

MONOLOGUE — DARCY

Play	<i>Moving</i> by Lindsay Price
Stats	Serio-comedy, Simple Set, 25 minutes
Casting	5W
Description	Darcy is preparing for a date with her best friends. Her friends are shocked when the truth comes about her date's age—ten years older! Darcy explodes, telling her friends exactly what she thinks.
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Maybe I'm special, ever think of that? Huh? Maybe he likes me. Me. Maybe we connected and he's got crap parents too and he knows what crap parents can do to you when they try and run your life till you can't see straight. Maybe that's why he's going out with me. Maybe age has nothing to do with it.

You think I'm moving too fast? You have no idea what you're talking about or what any of it means. Maybe I should be sitting on the front porch sucking on a popsicle and holding hands with some cutie who blushes when you say his name and never looks you in the eye.

Moving too fast? You bet I am. If I could move faster I would. I'd fly right out of here. You wouldn't see my feet. I'd be gone. The less time I have to spend in this house, this place, this town, this stupid sixteen-year-old body, the better.

The sooner I get out from everyone's thumb, everybody's expectations, the better. And you can sure as hell believe I won't look over my shoulder. Not once. I'll be gone and I won't look back. I don't know. What about you? You're not moving fast enough. None of you.