

Patches

A monologue by Nora Louise Syran (when she was sixteen)

Prompt: Write a monologue using five props an actor is to bring in.

A tall, young man with a week's worth of beard, green sweater, faded blue jeans and brown leather boots enters, sits down and digs into a knapsack. He slowly pulls out four objects: a pair of patched blue jeans, a book, a photograph and a harmonica. He puts everything on the floor before him and waits to speak.

You asked me to show you five things...five things that tell you about me.

Well, I only have four.

The jeans. These are my oldest pair. From my sophomore year in high school. They're too old to wear now, but I can't throw them away.

This. This is my favorite book. *Jonathan Livingstone Seagull*. Do you know it? Uh, well, it's about a seagull who's different. Flies around, searches. I've read it over and over. You've probably read it so... (puts the book down, embarrassed)

This is a picture of Colorado. Where I was this summer. Look at the sky. Isn't it great? Really blue and big. The mountains look tiny beneath it. I want to go back there sometime.

And this. This is my harmonica. One of them. I have seven of them. I started getting them when I was eight. I like 'em 'cause they're shiny. I like 'em too 'cause the guys in those old westerns, the guys they put in jail, but who aren't guilty, just protecting someone who gets framed, that sort of thing, well, they always play the harmonica –real slow, real sad. Freedom from the bars they lean on (stops suddenly, embarrassed for having waxed on)...

Oh, and the shoes. So, yeah. That's five. They cost me a lot. I've had them longer than the jeans. Just had them re-soled. I like things to last, you know?

(Looking at the photo) The Rockies. Now, they've lasted. The jeans. (Holds them. Looks them over) They didn't last, not to wear, anyway, but there's so much there. I like to remember the past. I don't stare at it like I do the sky, but I do like to think about it. (Points to a patch) Bought that one with a friend of mine. That blue one was a gift from... well, you get the idea.