

THE MAGAZINES

(a monologue)

by

Matthew Weaver

10024 N. Colfax Road, Apt. 22
Spokane, WA 99218
509-760-8890
WeaverRMatthew@gmail.com

Cast of Characters

LOTTE

Female, 20s to 30s

Synopsis

A mother watches her young son pursue his interests at the library.

Lights up on LOTTE, female, 20s to 30s.

She watches her young son, unseen, pore through magazines.

LOTTE

It's a quiet Saturday. We are at the library.

You are three years old. Your own person. You're almost potty-trained, but you have your slips. It's understandable. You're three.

You still run to me and nuzzle me sometimes. We snuggle.

You know what you want.

And right now I'm watching you pore over the gun magazines here in this little out-there corner of the library. Near the computers, but out of the main flow, out of the main hub of traffic.

You pour over the magazines and it's clear. Guns are an interest for you. Like, the interest. A passion. You're three.

For anyone who sees us, it would be hard to read the scene and not want to fill in the gaps. Imagine our home life.

Your daddy - he probably loves guns, too. We probably live in the country, and your daddy probably owns several. Quite a few. He likes hunting and shooting, and you want to be just like your daddy.

Am I patient as you look over the pictures and rattle off gun details like baseball statistics or football plays? Am I hoping you'll grow out of it as you get older and go to school?

Do I call this your gun phase?

Have we taught you proper respect and procedures? Do we keep our guns safely locked away, out of your reach?

Or am I as all in as you and your daddy? Worried any minute that the liberals will come and take our guns, so we go out and buy more?

It's hard to tell. Only I know for sure.

For anyone else, all they know is ... it's Saturday. We are at the library.

Just a mom and her three-year-old son.

Poring through the gun magazines.

End of Play