

The Monologue Project

Kidnapper's Conundrum

Duration: 2 minutes

Gender: Male/Female

Style: Drama

Emotion: Desperation, Fear

Language: Dirty

Stop it. Just fucking stop it. I can't let you go and you fucking pestering me is making it worse for both of us. Stop asking me, okay?

Look, listen, what do you expect me to do? I want to be in this situation far less than you do, okay. For fucking real.

Oh you think it's bad for *you*? Think about it; just use your head for two seconds. You'd be sweet if you managed to get out of here. Sure, fucking traumatised for life but at least you can get on with it. No matter what *I* do I'm completely screwed. There's no good option for me. None.

Really? You think so? Go on then, tell me what my actual options are. Kill you? (*rolls eyes*) Don't start with the damned sobbing again! I don't want to kill you. I would have killed you two weeks ago if I wanted to kill you you dumbshit.

But my only other option is to let you go and I *can't* let you go. How can I? You *saw* what I did. You watched me slit that fucker's throat. Kill him. Murder him. I'm holding his head, slicing his carotid, he's squirting blood everywhere like a seven-year-old trying to hold a firehose. And then I see you. Oh sure, I saved you from the fucking psycho; I saved your damned *life*. But how can I possibly let you go when you saw me commit murder? If you ever tell anyone, that's it. I'm done for. No parole.

Here we go again. "You saved my life. I'll never tell anyone." I heard you the first hundred fucking times.

Look, listen, how would you feel? Every day you'll wonder, "Will she go to the cops? Tell them how I butchered a man in front of her? Kept her locked up in a cell for two and a half weeks while trying to figure out what to do?" How am I supposed to live with that hanging over my head?

Puts head in hands, deeply tortured.

What am I going to do, Kristy? Please tell me. What the hell choice do I have?

Thinks it over.

Fuck!!