

The Tale of the Raccoon

A Monologue

Adapted from an Unfinished Play

By Joe Barnes

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Character

Ed Trout

Male, 30s-60s, a former exterminator

ED

It was a standard job. Someone had bought a derelict cabin and hired me to get rid of the raccoons that infested the place. They all scuttled through the broken windows when I walked in. Except for one. There he was, punching away at an old manual typewriter, paying absolutely no attention to me or anything in the universe but that battered Olivetti. He didn't know how to type of course. And even if he did, there was no paper in the typewriter. But he kept banging away with those strange little human hands. As though what he was doing was the most important thing in the world. As though he had this story that just had to be told. And at that moment I admired him. I really did. Hell, at that moment I wanted to *be* him. I finally got the raccoon out of the cabin. But not before the son of a bitch bit me.