

MONOLOGUE OPTION ONE:

I never call out like Ferris did. I rarely miss work and if I do have to call out I still work when I call out. Seriously, am I boring? I pour my finances into practical things rather than buying that pair of jeans that I truly need or getting that haircut as you can tell by my mullet that is developing. Life is moving so fast and I wonder if I have enough to look back on. Okay, So I am Cameron.../ I'll own that... Deeply passionate trying to be the best I can be. My so-called boring life feels boring because I do everything by the book. I don't want to be wrong, I don't want to upset people, I care what people think and I find myself constantly worried 24/7. After sharing this piece with you I will sit for the next 24 hours wondering if I did enough wondering if people are judging me wondering if it was the right choice.

MONOLOGUE OPTION TWO:

I placed each quarter into the vending machine. I chose my selection: B5. My favorite treat in the world: Sour Patch Watermelons. Sour, but not too sour, sugary sweet with that artificial watermelon goodness. If I were in prison on death row my last meal would without a doubt be Sour Patch Watermelons. That's how much I love them. You know the feeling of really good sex? They're better. The Sour Patch Watermelons slowly turn out of the coils and then...they stop. Stuck between the coils and the glass. WHY? WHY ME?! I smack the glass but no luck. I rock the side of the machine to no avail. I can *taste* the sour sugary watermelons, but I couldn't get to them. I had no more change in my wallet so I couldn't even get another bag of Sour Patch Watermelons to push the stuck bag out. I cried, I cursed, I kicked, and nothing. I had to leave my watermelons, abandoned in their prison. I was defeated, craving sugar to help me stay alive, but alas, I had to go. This happened 5 years ago and I still think about those watermelons. I miss you.