

THE CHOSEN ONE

By Shawn Deal

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THE CHOSEN ONE

A Darkly Comedic Monologue

By Shawn Deal

SYNOPSIS: It's not easy being the Chosen One. It's not the battling of monsters or saving the world from some grand apocalypse that's the challenge. It's more the everyday things, like having to tell your dad you resurrected him after he got killed by a monster, and then admitting you're dating a 300-year-old vampire.

TIME: Present

SETTING: Interior house

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 female)

BELLE (f) A (somewhat) typical teenage girl.

SET: Bare Stage

PRODUCTION NOTES: This can be done very simply: bare stage, no costuming and no props. However, you can add to it.

DIRECTOR'S NOTES: Costuming suggestion: Cheerleading outfit with a blood stain on it, or any clothes typical of a high school girl with stains on them. A wooden stake for the character to use is also a good touch.

BELLE: It's not easy being the Chosen One. And I mean, not at all.

I'm sixteen. I like to sleep in until past noon, eat frosting straight out of a can with just my fingers, and I just failed my Algebra 2 pop quiz last Friday.

The universe is out to get me. Yet I am the one tasked—more than just tasked—it is my destiny to be the sole protector of all mankind. To protect everyone from the rampaging, timorous beasties, and near apocalyptic events that are set to destroy the world.

And I bet none of you have heard of me. Not one.

Can anyone say my name?

Beat. Waits for answer that will not come. Puts hand up to her ear.

No. Not anyone?

Beat. Slightly less than previous beat in length.

My name is Belle Harriet Winters.

Yeah, I know. Harriet is a family name. The name of my great-grandmother. She was a secretary to one of the Vice-Presidents. She's a pretty big deal in my family. A much bigger deal than me, and I've saved the world at least seven times. But no one knows that.

Do you remember the alien invasion of the mutant teenage spiders back in October?

No?

How about the zombie infestation that took over the White House?

You haven't heard of either of those, have you?

Beat. Points to her solemn expression.

This is my surprised face.

I should have, at the very least, gotten an accommodation or citation or some sort of medal from the President himself. Honestly, I deserved a ticker tape parade down the middle of New York City.

But you know I didn't get that.

Okay, last one. Have you heard of the brood of vampires that were once just regular high schoolers who got experimented on by some evil chemistry teacher bent on world domination?

Beat. Slight pause.

Well, color me shocked!

I'll tell you right now. It's a thankless job being the Chosen One. Completely and utterly... thankless.

You don't know my name. You don't know my achievements. Hard to build a reputation that way.

I mean, I get it to a certain extent. I have no evidence to back up any of my claims. Even if I did, people would rather ignore it or make up something so outrageously outlandish and then believe that. They don't want to be confronted with the truth. Again, I understand. I have no proof. If I had proof, I'd be all over Tik Tok and Instagram with my videos of me dispatching monsters.

(Puts her back hand to her mouth. Stage whisper.) I said 'dispatching' just in case younger kids are present.

Once I 'dispatch' a vampire or monster, it turns immediately to dust. And that dust just blows away in the wind. And voilà—no proof. Mind you, the dust gets into my hair and gets stuck to the sweat covering my skin. I can't tell you how many showers I take during a day.

And look at my hair, dry here, greasy here. My split ends are two or three inches and back here I have a bald spot—a bald spot! I'm not showing you that, not by a long shot.

All this comes from having dead monster dust in my hair, and I'm not even going to mention what it's doing to my skin. There is no moisturizer in the world that can help me. I can't wear makeup because all that dust just gets stuck to it.

I can't tell you how gross it is to have dead monster dust stuck to my eyeliner. I don't even try to get my nails done anymore. I break them anytime I have to drive a stake through some monster's chest.

And blood spray does nothing for your complexion. You would think it would give it a nice, rosy hue, but it really doesn't. Of course, there's always the challenge of explaining why I am covered in flecks of blood when I get home.

Speaking of which, dads just don't understand when you're the Chosen One. If you think your dad doesn't understand you now, just being a regular teenage girl, just imagine how it is for me. It's a thousand times worse, and that's not an exaggeration. If anything, that's a severely low estimation.

So my dad is the king of not being able to understand my life, like he doesn't understand the simplest things. I get it. He's just back from being dead and it's been a hard transition. One moment you're alive, one moment you're eviscerated by a three-horned mutant cockroach, and the next moment, you're being brought back to life by your teenage daughter and a witch she had to blackmail. And he's sort of more undead than alive.

In fact, I now call him the undead-dad-who-lived-again.

I mean, that's funny, right? But my dad is so out of it, he doesn't even get the reference.

Okay, I'll be honest. It was my fault that he died in the first place.

My bad. Mea culpa.

I didn't mean to get him killed. That wasn't the plan.

He got in the way. He came home from work early. He never comes home from work early. He has never taken an afternoon off in his entire life.

Admittedly, I had feigned illness to get out of school and stay home that day. My dad was being sweet and taking the afternoon off to come home and check on me. He even brought my favorite ice cream—chocolate mint. It was really sweet. He didn't know I was the Chosen One at that time. They say ignorance is bliss. Well, he was living in the land of bliss until that moment.

How was he to know that I feigned illness because our home had been infiltrated by a Broadway singing Sorcerer who had brought to life a cockroach, which he imbued with his evil show-tune magic. He had let it loose, and it was hunting me down.

Of course, that's the time my dad walks right through the front door.

The cockroach had become ten feet tall by the time my dad walked in the front door yelling, "Belle. How you feeling? Took the afternoon off, I brought...".

Well, that was where he suddenly stopped as he spied the butt end of the giant cockroach. Hearing my dad, the cockroach spun around and gored him with its three horns and started shaking him. Practically split my dad in half.

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