

# ANATOMY OF A FUNNY BONE

By Christian Kiley

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# ANATOMY OF A FUNNY BONE

## A COLLECTION OF TEN MONOLOGUES

by  
Christian Kiley

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## **Sandwich**

by  
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*CHARACTER: A disgruntled worker confronts fellow employees when she/he suspects that one of them has been eating her/his lunch.*

### EMPLOYEE

People, listen up. Hey. I am aware that what I am about to say is going to seem ridiculous, elementary, and not even worth mentioning. But here goes. Starting last week, someone has been taking a bite out of my sandwich. Just taking a bite and putting it back, all wrapped up like nothing has happened. And it has. Something has happened. So whoever it is, don't do that. Eat the whole thing. But don't just take one bite and put it back. Maybe you don't like turkey or roast beef. What are you expecting to find? I realize I am not making my sandwich to your specifications. Mainly because it is for me, not you. So don't eat my sandwich, please. Thank you.

*(Turns to go)* There's no need for that kind of remark. I heard that. Maybe it's you? You seem to have put on some weight. Perhaps it is from eating two lunches. What kind of person does that? Having an affair with my lunch. Oh, the thought of your teeth on my tomatoes makes me irate. You better watch it. Brown paper bag, left side of the second shelf. I know where your lunch is. Don't think for a second that I won't retaliate. Because I will. And I'll do more than take a bite. I hear your snickers. I realize I will become the laughing stock of the break room. But I will not be a victim of hypoglycemia. I must eat to perform at work. See, I'm shaking due to lack of nourishment. Look at the tremors. I do stupid things when I don't eat. Crazy things. Trust me you don't want me to get crazy. You really don't. Watch this.

*(Does the Hokey Pokey at increasingly high speed)* You put your left leg in, left leg out, left leg in, shake it all about. Do the Hokey Pokey and you turn yourself around, that's what it's all about. You put your head in, head out, head in, shake it all about. Hokey Pokey, turn around, that's what it's all about. Stomach in, stomach out, stomach in, shake it all about. Hokey Pokey, turn around, that's what it's all about.

*(Stops)* That's what it's all about. What it's all about. It's all about my sandwich.

*(Putting on war paint)* This has become personal. It is me versus you. I don't know who you are but you know who I am. Or you will find out soon enough. Soon enough.

**END OF PLAY**

**Notes on "Sandwich"**

The character's appearance gets more sloppy as the monologue progresses. The war paint is usually makeup when the monologue is played by a woman (as was the case with the premiere) or a marker when played by a man. The war paint is smeared under the eyes in the fashion of football players and other athletes. A sandwich with a bite taken out of it can also be a useful prop.

**Production Notes**

"Sandwich" was performed by Misty Reams in December, 2001 as part of the Theatre Neo monologue showcase (Los Angeles, CA). Misty's performance was selected as the winner of the showcase by a panel of industry judges. Ted Brooks, Jr. performed "Sandwich" and came in third place in the Comedic Monologue category at the California State Long Beach Theatre Festival in 2006.

**Big Time**  
by  
Christian Kiley

*CHARACTER: An actor tries way too hard to impress the director of a new Broadway show. She/he makes all the mistakes that define a bad actor until the end of the monologue when she/he accidentally stumbles upon something good.*

ACTOR

Okay, wow, nice. You got a nice place here. Big. A big theatre to perform masterpieces in. Or sometimes maybe just big hit musicals to bring in the bucks. Nothing wrong with that. Gotta look at the bottom line sometimes.

*(Gives a huge wink)* I get it. Oh, that's right, I'm here to audition for you, or not for you exactly, I mean I'm not going to be your maid, unless it's the maid in the play; she doesn't have a lot of lines but she has a lot of stage time. So make a note that I am not too big to play any part in the play. In *Snow White* in third grade for example, I was a tree. A pine, a noble pine. That's pretty good. A lot of people strive for years to be a noble. Maybe not so much today but in a feudal monarchy that would have been a big deal. My audition. Oh, of course silly. That's what I'm here for.

My name is Prozac Pritchard and- Yes, that's my real name! My monologue is a self-written piece entitled *The Majestical Magistrate Magically Morphing into a Mannequin*. Let me set the scene. It was a foggy night. *(SHE uses some baby powder to create fog)* And there was a light mist in the air. *(SHE uses a spray bottle to create the mist.)* The wind was whipping to and fro. *(SHE uses a small fan or, if needed, her breath to make the wind.)* Imagine that there are large ominous clouds here, here, and, here. And this one here . . . looks like George Washington or Colonel Sanders. Can you see it? Good, good. There is an enormous winding staircase right here. And a chandelier here . . . like the one in *Phantom*. Only better. I know we're outside, but suspend your disbelief. There is a large pink flamingo here. Wings spread widely, singing a magical tune. Something like, ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh, ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh, eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee! And in the flamingo's mouth is a large sewer

rat. I know it's hard to sing when you have a giant toilet rodent shoved in your pie hole. Again suspend your disbelief. Can you hear the primal drums? Can you feel their vibrations? A little more fog (*creates more fog*). A little more rain (*creates that too*). Some more wind (*creates more*). And enter me, or not me, my character.

(*SHE whispers*) The Majestical Magistrate. (*SHE takes one step downstage. Freezes into a mannequin.*) And scene! (*SHE strikes a gymnast's finishing pose.*) Game, set, and give me the part.

**END OF PLAY**

### **Notes on “Big Time”**

A large bag can be used to store all the props for this piece. A spray bottle, container of talcum powder, and other props to create the storm. The lack of “quality acting” by the character is covered up with overacting and a half-hearted attempt at spectacle.

### **Production Notes**

“Big Time” was performed by Alexandria Smith at the 2008 California Educational Theatre Association Senior Auditions where Alexandria was a finalist in the senior auditions. Alexandria also was a finalist at the California State Long Beach High School Theatre Festival, where she came in third place in the Comedic Monologue category.

## Slight Addiction

by  
Christian Kiley

*CHARACTER: A woman addicted to energy drinks has to face her addiction when she confronts a stranger in an outdoor café and struggles with overcoming her urge to sip from the sweet nectar again.*

POLLY

What you got there? Don't tell me. I recognize the bright red can with accents of green. Like Christmas in July. A Big Guzzle Turbo Slurp Fizz. I used to drink them. I'm clean now though.

*(Turns to go; stops)* I love the slight fog that wafts out of the can when you open it. Like a foggy Irish morning on a glen. Or what I imagine one would look like. I've never been there. And the aroma of oranges and the faint hint of a high school chemistry lab. Strange that I would like that smell. I just do. That first sip is the best, isn't it? Have you had it yet? That first sip? Yeah. How was it? Alright. Sorry, I'm not a stalker. At least not stalking you. I think my favorite part is the bubbles. The way they tickle your nose. On a dare once I drank one through my nostrils. Wow. I didn't come down for three days. I got a lot of laundry done that weekend. Wait. Don't go. How much have you finished? Half? Halfish? That last sip is like finishing a great novel. The wide mouth cans are ridiculous. I mean, you should savor every ounce, right? Who wants to fast forward through their honeymoon? Okay, that was a little over the top on my part. I've never had a honeymoon but I imagine that I would want it to go by slowly. Especially if it is with a tall, tasty, sixteen ounce can of luscious goodness.

*(The other person starts to leave.)* Hold on. Are you going to finish that? No, not the Danish! Sorry, I didn't mean to snap. If you're just going to toss it . . . You might as well- I am not.

*(Holds out her hand. It is shaking rather violently.)* It shakes a little. I have a natural tremor. It's part of my chemical makeup. Well, you should go to rehab too . . .for rudeness. Sorry. That was rash and insensitive.

*(Blocking the other person from leaving)* Give me the precious one! Ah. Sorry, sorry. I'll give you five bucks for it. I can't buy my own. That would take too long. Ten, ten dollars. Put your cell phone down. There is no need to raise your voice. I'm harmless . . .but desperate.

*(Softly)* Help me. Please. Help me. You don't understand. There are tiny microscopic energy bugs that live in each can. They are slowly eating my brain. I'm doing you a favor. It's too late for me. But there is still time for you. That's right. Leave it on the table and walk away. Go ahead, leave me. Help me. Leave! Help. What did I say . . . help-leave, leave-help. GO! One day when you're sipping your orange juice in the morning sun, you'll remember me.

*(The other person exits. SHE talks to the can.)* Baby, it's been a long time. I think you remember how this part goes. *(SHE drinks it.)*

**END OF PLAY**

### **Notes on “Slight Addiction”**

The character should appear to be normal and then as the cover is slowly removed a depraved addict is revealed. A can was used as a prop and the actor may elect to create a label for the brand name of the drink.

### **Production Notes**

“Slight Addiction” was first performed by Lareesa Weissbeck in 2007 at Etiwanda High School as a part of the Drama II class and was later used in auditions and performances by Lareesa.

## **Malled**

by  
Christian Kiley

*CHARACTER: A child abandoned at the mall by her/his parents finally confronts them about their parental negligence.*

### KIOSK

Do you know how long I have been waiting here? A long time. Yeah, I would say so. Twelve years, two months, one week, three days, seven hours, forty-two minutes and fifteen, sixteen, seventeen seconds. At first I thought it was a game of hide and seek. So I looked for you in between the isles of CDs and DVDs, in the piles of stuffed Pooh Bears, and behind the torsos of lavender lingerie mannequins. Then as the mall was closing that first night, I thought it was an oversight or a tough love life lesson. Spending the night in the mall would make me stronger.

By Thursday of the first week I realized you might not be coming back. So I befriended a pack of Old Navy employees who were returning from the food court. They let me sleep in the middle of a cylindrical rack of pastel fleece. I felt safe there and warm. I learned how to turn some crackers and ketchup packets into gazpacho. With clothes hangers, bubble wrap, and other hastily discarded materials I created some crude tools. Certainly nothing like the items I salivate over as I make patches of fog with my breath on the Radio Shack display window. But I was able to forge a spear. I'm not really sure what I will use it for. But people keep their distance from me and occasionally I am able to spear a Cinnabon without being noticed.

One afternoon the Macy's makeup counter lady gave me some samples of designer deodorant and expired perfume. I smell like I rolled around in a fashion magazine for an hour. But I am surviving. I am not without culture either. I often listen to the guy at the information desk help give patrons directions and occasionally I will hear about news from the outside world. Clinton is no longer President. I also spend a good amount of time watching people. Looking for . . .you. I mean, even if you have forgotten me. I would think that you would shop. If not regularly at least seasonally.

Do you still celebrate my birthday? Don't you need things? Symbols of your increasing capitalist status. Snow globes, and oversized pillows, and silver flasks with your name engraved on them. And

Pottery Barn! Who in the name of overpriced vases doesn't shop at Pottery Barn? Isn't it some kind of law to make an impulse purchase at some yuppie, trendy store and brag about how much you got ripped off to your friends? And you know what? One day last Spring, around the time of the Nordstrom semi-annual clearance I forgot my name. The compulsive shoppers and some of the Hot Dog on a Stick gals decided to call me Kiosk. So it will be from this time forward. You are no longer my parents. Today I am born of the primordial ooze of Bath and Body Works. I am Kiosk! And you are just another vacant storefront with a space for rent sign in the window.

**END OF PLAY**

**Notes on "Maled"**

If the actor desires, she/he may elect to take a survivor approach to the monologue by dressing the character in clothing that indicates that they have lived a troubled youth akin to *Lord of the Flies*.

## Life in Fast Forward

by  
Christian Kiley

*CHARACTER: A woman predicts the entire future relationship she believes she will have with a man she has just met.*

RHONDA

Nice to meet you. Truly. Really. I'm not so good on first dates. If I get to a second, which is rare, but if I get there, I'm golden, I'm cash money, I'm a rapping supermodel free styling on a never ending catwalk. You have pretty eyes. Not just pretty, gorgeous! Your eyes make the stars look like those lame glow-in-the-dark stickers that parents try to put up in kids' rooms to represent a universe of possibilities that neither glow or stick. So you end up with a pile of fake cosmic dandruff.

Hey, when I look into your eyes . . .deeply . . .deeply . . .I see the future. Our future. We have a decent first date, but nothing to e-mail home about since you are desperate and I have the before mentioned futile dating history. We try another round. On the second date we kiss awkwardly and mistake our lack of coordination for chemistry. My clock is ticking and you still want to have hair in your wedding pictures, so we decide to run to Vegas on a whim and tie the knot. There is a reason that they call it a knot because it constricts and cuts off the circulation and blood flow to the heart.

After we lose all our money playing nickel slots, we have to spend our already abbreviated honeymoon with our dirty slot machine hands at a motel that they rent by the hour. Of course there is no soap in the bathroom and we have to share a twin bed. Which is ironic, I guess, because nine months later we give birth to . . .you guessed it . . .twins. Living with your mother was not bad at first, until she decided to rename the twins Tweedle-dee and Tweedle-dum and decorate the guest room like a giant croquet game.

You end up investing our small amount of savings in vibrating toothpicks that we can never find small enough batteries for. Tweedle-dee has homicidal numerical dyslexia and keeps killing his pet goldfishes because he can't count to three. You end up having an affair with a mannequin at the ninety-nine cent store and that cheap harlot, and I

do mean cheap, shows up at our front door and I decapitate her with an aluminum bat that soon after becomes a critical piece of State's evidence against me in either a felony manslaughter case or a misdemeanor property damage claim.

Either way I end up a grizzled prisoner who makes shanks out of coffee stirrers and trades pieces of stale bubble gum for nine-year old magazines. I end up completely out of the loop, unable to understand any pop culture reference, and pathetically out of the eligible dating pool. I die alone and afraid playing Keno for Tootsie Pops in some depressing border town. So . . .it's over. Sorry but you are way too much of a dating liability.

**END OF PLAY**

**Notes on “Life in Fast Forward”**

Rhonda is trying to meet Mr. Right but can't help that she's Miss-Oh-So-Wrong. As the monologue develops, the audience should realize that Rhonda, not the potential boyfriend, has the problem.

**Production Notes**

“Life in Fast Forward” was first performed by Donna Soutar at the 2007 California State Long Beach High School Theatre Festival where she was a semi-finalist in the Comedic Monologue category.

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