

Bill - Monologue

Night has turned into day.

Bill is alone, pattering and packing.

Some furniture is missing.

More huge piles of clothes fill the living room.

*From across the way, a neighbor's dog whimpers tragically,
left alone.*

It might even howl.

Bill pauses to listen.

Maybe he considers murdering the dog.

Instead, he continues to pack as he works on his stand-up.

BILL. ...I've been married fifty years...

We each had a very happy twenty years.

After that, we met!

I'm the kinda guy who.

I'm the kinda man who.

I'm a guy who.

I'm the kinda husband who.

I'm a gentleman, ladies and gentlemen!

Oh no.

That doesn't work.

I'm a gentleman, folks.

Folks. Hey there, folks.
Thanks for coming out.
I'm from Delaware.
Delaware.
Think of a joke about Delaware.

He tries to think of something.

There's nothing funny about Delaware.
Maybe that's the joke.

"There's nothing funny about Delaware!"

Work on it.

I worked my whole life as a pharmacist, folks.

Let me tell you what that's like.

Nobody much cares that you're there 'til they need you—

It's not like being a doctor, oooh doctors,

Nope, the pharmacist, well,

You're just expected to be there, twenty-four seven—

But make one mistake, you could kill someone!

(Tries again.) Make one mistake, you could kill someone!

Nope.

So, recently, my wife kicked me out...

The wife and I split up.

She walked me to my car and said:

"I hope you die a miserable death."

I said, "So you're asking me to come back?"

So you're asking me to come back?

(A sudden plea.) So you're asking me to come back?

BILL. T

BEN. C

(Starting

BILL. U

BEN. N

I actual

And, uh

BILL. T

BEN. C

Mom is

BILL. L

BEN. R

And no

BILL. T

BEN. A

She's go

About a

BILL. V

BEN. Y

BILL. M

BEN. C

'Cause I

You guy

BILL. V

BEN. Y