

MALE MONOLOGUE 1

THE FED-UP GENIE by: Rebecca Young

Poof! Give me what I want! Poof! Give me what I want! Poof! Give me what I want! That's how it goes all day long! I don't ever get a minutes peace! It's like I was born to serve them! Well, I have a life too, you know!

There I'll be, taking a bath, reading a book, talking to my mama-anything-when, bam! Someone's gotta rub the lamp, and out I come like a puff of smoke! No apology, no "sorry for disturbing you," no "Is this a good time?" Nothing!! Just *gimme, gimme, gimme!* It's all about them and their greedy little wishes.

Half the time they don't even know what they want! Not because they don't want anything-oh, no! - but because they can't narrow it down to three! They forget that just minutes before they weren't going to get anything! And now they want it all.

Seems like everyone tries the whole "Can I wish for another three wishes?" gag. Do they really think that's going to work? Come on. Do I look like a moron?

Well, ok maybe I do look a little silly in the stupid genie suit, but it comes with the job. Believe me, I didn't pick it out. I look like M.C. Hammer in his old poofy pants days. They didn't look good on him, and they sure don't look good on me. The fat just looks fatter, if you know what I mean.

But back to the people. Three wishes!! Ugh! Uno. Dos. Tres. It's not that hard. They stand there throwing things out, and when I get ready to give their wish, they say, "I didn't actually wish for that. I was just thinking." Well, think a little faster, people! I don't have all day to watch you "eenie, meanie, minie, mo" your choices!

Get a clue! Know what you want *before* you rub the lamp!