

# Where Were You?

A monologue  
by Kris Thompson

Kris Thompson  
1710 S. Main St.  
Georgetown, TX 78626  
281-253-3488  
kriskt@outlook.com

# Where Were You?

A monologue by Kris Thompson

Honestly, Collin, or should I call you Dad? Dad...that's a joke. You've wasted your time coming here. You don't have to worry about me. I'm doing just fine. In fact, this...this is the best my life has been in about ten years. It was bad enough when Mother was just depressed. But when she started drinking it got much, much worse. Her suicide wasn't her first attempt.

I've often wondered...If you had known, what you would have done? Would you have come to her rescue? To rescue me? I used to dream about it...(pause) you coming to save me. So many times.

Like when I turned eight and had my appendix out. Did you know I almost died? Would you have come then? And in seventh grade when Mother was too drunk to come and get me after the school nurse called to tell her I got my first period. Nurse Dutton had to drive me home. Humiliation galore.

Did you know I never once, not one single time, brought a friend home from school? Because...who knew just how drunk Mother would be? Oh yeah! How about when I missed prom because Mother was arrested for DWI and I had to spend the whole night borrowing money from everyone I knew so I could post her bail? (*sarcastically*) That's a pretty good one. Would you have come then? Where were you then?

Where were you when I scraped my knees, learned to ride a bike, won the spelling bee, fell in love, got my heart broken, and a million other things? (*shouting, crying*) WHERE WERE YOU? (pause) Shit. I can't handle this. I...I can't do this. Please...just go.

THE END