

Monologue 2 by Roberta D'Alois

BRIANNA, 29, F, any race, in an upscale bar with ANNE, her former college dorm mate. After work on a Thursday.

CASTING NOTE (taken and adapted from Chuck Mee)

In this play, as in life itself, any character can be played by a woman in a wheelchair, a woman of color, or an LGBT woman, and that is not the subject of the play. There is not a single role in this play that must be played by a physically intact white person.

BRIANNA

Owe you a drink? How can I owe you a drink? We don't even go out that much. Plus I always buy drinks...Plus you make a lot more money than I do. I have such a shitty job, it's not fair... You don't remember what it's like anymore, opening some jerk's mail, going over his to-do list, keep his Slack updated, having to fish his iPhone out of the toilet when he drops it. And your reward for sticking your hand in the toilet is he takes you out for watered down drinks and tries to grab your boob. You don't even have a boss anymore, you work in a one of those special offices with 5 companies where everyone's mellow and plays foosball. You think you're better than me...Buy ME a drink? I don't need your stupid drink. I'm outa here.