

THE TALK

a monologue
by Kris Thompson

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(to parents) OK, so what's up? (pause) Anybody going to tell me what's going on? (pause) Why so serious? (long pause) Yes, I know you wanted to have a talk. (pause) (apprehensive) Oh no...

(to God) Oh God. Not the sex talk. I'm 17 and they're having the sex talk with me now? Please, God, make them stop.

(to parents) Seriously? Tell me this isn't (makes air quotes) "the" talk. God how embarrassing. You guys know I'm 17, right? (pause) Wait...Mom? What's wrong? I told you I'm still a virgin. (pause) Well then what's wrong? You look like you're about to cry. (pause) Dad. What's going on? (worried) Wait. Oh no. This is just like when you told me about Aunt Janet.

(to God) Please, God, no. Not my Mom. Please don't take my Mom too.

(to parents) Yea, Dad, I know. Cancer runs in the family. (starting to get weepy) Mom, do you (choking up) do you have breast cancer too? (long pause) No? You don't? (relieved) Oh thank God.

(to God) Thank you, God. Thank you.

(to parents) Then what? What is it? Tell me! (long pause) My x-ray? (perplexed) What about it? Dr. Roads said it was just a bruised rib.

(to God) God, please let it just be a bruised rib. If I can't play soccer, I'll lose my scholarship. (pause) If I lose my scholarship I'll be stuck here, living at home, going to community college.

(to parents) They found what? (long pause) Well what does that mean? Wait... Mom? Why are you crying? (worried) Dad, why is Mom crying? Mom, please stop crying. I can't even understand what you're saying. Dad, tell me what that means. (long pause) (shocked) Oh. (pause) Can I still play soccer? (long pause) Well, what about my scholarship? (long pause) Oh. Ok. (pause) Yea. Yea, I get it.

(to God) Yea, God, I don't get it. I (pause) I don't get it at all. (pause) Are you there? God...are you listening? (start pacing) (starting to get angry) Why are you letting this happen? First you take Aunt Janet and now, what? You want me too? (angry) Well screw that! I'm only 17! I'm not even remotely ready. (now talking to herself and God) I haven't done anything yet! (ranting) I haven't gone anywhere. Haven't met anyone interesting. And sex! (more to herself) I could

have done it. I could have done it with Alex at prom last month. Yea. (pause) But I should have done it with Chris Gonzalez, sophomore year. (long pause then “snaps back) (to God) What the hell’s the point of waiting if you’re just going to throw cancer at me? (a bit manic) I’ve been so busy being good, making good grades, and playing soccer which I don’t even like any more by the way. I haven’t liked it for two years. The only reason I kept playing was to get that stupid scholarship. And now...for what? (long pause) For nothing. (slow it down) Oh, God. I really, really, wanted to go away to college. I haven’t even decided what to major in or what I want to do for a living, or who I want to be when I (choking up) grow up.

(to parents) Mom, please stop crying. We’ll do the surgery and the treatment or whatever, and it’ll be ok. Dad tell Mom it’s gonna be ok.

(to God) Is it God? Is it gonna be ok?

THE END