

SURPRISE ME

by Jan Peterson Ewen

Monologue for a WOMAN

Dramatic, Age 20 – 70

(Take your time.) My life is too much the same everyday. Once - just once, I would like something good to just sneak up and surprise me. Something wonderful that I'm not expecting, that just drops in my lap and startles me with joy and excitement. I mean, why not? Don't I deserve it? Good things seem to happen to people around me all the time; and for no apparent reason. They don't seem to be doing anything that deserving. Why not me? I work hard to make life better everyday. Sometimes I feel like I'm pushing a big stone up a steep hill, waiting all the while for the top of the hill to come into view so I can just push it over, and the stone will roll, effortlessly, down the other side. In that moment, I would experience some sense of relief and joy. A weight would be lifted from my shoulders and I would be free. *(Pause.)* I keep waiting to get to the top of that hill. But it's always out of sight and just out of reach. The hill keeps getting steeper and the stone gets heavier. I really think I should be getting to the top soon. Then, maybe I'll be surprised. Not that I'm complaining, really. I hate people who complain. I have nothing to complain about. My life is adequate. Totally okay. I get along. It's just that, *(She thinks.)* there are no surprises. Day in and day out – no surprises. Maybe I need to create my own surprises, hm? Like, parachute out of an airplane, or learn to surf in shark-infested waters. Something invigorating like that. *(She stops.)* You see, there I go again, feeling like I'm not doing enough. Not pushing a big enough stone, hard enough, up a steep enough hill. Maybe I should start a new project. Maybe a new hobby. *(Frustrated.)* Ohh! There I go again! I drive myself crazy! I just need to stop. Just stop. *(She breathes deeply.)* I just want something wonderful to drop in my lap and surprise me.