

From THE PARIS OF THE WEST

Dramatic

JIMMY – Male (30s-50s)

In this country there is nothing more obsolete than a factory rat like me. You're looking at a museum piece. A relic of a bygone age. I'm telling you, the moment I drop dead some guys from the Smithsonian are gonna scoop me off the pavement, stuff me, and put me on display. *Rodentus Factorius Americanus*. Thrived in the Midwestern United States during the twentieth century. Now extinct. I'll be in a glass case with the woolly mammoth and the fucking dodo bird. Shit, maybe it's all for the best, because people these days have no fucking idea about the factory...what it does to you. I mean, you hit that assembly line on your first day and you're like any other loser. You hate the spics, you hate the niggers, you hate whitey, you hate the faggots, and you hate all the bitches and assholes who have fucked you over for your entire life. And you get into that factory for a few months and all that just drops away and you realize you only have one enemy in this universe, one enemy that keeps coming for you day after day and week after week and that you hate more than you ever thought you could hate anything and it's the clock. That factory clock that hangs over your head and your station and your life, the second hand dragging its way around and around that dial and slowing down every time you look at it and so you train yourself to not look at it, to not stare into the eyes of God because that clock is your God and it's a God that wants to punish you for ever being born. So you're at your station four or five hours into your shift and your muscles are aching and your mind is screaming at the monotony of it all and so you do the only thing you can do and you start repeating your mantra, the chant of every line worker across the world, and it's like a heartbeat inside you and it's fuck them fucking fuckers. Fuck them fucking fuckers. Fuck them fucking fuckers. And the guy next to you says fuck them fucking fuckers and down the line you hear fuck them fucking fuckers and now everyone is saying it or yelling it or pounding it out on their benches. Fuck them fucking fuckers. Fuck them fucking fuckers! Fuck them fucking fuckers!!! And it's not just you and the machine and it's not you against the machine, you are the machine, just another fuck them fucking fuckers cog in this huge fuck them fucking fuckers machine and you pound out your minutes and your days and your life in that machine and every second that you're pounding it, it's pounding you and then one day your life goes by and you're done. The machine spits you out on the sidewalk and you lay there staring up at a sky you've never seen and it hits you, hits you like a poleaxed pig in a fucking slaughterhouse just how fucking done it is and how fucking done you are. So there you go...that's my shop rat wisdom wrapped up in a thank you for your service certificate and a shiny new lapel pin. Now give me another fucking beer.

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