

8.

Stage at the night club

EDIE wears her yellow dress. She looks nice.

She's wearing make up.

VOICE OF M.C.

Our next act is a very funny lady who you've seen a couple times here on Open Mic nights around the city. Give it up for Edie Smith!

EDIE

Hi there.

Um.

Hi.

Haha.

Okay...

Hi so.

Thanks for coming out tonight.

So I was gonna do this bit about people who bring their lunch to work. But it's kinda dumb. I was gonna like. Make ironic commentary about girls who peel their string cheese with surgical precision, and how this makes me think of murder.

I thought it would be funny. But it's not funny.

Especially when you consider kids. In the Sudan. Who are like. Starving to death? Because of civil wars and stuff. Any one of them would be happy to kill a skinny bitch for her string cheese so they can eat it. Because they don't have any food. Because they're in the Sudan.

I should probably tell a joke now.

Hi.

My name is Edie Smith and I'm gonna tell a joke now:

You ever get that weird feeling that someone's following you?

But every time you turn around it's just some guy in a werewolf mask?

And he's carrying a lunch box.

And inside his lunch box

Is a human head.
Of a child.
From the Sudan.

Is this what they call bombing?
It's a funny expression.
It more of an...implosion-ing.
I can't quite explain what it feels like.
It's like trying to explain what your heart feels like while you're pushing it out of your
asshole.

I should probably go.

But before I do I just want to say,
Not to sound anti-feminist or anything,
But.
I actually really enjoy being on bottom.
Good night.

She exits.