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## **Remove the Rock, Please**

A dark comedy monologue

By Tara Meddaugh

Cast: Female, 20s+

Running time: Approximately 2 ½ minutes

Genre: Dark Comedy/Thriller

*Description: Ashley has a large amount of blood on her dress and speaks to her friend, Stella. She is frustrated that the town mayor has ignored her repeated requests to remove a large (and, in her opinion, dangerous) rock from a local street. The blood was not caused by a rock-related injury, but in a way, the blood is related to the mayor's lack of response to her rock-removal request. The mayor should have just listened to her in the first place and they would not be having this conversation right now, and there wouldn't be blood on her dress either...*

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ASHLEY

It's exactly what you think, Stella. The blood. I'd love to say I was jogging down Fremont and fell on that God-awful rock by the bench that I keep asking the town to remove and that's why I'm bloodied on my new Banana Republic dress. You know just as well as I do that the mayor plays his favorites with our requests. You had no problem getting him to make that bar turn down its Thursday night music. Even though I'd prefer to hear it across town. Free date-night in for me and Ricky. We used to order Thai food. Well, you ruined that for me now, didn't you?

(pause)

But me—you know. I ask the mayor for one little rock—or, gigantic rock, to be more accurate—I ask for it to be removed, so that the good citizens of our upstanding town should not cut themselves on its jagged edges—and what response do I get back from the mayor?

(pause)

Crickets. It's always crickets for Ashley Mahoney, whatever I request. You know they still do trash pickup at 6am on my block. Why do *you* get to sleep in until 7, a mile away, when I'm listening to the beeping of that garbage truck back up on our dead street before the sun even comes up? I've written ten letters but...crickets. Okay, that's just my sleep. But this rock. This is a real hazard and if it had bloodied me, maybe they'd take me seriously. Well, it's a moot point anyway, because I didn't get all this blood on me from the rock. Although, it's kind of related.

(pause)

It's actually entirely related.

(pause)

If the mayor had listened when I kindly asked him to remove the rock, please, then you wouldn't be looking at me like that, with your mouth open, and we wouldn't even be having this conversation. You're the one who told me, you just told me yesterday, so you're not innocent either, Stella—you told me that the Little Person on Calvert almost broke a rib on that rock. You can't even put a cast on a broken rib. You just have to wait for it to heal. And I've never been the sort of person to stand by and let atrocities happen. What if next time, he really breaks a rib and it punctures his lung? You can die from a puncture lung, Stella.

(pause)

A message needs to be sent when the authorities don't listen. I've sent messages.

(pause)

And if the authority doesn't listen, then it's time for a new authority.

(pause)

I know you were watching when I stabbed the mayor. But you won't say anything. You wouldn't want the Little Person on Calvert to die from a punctured lung. I know you wouldn't. The mayor should have removed the rock.

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**[www.tameddaugh.com](http://www.tameddaugh.com)**