

Two Weeks
a monologue
by Kris Thompson

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Synopsis: A boy in a warzone finds out the guns and bombs are the least of his worries.

Direction: Constantly looking around, afraid he'll be attacked at any moment, as if in a warzone.

(runs on stage, acts as if he's hiding in a building and is talking to himself) Couple of walls here. Yea, I should be good. (notices and speaks to audience) So? So I'm hiding. No shame in that. Need a place to recover. I've been on the move since the beginning. Running. Always running. Wait. (pause, looks up as if hearing something) Shhhh...Crap. I can hear them. (pause) Do you hear that? (peeks as though through a crack in a wall) There's at least two of them...probably more. I need to get out without them seeing me. Or kill them. (pause) What? You think I'm a coward? I'm no coward, but I kind of suck at shooting. I mean, I've killed. I don't even remember anymore how many I've killed. And I know I'll kill again. I'll have to. (pause) I have no moral dilemma with it or anything like that. It's just the nature of this (gestures) world. Kill or be killed. I get it. But I am literally a terrible shot. I guess I'm getting better. Have to if I want to survive, but for now, I'm better at (perform boxing gesture) duck and weave than at left hook. (pause) Pretty funny, using a boxing analogy for...this. When I was a kid, my Dad said real men settled their differences in a ring, with gloves. He was semi-pro when he was young and later, a trainer. He died when I was seven. The world is a different place now. And this (gesturing around himself) this ever-narrowing world is full of guns and bombs and warfare my Dad never even dreamed of. But I have a feeling he would have been better at this than I am. (looks one way quickly as if hearing something) Wait...listen. (long pause) Maybe they left. Probably somebody killed them. Works for me. Less people hunting me down. I should go before-

(backing up against a wall to hide and looking up as though having been interrupted by something from above) What the hell?

(demeanor changing completely, focusing on one spot in the audience.)

Mom! Why'd you come in here? (pause) Well it's MY room! (pause) Well you should knock. (pause) Oh, you did? Well, I didn't hear...you know I'm playing my- (interrupted) God, Mom. (pause) I'll do it later. (pause) No I can't pause the game. (pause) Because it's online! (pause) No I can't ask everyone to just wait while I take out the trash. That's really stupid. (pause) Mom, there are like 93 players. (pause) No Mom! Look, I'll just do it later, ok? I promise. (pause) It has not been six hours. You're being dramatic. (pause) No...Mom, don't do it. Don't pull that plug. So help me I swear I'll-

LIGHTS DOWN

END