

Dramatic Monologue Exercise

Brainstorming:

1. Choose a subject.
Scott Norwood, Buffalo Bills place kicker
2. Define their situation.
Moments after missing a potential game winning field goal with 8 seconds left in Super Bowl XXV against the NY Giants (1991)
3. Write a short list of how the character feels about the situation.
 - I blew it.
 - I can't believe I missed it.
 - I'll never have a chance like that again.
 - Some direct quotes (things he really said, moments after loss):
 - "I'm down right now, way down. But I'll come back from this. It won't scar me."
 - "I hit it solid, but I guess I tried to kick it too hard. I needed more follow-through; I should have brought my hips into it quicker to make the ball draw."
 - "I did my best. But, in my business, you don't get a second opportunity when your best isn't good enough."
 - "I let a lot of people down tonight." He had a feeling it "might come down to something like this, and I had done some visualizations during the week to get ready for just such a kick."
 - Some other background on the situation: He was 1-for-5 on grass that year from 40 yards or more out; this one was 47 yards out; he had been practicing kicks before the game, aiming for the right goal post, and he noticed the kicks would hook left and through the posts; so he did the same for the final kick, aiming for the right post, but this time it didn't hook; wide right about 5 yards; the Bills drove down from their 10 yard line with 2:16 left to set up the kick; the final score was Giants 20, Bills 19, the closest game in Super Bowl history
4. Decide to whom the character is talking, the implied listener.
Bills fans. Again, moments after the loss. What he would say to them.

For my fans (if I still have any)

I messed up. I messed up real big.

I blew it.

I still can't believe it, actually. It hasn't fully sunk in. I know the Bills lost the Super Bowl, that much I understand, and I know the Giants won it, but I can't seem to get my mind over the fact *I* lost the Super Bowl.

You know, us kickers have a tough job. Let me start with that.

We don't have any control over *where* we kick the ball. That's all on our offense. We're just told to get in there, under all these different circumstances – tons of different situations, actually – and we're told to do the job. To do the job consistently.

Different climates, different conditions, different field surfaces, different stakes, different types of games, different opponents, different amounts of yards, different effects of wind, different weather conditions, different stadiums, different amounts of time remaining in the game, different just about everything.

Can you think of a job quite like that? One that you're thrown into something, without having any control over anything else but that single moment, that single motion of your leg going forward, that one kick? Imagine if you had a job that just came down to one chance...one single 'kick.'

Imagine you had one try for the chance to win the Super Bowl.

I'm not trying to make excuses. Trust me, I'm not. I lost it for you guys. You've been all about the red and blue all season long, you've supported us nonstop. I let you down. I realize that. I just want you to know where I'm coming from.

My nerves are not of steel. I am not a god. I am a human being.

Humans make mistakes.

I just happened to make a pretty big one. Okay, a really big one. One that cost some of the greatest fans (you guys) one of the biggest game in all of sports.

Of course you have the right to blame me. To send hate mail my way. But just remember I am a human being...

I thought I knew how to do it too. I was drilling them in warm-ups before the game. My practice kicks were feeling great.

Just aim for that right post, I saw it hooked left every time.

Only this time – the biggest possible time let alone – it didn't hook. It kept going straight. Straight, straight, straight...long enough, but no hook! Just to the right. By about five yards. Close isn't good enough in this game. No good.

My heart seemed to stop. Instantly. Oh, the pain. I think at first, as soon as it happened, I didn't know what to think. Then, it just felt like a part of me died, a few seconds later. And at the corner of my eye I saw New York celebrating. Not a nice time for peripheral vision.

Funny thing was: I drilled it. And I did my best. My best just wasn't good enough.

I think I was trying to kick it too hard. I should have turned my hips into it more, to make the ball draw. I was thinking too much about strength, and figured it would just hook. It didn't hook!

I misjudged.

I lost.

I figured it would come down to something like this too. I knew Jim would get the ball down field. He did a great job. I pictured my moment in the sun like that. My moment on national television, being watched by millions. I pictured myself *making that kick* before the game, weeks before the game even. It's what kickers dream of!

I messed up though.

Here's the worst part: you don't get second chances in this business. I'll never get to try that again. Ever. Especially *that*. It's once in a lifetime.

I let you guys down and I can never make it up.

Or can I? Autographs maybe? I'll sign as many as you guys want...

Those of you that are left anyway. Left to support me. Most of you probably couldn't care less about me right now.

I can't say I blame you.

I just wish I could have it all back. Just one more try.

Maybe they could've been offsides or something?

No, it's over.

Grass or no grass. 47 yards or no 47 yards. 8 seconds or no 8 seconds. Super Bowl or no Super Bowl. None of those factors should have mattered. I'm a kicker, it's what I do. I should have made that.

I missed. Plain and simple. I messed up. And now you're the ones suffering because of it.

What's up with that anyway?

I let a lot of people down tonight, and I couldn't feel worse about that. I just hope you all can get over this one.

I'll find my way past it, eventually. Right now, the biggest thing for me – it's you guys. My heart just goes out to all of you.

Thanks for being there. For everything.

For watching me blow it.

I wish I could have done more for you in return.

Take care Bills fans. Keep your heads up. Your day in the sun will come eventually.

Unfortunately, it doesn't look like I'll get to share that moment with you, as the kicker. I wish I could have.

But don't worry. Things will get better. We have a good team.

I see us returning to the Bowl actually. We're too good not to. Maybe a few Bowls even. And we'll win one.

Maybe I won't be there with you guys, but it'll happen. I know it will. Stay patient, and you'll be rewarded.

And hopefully then, we can all forget about this once and for all.