

NO FUN NO MORE revised

Woman in chair starts video camera recording. Drinks tea throughout.

Once upon a time...we had time. Time to muck it up. Fuck it up. Spill the milk and let it sour and then a few hours later find the cup full again. Joy was a rite. Colours were bold and grey areas were seen as old people inventions of bitterness and regret. We knew everything and cared for nothing except for ourselves and our friends.

We'd pretend. Defending the easy answers and insisting we were all grown up. Ignorance made us wise beyond our years. Fear came easy and bravado even easier. There was always a tomorrow. There was always room.

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