

# **DUCK BLIND**

A Dramatic Monologue

by  
Shirley Barrie



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**AT RISE:** *JENNY is shivering, looking around, disoriented.*

*(Puts hand over face and makes a quacking noise for the duck quack.)*

JENNY

Ahhh! *(SHE almost falls off the edge)* Geeeeeze! You...you almost had me in the water. Guess I shouldn't be surprised to see a duck out here. This is your home, not mine.

*(makes another DUCK quacking sound.)*

Don't worry. I don't have a gun. Just a stupid crazy family. I mean, I'm hanging off the front end of the boat, right, trying to see the Channel through this blinking fog when wham – dad drives into this duck blind and I'm out of the boat. I thought I was a goner. I had this split second, you know, when I was actually grateful Mom made me wear this stupid life jacket. But then I hear her screaming, "You've lost my baby! Why aren't you backing up, you monster!" He wasn't backing up because he thinks I'm in the water and he doesn't want to catch me in the motor. But that's a bit too complicated for her tiny brain. Not that he's much better. "You all right, Kiddo?" he calls. Kiddo – like I'm still eight years old like stupid Lucy who just blubbers. So I didn't answer. Well, I couldn't actually. I kind of got the wind knocked out of me when I landed. Anyway, I just figure they can search for me a while longer.

*(The DUCK quacks disapprovingly.)*

Well, do you think I wanted to come on this stupid moonlight cruise? If they'd let me go over to Doug's house tonight, they wouldn't be riding around in the fog looking for me. I can still hear Dad. "Oh, no. It's a school night, Jenny. You know we don't allow that sort of thing." Like what do they think? That we're having some kind of kinky sex and it's only okay on the weekend? I doubt it. They probably couldn't imagine kinky. Anyway, two hours later, Dad's bounding around the house, getting Lucy out of bed. "Great night for a family moonlight cruise. Could be the last one of the year. All hands on deck." Yeah, sure. When it's something he wants to do, it doesn't matter what frigging day of the week it is.

I told him I didn't wanta come. I hate it when they ask why in that tone of voice. Like it doesn't matter what you say, presuming you even wanted to say – they're not gonna buy it. I mean – I'm gonna need a washroom. Dad's so proud of this dumb new boat 'cause it's got a cabin, but there's still no toilet. He says, "There's one at the marina." Sure, a disgusting smell hole that they lock at 11.

*(DUCK quacks.)*

*(looks at imaginary duck)* What do you know about it? You lay eggs. I'm going to be a flooding mess by the time I get home.

*(SHE feels her bottom, mimes struggling out of the life jacket, sits on it.)*

If I get home...

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