

SNAP, CRACKLE, POP!

A 90-second monologue

By JANE CAFARELLA

Drama

****Trigger warning – disturbing themes***

Joyce, 50s-80s, avenges the murder of her daughter with the help of two friends.

Pointing a gun

Hello boys! Don't be frightened. We're not going to shoot. Are we girls?

Yet.

I'm Liz, by the way. And this is Kate and Jess.

You might remember me – sitting in front... in court?

You might remember my daughter – that pretty girl with the dark hair, from that night last July when she was walking home from the station?

You just wanted to have some fun. That's what you told the judge. And he believed you.

Well, now it's my turn. You've underestimated me boys. It's a common problem.

She cocks the gun.

Don't move or you're dead!

Hook 'em up girls and start winching.

So nice of you to come to our little private pool party, boys.

It cost a bomb to hire this cherry picker, but it will be worth every cent

Hoist 'em up girls – right over that little concrete pool. Higher! Higher!

Oh, hang on! What does that sign say? SHALLOW WATER! DO NOT DIVE. Oh dear.

What's that? What's that I hear?

Imitating them begging. 'Please, please don't!' you say.

But you want it, don't you boys? You're gagging for it.

Higher! You're going feet first.

I want to hear that snap, crackle, pop, as the three of you hit rock bottom.

First the legs, then the spines. Snap! Crackle! Pop!

Higher, girls! HIGHER!

Enjoying the view, boys?

NOW!

217 spoken words

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