

## Adult Monologues

**A)** I want to talk to you about life. It's just too difficult to be alive, isn't it, and try to function? There are all these people to deal with. I tried to buy a can of tuna fish in the supermarket, and there was this person standing right in front of where I wanted to reach out to get the tuna fish, and I waited a while, to see if they'd move, and they didn't—they were looking at tuna fish too, but they were taking a real long time on it, reading the ingredients on each can like they were a book, a pretty boring book if you ask me, but nobody has; so I waited a long while, and they didn't move, and I couldn't get to the tuna fish cans; and I thought about asking them to move, but then they seemed so stupid not to have sensed that I needed to get by them that I had this awful fear that it would do no good, no good at all, to ask them, they'd probably say something like, "We'll move when we're good and ready you nag" and then what would I do? And so then I started to cry out of frustration, quietly, so as not to disturb anyone, and still, even though I was softly sobbing, this stupid person didn't grasp that I needed to get by them, and so I reached over with my fist, and I brought it down real hard on his head and screamed: "Would you kindly move, sir!!!"

And the person fell to the ground, and looked totally startled, and some child nearby started to cry, and I was still crying, and I couldn't imagine making use of the tuna fish now anyway, and so I shouted at the child to stop crying—I mean, it was drawing too much attention to me—and I ran out of the supermarket, and I thought, I'll take a taxi to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, I need to be surrounded with culture right now, not tuna fish.

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**B)** All right, look. I didn't want to tell you, but I've fallen behind. At work. I can't keep up. Recently, they've ...ahh.... they've let a few people go. Every day there are fewer and fewer people doing the same amount of work. They have me running the accounting department entirely by myself! Not management, no. I haven't been promoted. It's just me- there's no one to manage! I do everything! The whole department! And that's not all! I'm also expected to take incoming calls because there's no receptionist, fix the computers because there's no tech department, field customer complaints because there's no customer service. I'm in charge of the mail room, the cafeteria, janitorial services, research and development! Last week, human resources was let go, the whole department, and I received a memo- which I'd actually typed myself because there's no secretary- instructing me to familiarize myself with all applicable state and federal guidelines! Tomorrow, I'm supposed to start mediating all employee disputes! I have no idea what I'm doing! I'd ask the legal department for advice, but I've never studied law so I wouldn't know what to tell myself! And to top it all off, I have to take the CEO's dog out to poop four times a day. At regular intervals. He has stomach problems and he's on a very strict schedule!

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**C)** The nature of my emergency? Uhhh, I'm trying to reach nine eleven but my phone doesn't have an 11 on it. Ohhhh, this is nine-eleven, I thought you said this was 9 11. What! 9 11 and nine eleven are the same thing. They say you learn something new every day. O.K. calm down, my mother wanted me to ask if you guys know how to cook a turkey, YES COOK A TURKEY. The emergency is that we are hungry. Listen, if my mother cooks this turkey, we'll be calling you anyway because we'll all be sick. I know, I know, you have other calls to take, oh, by the way, earlier we heard what sounded like gunshots coming from the brown house on the corner. No, I don't have an address, I'm wearing black pants and a shirt. Oh, the gunshot thing, minor details. Gotta go. Have to convince my mom to spend Thanksgiving at Aunt Marcia's house. This is the real life or death situation here.