



drama by george

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May Bear

Synopsis: Lyla, a sixteen-year-old girl, relates the story of how she was molested at age six.

Themes: Sexual abuse.

Characters: 1 female.

Running Time: 4 minutes.

Staging Needs: Bare stage. No special lighting or sound effects. You might give Lyla a chair or stool, and stand a large brown teddy bear (like the one she describes) off to the side.

Acting Difficulty: Difficult.

Tone: Serious monologue.

Can It Stand Alone?: No.

Author's Comments: "May Bear" is based partly on the actual experiences of two friends who agreed to talk to me about being molested at a young age. Their courage is intensely inspiring to me. While sexual abuse is immensely difficult to talk about, it has happened to far too many young women--even from "good" families--for us to ignore it.

Performance Tips: This piece requires a mature audience and a mature actress. While the script itself is powerful, we must have a complete belief in the sincerity of the actress performing the piece.

May Bear

By George Halitzka

(LYLA is a fragile-looking girl of about sixteen. As she speaks, we are hearing her thoughts. Perhaps she is talking to a counselor; perhaps we have simply been afforded a look inside her mind. We sense that while LYLA is a sixteen-year-old on the outside, there is a six-year-old inside, who struggles to the surface more and more as she remembers this horrific childhood experience.)

LYLA

When I turned six, Grandma gave me a teddy bear. She was brown and soft with sad shiny eyes, and her front legs went all the way around me for bear hugs. After I tore off the ribbons, I sat on the grass in the sun . . . feeling her long, soft fur and hugging her in my arms. It took me a while to remember to give Grandma a hug, too, but it was okay. She understood.

It was the first weekend in May--my birthday party--and all my relatives were outside talking about grown-up things. I heard them mention Daddy, and I knew they would start saying how he was in jail, so I went inside and laid down on my bed to snuggle with my new bear. Right before I fell asleep, I decided to name her May Bear.

I woke up when I felt something that tickled. My Uncle Steve--I didn't know him very much; he was big, like maybe sixteen . . . he was laying next to me, and he was kissing me. Not like Grandma before bed, but over and over again, on my neck and stuff. He saw my eyes open and put his hand over my mouth. He told me he was going to show me a game that grown-ups play, but I would have to keep it a secret. I liked big people's games, like when Grandpa would hold me in his lap and let me drive . . . but this one wasn't any fun. He reached one hand under my birthday dress, and he . . . he felt me. All over. Then--he held me really tight. Too tight, but I was scared to tell him. I couldn't breathe very good, and he took off my birthday dress, and he made me hurt . . .

(A pause.)

LYLA (*cont'd*)

When he was done, he said I was a very good girl, and he gave me ten dollars--for my birthday. I wasn't supposed to use the shower without Grandma there, but as soon as he left, I got in and washed real good, even all the hard places. I sat under the water until it got cold. Then I washed real careful again--everywhere Uncle Steve . . . I started shivering all over, like when you have a fever, and I thought I was sick, so I got out and dried off and sat in a towel for a long time. But I was still shaking, and I felt so cold.

Then Grandma came upstairs. She gave me a spanking because she said I should never get in the shower without her knowing. I felt so mixed up, and I was going to tell her about Uncle Steve, but then she said to put on my birthday dress . . . and I couldn't. It was pretty in the morning, all new and pink and white and lacy . . . but now I thought it was the worst dress I ever saw. Grandma asked me why I was being so bad, and I cried, and she told me to put on playclothes, and I just wanted her to hug me, but she went downstairs, and I still felt cold inside . . .

Nothing ever happened to May Bear, though. She was safe under my blanket. As soon as Grandma left, I held May as tight as I could. She was so clean and pretty and warm . . . I couldn't cry any more, but I loved her for a long time.

(Blackout.)

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