

**Moving Again**  
by Justin Street

Monologue Level I (Ages 6 - 11. flexible casting)

CHARACTER

We're moving again.

I know I should be used to it now. It's my...

*starts trying to count in head*

... well, I've lost count of how many moves this is, that's how many. I know you probably think I should be used to it now, but I'm not. When your dad is a soldier, you have to move where they tell him to. That's just how it is.

I've gotten better at making friends, I guess. But I'm never sure how long I'm going to have them.

Mom and dad say that this time is different, but they won't tell me why. They said that this time we'd have people with us. People who look out for one another. Something like that.

*looks around to see if anyone is listening*

Do you know what, though? I think they're telling the truth - because *maybe* I stayed up late when I was supposed to be in bed, and *maybe* I snuck down the stairs a little, and *maybe* I overheard my parents talking, and so *maybe* I know that my dad isn't going to be a soldier anymore, so this move might really be different.

*beat*

Also, maybe totally no one is supposed to know that - so maybe definitely don't say anything.

*looks around again to see if anyone is listening*

My dad's last assignment didn't go the way it was supposed to. He told my mom that it was supposed to be an easy job. Guarding a dead guy. That's it. Just... don't fall asleep, and you're done. Easy, right?

*looks around again*

Nope! Turns out the dead guy didn't stay dead or something, and it's done something to my dad. He doesn't want to be a soldier anymore, and now he and mom say we're moving.

They don't seem sad about it though.

They seem... hopeful.

*Lights out.*