

Erica J. Myers
Theatre 3300
Dramatic Writing
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Assignment 1 Monologue

COMIC:

CRUNCH TIME

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The moral fibers of my childhood include being internally molested by Little Debbie and her band of hard core drug-usage inducing snacks. I enjoyed those days of wonderful bliss under the shade of two camphor berry trees.

See, Mr. Man, while your dad was letting you trot around in a cowboy outfit, pretending to shoot people in Reno, I was locked outside with my three sisters in the sweltering heat of Brunswick, Georgia. Oh yes, buddy, there was no way in! No child I know could pop a latch hook on a screen door without my grandma knowing about it.

So you faced the truth and yelled, through the soundproofing mesh of a screen door, for a cup of water and a snack. And even then she yelled back for you to drink out of the spicket. You were doomed, buddy. You got nothing but a Little Debbie Star Crunch patty and spicket water. Childhood prison food, the only relief to the hunger pains of continuous "Red Light, Green Light".

I had a rough childhood.