

The Roquefort Revelation

by

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Setting

A party or gathering of some kind.

Time

Present-ish.

Cast

AARON - Male or female, 30s-50s.

(NOTE: Female pronouns are used and the play is written as if AARON is female, but these instances should be changed if the actor playing AARON is a male.)

(We hear sounds of a party or gathering of some kind. AARON enters furtively, looking behind her. She carries a plate of cheese and a glass of wine. On the plate are pieces of Roquefort cheese speared with toothpicks. She moves towards a small table as she chews, having already put a piece of cheese in her mouth. She checks behind her again as noises of the party fade away. She swallows.)

AARON

This is amazing. This is...wow. I can't believe this.

(she samples another piece of cheese, shaking her head in disbelief as she puts the plate and glass on the table)

See, the thing is, I've had Roquefort cheese before. Maybe, I don't know...fifteen years ago? It was at some family thing...it might have been Thanksgiving at my Aunt Grace's house. Yeah, that must have been it. She always had something strange to serve...smoked oysters, wasabi peas, she just liked having some weird ass thing as an appetizer and this one year it was Roquefort cheese. I remember staring at it because it was pretty funky looking, this crumbly cheese with blue mold running through it. But I'm game, you know, I'm always up for something new, so I tried it. And it was terrible. It was...noxious. Like I was chewing on somebody's dirty socks or something. The smell, the taste, it was...you know, you put a lot of things in your mouth over the years and if you're honest, you don't remember much about any of those things. A shrimp is a shrimp. Steak is steak. I'm not saying you don't appreciate it in the moment. You do. You're hungry. It's tasty. End of story. But it's not like you carry that moment, that impression around with you for very long. You're probably not telling people a year later about that one amazing shrimp you had. But that Roquefort cheese, that stayed with me. It was like one of those coughs that just won't go away or the smell you get when some kind of animal gets trapped inside the wall of your house and dies. And I guess part of it was, a kind of disbelief that anyone would go to the trouble to make something that tasted that bad. Because I know it's not an easy process. It involves milk and mold, and I'm pretty sure you're supposed to put it in a cave for months or years or something. It's complicated. Anyway, that was the first time I ever had Roquefort cheese. And the last time...up until right now. I'm not even sure why I tried this, to tell you the truth. There were some other cheeses on that platter. And grapes. You can't go wrong with grapes. I could have taken a few grapes and a slice of Jarlsberg or something. Maybe some Gouda.

(MORE)

(cont'd)

But I saw this hunk of Roquefort sitting there, and I swear to God, the thought that popped into my mind was "You son of a bitch." Like I was facing down some old enemy or something, like the cheese was taunting me almost. Which is silly. I know that's silly. It's just a piece of cheese. Then again, with that mold in it, it's actually alive, weirdly enough. It's a living thing...at least part of it is. So I guess maybe in some kind of primeval way I thought I could communicate with the mold in the cheese. Anyway, I grabbed a little chunk of it and, you know, I'm going to face down my fear, confront this nightmare from my past. So, I managed to force a piece into my mouth and...it's good. It's really good. That's what I'm trying to wrap my mind around.

(takes another piece of cheese)

Wow. This is really fucking me up. Because it tastes exactly the same as the one I tried fifteen years ago. I know that. I could never, ever forget that taste. But now...now it's got this warmth to it, if that makes sense. And the saltiness is just right, not to mention the texture of it...see if you had asked me five minutes ago, what's the worst cheese in the world, I would have said Roquefort cheese. Hands down, no question. But if you asked me right now what's the best cheese in the world, I would say Roquefort cheese. And that's what's messing with me. Because the cheese is the same. It's the same cheese! So that means that what's different is me. And not just a little bit different. Completely different. One hundred and eighty degrees different from the person I was fifteen years ago. Only I never realized it until I put a piece of this cheese in my mouth. But then, how could I realize it? You live your life day-to-day. You get caught up in day-to-day things. And from one moment to the next, you're pretty much the same person, right? Maybe you change a little... what, maybe one one-hundredth of one percent? But that adds up. Slowly, it adds up. And if you give it fifteen years, it can add up to being a completely different person in every way. In fact, you can be the complete opposite of the person you used to be. And that's...that's where this gets really twisted. See, I've had the same husband for fifteen years. Same job, same friends...and they're all from a time in my life when I was a person who hated Roquefort cheese. But I'm not that person anymore. In fact, I'm the exact opposite of that person. Holy mother...

(looking around, eating
another piece)

I just hope no one sees me eating this. There'd be questions...really, really uncomfortable questions, because it's not like I kept my hatred of Roquefort cheese a secret, and here I am gobbling it down like there's no tomorrow. I mean, I'm not sure at what point I began living a lie, but apparently that's exactly what I'm doing. I'm a complete fraud, an imposter, I'm not remotely like the person other people think I am.

(MORE)

(cont'd)

But then, I know they need to think of me that way for their own peace of mind, so that pretty much settles it. I'll just keep this to myself. That's what I'll do. No harm in that. The Roquefort cheese stays on the down low. Nobody needs to know. And dammit, why should they know? I deserve this. I deserve one tiny shred of happiness in my life. And this is it. My secret. My beautiful, blue moldy cheese secret.

(holding up her last piece of
cheese and addressing it)

Can you hear me? I hope so, because you're going to be part of my life from now on...a major part.

(she eats the cheese)

God yes...I had no idea how much I needed this, but I will tell you something and I am not ashamed to admit this. Life is suddenly worth living and it really is a beautiful world...and I need some more of that cheese.

(Exits.)

THE END.