

# MONOLOGUE – EUGENE

## FROM *No HORSE TOWN*

by Lindsay Price

Use this monologue for your next IE!

<b>Play</b>	NO HORSE TOWN by Lindsay Price
<b>Stats</b>	Comedy - Simple set - 25 minutes
<b>Casting</b>	3M+7W
<b>Description</b>	Eugene lives in a town with no streets. When young men want to prove themselves, they go out to the edge of town to 'cross the street.' Eugene describes his own adventure with his cross.
<b>Get the Play</b>	<a href="http://www.theatrefolk.com">www.theatrefolk.com</a>

*EUGENE stands in a hero's pose as if the wind is blowing back his hair.*

It was a day not unlike this one and I stood here alone. I thought I had to do it alone. I thought I didn't need anybody; I could face anything. I thought I had no fear. But I was wrong. You don't know fear until you prepare... to cross the street. That cold stone in the pit of your stomach. That wash of sweat across your brow. The sound of oncoming traffic. The low rumbling of death on wheels. No mercy. No right of way. It's you and the asphalt and the asphalt always has the upper hand. But I didn't know that. Maybe I still don't.

So. Here I am. I take a deep breath. *(he does)* I step forward. *(he steps forward)* But the glare of the asphalt is blinding and I stumble back. *(he stumbles back and shields his face with his arm)* I should take it as a sign, but I don't. Recklessly I push forward. I boldly step out on to the pavement without even looking and WHAM! *(he whips his head to the right)* There goes a semi. Pedal to the metal. This close to losing my leg. Now I know the score. I know I better be careful, or else. This is no kids' game. We've all played at crossing the street in our backyards and laughed

*Continued Over...*



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The Fine Print

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when we got run over by Bobby pretending to be a fast car. But there is no pretend out here. It's the real deal, man.

I look left, right. (*he looks left and right*) I do it again. You have to do the double look. Traffic can sneak up on you in an instant and take your breath away. Take your life away. I look again and I move. Strong movements. Nothing tentative. Nothing weak. You can't show weakness out here on the asphalt. Traffic can smell fear. Smell blood. No second chances. No second glances. I make it halfway across when I hear the sound of an impatient horn. I can't freeze. I want to, but I can't. Many a good man has lost their life when they froze at the sound of the horn. I can't think about that. I have to keep moving. (*he grabs his leg and falls to the ground*) My left leg seizes up in a cramp, but I have to move through the pain. Move, move, move, move! I get across with seconds to spare; the whoosh of the car breezes by my back as I touch the grass on the other side.

It's cold on the other side of the street, my friends. It's dank and dark and cold. I wouldn't wish the other side on any man. I can't say much more than that. The other side is in my heart. In my soul. I'll never get the other side out. But my journey isn't over. I have to get back. I have to get home. Get warmth back in my bones. Many a good man has made it to the other side, but lost their way when trying to cross back. (*Intense and whispery.*) That's the secret. That's the danger. You think you've made it, when you've only achieved half the battle. You've only made it halfway.

Now I have a bum leg; totally seized up in a cramp. A cramp I've never been able to let go of, not to this very day. My speed is off. I have to rely on my wits. I'm terrified. The street looks quiet and still. But you can't rely on that. I do my double look. I take a breath and step out. My leg is completely dead. Can't think about that. Move forward. Move forward. Step, by step, by step. I make it to the yellow line, and I think I'm safe. Home free. And that's when I see it. There in the distance. A dump truck rumbling toward me. That truck isn't stopping for heaven or hell. That truck is out to get me and if I don't get off the asphalt I'm done for and I know it. I try to limp faster but it's no good. The leg just won't hold me up. (*he drops to his knees*) I drop to my knees and crawl. I dig into the asphalt: my fingers, hands, elbows all bleeding. I'm dragging myself and I can smell the diesel fuel getting closer and closer. With one last gasp of breath and one last heave I make it onto the side. My side. Safe. I'm safe. I'm home.

*EUGENE stands and goes back to his hero's pose.*

And every day I think, what a fool I was. What a fool I was to try and cross the street. It's a nightmare I will never forget. 🍷