

Encore 2024 –Monologue Level 2

Blessed are the Hangry

by Justin Street

Scripture reference: Matthew 14:13-21, Mark 6:30-44, John 6: 1-14, Luke 9: 12-17

Note for the Actor: This monologue mentions a parent, and I have written it as a mother, but feel free to change this to any caregiving figure that you connect with. Just be sure to adjust.

CHARACTER

Enters the space concealing something in their hands, glancing around, looking for privacy

Some crowd, huh? This is crazy. I haven't seen a crowd like this since... actually, I've never seen a crowd like this! It's wild.

And from all over, too. I know because we travelled a long way to come here, and on the way, just more and more people, every step. We'd come to a little town from one direction, and there'd be a whole lotta people coming in from a different direction, and then we all left headed the same direction. It was like we were building this crazy crowd the whole way.

Explaining

I came with my mom. She woke me up before the sun was even out — which I was like, why. But she was so excited. She just kept shaking me and telling me we had to go, we had to “get there” — and I was like, where, and she just kept telling me to get ready.

I was going to tell her to go on without me, I'm old enough to take care of myself. But I don't know. Something made me want to go.

Tenderly

It might be that I've never seen her so excited, and it kinda woke me up a little.

We don't have a lot to be excited about. My mom, especially. It's been a rough few... months? Years? Lives? Anyway, when she woke me up this morning, she had this... light in her eyes. So I got up.

Annoyed

But we were in such a rush, we didn't eat any breakfast! She had this little packed lunch that I've been trying to nibble on since this morning — but every time I start to try and find a nice little spot to eat, she keeps rushing me, telling me we have to keep going!

“No, no, no — no time, no time. We have to keep going. We have to get there. You'll be fed. Don't worry”

But I *haven't* been fed! It's been miles and miles, and walking and more walking, and strangers from all over eyeballing my lunch, and now...

beat

I *think* I can finally get a bite. There's a little break from whatever's going on, so I can finally sit down, have some bread, have some fish — and relax.

Sits down — deep breath. Unpacks meal. Looks up and an unseen person who has appeared beat

Looks down at the meal — then back up

What?