

Monologue Mania!

Whispers

By Kendra Thomas

Female / Teens / Present day

About the play: Alone in a small wood, Kate grieves the death of her dad—an Iraq war casualty—while lamenting a looming move to Texas with her newly widowed mother. A special place Kate once shared with her father, the familiar forest is now filled with the whispered memories of other “military brats” like her who have also lost parents in combat. It’s in this peaceful place among the trees that her best friend, Jamie, finds her. Jamie tries in earnest to support Kate, though she can’t fully fathom the pain of losing a parent in the prime of life. But Kate knows, and the Whispers do, too. And it’s only by sharing their stories that they can be sure to never forget.

About the scene: Kate stands in the middle of a grove of pecan trees, a special place where her and her father used to go together, and where Kate now goes to reflect. The Whispers—memories Kate has of other children who have also lost parents in combat—have told her their stories. Now, Kate decides that she has to let go of her story that she’s been keeping inside for so long... the story of how her father died. (*Note: [...] indicates where another character interrupts the monologue to speak. The monologue should continue as if the character has heard the other person or people respond and react.*)

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KATE:

I’ve listened to all of your stories. I think there’s a piece, a whisper of me in each one—a fragment of the way I feel. Jenny, I’ll never forget the day my dad died, and I’m also afraid to forget the happy moments. Jason, there’s not a day that goes by that I don’t wonder, “What if?” Dane, it’s those happy, funny moments I’ll miss most, like catching fireflies by the lake together and my dad’s arms wrapped around me in a bear hug so tight that I felt I was the safest kid in the world. Marie, I’d give anything to feel normal again. And Hayden, I like your drawing. I think your mom

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will like it, too. My mom and I made a teddy bear from one of my dad's old t-shirts, and I sleep with it every night. Maybe I can help you make one? Kelly, thank you for reading your letter. I don't know if I'm ready yet, but I'll try to write to my dad, too. There are some things I need to say, some things I need to tell him before I forget. *(Pause.)* And my story? Well, we're moving. We're moving tomorrow, and it's all my dad's fault. I didn't tell anyone. Not even my best friend. I don't want her to lose me like I lost my dad. And sometimes I think it's easier to not talk about it, not talk about anything that hurts us.

[...]

But now I have to talk. I have to tell someone. I can't let people forget. And if we all remember, then I can heal. Then my dad died for something real—a memory. A memory of the cost of war. A memory of the price we pay for freedom. *(Pause.)* My name is Kate Iverson. My dad died in Iraq while on patrol in a civilian neighborhood. He was shot four times—once through the heart. He was 35 years old. *(Kate looks at a photograph of her father.)* Dad, Mom and I are moving away. We're going to Texas to be near Grandma and Grandpa, but I promise that no matter where I go, I won't forget you. And I promise to share your memory no matter how much it hurts. I won't let us forget. None of us will ever forget. *(Kisses the photograph as Whispers come forward and embrace her.)* I love you, Daddy. I miss you.