

The Burglar

Thriller · Monologue · 2 min · Male role · Adult · Intermediate

(A house plunged in darkness. A man, gloved, a torch in hand.)

MOI

Cased it for three weeks. Nobody on Thursdays. Alarm dead. Too easy, almost insulting.

MOI

The safe is where I was told. Behind the painting. Just as I was told. Exactly as I was told.

(He stops. He sweeps the light slowly across the room.)

MOI

...There's a chair. Facing the safe. One chair, turned towards me. As if someone were waiting to watch me open it.

MOI

And this photo, on the dresser. That's... that's my car. Taken tonight. Outside my place.

(Behind him, the front door closes by itself. The lock snaps shut.)

MOI

They didn't give me a tip-off. They gave me an appointment.

What you can do with it

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