

Monologue from *Small Box with a Revolver*
by Dustin Hageland

Sam: Pretentious. Logically intelligent

Characters are intentionally written without specifying their race or gender..

SAM

I was flying. No, hovering, above the clouds. But I could see. See through them, as if my eyesight were stronger than the vapor, piercing, powerful. And I could see all of the creatures below. Birds, of course, deer, dogs, cats, but also humans. I watched all of them, as I just kept going higher and higher. And that felt good, but also terrifying. Like... like I was high enough to be thrilled, but I also knew what happened when I fell. I felt powerful, but fragile in my power. I thought, perhaps, if I flew higher than I, and everything and everyone, would be safer, so I went straight up. Straight towards the stars, the moon, other planets, but every inch I got away the more intense the feeling of powerful insecurity took over. Eventually I got so high, that I felt a tug back to Earth, and I started to fall. Now usually, falling in a dream means you wake up, but I did not. Perhaps I was entranced by the dream, I didn't want to leave. So I fell. And I just kept falling, and falling and falling, I was terribly high up. I knew that as soon as I hit the earth that it would be an absolute disaster for myself and everyone around me. Eventually impact came. I felt safe again, but my power was gone, and, believe it or not, looking around, everything was still intact. Everyone was still fine. It was as if they didn't rely on me in the first place. In fact, I wondered if I had had it backwards. And then, in that moment of clarity, I woke up.

Beat.

SAM

Who the hell are you?

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