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“The Runaway”

by
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What In this monologue, a girl talks about "running away" as a 7-year-old, and as she prepares for the next adventure in her life, she explains that graduation is like "reverse running away."

Themes: Saying goodbye, Growing up, Independence, Graduation, Family

Who Molly (high school girl about to graduate)

When Present

**Wear
(Props)** Modern clothes
Backpack

Why Psalms 16:11

How Keep the dialogue conversational, as if you're telling this story to one or two people.

Time Approximately 4 minutes

Molly enters and drops her backpack on the floor.

Molly: I love my Mom and Dad. I really do. But it hasn't always been rainbows and gravy. There was a time when I didn't feel loved. Didn't feel at home. And so...I ran away.

To Mom

Mom! I don't have to take this from you anymore! I'm a strong independent girl and I don't have to listen to you. Goodbye!

To audience

And I ran away.

Beat

I was seven.

Pause

I remember I had this pink backpack with a picture of a unicorn on it. I put everything I could think I would need in it. Six pairs of socks. Two dolls. I was going to take one, but I didn't want the other to get lonely. Some old Halloween candy I'd been keeping under my bed. And a Finding Nemo flashlight. It didn't have any batteries though.

Beat

So I packed my things, no water by the way, no phone, no idea where I was going, and headed out the door. I got to the end of the block, turned the corner and as soon as I got out of sight of my house, I immediately felt this dread come over me. This...oh no...what am I doooooing?

Beat

Graduation is kind of the reverse version of that. Everyone can't wait for you to leave. Your friends and parents are all excited about what you're going to do next, what college you're going to. School is like "we have nothing left to teach this girl. She needs to move on." Mom and Dad have already turned my room into an Airbnb rental. Everyone is like, "Go! Runaway" and I'm like "No! I like my sweats and Netflix! I wanna stay home!"

Beat

But you can't just stay home, can you? You have to move on. You graduate. Moving up, to the next thing. They do this thing where they

celebrate. Call it commencement. Like, the Starting Line. Life begins...NOW.

Beat

And so I start. But this time I have more than just my pink backpack to carry with me. I have the things I've been taught, the skills I've learned, and I know how to use the Maps app on my phone. And I'm not alone. Not by a long shot. See? A reverse runaway. My family is there, supporting me, helping me. My education is there, to help me think critically. My friends are there, mostly to keep me laughing. But in that backpack...the most valuable thing I carry is...God. His love. He knows the paths I'm going to take in my life. And he fills me with joy when I'm in His presence. And while I walk with him, wherever that may lead, I know I'm in the best possible hands.

Beat

When I returned home, at the age of seven, wiser to the world and more mature for my travels, I wish I could say I was greeted by my Mom and Dad with big hugs, tears, and a scolding for making them worry. But no. They didn't even know I had gone. It had been like ten minutes. Then I got grounded for leaving the house without telling them.

Beat

But this is it. Commencement. The start. The first step along the path I'll walk for the rest of my life.

She picks up her backpack. Calling to Mom.

I've leaving now, Mom! This time I mean it. Thanks for everything. I'll probably text if I think of it. Bye Dad! Thanks for showing me how things work and for fixing my computer. Goodbye!

Quietly

Well.

Beat

Off I go.

She exits.