

The Driver

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

(A car, at night. The driver murmurs, eyes in the rear-view mirror.)

MOI

Fare at 11:40 p.m. He got in without a word. Destination: the forest, by the back road. Fine.

MOI

He hasn't moved for twenty minutes. Not a sigh. Even people who sleep breathe, they shift. Not him.

MOI

At the red light, I looked at him. He was staring straight ahead. Through me.

(The GPS announces: "You have arrived." There are only trees.)

MOI

Sir? We're here. ...Sir.

(A beat. In the mirror, the back seat is empty. It always has been.)

(He locks the doors.)

MOI

The booking says "two passengers." I only ever saw one. And he just got out.

What you can do with it

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