

## Stupid Rotten Life

### Chorus

*Five characters who face similar daily circumstances deliver this monologue in unison*

Monday. I get up. I fix breakfast. Toast. Coffee. Bacon. Eggs. I nearly go nuts trying to get the others out of bed. The kids leave for school, my husband goes to work. Then I work. I work like a demon. I don't stop til noon. I wash the clothes. Dresses, shirts, stockings, sweaters, pants, underpants, bras. The works. I scrub it. I wring it out, scrub it again, rinse it...My hands are chapped. My back is sore. I curse like hell. At noon, the kids come home. They eat like pigs, they wreck the house, they leave. In the afternoon, I hang out the wash, the biggest pain of all. When that's finished, I start the supper. They all come home. They're tired and grumpy. We all fight. But at night, we watch TV.

Tuesday. I get up and fix breakfast. The same goddamned thing. Toast, coffee, bacon, eggs. I drag the others out of bed and I shove them out the door. Then it's the ironing. I work, I work, I work, and I work. It's noon before I know it and the kids are mad because lunch isn't ready. I make 'em baloney sandwiches. I work all afternoon. Suppertime comes. I look like I'm dead. My husband bitches. We all fight. I work. I slave. I kill myself for my pack of morons. I'm fed up with this stupid rotten life! This stupid rotten life! This stupid rotten life!