

BOOB JOB

[Abbott and Costello, airbags, badoinkies, bazoombas, bijongas, boulders, cans, cantaloupes, cha-chas, chesticles, chumbawumbas, coconuts, cupcakes, dinglebobbers, dumplings, flapdoodles, funbags, gazongas, gobstoppers, goombas, headlamps, headlights, high beams, honkers, hooters, hubcaps, hummers, jahoobies, jugs, kawangas, magambos, mammaries, mau-maus, melons, milk bombs, nay-nays, neeners, ninnies, norks, knockers, num nums, palookas, pillows, puppies, rack, rivets, rotors, shabba-dos, snow tires, speed bumps, squachies, tatas, teetees, titties, torpedoes, Volvos, wahwahs, whimwhams, Wilsons, Yahoos, Yazoos, Ying-Yangs...breasts. Boobies.]

Today my almost-wife is flashing her breasts for her colleagues. In the room behind me. After all, they helped buy them. I'm not allowed. Bad luck. Chris, my fiancé, she's a leading theological scholar. I wonder if nuns ever get boob jobs. Tomorrow's our wedding day. They were a wedding gift.

For full monologue contact me at me@johnmcgie.com.