

"Devolution"
by Dave Ulrich
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This is a two-minute monologue.

WOMAN

Think I'm amused by all this? Ha ha. Yeah. No. No, it's not funny. It's criminal. Can't you people see that? Sitting here in monkey suits eating rare lamb with mint sauce and puking up jokes. Jokes!?? Oh, let's kid. Let's laugh. While our policy lets people die. Well I hope they get it, too.

(beat)

Especially that guy.

(beat)

Normally, I wouldn't wish this on anyone -- but I really do hope they get it. Or a kind of it. I mean it's mostly men around here so they can't get mine... but testicular they can get. I know it's awful but I don't care... I really want them to know what bee stings in the veins feel like. To feel what I do every time I think about... the end.

(beat)

Know what I keep picturing? The Wizard of Oz. When the Wicked Witch turns the hourglass over and leaves Dorothy in tears waiting for the last grain of sand to fall. I don't remember if the performance captured it, but fear, pain, and anger have a lot of nuance when doom approaches. I guess it's because having a measurable existence on this planet is so... unfair. But Dorothy had friends coming to help, and water -- even if she didn't realize it yet. Dorothy was a lucky bitch. Well, I've got nothing to pour on my wicked witch. Oh, they can shoot radiation at me to put me on a slower train to kingdom come -- with no hair allowed onboard. But to stop this slide...? No, they can't. Or won't. They won't because these Washington monkey suits find more value in an embryo than an actual human being. So why study and find cures? If Jesus didn't want me to die, he wouldn't have done this to me in the first place, right?

(looks around the audience)

Well, ha ha, assholes. Eat your dessert and get your hand-jobs from my press corps colleagues. Do your skits and have your laughs. But when Jesus smites your wife's breasts or plays apocalyptic with your balls, we'll see how much fun you'd have at this fucking Correspondence Dinner.

THE END