

MONOLOGUE – SHANNON

FROM *ODDBALL*

by Lindsay Price

Use this monologue for your next IE!

Play	ODDBALL by Lindsay Price
Stats	Comedy - Simple set - 35 minutes
Casting	3M+5W, Expandable to 18W+8M
Description	Shannon is consumed by a staggering number of odd jobs.
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Can't talk, can't have to, busy, busy, busy, busy. Breathe Shannon! (*she takes in a huge gulp of air*) No time to – (*she takes in another gulp of air*) I give blood at two. (*she takes in another gulp of air*) I'm supposed to sit something at five. (*and another*) I don't know what it is. (*finally she exhales, it takes a long time*) I don't. It could be a dog, or it could be a baby. I can't keep track anymore. The – (*she mimes holding a small object*) thing I am sitting is named Precious Jewel. Which is not helpful. You might think dog right away. But have you heard the latest baby names? Fifi Crimefighter? Trixie Belle Angel? Blue Moxie? No help at all!

SHANNON collapses onto a cube. She closes her eyes and massages her temples, trying to will the right answer into being.

Precious Jewel. Precious... Jewel. I seeeeee ahhhhhhh Dog? Baby? Dog baby? (*She makes a sound of frustration and disgust. She looks up at the audience.*) I have Twenty-Seven Jobs. Not real jobs. Odd Jobs. Twenty-Seven Odd Jobs.

She takes in a huge gulp of air and gallops through the list.

(*fast, fast, fast*) Artist, Model, Babysitter, Blood giver, Data Entry, Delivery Driver, Dog Walker, Errand Runner,

Continued Over...



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The Fine Print

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She takes a long exhale but then gives a gasp as she sidetracks herself.

Wait a minute, wait! Hold it! (*she freezes, her mind clearly racing*) I'm missing one.

She runs through the list again, counting off the jobs on her fingers.

Artist, Model, Babysitter, Blood Giver, Data Entry, Delivery Driver, Dog Walker, Errand Runner, Focus Groups, Grocery Shopper, Henna Tattoos, House Cleaner, House Sitter, Laundry Doer, Lawn Cutter, Mover/Packer, Movie Extra, Mystery Shopper, Organizer, Personal Assistant, Pet Sitter, Present Wrapper, Sleep Study, Singing Telegrams, Tarots, Typist, Tutor and... (*she seems suspended as she tries to think of the last job*) Tarots, Typist, Tutor and... come on number twenty-seven... Tarots, Typist, Tutor, and...

She knocks on her head. Nothing comes. She sighs.

My mother enquires frequently, very frequently, on a daily basis frequently – she really wants to know when I'm going to get a "real" job. One single solitary just like everybody else normal every day real job. "Shannon! I don't know what to tell the bridge ladies anymore. Nina Halberstam's son is in the government. She gets a spiral ham every Christmas. You're just as smart as Nina Halberstam's son. Get me a ham!"

I'm supposed to be a brain surgeon. I've thought about it. Wouldn't that just show those bridge ladies. (*she poses*) Shannon the Surgeon. Doesn't that sound good? A brain surgeon is tons better than a spiral ham. Look at that. (*she holds out a palm*) Look! Rock. Steady. I could totally be a brain surgeon. I love brains! (*energetic*) There was this documentary we watched in the tenth grade? This guy, this construction worker had a nail go thunk in his head and they had to cut a chunk out of his skull. I'm the only one in the whole class who watched the whole thing and didn't upchuck Tuesday spaghetti all over the classroom. Well, except for Morgan Dweck. But he ate worms.

(*she sits, her energy gone*) How did this happen? One second I'm looking after the neighbour's kid and the next... It's an odd job avalanche. Where's my St. Bernard to dig me out? Here, boy. Where are you, boy? Come save me! Come tell me if Precious Jewel is a dog or a baby. Come with a Blackberry in the barrel around your neck so I don't need to use bristol board to map out my day millisecond by millisecond.

Susan says, my friend Susan, my ex-friend Susan, she says, this is all smoke. An odd job smoke screen. Poof! (*she snorts*) What does she know? She's so stupid. She wants to be a dental hygienist. A dental hygienist. A dental hygienist! What sane person on this planet or any other actually wants to look in people's mouths for a living? Have you seen what goes on in there? (*she shudders*) Stupid Susan says I need to cut lawns and clean houses and need to keep adding another and another dog slash babysitting job. One Precious Jewel on top of another. If I'm too busy doing odd jobs I can't fail at something I really want to do. (*pause*) Huh. What does she know? (*pause*) She's so so stupid. Stupid teeth loving Susan. (*she laughs crazily*) I could give every one of these jobs up in a second, any second, in a heartbeat. I could so give it all up and go be a brain surgeon in a – (*she gets a brain wave*) Balloon animals! (*she thrusts her fists in the air in celebration*) Balloon animals! Balloon! Animals! Ah ha! That's it! That's it! Eureka!

She realizes she is totally overreacting. She calms down, slowly lowers her arms, clears her throat and sits. She speaks quietly.

Twenty-Seven. Job number... I do kids' Birthday parties. My speciality is the balloon poodle, which is more difficult than the plain old balloon dog. Everybody does that.

SHANNON stands slowly. She starts to exit. She turns back to the audience.

If you see my mom, could you tell her how much I want to be a brain surgeon? It'll make her feel better. 🐾