

The Knowing

a monologue
by Kris Thompson

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I don't want to get up. I don't want to answer the fucking phone. I just...I don't want to hear your voice. You talk and talk and talk and sometimes I really just want to wrap my fingers around your neck and make it stop. And worst of all, thinking about that, about doing that, somehow makes me feel...(pause) lighter. Better. I don't know. That sounds...(ashamed)I know how that sounds.

But I can't. I really can't anymore. The disappointment in every word you speak. And I know. I know you try to cover it up with happy, normal conversation. It's just that I'm not happy. I'm not normal. Not anymore. Maybe not ever again. I know what's coming next. I know. It's funny...I used to think it was hard not knowing. Tight terrain...not knowing where the fire was coming from. Hunkered down in a trench. Brutal heat. Filthy. Fatigued. Not knowing who was next to die. Not knowing who was next to kill. Not knowing who was screaming.

And here I lie on my fucking TempurPedic watching endless HGTV while my fit bit keeps reminding me that I'm (look at your watch) 250 thousand, 687 steps behind on this year's fitness goal. (long pause) A God damned fitness goal.

So now, I long for the not knowing. Because knowing makes me want to vomit. Knowing makes me want to punch someone. Knowing makes me want to choke someone. Knowing makes me want to... (deep breath). I don't want that someone to be you. So please. Just. Stop.

END