

From VINO VERITAS

Dramatic

PHIL (30s-40s)

Well, it's not like this makes the nature specials, but you know what a lot of animals are really big on? Killing each other's kids. I'm not talking about different species either. I'm talking about the males going around and killing the babies of other males. It's all about a competition for resources. Monkeys do it, so do fish, whales, insects, cats, dogs, rodents, you name it. If one chimpanzee can bump off another chimp's kid, he'll do it in a heartbeat. I mean, there's only so many antelope out there for the lions, right? Well, for us, there's only so many college scholarships and decent jobs. And these days, let's face it, there are plenty of men who have kids and hit the road. They're not around to protect their offspring, so I say they're taking a big chance. What, you think I'm exaggerating? That I would never seriously contemplate harming a child? Well, let me tell you something. You know that little asshole at the end of the block? Kenny McVee? He's got no Dad, his Mom's at work all the time, so he's basically raising himself. And last year, when Brandon was getting off the school bus at the corner, Kenny took to throwing rocks at him. And Brandon tells me about this, so I go down the next day to see what's happening and sure enough, I see Kenny whipping a rock the size of my fist at Brandon. It hits Brandon on the arm and really staggers the little guy. So I run down there yelling at Kenny and he runs up his driveway onto his porch, opens the storm door, then hides behind the glass giving me the finger. I've got a thirteen-year-old kid who just clocked my son with a rock giving me the finger. And I know what you're thinking. You're thinking I should have called his mother. But I didn't call his mother. I picked up the rock. And Kenny sees this, and he thinks that's hilarious. He thinks he's safe behind the storm door. So now, now he's laughing his ass off and flipping me two fingers. So I wound up and threw that rock as hard as I could. Right through the door, glass shattering all over the porch, all over Kenny, glass everywhere. Then I walked up the driveway and Kenny's just crouched on his porch, shaking like a leaf. And I bent down, and I told him that if he ever bothered my son again, I would break his little fucking neck.

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