

# MONOLOGUE – TEN

## FROM *CHICKEN. ROAD.*

by Lindsay Price

Use this monologue for your next IE!

<b>Play</b>	CHICKEN. ROAD. by Lindsay Price
<b>Stats</b>	Drama - Simple set - 30 minutes
<b>Casting</b>	1M+1W+13 Either
<b>Description</b>	A boy shares why he would never kill himself.
<b>Get the Play</b>	<a href="http://www.theatrefolk.com">www.theatrefolk.com</a>

I am a chicken. Full on. Winner winner chicken dinner. Yellow as they come. Always have been. Go ahead, laugh, you think I care? (*calling out*) “What are you, a chicken?” The grand supreme insult for the second grade: Chicken! Big fat chicken! Bwak, bwak, bwak! I don’t care. I didn’t care. Not even in the second grade. I listened to my mother. “You get in trouble, run. You run the other way as fast as you can, baby, understand? You run. They can’t catch you, they can’t hurt you.” Mom was a self-taught expert in the top 100 ways to avoid the hurt. “Don’t be stupid. What do you want to fight for? Why would you stand there for? You want to get blood on your clothes?” Hurt was a thing you could see. Hurt was a thing that bruised and bled. “They can call you every name in the book but you’ll be fine, you’ll be all right. You’ll survive.” It never occurred to her, or me, to think about the hurt in any other way. Inside hurt. Hurt without bruises. How do you run away from yourself? You can’t run away from the hole that grows inside. The big black hole that eats your light. I didn’t know him, but I know him. I understand him. I understand what it’s like to have something inside that grows and grows until there’s nothing left to do but go out to the highway and throw yourself in front of a semi. I get it. Sometimes I want it. I want to be released from the black hole so bad... but I was raised a chicken. 🐔



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The Fine Print

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