

Monologue

Matthias - male WWII German soldier, early 20s – 30s (**no German accent needed)

From Jumping the Gun by Joy Cutler

It was the marching that finally forced me to desert. Tens of thousands of feet pounding down the earth, left, right, left, right punishing the earth with our fierce weight. The power of so many men transformed into a single organism with the relentless drive to keep moving was terrifying. My two feet were the true enemy in this war, taking me far from the people and places that created me. I ran away on a dark night filled with the sound of rushing water. I crossed enemy lines and walked into an American camp. No one saw me. I hid in a supply tent and built myself a fort of boxes that were filled with cans of pineapple juice. I drank that golden sweetness until the bitterness inside me drained away. I fell in love with the Americans for bringing something so exotic and beautiful to this blood-soaked war and I decided to surrender.