

BOBBY (full monologue)

Let's see... Do you wanna know about all the wonderful and exciting things that have happened to me in my life , or do you want the truth? '

Well, to begin with, I come from this quasi-middle-upper or upper-middle class, family type-home. I could never figure out which but it was real boring. I mean, we had money but no taste. You know the kind of house -- astroturf on the patio? Anyway my mother had a lot of card parties and was one of the foremost bridge cheaters in America. My father worked for this big corporation. They used to send him out into the field a lot...to drink. Better, than to find him lying on his office floor... But he was okay. I was the strange one.

Real, real strange. I used to love to give garage 'recitals. BIZARRE recitals. This one time I was doing Frankenstein as a musical and I spray-painted this kid silver...all over. They had to rush him to the hospital 'cause he had that thing when your pores can't breathe... He lived 'cause luckily I didn't paint the soles of his feet and... As I got older I kept getting stranger and stranger. I used to go down to this busy intersection near my house at rush hour and direct traffic. I just wanted to see if anybody'd notice me. That's when I started breaking into people's houses. Oh, I didn't steal anything -- I'd just rearrange their furniture. And ... School? You wanna hear about school? I went to P. S. Shit ... See, I was the kind of kid that was always getting slammed into lockers and -stuff like that. Not only by the students -- by the teachers too. Oh, and I hated sports, hated sports. And sports were very big. I mean, it was jock city, but I didn't make one team. See, I couldn't catch a ball if it had Elmer's Glue on it. And wouldn't my father have to be this big ex-football hero? He was SO humiliated, he didn't know what to tell his friends. So he told 'em all I had polio. On Father's Day I used to limp for him. And my mother kept saying: "If you don't stop setting your brother on fire, we're going to have to send you away." And I was always thinking up these spectacular ways how to kill myself. But then I realized -- to commit suicide in Buffalo is redundant. .