

WOMEN LAUGHING ALONE WITH SALAD  
by Sheila Callaghan

*About the play (from Center Theatre Group):*

What's on the menu for Meredith, Tori, and Sandy: the three women in Guy's life? Healthy lifestyles, upward mobility, meaningful sex? Or self-loathing and distorted priorities?

Inspired by the strangely ubiquitous advertising trend of picturing attractive women blissfully eating salad, award-winning playwright Sheila Callaghan breaks all the rules of our image-obsessed culture in *Women Laughing Alone With Salad*. This raw comedy is served with a side of feminism and tossed with audacious imagery, biting social critique, and devastating humor.

*NOTE: This excerpt is made available for Playwrights' Center auditions ONLY. Any other sharing, copying, distributing, or other use is prohibited.*

*GUY – male, 20-30s*

*About this scene:*

This monologue takes place at the top of the play where Guy is speaking to his mother on the phone.

GUY

... Okay maybe you're on a work call or getting a facial or whatever, maybe that's why you keep sending me to voice mail ... or, maybe you just don't wanna talk to me 'cause you'd rather send commands from on high and expect me to comply without further question ... and I told myself I wasn't gonna leave a message 'cause you never listen to them anyway ... but here I am. So.

I got your text. And here's my answer. No. I'm not buying your fucking priest boyfriend his top-shelf booze again. You can buy it yourself. I'm tired of it. I'm not your employee. I'm the wet fleshy blob you expelled from your vagina twenty-nine years ago, and I don't appreciate being manipulated. I have a life. A job. I mean both kind of suck right now, but they're still mine.

Also dinner this week sounds great. Looking forward to it.

Also. I can't hang up. Because I know that the second I do, I'm gonna walk to the liquor store, plop down my credit card, and buy your priest boyfriend his top-shelf booze. Because I'm dead inside.