

WHY AM I SO CRANKY

by Danielle Brame Whiting

CHRISTINE

Christine walks across the stage and suddenly stops. She quickly turns her head as though she's checking the path behind her for something she's forgotten. She turns and starts to walk back the way she came. After a few steps she shakes her head, sure she's not forgotten anything, and turns to keep going. She takes a few steps, stops, takes out her phone and begins flicking through its screens looking for something.

Impossible.

Christine turns towards the audiences and begins, quickly and unhealthily jerking her head to either side as though stretching out the neck muscles. However, the stretch is too quick to help and indeed causes more tension than it heals. Her faux stretching moves down to her shoulders. The movements are quick as though shrugging off an unwanted touch.

You know what gives me the shits? Besides everything?

She suddenly bends down and scratches the back of her calf, stands back up and starts typing something into her phone.

I have to find time to get to a doctor about this rash. Heaven knows where I got it.

Looks at the audience

Itching. Itching gives me the shits. And the big whitish-purple lumps that have formed, as a consequence of the itch or the scratch, who knows? Anyway, it's there, it's annoying. It's...

Tilts her head to one side suddenly, in an extreme way, pauses to stretch, and jerks the head back up. Looks down and begins typing again.



Have you ever noticed that when someone asks how you've been and you start to list the fifteen million balls you are juggling in the air, cause, I mean,

Looks at audience

Why would your boss let you have even one night off, right?

Beat

Alexandra, who I hadn't even seen for two years because she moved to some god awful ashram or something to become enlightened or whatever. So, she comes up to me in the street the other day. I'm walking,

Begins miming what she was doing when Alexandra approached her.

Phone in hand typing minutes for the meeting that's going on – on the Bluetooth in my ear, I've got dry cleaning hanging over one arm, a bag of files off the other and a backpack full of my mum and dad's medication, cause help me if they would just trust the chemist to make and deliver one of those blister packs with their make-old-person-live-longer cocktail. Anyway/

Looks down at phone

UGH... why, why, why, why, are people so stupid. Seriously. This man runs a multinational company, he can't figure out how to book tickets online?

Christine looks up at the audience

She hugs me!

Christine enacts a series of sharp and jerky physical expressions that show us how exclamatory this statement is.

I use one of my elbows to push the hippy away,

Re-enacts.

Weighed down by phone and clothes and bag, accidentally swipe the screen so I've now lost the minutes document and apparently this is the time my boss asks me to read something back to him.



She steps in saying, I don't know, let me help or whatever, headbutts my back pack. I go down, she steps on me and...

Looks down at phone

Crap!

Christine exits.

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