

LOVE OF A PIG

Monologue #2

Jenny:

So everything is great. I have friends who care about me and give me money. I'm an up-and-coming violin soloist.

Sometimes my life just chokes me all up. I mean I feel like Mary Tyler Moore. I just wish I had a hat to throw.

And to top it all off, I live in a beautiful, charming, rent-controlled duplex, which is really great, except I live there – here – alone. Listen. Do you hear that? I don't either. It doesn't seem to matter much where I live, or how loud it is outside, the inside of all my apartments always sound the same. The silence just keeps getting louder and louder. I guess the logical answer would be to turn on some music the minute I get home, but- (loud music) I'M SO AFRAID THAT I'LL MISS SOMETHING. (music off)

I didn't always feel this way. It was a gradual realization that it is entirely possible that I could spend the rest of my life alone. This thought frightened me so I did some thinking and figuring.

I've live 4,984 days since I hit puberty, and I've spent 4,981 of those nights alone. I think you get the point.