

Deep Down
by Justin Street

Monologue Level 2 (ages 11-14, flexible casting)

LIGHTS UP on JONAH, sitting on the floor, alone.

JONAH

You know what really bothers me? Well, besides the obvious.

(waves around)

I just know that one day people are going to argue about whether or not I'm actually in the belly of a big fish, or if it's just meant to be a symbol. I don't know, but that just really bothers me. I'm not sure why.

beat

Ok, no I do know why, and it's this - do you know who gets to argue whether or not a person was *actually* in the belly of a giant fish or was only *metaphorically* in the belly of a giant fish? *People who aren't stuck inside the digestive tract of a huge aquatic animal - that's who!*

It's silly, I know. I highly doubt that anyone will even know that this ever happened. I doubt the sailors who threw me overboard happened to also see me get gobbled up, and if they did, they probably just assumed I was a goner anyway. Not that they'd care. They were just glad to be rid of me so the storm would die down. I have to say, I was really kind of hoping that it wouldn't. How stupid would they have looked!

beat

Of course, then I'd just be in the water during a storm - but it's the principle of the thing, right? You dumb sailors with your freaking out over weather, and your stupid little dice game, thinking it would tell you who was causing all the trouble, and then it lands on me - which, by the way, not the most responsible way to make decisions, completely up to chance, but whatever - and then you throw me in, but then the storm keeps going in all your stupid little faces, which is what you get for making life or death decisions with a board game.

beat

But it worked. Almost immediately. I think they were too in awe of the sudden stop to see me get completely housed by a... a... well, I can't really tell what it is from the inside, can I? It doesn't *feel* like a symbol. Well, not entirely.

I know I shouldn't be here, in more ways than one. I know that I'm not really bothered about whether or not people think this is real, or even about getting thrown overboard. I mean, the dice weren't wrong. It's the sailors. They threw the dice because they were afraid they'd gone against God. And I wasn't concerned even though I *knew* that I had.

That's what really bothers me - deep down.

LIGHTS OUT