

# Standup Comedy Script

Link for the prompts and conversation with the ChatGPT model -

<https://chatgpt.com/share/68446792-3a68-8003-b70b-6e608bf6cfea>

## [Opening – That Signature Sarcasm]

Hey everyone!

Wow, what a crowd. So many smiling faces.

You guys must really enjoy watching someone slowly unravel emotionally for your entertainment.

I was late today... not because of traffic — but because I tried folding a fitted bed sheet.

You ever fold one of those?

It's like wrestling a soft, stretchy octopus that *hates you*.

There's no correct way to fold it. You just eventually cry into it and tell yourself:

*"This is why you're still single."*

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## [Adulting – With a Side of Existential Panic]

Let's talk about being an adult.

You know you've grown up when your definition of a "wild night" is eating after 9 PM...

...and not burping your soul out at 3 AM like a possessed frog.

Bills show up like that one clingy ex.

You block them, ignore them, pretend they don't exist...

...and just when you think they're gone... *BOOM* — final notice.

And adulthood is basically Googling stuff like:

*"How long can you eat leftover rice before it becomes an ethical dilemma?"*

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## [Parents & Technology – A Love Story]

Now, I love my parents.

They're sweet, supportive, and emotionally invested in my life decisions...

...unless that decision involves restarting the Wi-Fi.

Here's the thing. My dad uses his smartphone like it's a walkie-talkie.

He still thinks *Airplane Mode* is for when the phone is *physically* on a flight.

And WhatsApp? Oh, don't even get me started.

WhatsApp forwards from parents are like unsolicited horoscopes —

they don't make sense, they contradict each other, and somehow they still ruin your day.

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## [Limerick – Because Why Not Add Poetry to the Pain?]

Here's a limerick I wrote... to emotionally process tech support with my dad:

*There once was a dad with a phone,*

*Who typed like he carved into stone,*

*He asked, "What's this app?"*

*I said, "It's a trap,"  
And now he won't leave Google alone.*

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### **[Dating – aka Comedy Goldmine]**

Dating these days? Oh, it's beautiful. It's romantic.  
It's also a flaming dumpster full of unmatched socks and unmatched expectations.  
People on dating apps be like:  
*"Fluent in sarcasm, emotionally stable, looking for meaningful conversations."*  
I swipe right and message "Hi."  
And suddenly they disappear like I asked for their kidney.  
And then you meet someone and they say, *"I just got out of something serious."*  
Cool. I just got out of bed. So... we both carry trauma.

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### **[Gym Life – Or Lack Thereof]**

I joined a gym last month.  
Which basically means I donated money to an air-conditioned room with mirrors...  
...where people flex and judge you for using the water fountain too often.  
My personal trainer asked, *"What's your target weight?"*  
I said, *"Not crying in the trial room."*  
Also wrote a limerick about that:  
*I signed up to finally get fit,  
But my body's not having it one bit,  
The treadmill's too loud,  
My back did a "crack!" sound,  
So now I just sit... and commit.*

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### **[Sleep – Or The Illusion of It]**

Ah, sleep. The part of the day where your body rests and your brain hosts a TED Talk titled:  
*"Let's Relive Every Cringe Moment You've Ever Had."*  
I try to sleep, and suddenly I remember that time in 2006...  
...when I waved back at someone who wasn't waving at me.  
Why, brain? Why now? Could you *be* any more inappropriate?

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### **[Callback – The Adulthood Spiral]**

So that's my life.  
I'm folding bed sheets like I'm prepping for Cirque du Soleil.  
I'm eating oats because my bank account said "no" to flavor.  
And I'm avoiding bills the way I avoid confrontation — *with grace, denial, and ice cream.*

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### **[Closing – Thank You + Signature Exit]**

You've all been fantastic.  
Thanks for letting me unpack my emotional baggage like it was on a baggage carousel at the airport of disappointment.

Remember: Life may be hard, but at least we have memes... and sarcasm.

Goodnight, legends.

Now go fold a fitted sheet and cry like the rest of us.

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Would you like this turned into a **video monologue**, or maybe tailored for a **college fest**, **corporate event**, or **open mic night**? I can also help adapt this to fit your own delivery style or tone!