

Gnats
Written by Trent Carruth
Performed by Abigail Williams

The monologue opens on a woman who is visibly losing her grasp on sanity, speaking towards the audience as if she is recording herself on a camera. Throughout the video, she is swatting at gnats that are seemingly flying around and crawling on her.

I, uh... my flashlight's gonna run out soon. After that, I'll be alone. In the dark. (beat) I wanted to leave a final message just in case someone ever found us. If you have, you need to leave now. This place... it's not like anywhere else in the world. It – (turns around as if she heard something, turns back) We thought it was just any other cave. We went inside to explore, that was it! Neither of us had a bad feeling about it. How could we have known? But something about this cave drew us near it. I can't explain it. It was almost something... primal. Like we were meant to be here. We were lost immediately. We couldn't get out. It was like the cave was... changing. The was when the buzzing started. We would just hear them in our ear from time to time and swat them away. Little gnats. They were annoying. But they didn't go away. They only got worse. And I don't know why, but every time I would hear that tiny buzzing in my ear... Imagine that feeling when you see something at the end of a dark hallway. And then it sees you. That's the feeling. Every time I hear that little buzzing in my ear... (she starts to get visibly angry, then settles down and looks at the camera) He thought I was crazy. Said I was just hearing things, but I was telling the truth! I heard them! He's the crazy one. (beat) I don't know why I let him lead the way out of there. He had no clue what he was doing. All the while the gnats kept getting worse. Crawling on my skin, making me feel like something was constantly there, watching me. Something *was* constantly there. Those thousands of tiny little eyes. My own personal audience. Constantly buzzing inn my ears and crawling on my skin. Speaking to me. (beat) I kept swatting and swatting. But as time went on my arms got tired. I grew weak. (visible anger) And so did he. He was always holding me back. Whenever I'm around him, I feel like I'm not reaching my full potential. He feigned concern for me. Saying I wasn't acting right. That we needed to get out as quick as we can. Saying there were no gnats. He was too blind to see. Things started changing after that. I looked at him and all I saw was a blob. Nothing more. Just constantly letting the worldly pursuits press and shape and mold him. All the while, the gnats were singing praises to me with the flaps of their little wings. I began to hear notes and songs. Music I had never heard before. Then in all the buzzing, the whining, the annoying little whistles of their wings: I started hearing something. Voices. My mother, my father, my brother. Voices that I'd never even heard before. But I still recognized them. I don't know why, but I was like something primal within me was what recognized them. They started telling me things. Things that I had no awareness of. Thing's I'd never even dreamt of. My eyes were being opened to the cruel and wonderful reality of the world around me. Those gnats were tiny, but when they all came together I was nothing more to them that a single gnat was to me. I belonged to them. I lived in their world. And It was them who I could trust. I trusted them to tell me the truth. That was when I realized: every day, every week, every month with him was a continuous nightmare. Being around him made my skin crawl. All I had were the gnats. I don't need to worry about him anymore. He's no longer here to hold me back. (smiling) Y'know the truth is: I don't feel lost at all anymore. I've never been more sure of where I'm going. (she looks at the flashlight and after a few moments, turns it off purposely)

As the monologue goes on. She begins to swat at the gnats less and less to the point where she isn't anymore, accepting their presence by the end of the monologue.