

RUN AWAY

By Krystle Henninger

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A Ten Minute Dramatic Monologue

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SYNOPSIS: Having a dog can be a wonderful thing, but what happens if one day, the dog decided to run? Ever wondered what goes through their minds as they wander down the streets alone? A glimpse into the day when the family dog runs away.

CAST

(1 Either)

DEDICATION

For Puppy

I hate the rain, especially going outside during thunderstorms. I used to be terrified of thunder, but I've gotten used to it. I'm almost 14 now I think, so I should be used to them. Every now and then, I still freak out a little. I'm not as bad as other dogs, though. I just tremble, sometimes whimper, and pant a lot. One night, I was staying at a relative's house. I don't know why I was there. Mom, dad, and the boy, who they call Derek, had packed a couple things, but not a lot, so I guessed that they were going on a trip or something. The girl, who they call Morgan, hadn't been home in a while, she would leave for months at a time. Maybe they were going to get her. They did this to me a couple months ago too, but that time I stayed with grandma in her house next door.

Derek dropped me off with my food dish and my leash. I knew then that I wasn't going home right away. The first couple days were okay. There was a lot of speaking in that high-pitched baby voice from the man. I don't understand why humans think we like that. But I did get to play with the cat. I like cats. They don't always like me, but I like to chase them around the house. I don't like other dogs. Never have, really. Anyway, this cat didn't hiss at me when I tried to chase it around and it let me eat its food. I love cat food! We used to have a cat and I snuck some cat food every now and then when the cat would stay outside longer than expected.

After 3 days, I was getting worried. Where was my family? Why hadn't they come back for me yet? Surely they weren't going to leave me here forever. At some point in the night, the phone rang and I could hear grandma's voice on the other line. I was pretending to be asleep on the couch, but any tiny movement in the house made me stir.

A few hours later it started raining. I don't know why it bothered me so much, but around the same time, my tiny bladder decided that I needed to go outside, so I stood next to the door and scratched at it. He wasn't coming, so I started whimpering. I really needed to get out of the house. The sound of the rain on the roof was deafening. I couldn't hear myself think.

Eventually, the man came out of his room and reached for my leash. He tried to hook it on my blue collar, but it didn't quite latch on properly. He opened the door and I took the opportunity to run. I just wanted to feel free for a few moments. I ran around the yard and I heard his voice calling for me. Not yet. I didn't want to go back in. I ran to the farthest corner of the big yard under a giant bush and waited until I couldn't hear anything. I made my way out from under the bush, but I didn't recognize where I was. My night vision isn't so great anymore. I tried to find my way back through the yard, but I came to a lamppost instead. I was definitely lost.

This time, I listened for the man's voice, but I couldn't hear anything. I continued moving down a gravel road until I found pavement. There were more lights, but that didn't help me very much. The rain slowed down a little bit, but I was soaking wet, lost, and alone. I thought that if I kept moving, maybe I would be able to find my way back to the house. I continued walking down the road, constantly looking for anything familiar. Every now and then, I would let out a few yelps, hoping that someone would hear me and take me inside.

I saw cars driving by, and I wondered if any of them were people looking for me. I walked down a few more blocks, but everything was new. The houses loomed over me as if they were going to swallow me alive. The sky started to lighten and I was able to see better. I still couldn't tell where I was, but I wasn't as scared about possibly being hit by a car that couldn't see me in the dark.

My legs were extremely sore and the pads of my feet were starting to wear out. I've never been the kind of dog to want to go on long walks. One time, Morgan tried to get me to walk on a normal basis. The first time, she took me around through the neighborhood and I didn't think too much of that. The next time, we went about 200 feet and I sat down next to the road. She tried to get me to keep going, but I wouldn't budge. She had to pick me up and carry me home. I would give almost anything to have her here now, urging me to go just a little farther. I could do it, for her.

I found myself near a playground. There were wooden towers and plastic caverns. The gravel felt weird between my paws, but the rain had started again so I took shelter in one of the plastic caverns. I trembled as thunder clapped in the distance. I closed my eyes, knowing I would need to get up and start moving again soon, but a short nap wouldn't hurt.

I sniffed the air, not wanting to open my eyes, but the pungent odor of another animal was too strong to ignore. I slowly lifted my eyelids to find a cat staring right at me. I retracted my head in surprise. It didn't move. I sniffed at it and it sneezed, which startled me so much that I jumped up and ran out of the playground. I started running up the hill until I was reminded how much my feet hurt. I slowed down to a limp, trying to keep myself from stopping. I had to be going in the right direction this time. I was starting to see some of the same houses I had seen before, so maybe that was a sign.

I saw another cat and decided to follow it for a little while. There seemed to be a lot of cats wandering around this town. It scurried into the bushes off to the side of the road. I sniffed the grass, taking in all the new scents. As soon as I got close, it jetted to another yard. I got up to the tree trunk and discovered that there was some sort of fence between the tree and the yard that the cat went to. My thoughts were, "Well, if the cat can do it, so can I." Words I would soon regret. I sniffed the fence. It smelled of rust and metal. There were small holes through most of it, but one bigger hole near the bottom. That must have been where the cat went through. I tried to squeeze through the hole. I was able to get about halfway through, but my foot got caught in one of the smaller spaces. I tried to pull back, but my leg scraped against the metal. I felt a sharp pain in my leg, making me cry out. I couldn't turn my head to see what I had done. What was I going to do now? I was tired, alone, scared, and all I wanted was to be back home. I missed my family. I missed Morgan.

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