

The following monologue has been excerpted from:

RED LIGHT, GREEN LIGHT

By

Erik Patterson

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Kenny from RED LIGHT, GREEN LIGHT by Erik Patterson

Red Light, Green Light was first produced by Theatre of NOTE in Los Angeles.

KENNY

Last night, I wasn't in the mood, right?

I just—

Wasn't. In. The mood.

It's like: sometimes I feel like my life's falling apart
and when things get to be too much,
something's gotta give, right?

Something's gotta give.

My life is for shit right now, right?

Like, for instance—

(and this is just one of the reasons)

—my cousin Albert:

—a really good guy;

a really good, decent guy—

he died recently, right?

And his death was, like, this really fluke thing. Like:

One day he was fine,

and then the next day he had a sore throat,

and then the sore throat wouldn't go away—

but he wasn't worried about it because it was just a fuckingsorethroat—

and then all of a sudden he was dead.

Just like that.

Poof.

Freaky thing, right?

Gets worse...

Turns out he had meningitis,

which they discovered, like, two hours before he died.

I don't even know what the fuck meningitis is, really.

I mean, I'm not an idiot,

but I didn't know it was something

that was so bad for you

you're supposed to be afraid of getting it, suddenly, and then being dead two hours later.

What the fuck is that, right?

It just makes me so mad.

It's not like Albert smoked all his life

and then got lung cancer, or:

ate bacon every morning and then had a heart attack, or:

like he was one of those people who...*(trailing off)*

one of those...

you know...

Jesus.

My head's spinning right now, just thinking about it, right?

My head's...spinning.

How a person can be here one minute and then,

fucking dead.

But you can't go around thinking about shit like that all of the time,

because, like I said before: it's gonna weigh you down,

and then it's gonna break you,

and then you're

nothing,

you know,

unless you let it go.

You just gotta let it go.

But, see—

last night, I was walking home,

walking through *my* neighborhood,

and I just wasn't in the mood for anyone

to lay their crap on me.

I was thinking about Albert,

and how *harsh*

and *cruel*

and *unforgiving*

life can suddenly become.

Because when a man as *good*

and *decent*

as my cousin Albert...

When a man like that suddenly dies of a stupid thing like meningitis,

you start to think about the people who should have fucking died instead of him.

You start to think about the people out there we'd be better off without.

The people we'd be better off not knowing.

And you start to think that there are a lot of people out there

who could use a good

fuckingspinalcordinfection,

if you know what I mean.

Just to wake.

Them.

Up.

(Lights shift.)