

Famous.

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Four women. Four monologues. Or. One woman. Four monologues. Or. Two women. Four monologues.

Number One

I'm gonna be famous. I know some famous people. I see them on Facebook. They used to be friends of mine. Our lives went in different directions I guess. Maybe they took bigger risks. Maybe they could afford to. But there's still time for me. I'm gonna be famous. I'm gonna be so famous that people are going to stop and stare at me on the street. I'm going to be so famous that people are going to say "hey...there...I know you!" No. I'm going to be so famous that people will know me by name and ask for my autograph. And I'll be stuck posing for pictures for hours and I'll miss my reservations at the newest hottest restaurant because I just couldn't leave my fans. My hand will be cramped. Disfigured. Deformed almost after the marathon session of signing my name. "To Dot. You have a great smile." "To Ted. Keep on shooting for the stars." "To Sally. Get well soon. I know you're a fighter!" Better yet. I won't stop and talk to my fans. I'll wear large sunglasses and pretend I'm someone else. I'll push around a baby carriage and I'll get into physical altercations with paparazzi who try to take my fictional baby's picture. I'll ask for my privacy. I'll beg for it. I'm a human being too goddammit! I'll have sex with all my leading men. I'll pick up a drug habit. I'll spiral out of control. I'll punch a cop. I'll shoot an ex. I'll rob a liquor store. No. A Macy's. More security cameras. I'll go to rehab. Not celebrity rehab. That's too trite. Overdone. B-List. I'll disappear for 2 weeks. Any longer and people will forget about me. I'll make sure a family member keeps my name in the press. Maybe I try and leave sooner than I am supposed to? No. I have a full recovery and go on Oprah. Or whatever her equivalent is now. Ellen? Then I start to pick projects that matter to me. I create *real* art. I adopt a few kids. I don't want to lose my figure. I marry someone who is in the biz, but not an actor. Or director. Maybe some kind of designer. No one too artsy. I'm gonna be famous. Because. It's important to me.

Number Two

I have two dogs. They are pretty adorable. Not like ooosty cutesy adorable. They are big dogs. Man-sized dogs. I mean, if I wanted to I could fight those dogs. But I don't. I love them. When I walk down the street people stare at me. I mean, here's me. A petite, baby-faced, young woman with these really big, aggressive looking dogs. I feel like it's probably a turn on. For guys. Girls too. It's unexpected. And I own it. I give a sly smile and keep walking. But my dogs are also super friendly. So if someone stops my dogs will go up to them and wag their tails. They'll lick their legs. Try and kiss their mouths. And people will be so surprised that these scary looking dogs are so friendly. Then they'll look at me. And I know what they're thinking. They want it. I'm kind of a dog park celebrity. It's not only that my dogs are cute and huge...which they are. I believe I've said. But they are so happy. Infectiously happy. So people think I take care of my dogs. Which I do of course. I make their food actually. It's pretty expensive and it takes a lot of time. But it's worth it. I sprinkle in some vitamins. And mix in cod liver oil. Did you know cilantro prevents tumors? I have a few dog beds. I like one in each room. But they usually sleep on the couches or on my bed. Sometimes I have to sleep on the floor if I get to bed after them. If

I try to move them they look at me. Kind of a confused and shocked look. I had a bad childhood so I just let them sleep. Sometimes I take their pictures as they sleep. Then I look at the picture as I'm looking at them sleeping. They make me happy. They're the only reason people talk to me. I don't know what I'd do without my dogs.

Number Three

If I were skinnier. Believe me. Things would be different. I don't try very hard to put myself together now. If I'm going to work I might put on some makeup. Mostly because when I need to fake sick I can just take it off. I don't know if I should find it insulting that people think my natural face looks like a sick person's face. But I don't worry about it. Because I fake sick a lot. I can't fit into the clothes I want to buy. I'm not sure if I have a sense of style anymore. If something fits I buy it. When I catch myself in a reflecting door I get upset. It's obvious that I don't try very hard. I like my hair. It's really shiny and if I use the right shampoo it is quite manageable. I cut it once. Real short. I looked like a lesbian. Which I guess was kind of nice because I didn't feel like men were judging me anymore. It was like they knew that I wasn't for them so they just didn't see me. If they think I'm for them and I don't measure up then they'll tell me. Once a guy in a truck rolled down his window and told me to "lose some weight." Or maybe he called me a fatass? I don't remember exactly but it made me cry. I thought I looked nice that day. I hate to have my bubble busted. So I don't try anymore. I have a nice face. I know it's pretty. A friend told me once he'd have sex with me if I lost weight because I have such a pretty face. He was very handsome. I was flattered. And hurt. But I'd definitely buy nice things. If I was skinnier.

Number Four

I saw this 20/20 episode about heaven and it really scared me. What do you think happens when you die? All these people said they had been to heaven but they all had different versions of it. Most mentioned a white light, but some said they went down a hallway and some said they walked through a field and one said that she was walking up a huge staircase and there were all these cats and dogs coming down the stairs and they were really happy. And she said she would pull their tails and it would make them even happier. What kind of person goes around pulling the tails of cats? And if you are walking up to the gates of heaven, why are you fucking with a bunch of cats? I don't think that's the kind of stuff that gets you into heaven. Some people say that what these people are experiencing is their brain dying. I'm scared to die. I haven't been the best person either. And do you think that these angels watch you when you masturbate? Sometimes I think about that as I am masturbating. I guess they don't care, but still. And what if God is just like a bad boss? You know, you have to sort of do whatever he wants and laugh at his dumb jokes, and you know that when there is a big meeting coming up he is going to get hyper critical and start micromanaging you. And you know you could do the job better than him, but you can't say anything because he's super sensitive. Man, I hope it's a good place. Better than here at least.