

Space Junk by Cody Goulder
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KAZ: M or F, Late 20's – 30's. In this monologue, Kaz tries to motivate a best friend to stop torturing himself over the complications of a bad break up. Kaz is crass and a bit of a slacker but has a deep, warm heart. Kaz doesn't share his true thoughts often unless it will really help, even if the presentation is a bit eccentric.

KAZ

Why can't you handle a break up like a normal person? Take twenty four hours to lay in bed not because you're tired but you fear running into things that remind you of them. Take their shit, shove it in the closet and hope to never see it again. Except, you fear opening it because making eye contact with any underwear, knick-knacks, or fuzzy slippers will break you so you choose between the bathrobe or pajamas, make a nest in the couch and fill it with potato chips and cheap ass RC Cola. Yet, soon, courage takes hold, informing your brain that, "I want to feel better and get laid." You storm to Buffalo Wild Wings and get the hot waitress but even how she says "Whatcha drinking" is a spooky reminder of what you had. You order the 50 boneless BBQ wings and sob into the cheap mixture of broken promises. You crawl to your junk food nest, and hit all the highs and lows of living until you hose off the grease, and rebuild your dignity cause, God forbid, someone would have the compassion to truly give you what you deserve.