

RADICAL HONESTY

Truth hurts. Trust the assholes. And animals. Animals don't lie. Probably because they can't talk. I've killed someone. And stolen. At least I'm honest about it. I can't help it. It's the kind of guy I am. I couldn't lie if I wanted to. My parents are back home. At least my mother is. In the house I grew up in. I haven't been there since I was fourteen. A long time ago and, yet, just yesterday.

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