

**Female Monologue from**  
***The Matthew Portraits* by Colette Mazunik**  
**One Act**

**FERN:**

I don't know. I don't know what I thought. But I didn't think it would work. It's not fair.

You aren't even all that pretty.

You're not. Look at you. Your hair is straggly and you're—plain. I'm prettier than you. I'm smarter than you. I care more than you do. If I had a relationship I wouldn't—I would be an amazing lover. Why doesn't anyone see that? Why doesn't anyone see me?

It's not fair. I'm beautiful.

But you—you're the one that doesn't even have to be alone for a minute. You fuck up one relationship and just—do you remember before you and Jason, when you broke up with Kyle? “Oh, you know I'm really excited to be single for a while. I think it's going to be a really good thing for me.” Not even a week. Not even a week! And how long has it been for me? How long has it been? You know when I was in high school people thought I was interesting and beautiful and . . . I had--Shit, I mean *seven* guys asked me to the prom. Seven. And there were more who wanted to, but they were just shy. But I come to this stupid college and no one—no one sees me. They all think my roommate is some kind of god and they all come to me for advice. And no one even—it doesn't even *occur* to anyone that I too might be available. I'm just “the friend”. Fuck, I could walk around this campus *naked* and it wouldn't *occur* to any of these guys that I might be a sexual being. They'd just think I was being “natural” or something.

I don't want your pity.

I feel so stupid. I shouldn't care. I just . . . I just want someone to . . .