

## 5-Minute Stand-Up Comedy Set: “Terms & Conditions of Being Grown”

### Prompt :

Amban eh, you're my hilarious, slightly sarcastic comedy writing partner now. I need a 5-minute stand-up comedy routine with sharp observational humor, playful self-roasting, and a tone that's clever but not trying too hard(Friendly). The theme is “Why adulthood is basically just Googling stuff until you die.” Give me relatable takes on adulting—like taxes, cooking disasters, awkward small talk, pretending I know what I'm doing, make it like reflecting Gen Z vibe.. Make it sound like I'm casually ranting to friends, but make it tight. I want sharp jokes, one personal story with a funny punchline, and a strong closing line. You're funny—I trust you. Let's write something stupidly good..

Chat Link: [Chat Gpt : 5min stand up comedy link](#)

### Final Comedy Script :

**Title: “Adulthood: Just Google It and Hope for the Best”**

**(By: Riyas, but it sounds like we all wrote it together in a group chat at 3am)**

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### [Opener – casual vibe, set the theme]

Hey everyone. So I've been thinking...

Adulthood is basically just Googling stuff until you die, right?

Like, we're all just grown-up toddlers with Wi-Fi.

I'm not “mature” — I just have better data plans now.

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### [Bit 1 – Cooking Disasters]

The other day I tried to cook “aesthetic ramen.” You know, the kind with the egg split perfectly in half, the soft noodles, the vibe?

Mine looked like a crime scene from a noodle war.

The egg exploded. Like exploded. I googled, “*why does egg explode in microwave?*”

Google was like: “Because you're dumb.”

And I believed it.

At this point, recipes should just start with “First, accept that you don't have your life together.”

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## **[Bit 2 – Taxes Are Just Adult Sudoku]**

Then there's taxes. You ever do your own taxes?

It's just TurboTax gaslighting you.

"Do you own a home?"

No. I'm Googling how to make ramen. Do I *look* like I own a home?

"Did you donate to charity?"

Yeah, I Venmo'd my friend ₹200 for anxiety snacks. Does that count?

Doing taxes feels like trying to solve a Rubik's Cube while blindfolded, drunk, and the cube is also on fire.

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## **[Bit 3 – Small Talk = Emotional Cardio]**

And why is adult small talk so weird?

Everyone's always like,

"So, what do you do?"

And I panic. Like... what do I *do*? I open tabs. I close tabs. I eat when I'm sad and nap when I'm overwhelmed.

Sometimes I do all three at once. Multitasking.

I once told a guy I was in "tech," and he goes, "Oh, what stack do you work with?"

And I'm like, "Uh... pancakes?"

Haven't seen him since.

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## **[Bit 4 – Pretending I Know What I'm Doing]**

Being an adult is just lying confidently.

Like, you ever unclog a sink?

I stood there with a plunger like I was about to duel it.

Googled "how to unclog drain," ended up on a Reddit thread from 2012 where someone fixed it using Coca-Cola and prayer.

Tried it.

Spoiler: It didn't work. But now my sink smells like a vending machine with trauma.

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## **[Personal Story – Funny Punchline Payoff]**

Okay, true story. I once got invited to a “networking brunch.”  
I didn’t know what that was. I thought we were just eating eggs and being chill.  
But people were there in suits, handing out business cards like Pokémon.  
One guy asked me, “What’s your five-year plan?”

I panicked and said, “To leave this brunch.”

He laughed. I wasn’t joking.

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### **[Final Reflection – Gen Z Vibe, clever wrap]**

Here’s the thing.  
We grew up thinking adulthood meant having answers.  
Nope. It’s just Googling things slightly faster than the people around you.

You know, like:  
“Can I microwave this?”  
“How long do you boil pasta?”  
“Symptoms of burnout vs. hunger.”  
“Am I a plant? Why do I need sunlight and water to feel okay?”

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### **[Closer – strong, punchy end]**

So yeah... if you see me out here looking confident, just know:  
I probably just Googled something 30 seconds ago and decided to wing it.

Because that’s adulthood.  
A never-ending group project... with no instructions... and everyone’s pretending  
they read the email.

Thank you, I’m Riyas—just a confused grown-up with Chrome in dark mode. Peace.