

ELLEN FROM ANGRY YOUNG MAN

By Dan Trujillo

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[Ellen, 20s, hung-over, recalls the party last night, where she made a drunken pass at Frank, her sister's boyfriend, with whom she's in love. She fends off the sympathy of Phil, who is in love with her.]

ELLEN

Oh I feel swell. Fantastic. Never better.
My tongue is tasting like I ate a sweater,
But I'm okay. And oh, I do recall
Your whisking me into the men's room stall
So I could yak my guts out. Thanks a lot.
Remembering the rest, I'd rather not.
Please say I didn't know how much we drank,
Please say that I did not come on to Frank,
'Cause if I did, I'll have to flee the state.
I pray he doesn't come conciliate
The broken woman, 'cause I'm totally cool.
I'm used to being typecast as the fool.
I'm sorry. Oh, God I -- what am I doing?
I can't sit on my butt, depressed and stewing.
Coffee! You want some? I may have a nervous
Breakdown, but you can't fault my table service!
I'm Waitress Queen, always affirmative,
Punctual at work, punctual is how I live.
When duty calls, I'm always super-prompt
In setting up my heart to get it stomped.
A person's happier if she's assumed
That love is hopeless. Relationships are doomed.
To match two souls's a monumental task,
But in this age that's far too much to ask.
It counters an American tradition,
And that's the sanctity of our ambition.
It's hard enough to break the New York shell,
But then our goals must travel parallel.
Our lives must be so perfectly designed
And so coincidentally aligned
It's as if God had waved a magic wand:
Our aspirations happened to correspond.
How hopeless though, to find a counterpart,
And next, to match the flickering of their heart.
Hung-over from my wasted efforts, Phil,
And tired of mornings mopping up the spill.