I bet if I ran into Dolores Murray today, who's probably cut her hair and had ten kids by now, I'd probably still be a little in love with her. How could you not be in love with someone who likes you even when you're not sure you like yourself?

You asked me if I'd ever been in love. I have. Sort of. It wasn't bad. It was pretty good in some ways. But this. *You*. God. It's like the Dolores Murray fantasy come true, except it's better.

So, there it is.

Don't decide right away. I'll wait.

End of Scene.