

**Female Monologue from  
Thanksgiving Dinner by Colette Mazunik  
One Act**

**ABBIE:**

I am a feminist too, James. I am. And I do not need a man in my life to be fulfilled. I don't. I am a whole person and my sense of self-worth does not come from whether I am or am not with a man.

But you know what I found out today, James? I'm a hypocrite. I've been living a lie.

I went home, back to Enid, drove six hours straight to get there in time to help with the meal, had to get up at four in the morning. And I get there and all my sisters are there with their husbands and their kids, except for Kate and you know she just got engaged so her fiancée is there and he won't stay out of the kitchen, he's trying to help too, chopping the celery into little celery sticks only mostly they're just kissing and touching each other you know, letting their arms brush. And Gloria's talking about how little Jackie's first word was "Da-Da" and how Keith is so good with the children. I'm sitting there cutting up the cranberries telling myself over and over that I am a successful, smart, articulate woman. And I'm doing fine.

Then we all sit down at the table. I'm at the kids table because I'm the popular aunt and all the kids want to sit with me, but really it's because I don't have a man in my life so my family doesn't consider me grown up—never mind I've got a higher level of education than any one of them. And I'm doing fine.

Then we all start going around saying what we're thankful for. Celia says she's thankful for Doug, Gloria says she's thankful for Keith, Kate says she's thankful for David, Mom and Dad say they're thankful for their marriage and their wonderful children and grandchildren. Then it's my turn to say what I'm thankful for.

And at that moment I realized I'm not a feminist. Because I don't care about my job or my education or breaking the glass ceiling. I just want to have one damn date. I just want to have someone to bring home for Thanksgiving and kiss in the kitchen. I just want to have someone kiss me. Do you know how long it's been? I don't even know how to kiss anymore!

So my whole family is staring at me, the turkey's getting cold, they're waiting for me to say something I'm thankful for and I'm just sitting there and my mother, who doesn't deal well with silence turns to me and says, "Oh honey, I've been meaning to ask, did you ever go out on that blind date?"

And that's when I started screaming at them: you have no right to make me feel less than you. Then little Jackie started crying and everyone looked embarrassed for me and so I ran out of the house and got in my truck and started driving.

And then I stopped here.

And I saw you were reading Kerouac—and I knew they scheduled you to work because you were probably the only person who didn't have anyplace to go for Thanksgiving anyway—

Do you have a girlfriend, James?