

Male or Female Monologues for  
*Road Trips and Ketchup Packets*  
by  
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THE FAST LANE

I'm driving on the freeway and there's this line of brake lights in the fast lane. And it's all because some slow driving moron won't move over. Then I hear a voice on the radio say, "Today, we're talking about bad drivers, call in with your bad-driver stories." And I'm thinking, "I got one right here." Then the first car behind the slow driver pulls into the middle lane and passes the idiot. But the slow driver still cruises the fast lane like he's the only one on the road. The next car does the same thing and a caller comes on the radio and starts complaining about how people are always passing on the right and how you're supposed to pass on the left. And then the next car passes the slow driver on the right, exactly how she described. I start yelling at the radio, "Maybe people are passing you on the left because YOU'RE GOING TOO SLOW IN THE FAST LANE, JUST LIKE THIS MORON IN FRONT OF ME!" I flash my brights at this guy but he still doesn't get the hint, so I right lane it and pull up beside his car. I roll down my window hoping to yell something, when I hear the lady on the radio say, "There's someone passing me on the right, right now!" I look over at the moron car and I can see a lady talking on her cell phone and her mouth is moving in sync with the radio! "The nerve of this guy. Don't you know you're supposed to pass on the left?!" Then I hear myself in my own radio yelling at her, "You're in the left lane, you moron!" One thing led to another and that's how your wife ended up in that ditch, officer.

HANDICAP PARKING

I'm horrible. I like to drive on the freeway with my head tilted back, my mouth wide open, and my outside eye closed. It looks like this.

(Turning sideways – it looks like he's asleep while driving)

I keep my inside eye open. See? So, cars pull up to me, honking their horns and I can hear them yelling, "Wake up! Wake up!" Then I turn my head and look at them with my open eye. They feel really stupid. See? I'm horrible. One time, I borrowed my dad's car, which has a handicap plate, to go to the grocery store. I know it's wrong, but I had the plate, so I parked in the handicap parking spot. As I was getting out of the car, I noticed that there was a cop parked in front of the store and he was looking at me. I panicked. And then I noticed my dad left his cane in the back seat. I grabbed the cane and put on my dark sunglasses. I walked to the store, moving the cane back and forth in front of me like I was blind. I bumped into a few cars for effect and ran into the door frame on the way in. The cop looked dumbfounded. When I came out of the store he was still there, so I had to keep up the act. But this time, he stepped in front of me and said, "Excuse me? How are you able to drive?" I said, "What do you mean?" He said, "Aren't you partially blind?" I said, "No, I'm fully blind." I kept walking, got in the car and the cop watched as I drove away. Just for fun, I ran over the curb on the way out. I'm horrible.