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2 minute monologue. An excerpt from the play "Guardrails" by Stephanie Hunt

SARAH: Late 20's to early 30's. A beautiful, well dressed woman.

KEN - 50's. A gawky, novice jogger.

SETTING - A bridge at dawn which is empty except for Sarah, who's standing on the wrong side of the guardrail staring down into the dark water below. It's obvious she's been up all night. Ken jogs by and comes upon the despondent Sarah, inserting himself into the situation. This monologue comes at the halfway point in the play, after Ken has been trying, unsuccessfully, to use his "salesman techniques" on Sarah to talk her off the ledge. This is Sarah's angry response to his clumsy "do gooder" attempt to persuade her to step away from the edge and back over onto the right side of the bridge's guardrail.

SARAH

It's lonely for you as a salesman sometimes, isn't it Ken? Putting on the charm, massaging peoples' egos, winning them over to close the sale. It's just... exhausting. Depleting. Sometimes you don't want to say another fucking word to anyone. You've given everyone what they're hungry for but what about you, Ken? You're starving. So much time spent behind the mask, you don't even know who you are anymore beyond some bullshit you tell yourself about what a great life you're living. Working your ass off for what? A few dollars in the bank, the occasional pat on the back, a dusty plaque on the wall? But you know there's more out there, something deeper. You read an article about the "Zen of Running"

and it inspires you. Speaks to you. So you strap on your sneakers and you run — in the cold, quiet pre-dawn hours thinking that in this solitude the answers will surely come. And you run, and you run, and you run, but with every thought, every mile, every ragged breath you take you start to panic that the reason you haven't been hit with the long promised epiphany — that bolt out of the blue you've been searching for — is because it isn't real. And I'm here to tell you Ken, it's not. And not because you just haven't found it yet, it's not there because it doesn't exist. Do you get that? It doesn't matter how many miles you log! It's not there because it's all bullshit. No one cares about anything but themselves. It's everyone's favorite topic. But they don't give a shit about you. They don't care about what YOU need or what YOU feel. It's a zero-sum game, Kenny. And when you realize that you'll put away your pansy ass ideas about how meaningful it all is and you will step over this Guardrail and join me. You will stare down into that watery abyss with me — not for answers, but for the relief of no longer having to ask.

End of Monologue