

# NORMALCY

## A TEN MINUTE MONOLOGUE

By Bobby Keniston

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**SYNOPSIS:** How do you recover from an unfathomable tragedy? Shana has been sent to a psychiatrist by her father in order to "get back to some sense of normalcy", after her mother's violent murder. Though she wishes she could remain silent, her bottled up emotions come pouring out as she battles with her feelings of anger, grief, and an honest bewilderment. How can she possibly feel normal in any way when she loves her mother's murderer? This thought-provoking dramatic monologue is perfect for a challenging forensic competition piece.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 Female)

**SHANA GRANT** (f) ..... In her teens, 16 or 17. She is struggling with a tragedy that has occurred in her family. She is depressed, angry, and confused. There is a good chance she doesn't want to be talking about all of this, but once she gets going, she can't stop.

**DURATION:** 10 minutes

**SETTING:** I believe this monologue should be performed as though SHANA were talking to a psychiatrist, as there are hints within the monologue that suggest it. This does not mean she has to be laying on a couch or anything, but there should be the impression she is in the office of a psychiatrist.

**COSTUME SUGGESTION:** Shana should be dressed as an average teenage girl, nothing flashy.

## DEDICATION

*This monologue is for Tracy Sue, for all of the belief when I needed it.*

I know you want me to talk, so, fine, I'll talk. But I don't want to hear anything you have to say, because it won't help. It won't. Whatever good intentions you have to figure me out and shrink my head into little bitty compartments, and I'm sure you have plenty of good intentions, you guys always do, even if you do charge a hundred dollars an hour or something, I'm telling you, it is not going to work. And I don't feel like apologizing. Okay?

My dad sent me here because he said "We have to find a way to get back to some sense of normalcy." Whatever that means. To tell you the truth, our family was never even close to normal to begin with. It's not like I can look back before the "incident" or "tragedy," depending on who you are and how you want to say it, and really remember any time growing up that felt like it was normal. And it wasn't all Jasper's fault, either. He's not the only reason our family was all "abnormal", no matter what anybody else wants to say. Even if he is responsible for the "incident" or the "tragedy" or whatever you want to call it.

Personally, I hate both of those words. "Incident" is how some of the neighbors refer to it. They don't know what to say. It's not their fault. They've known the Grant family for years, have even known about all of Jasper's troubles. They don't know how to respond to it any better than I do, and they don't know what to call it. So they say "the incident."

Of course, the police just call it "the murder". You know what? I couldn't even say that word two weeks ago without throwing up. But I can say it now. "Murder." That's what the police call it, but that's not exactly right, though, not really.

"Tragedy" is what the papers and the news shows say. "What a tragedy, such a tragedy, could this tragedy have been avoided, learning from the Grant tragedy, so sad, so sad, so sad," they say, these newscasters with every hair in place, carefully studied serious expressions on their faces, while inside their hearts are racing. They love tragedies! Tragedies mean ratings! If they really cared about human beings, would they stick a microphone and camera in my face and ask me how it feels to know that my older brother killed my mom? If they had any shred of humanity inside their tanned plastic shells, would they ask a question like that?

*(Laughs a little.)* How do you answer a question like that? "Well, Tim, it's not the best feeling in the world, know what I mean?" or "It certainly has been a struggle, Tim, considering that, well, my MOTHER IS DEAD."

*(Slight beat.)* And I'm the one who has to return to normalcy. What about these sick vultures, huh? How is what they do "normal" in any way? They feed on the misery and fears of others. And all of these people watching the story of the Grant tragedy, do you know what they're really thinking, deep down? Past the comments they say to each other like "Those poor people," and "Our prayers are with you," underneath all those platitudes is the simple thought of "Better them than us." They thank God that this hasn't happened to them. There's no such thing as true "empathy" in a situation like this. Who can relate?

I sometimes think my parents were the best human beings on the planet. I mean, we would argue, I would get upset, they'd occasionally yell at me, but that was all just part of growing up, you know? But they never, and I mean NEVER treated me like I was their "normal" child, and they never treated Jasper like he was the "different" one. Ever. Jasper was just my older brother growing up, that's all he's ever been, my older brother. And I am his little sister. When things started changing, my parents did speak to me about making sure I told them if my brother's behavior became "unusual" or "aggressive" and they would assure me that it was something that was inside of him, but that he was still my brother, and he still loved me very much. I never even noticed anything was wrong until I was twelve, when...

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