

Erica J. Myers
Theatre 3300
Dramatic Writing
May 13, 2009
Assignment 3 Monologue

COMIC:

NEW DEFINITION OF PEACOCK

Daedalus

Daedalus is on the phone with her mother.

DEADALUS: I'm done with guys in this city, Ma. Every time I think I've found the right one, they end up being a damn potatohead! Yeah I tried dating ... again. Why are guys such friggin' idiots?

No, I met this one at Macy's. He seemed so ... spiffy. I was talking about Calphalon pots with Lakesha. Yeah, I know she's a hooker, Ma. Anyway, he's working the house wares. He comes over and starts reciting, verbatim, the Calphalon training manual. He smelled great, Ma. I don't even think they sell Claiborne's Spark anymore. Just from his clothes and cologne, you would reckon he had some sense.

Boy was I ever wrong, Ma. We got to talking. He was talking about the Harry Potter books. "Oh my God, I love those books," he says. So I suggest a date to the new Harry Potter movie. Naw, Chamber of Secrets, Ma. It's the second one. Yeah.

So we get to the movies, Ma, and he's got no money. None! I'm talking moths flying the wallet. But, you know me. I don't mind paying. So I buy the tickets.

But, guess what. This douche bag decides he wants fucking concessions, too. Sorry, Ma. I don't mean to curse. Blame Dad. He made me the potty mouth, you made me the diva. So now you've got a potty mouth diva as your youngest kid. Anyway, he wants concession. I tell him he's got to get that on his own. He's got the nerves to get mad at me. But we eventually make it to the seats.

Now mind you, Ma, it's the middle of winter. He's only got on a friggin Member's Only jacket. And here I am wearing my new Ralph Lauren navy wool peacoat.

Yeah, the one from Ross. What can I say, Ma? Dad made me cheap. So, he decides he's cold. I let him drape my coat over him during the show. You know, to keep him warm. Did you know that motherfucker leaned over and asked who Harry Potter was? Idiot! Not you, Ma, the guy.

So during the movie, he takes my hand. I'm like, "aw, this is sweet." But then he's moving my hand slowly underneath my coat. Yeah, Ma! No fucking kidding! My friends were thinking the same thing, "This dude wants a hand job in a kid's movie." And on the first date!

Not me, Ma! You know I don't play that. I started beating the shit out of him where he sat! UGH! I mean, all I could think about is this fucking bastard's dick is touching the inside of my new peacoat! It's not funny, Ma! That's my favorite coat! Don't tell dad, Ma. He'll fucking flip. Ok, Ma. Go to bed. Talk to you tomorrow.