

PATERNITY

by Jan Peterson Ewen

Monologue for a MALE, 25 - 50

Are you serious? You say that so nonchalantly, like you're telling me you just had your haircut or something. You're not serious. Very funny. You have a weird sense of humor, girl. "He's your son." Yah, right, like I could have an eight-year-old kid and don't even know about it. We weren't even together eight years ago. You were with that sleaze-bag, Antonio. (*He reacts.*) What night? Oh, come on. That one little time we hooked up after Carl and Sandra's wedding? That was just a short lapse in judgment. Sorry, but it was. It didn't mean anything. So, you're saying that when we were together for that hour or so, we managed to make a kid? How can that be possible? You were on something, weren't you? Some kind of birth control? How could you not be on something? You were dating Antonio! Oh, my god. Are you serious? Why didn't you tell me this *eight years ago*?

Okay, look, you're going to have to prove this. I'm sorry, but you were dating Antonio at the very same time. That's the disgusting truth of the situation. How do you know he isn't *his* kid? Okay, so your son has blue eyes and Antonio has brown eyes. So what? You have greenish eyes. Isn't it possible you could have a blue-eyed kid with Antonio? Just cause I have blue eyes - that makes me his father? No, way! I mean, look, if he is my kid, I've gotta say, it really pisses me off that you would wait until now to tell me. No, I'm not buying this without proof. We've gotta get a test or something. You know, one of those paternity things that proves whose kid he is; like a blood test or something. Cause if he *is* my kid, I want to know for sure, you know? Not just, (*imitating her*) 'he's your kid', and I'm supposed to accept it, no questions asked. (*To himself*) What if he is my kid? Oh, god. I can't even tell you how it makes me feel that I didn't know all these years. Oh, god - a kid. I could have a son? I would've taken care of him, you know.

I would've made sure he was all right and had everything he needed. How could you *do* this to me? How could you do this to your own *son*? We need a paternity test, *now*.