

MONOLOGUE – ONE

FROM *CHICKEN. ROAD.*

by Lindsay Price

Use this monologue for
your next IE!

Play	CHICKEN. ROAD. by Lindsay Price
Stats	Drama - Simple set - 30 minutes
Casting	1M+1W+13 Either
Description	A girl has no answers for why her best friend killed himself.
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I knew him. I knew him. Hooray for me. I knew him. Knew him a long, long time. Knew him when we had birthday parties with cake and Pin the Tail on the Donkey. I used to cheat at Pin the Tail on the Donkey. At my parties. It was my party, I should win. He didn't speak to me for a month when I told him, like years later. Years. "You should have told me sooner!" I was five. "I can't believe you did that." It was my party. I should win Pin the Tail on the Donkey. "That is totally wrong, that is immoral!" I was five. He always had very defined lines. Lines you shouldn't cross. Don't cheat at Pin the Tail on the Donkey. Help old ladies across the street. Smile. Hug. Be nice. *(beat)*

I knew him. Yep. And everybody knows it. Everyone keeps looking at me, staring at me, like I have the answers. You knew him, you knew him, you knew him, you knew, you knew, you knew, you knew, you, you, you, you... I walk from class to class, except I'm not right now... I'm not good with being the centre of attention. I would walk from class to class, my eyes glued to the floor. Me. Eyes. Floor. Not that it helped. I could feel the stares all the way down the hall. The waves of questions, voices, following me down the hall like wasps, those wasps who never leave you alone when you're trying to eat outside. You can bob and weave all you like but... I don't want to be the centre of attention over this. Everyone looks to me to make sense of

Continued Over...



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The Fine Print

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what happened. Because I knew him. Like I should have known. Like he told me his plans. Like I should have done something. What was I supposed to do? I'm not the only one who knew him. Everyone knew him, everyone thought they knew him, everyone thought he was exactly what they saw because he had lines. Don't cheat at Pin the Tail on the Donkey. Help old ladies across the street. Smile. Hug. Be nice. HE crossed the line, I had nothing to do with it! (*pause*) His mother drives by my house. Four times now. Really slow. She wants to throw her swarm of questions at me and watch me die from the stings. Why didn't you do something? Why didn't you stop him? Why didn't you know? Why weren't you looking? Did you get a note? Where's the note? Give me my note! You're the one who mopes around all the time. You're the one who wears black and listens to bad music. It should have been you. Why wasn't it you? I want to tell her the Pin the Tail on the Donkey story, but I'm pretty sure she wouldn't see the humour. 🐘