

Erica J. Myers
Theatre 3300
Dramatic Writing
May 12, 2009
Assignment 1 Monologue

DRAMATIC:

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Erica J. Myers

What do I want? After all this time? Let's see, what do I want?

Well, every year I have to bake my own damn birthday cake. (Pause) Don't look at me like that. I sat through your earlier speech.

I'm the one who feels like I've wasted seven years of my time being your life's tech support. When you wanted to learn to paint, I bought everything you needed and you didn't paint one damn thing. I've used everything you've gotten me because all you get me are things that help you out. There were times when I had gone to school and work, come home at ten at night, and plopped down in my chair, tired as hell, only to have you come up and ask when I was going to cook dinner. (beat) Don't fuss.

It's always been about what you wanted. It's MY birthday. And I sat here on MY DAY, listening to you tell me that you did what you did because you're lonely and unhappy. Motherfucker, I'm lonely and unhappy, too!

What do I want? I really want to pull out the fucking Weatherby 7MM Mangu rifle I bought you your last birthday, shove it up your ass and blow your asshole through your heart! (Pause, sigh) However, I don't know the exchange rate of cigarettes for sexual favors in prison, so I'll settle with whatever the hell you wrapped up this year. Oh, and some divorce papers.