

THE STRANGEST THING ABOUT ME

By Shawn Deal

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THE STRANGEST THING ABOUT ME

A Dramatic Monologue

By Shawn Deal

SYNOPSIS: For school, I had to talk in front of class and answer one of those kinds of questions that only teachers can come up with. The question was: What's the strangest thing about you? Most people say sense of humor, or some sort of unique upbringing, but for me, it's an unusually strange answer. I wasn't born on my birthday.

TIME: Present.

SETTING: A park next to a park bench.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 either)

NARRATOR (m/f) This play is meant for either gender. However, you as an actor need to choose the name that's most appropriate for you. The name is stated at the end of the play.

SET: Bare stage

COSTUMES: Normal modern attire

DIRECTOR'S NOTES: The main character goes through a variety of emotions in this play. The actor should try to interweave as many of these emotions throughout the beats of the performance. The last thing you want to do is to only focus on one of the emotions. You can set this in a park next to the bench the character was found on. In which case, you would need a park bench of some kind.

NARRATOR: I'm here to tell you the strangest thing about me.

I got laughed at earlier when I gave the answer. And it's okay. I get why everyone laughed. Well, laughed is such a strong word.

I got asked this question at school in a class.

What is the strangest thing about you? And when I went to answer, I got some laughs. I also got some snickers. More snickers than laughs, to be honest, and I got a whole lot of puzzled looks and one or two exclamations of 'No Way!'

My answer is absolutely one hundred percent true.

I swear.

I am an honest person—I would not tell a lie, and I am not doing so now.

The strangest thing about me is... I wasn't born on my birthday.

I know you're looking at me right now and thinking, how can that possibly be true?

In your mind, you're running through scenarios—that's if you have even gotten that far and have not come up with a single scenario—but your mind is full of thoughts and has come up with the fact that there is no way I wasn't born on my birthday.

I get it. Believe me, I do. It would boggle my mind too if someone had told me that. Yet, I'm me, and know that it is possible.

Now let me just say that this is not some kind of mind trick or some sort of puzzle to be worked out. Like that one where a boy and his father get into a horrible car accident. The father dies and the son is rushed off to the hospital. The doctor comes in to do surgery on the boy and gets emotional and says, I can't do this surgery—that's my son.

How is that possible? It's not one of those mind puzzles. I promise you, it isn't. Did it stump you? It's his mom, by the way. The doctor is his mom.

So the biggest question is How?—Of course. How can I possibly not be born on my birthday? How is that utterly conceivable?

I was unwanted.

So, the story I'm going to tell you is all third-hand. Don't get me wrong, I was there. I experienced it all first-hand, but I was unaware of everything. I was unaware of who I was, where I was, and what was happening to me. So, I have had to put the pieces together over the years as to exactly what happened.

I'll be honest... I slept through a lot of it.

So, let me go back and begin again... I was unwanted.

I was unwanted as a baby. I was wrapped up in blankets and bundled up in a sack that was left on a bench near a train station in the middle of the night.

I wasn't discovered for several hours.

Now, to clarify, maybe I was wanted, at least a little bit, and I came at the wrong time. Maybe my mother or my father, whoever the person was who abandoned me on that bench on that cool autumn night, wanted me at some point.

Perhaps I was a good idea at the time, but when reality set in, I was too much for them. Maybe I was an accident from the beginning and was always too much for them to bare.

Maybe they cried when they left me there. Maybe they paused for a small moment, kissed me on the forehead, wished me good luck and said goodbye.

Maybe it was some of that, maybe none of that. In the end, though, they left me in a sack in the middle of the night on some bench outdoors, with no food, no note, no nothing.

Maybe I was wanted momentarily, but I certainly wasn't wanted then. And I can't believe they cared for me that much. I'm left out in the open where anything could happen to me, and most of it not positive in any way.

There were better and safer places to take me. No questions asked. To make certain I would be taken care of and safe.

But no!

I was left out in the elements to fend for myself.

I don't know about their intent, but it makes me feel like I was unwanted.

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