

## **Monologue #1**

JAMIE (At his book signing, Jamie is reading from the book he authored)

“He touched the wall and decided he had had enough. He was exhausted, first of all, and he could feel it: his lungs were throbbing and heavy and his left arm was stinging from the shoulder, right down to his wrist. Besides that, seven laps in and the water was still freezing cold, and if he wanted to be honest about it, he felt foolish—a ghost-pale, graceless thing flapping about frantically, desperately trying to keep pace with the mermaid in the next lane. She was at least half a lap ahead of him, though he hadn’t been able to keep track of her at all while he was swimming. Every time he’d try to find her while he was catching a breath, she’d be completely out of range. But he could see her now.

She looked behind her and saw him standing at the wall, one arm hanging off the side, his teeth chattering slightly. She slowed down and turned to face him, a quizzical smile crossing his lips. He smiled back at her as she pulled the goggles over her cap. Ah, he thought, I recognize her now.

He would spend the rest of the day trying to determine what was driving her silence, her clenched jaw, her sharp turns away from him. “You don’t have to let me win,” she was screaming. But he couldn’t hear it at all.”

(He closes the book and looks up at his audience.)

## **Monologue #2**

JAMIE (spoken) First, a story. New and unpublished. A little Christmas Story. I call it “The Story of Schmuel, Tailor of Klimovich.” Merry Christmas.

(He pulls out a small notebook. He clears his throat melodramatically and begins to read.)

Schmuel would work till halfpast ten at his tailor shop in Klimovich;

Get up at dawn and start again with the hems and pins and twist;

Forty-one years had come and gone at his tailor shop in Klimovich;

Watching the winter soldier on, there was one thing Schmucl missed.

"If I only had time," old Schmucl said. "I would build the dress that's in my head; A dress to fire the mad desire of girls from here to Minsk. But I have no more hours left to sew."

Then the clock upon the wall began to glow...

And the clock said: "Na na na na, na na na! Oh Schmucl, you'll get to be happy! Na na na na, na na na! I give you unlimited time! Na na na na, na na na! So Schmucl, go sew and be happy!"

But Schmucl said, "No, no, it's not my lot; I've got to make do with the time I've got!"

Schmucl was done at half past ten and he said, "Good night, old Klimovich."

He put on his coat to go, but then the clock cried, "Wait! Not yet! Even though you're not wise or rich, you're the finest man in Klimovich! Listen up, Schmucl, make one last stitch and you'll see what you get!"

But Schmucl said, "Clock, it's much too late; I'm at peace with life; I accept my fate..."