

SCENE 9: INTERMISSION MONOLOGUE

The curtain falls. The man remains on stage.

MAN

And that's that. The curtain falls, and it's time for the intermission. At least it would be, if we were actually sitting in the Morosco Theatre watching *The Drowsy Chaperone*, which of course, we are not. I don't like intermissions. They ruin the magic, you know? They yank you back into reality. One moment you're lost in a glamorous world of music and romance, and then, bang, you're surrounded by tourists. Crinkling candy wrappers and nattering about the lack of women's restrooms. It's cruel.

(takes out a Powerbar and starts eating)

Oh, it's a Powerbar. I have a bit of a blood sugar issue. I have to eat small meals all day long or I get jittery. I know it's rude, but you wouldn't like the alternative believe you me. Believe you me.

(he changes the record)

I remember my wedding day. I didn't eat breakfast and the ceremony wasn't until four in the afternoon. Aaaaah! I do, I do! Are you surprised that I was married? Well, there you are: you shouldn't go making assumptions about people, should you? I'm a very complicated person. I have to pee now. I'll be quick, I promise, and while I'm gone, you can listen to the beginning of Act two.

(disappears behind the curtain)