

I MIGHT BE DANGEROUS

By Alan Haehnel

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I MIGHT BE DANGEROUS

A Ten Minute Comedic Monologue

By Alan Haehnel

SYNOPSIS: Chris recognizes that her excuse for cutting off her friend's hair is completely lame: She was bored. What if boredom hits her again? And what if it coincides with some opportunity much more dire than a sleeping friend and a pair of scissors?! Her frantic energy comes from the suspicion that, given the right circumstances, she could be one extremely dangerous individual.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 either; gender flexible)

CHRIS (m/f)..... Bored student.

PRODUCTION NOTES

Chris can be played as either male or female. The most important quality this performance should have is tension. Chris must be deeply invested in justifying her actions not because she wants vindication but because she needs to explain—to herself as much as to her audience—why she feels such a deep and serious fear for her future. While the monologue is comic, the actor's commitment to self-examination must be total.

CHRIS: Do you know why I did it? Do you? Listen, it's because... because back then, a week ago, four days ago, whenever, when it happened, when I did it, back then, people were doing things. Things! I mean, while I was sitting in English class, in the semi-darkness with Hayley Atwood beside me, fast asleep, with her hair falling all over her head and onto the table, people around the world were doing things! I mean, somebody...somebody was standing on the edge of a cliff, looking down at the water 60 feet below them and it was this tiny blue pool and they were inching their way toward the edge of that cliff. They had on a bathing suit. It was hot, like 95 degrees, and tropical-feeling and just perfect for falling through the air for 60 feet and landing in a gorgeous, cool pool of water. And they were standing on the edge of that cliff, half wanting to jump off, half wanting to climb back down, and their stomach wasn't just full of butterflies, it was full of, like, bats! Flamingos! Storks with pointy beaks poking into the lining of their belly. I mean, this person was in a sort of nervous agony, wonderful nervous ecstasy, inching their way bit by bit toward the edge of that cliff, toward that plunge through the air and into the water! Do you know what I mean?

And somebody else....somebody else was about to be kissed for the first time. Can you imagine that? Yeah, this person and this other person had been going out for, like, weeks, and they had never kissed and this person was wondering if this other person was even actually interested in kissing but they always had a good time together, going out to movies, talking, watching t.v., sending lots of nice texts back and forth, sometimes just even sitting quietly together, right? Not really doing anything but just feeling good that the other person was there. So they had been like that, really into each other but never showing it physically besides holding hands for a few seconds now and then or kind of pushing each other in a kidding way, on the shoulders, sometimes a knee would rub up against a knee, and this person was wondering if the first kiss was ever going to happen and then, just at the same time I was sitting in English class with that awful video playing and Mr. Scott watching over us like a vulture and Hayley Atwood beside me, asleep, the two of them, somewhere, had just had a nice picnic beside a stream and they were all alone and the one just finished reading a poem to the other, a poem that he wrote just for her, and she couldn't believe it because nobody had ever done anything that romantic and even though the poem wasn't that good it was great for her because he wrote it for her and when he put the poem down on top of the picnic basket, he leaned toward her and she leaned toward him and there was this, like, electric current flowing between the two of them and she knew, this person, somewhere, that it was about to happen! She was about to be kissed, on the lips, by someone she really, really liked, maybe even loved, for the first time!

Do you even understand what I'm saying? Why I did it? Because that's what I mean! People were doing things! I was there with Hayley, with the video, in school, in an awful brick building with a paint scheme consisting of exactly two bland colors, in English class, with Mr. Scott who wasn't speaking at the time but when he did speak his voice consisted of exactly two bland colors, too.

Somebody was...running through the woods, trying to escape her abusive uncle. He hated her because she was the offspring of her mother, his sister-in-law, who he truly wanted to marry. He was insanely jealous of his brother. His brother had stolen this woman from him, the love of his life! His brother had stolen the only woman he ever wanted to be with, had married her, had had a child with her, and this is why the uncle hated this little girl running through the woods—because she wasn't *his* daughter! She represented everything he had hoped for in his life, and when he drank, which was way too often, he sank into this awful place where all he did was stew about how horribly his brother had treated him, how cosmically unfair it was that the woman he was supposed to be with and marry was actually married to his brother! And then the girl walked into the room where he was sitting there, drunk and furious—his niece walked into the room looking so much like the woman he loved that he lost it! He went crazy, screaming at his niece, and then he picked up a knife off the table and dove at her, trying to kill this innocent girl who represented everything he couldn't have, everything he needed to have! She ran out the door and into the woods, her uncle right behind her, screaming obscenities and waving that knife like a fiend, like a demon, like a madman, like a drunken cyclone bent on his niece's destruction!

What do you mean I don't know that? Know what? That while I was sitting in English class watching some bald college professor on YouTube lecturing about the true authorship of Shakespeare's plays, somebody was on a cliff, somebody was about to be kissed, somebody was running for her life? You think I don't know that those things were going on? I know that those things were going on. I know that people were doing those things, and not just those things. While I was suffering in that English class with the scissors beside me on the desk and Hayley with her hair spread out all over the place while she was napping, those things were happening in the world, and many more. Someone was hang-gliding. Someone was dying. Someone was being born, someone was giving birth, someone was falling in love, someone was falling out of love, someone was working on the next scientific discovery that would forever change the way we live our lives. Sex was happening! Joy was happening! Grief, anger, glee, madness, sudden realizations, sudden let-downs, unbelievable footage of unbelievably cute kittens was being taken! How do I know this? How do I know that a very close volleyball game was down to the final serve, pass, set, spike, block, dig, set, spike and oh! Just out of bounds and the other team wins! How do I know?

Because I know about the concept of a billion. It's almost beyond comprehension, how large that number is. I've googled this. I know about a billion. Nine zeros after the one. A stack of a billion pennies would be 870 miles high. A person earning 45 thousand dollars a year would take 22 thousand years to make a billion dollars. A billion is a *huge* number. If I started counting now, I wouldn't get to a billion until I was over a hundred years old. Listen up: We have seven billion people alive on Earth today. Se-ven bil-lion! How many variations of human activity can take place at any given moment if you're talking about seven billion of these living, breathing, decision-making bipeds inhabiting this ball of mud and water we call home, huh? Seven billion people with an endless number of choices? And you think I can't possibly know that someone, when I was in my English class, that some one of these seven billion co-inhabitants of this planet was standing on a cliff or about to be kissed or running through a forest? Come on. Do the odds. I'm not claiming that someone was seeing the face of God or visiting with extra-terrestrials or even attempting to cross the Grand Canyon on a unicycle at that moment. I'm claiming that these fairly exciting but also fairly ordinary things were going on, and because I know about billions, I know I'm right. And you know I'm right, right?

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