

# Wild Horses

a monologue from  
*The Man in the Locket*  
by Kris Thompson

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Well, well, well. The Sinclairs have done a fine job with you...Maggie, isn't it? A fine job indeed. Not quite a lady yet but you'll do. You know we're to be married then? *(Pause.)* Think? You think you have a say in the matter? I dare say, you are a rare one, aren't you? Myra says you've spirit. No matter. I do love a good challenge. Refuse, do you? First thinking. Then refusing. Ha! *(Beat.)* Have a seat my dear. *(Angry.)* Sit! *(Pause.)* Have you ever seen wild horses my dear? *(Takes off gloves, begins pacing, holding gloves in one hand and hitting them on the palm of his other hand while speaking in an effort to intimidate.)* Running to and fro, nostrils flaring, eyes wild, main and tail flying. And you must face them. *(Faces audience.)* You must look them directly in the eye, you see. *(Long pause.)* Establish dominance. *(Long pause.)* Ahhh...yes. And that's just the beginning, dear. There's no greater pleasure than breaking a wild horse. *(Pulls on his gloves.)* But there will be plenty of time to discuss such things, my dear, as we'll marry soon. It's a very exciting time for a bride-to-be, or so I've been told. You'll need your rest I'm sure. So, for tonight, I bid you adieu. *(Bows formally.)*

THE END