

IN HOT WATER adapted from

*THE FOUR SENSES OF LOVE*

by Arthur M. Jolly

Comedic

Woman (20's)

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*Melita, a woman born with no sense of taste, is at a support group for the sensory-deprived.*

MELITA

If you're blind, everyone knows it. You can't hide blind. But taste? Damn right, I try and fit in. Think I wanna go around telling people I have no taste - no taste at all? If I'm out with friends, I'll get tea - just to, you know. D'you know the nutritional value of tea? Exactly the same as hot water. Two bucks for dirty brown color. But I'll spend it.

(beat)

Once, this girl Julie - I knew her from the gym, we saw each other all the time. You know - early friendship, but real. I mean, I could see being her bridesmaid, down the road. We coulda been... Well, we went out, me and her and her boyfriend Rick. Rick keeps saying: "you gotta try this place, you gotta try this coffee place" - and we all pile in his ratty BMW, and I'm wedged in the back with my knees up under my chin, and we get to this little cafe, and Rick says hi to the guy behind the counter - and it's like this whole show he's putting on for Julie, cause really - it's a coffee place, you meet, you talk. He brings me over this something something something latte. And it was warm water with a faintly slimy foam and a little grit on top - cinnamon. Like very fine sawdust. And he's all: "How is it? It's the best right, what d'I tell ya, the best." Why is he asking if he's already got the answer? So I'm sitting there, and I started playing with the foam. I

would put my tongue in it - and then roll the cinnamon between my tongue and the roof of my mouth. Texture - gritty, sandpaper rolling.

(She starts miming it - getting more and more into it. Lots of foam-licking tongue action.)

Foam bubbles bursting, little points of contact, the tip of my tongue delving into the foam, the hot water, the temperature between the hot and the warm foam and the cool of the edge of the cup. ... Playing with the foam... feeling the grit...

(She's getting totally carried away. She stops dead, looks up from her imaginary cup.)

Rick was staring at me. Julie got so mad. Screaming at me, said I was a... all kinds of things.

(beat)

I was just playing with the foam. Hot water. That's why they use that phrase - getting in to hot water. ... That was the last time I saw her.

(beat)

Rick called a whole bunch of times.

END OF MONOLOGUE.