

# It's All My Fault

By: Anna Medley

*1952 Detroit*

*FRANKIE abruptly shuts the door behind her. Obviously exhausted. Hair in an array. Breathing very hard as if she has just left something extremely tiring. The breathing intensifies and then she does her regular exercises and calms herself down. She has been in this place many times before.*

*Begins to rapidly speak to herself.*

Okay. Okay. Okay. You're Okay, Frankie.

A long day at work. Of course. It always is. Just smile and give him his beer.

*(shot of her holding out the beer, shaking)*

Hi honey, how was your day?...Good....My day was *(abrupt stop as if he doesn't want to hear)*

I have the chicken on the stove. It will be ready in about *(cut off. Husband asks, "chicken? I wanted a burger". Fear)*. I'm sorry honey. It's all my fault. It's just that burgers are so expensive now and I had to buy diapers....

*Abrupt blackout*

*1964 Cincinnati*

*Repeat of breathing in beginning.*

Okay. Okay. You're Okay, Gina.

He has been traveling, none of this is your fault.

I got his favorite meal, just let him be....Fuck, I forgot ketchup.

*(a yell of "where the fuck is my ketchup")*

I am so sorry honey, It's all my fault. I won't forget it next time

*Abrupt blackout*

*1977 Los Angeles*

*Repeat of breathing in beginning.*

Okay. Okay. You're Okay, Izzy.

Things are crazy at the office. He told you all about it. Be patient.

*("why is that baby still crying")*

I'll get him! It's all my fault. He didn't get a nap today. I'll....

*Abrupt blackout*

*1980 Dallas*

*Repeat of breathing (shorter this time)*

I know, honey. I know.

I forgot your big meeting was tomorrow. I'll mend your pants right now. It's all my fault.

*1995 New York*

*Repeat of breathing (even shorter)*

Please put that down. I know. I know. I'll call her tomorrow. It's all my fault.

*2005 St. Louis*

*(Shortest breathing)*

I'll have it sent out right now. I am about to send the email. Please. I know it's all my fault.

*2017 Nashville*

My mother is in the hospital. I'll do it. It's all my fault.

*Montage of*

It's all my fault

*From each girl...loud and crazy until SARAH enters*

*Rapid breathing from SARAH. Parallel to first scene, hard loud, heavy breathing. More emotional and heavy than every other time. Something has been weighing on her for a long time. It is almost too much to handle.*

Okay. Okay. You're Okay, Sarah. You're okay. You're Okay. Okay. Okay.....repeats as she slowly breaks down.

I'm not okay.

*Breathing. Gradually turns from emotional breathing to angry breathing. Exits room and confronts partner in a heavy rage.*

NO. No. No. you do not get to say that anymore.

You don't get to say that I make your life a living hell.

You don't get to say I am only here for Peter.

I have been more than a wife should ever be for the last 15 years.

I don't deserve this.

I don't deserve to go through bottles and bottles of foundation just to go into work unnoticed.

I don't deserve the hate and rage you throw at me.

I am the only person in this room allowed to have rage.

I have the rage of centuries of women before me.

I carry the identity of my ancestors on my shoulders, while you sit ON YOUR ASS, only wanting what's under my clothes.

I am sick and tired of you. You and your mouth. You and your penis. You and your lazy higher-than-thou attitude.

I am a WOMAN for God's sake. The most powerful being on this fucking planet.

I know what it's like to feel as if there is never enough space for me. That I am only important because I give.

Women are givers and I am a giver. And now I give ZERO FUCKING FUCKS ABOUT YOU AND YOUR MANHOOD AND YOUR TRASH BUD LIGHT AND YOUR LEGACY.

I am taking your legacy. I am taking that sleeping angel that has your Y chromosome. I am taking him because he is MINE. He will grow up to be a man that respects women. A new generation of men who are taught that a woman is their equal, not just a number.

He will go to be a loving, caring man.

He will go out and respect the women that you men were NEVER deserving of.

I deserve to be me. I want to be ME.

And all I have felt since the second I was born is like an ant under your patriarchal boot of oppression.

But

*(pause. A weight has been lifted)*

I am not oppressed.

I am alive.

I am fucking alive.

I am Betty Friedan.

I am Susan B. Anthony.

I am Gloria Steinem.

I am a woman.

And I don't need you.

I rest in the idea that I can make a life for myself...without you.

*(pause. Suddenly sees her ancestors before her)*

It's not my fault. It never was my fault.

*(straight into camera)*

It's not yours either.