

MISSING

By Shawn Deal

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MISSING*A Dramatic Monologue***By Shawn Deal**

SYNOPSIS: On April 17th, Christine Barter went missing. She went to her bedroom after school and was not there for dinner. No trace or evidence was found as to what happened to her. She was only fifteen years old. Her older brother, Daniel, has been looking for her every day since.

TIME: Present

SETTING: Interior house

CAST OF CHARACTERS*(1 male)*

DANIEL (m).....A concerned older brother, teen to early 20's.

SET: Bare stage

PRODUCTION NOTES: This can be done very simply: bare stage, no costuming and no props.

DIRECTOR'S NOTES: The main character goes through a variety of emotions in this: Sadness, regret, inner anger, remorse, and depression. The actor should try to interweave as many of these emotions throughout the beats of this play. The last thing you want to do is to only focus on one of the emotions.

DANIEL: My name is Daniel Barter and on April 17th [*Change the date if necessary*], my younger sister went missing. Her name is Christine, Christine Marie Barter, and she was only fifteen years old.

I have searched for her every day since.

I can't tell you how devastated our family is.

Each one of us has been ripped apart emotionally, trying to understand why this happened and how this happened. But most importantly, where is my sister, Christine?

Christine is missing. And we're missing her.

That evening was like the greatest, demented magic act ever. Everyone was at home. My dad, mom, and I all heard her yelling and slamming her bedroom door after she got home from school. None of us bothered her after that. I mean, who wants to go and talk to a raging teenage girl. Best to let her calm down first.

From there, no one heard her or saw her, and when dinner came, my mom yelled up the stairs at her to come down for food. When Christine didn't appear right away, my mom trudged up the stairs to her bedroom. Mom was thinking the same thing all of us were, that Christine had her awful music turned up and her ear buds in and couldn't hear my mom's shouts.

But the door was shut. Mom knocked, got no answer, and eventually went in. Christine was not there. My mom started going from room to room upstairs, shouting for her. Panic rose in her voice with every vacant room my mom checked out. My dad started looking, and soon so did I. Looked in the house, the garage, the back yard, even the attic. Christine was gone.

My mom started calling all her friends but no one had seen her since school or knew where she was.

At some point, my dad called the police.

A couple of officers eventually showed up, looked around, took our statements. But they said they couldn't confirm a crime had been committed and suggested Christine had run away from home and to wait twenty-four hours to see if she returned. Apparently, most runaways will return in the first twenty-four hours on their own.

Christine didn't. She hasn't ever returned.

What was once a pretty happy regular family has been torn apart.

The FBI got involved, a day or two after those first twenty-four hours. It is required for a missing minor to be put in the FBI database for missing children. It's a good thing, I guess. Now, all the FBI agencies across the country know that she's missing, yet not one has found her or even reported seeing her.

Her bedroom looked undisturbed. Nothing really out of place, not that you could really tell. She was a bit of a slob. Her window was open an inch or two. She always complained about her room being too stuffy. I just blamed it on her dirty clothes strewn all over the floor.

I miss my sister.

I miss my sister so much. I don't care about any of her bad habits, and I'll never complain about any of them again. I just want her home.

I've searched every day for her.

I've talked to all her friends. I've passed out fliers. I've driven around the city, looking down alleyways and around abandoned buildings trying to find her. I've shown her photo to everyone I come in contact with. I just go to a neighborhood and start putting up fliers, talk to people I meet on the street, show my sister's photo around.

I do this every day. I've gotten a couple of calls and I always immediately drop everything to go investigate, but it never turns out to be her. I don't know where she is. No one seems to know where she is. She is just missing.

My baby sister is missing.

I can't find her. But I have to find her.

It may have been all my fault.

What I didn't tell people, at least, not right away. I mean, I ended up telling everybody, my parents, the police, even the FBI agent. I told them all—just not in the first few days.

It wouldn't have mattered. It wasn't important, at least, I knew it wasn't important. Although no one agrees with my assessment. Everyone thought it was very important, and they thought it was even more important that I didn't tell anyone right away.

"It didn't look good," they said. "It gave off the wrong impression," they said.

"It didn't matter," I screamed—but it ended up really mattering to all of them.

I had a big fight with my sister that night. Not a physical fight where we dropped everything and threw punches. But a brother/sister fight, more of an argument. Alright, it was a shouting match that brothers and sisters have had for thousands of years, all over the world.

The fight was over a boy, Nathan Garrett, my sister's so-called boyfriend. In my opinion, an overall not-very-good guy.

I'll get back to Nate in a moment.

The two things that stood out to the police, the FBI, and everyone else for that matter, is that I was the last person to see Christine, and we fought. The last thing I ever saw of my sister was her tear-stained face, flushed red from yelling at me, and her stomping into her bedroom and slamming the door. I swear that's the last I ever saw of her.

The sound of that door slamming still echoes in my head. I hear it clearly every time I close my eyes. I see my sister's red face with streaming tears running down it as a burned image in my mind.

I hear and see her every time I close my eyes, even for the briefest of moments. I've been prescribed medicine by my therapist to help me sleep. I take it every night.

Of course, the police and everyone has talked to me over and over about it. And for a while, I was suspect number one in the disappearance of my sister; in fact, I still could be. However, I truly know nothing beyond that moment. That was the last I saw of her—the last anyone saw of her. After that moment, she was gone.

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