

Crazy Glue

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In this monologue, Linda calls her best friend up for help. Linda apparently crazy glued her hand to her cheek and cannot separate them. She calls her friend Alison in utter panic and emotional turmoil. What follows next is the phone call conversation.

(Linda is on the phone pacing with her hand stuck to her cheek)

LINDA: Alison, oh God, it's me, it's Linda, I, I, I, I glued my...I glued my hand to my cheek! I'm walking around the house trying every kind of product and I can't get it off. Nothing will work! I crazy glued myself to myself!

I was fixing the chair that my Aunt Fran sat in, you know, the one she broke with her fat ass. The wooden one! My Grandmother gave me that chair, so I decided to fix it. The wood glue didn't seem to be working, so I crazy glued it.

I was lying down underneath the chair, gluing the entire bottom half of the seat because I noticed cracks, these small cracks and I figured, why not just cover the whole bottom with glue so it will be stronger and last longer but, but, but then the chair came apart and the seat landed on my cheek and I put my hand in front of my face to protect myself and my hand got stuck to my cheek...it all happened so fast!

WHAT AM I GONNA DO?!

I'm walking around the house like a complete ass and I have tried EVERYTHING. I've tried soap, detergent, nail polish remover, windex, fabreze, vodka, toilet bowl cleaner, pine-sol and pledge! God knows what else and my face looks swollen. Everytime I try to pull my hand off my cheek it hurts way too much, like the skin wants to come off!!! MY EYE! My eye is burning and it keeps tearing and I may go blind now because I'm beginning to see blurry and so I am walking around my house with one eye and one arm!

WHAT AM I GONNA DO?!

Alison? Hello? Alison, are you there? Alison? ALISON?!

(she shrieks)

You're laughing? Are you laughing at me? YOU'RE LAUGHING?! You bitch, my hand is stuck to my cheek and I'm going blind and you're laughing?!

(she starts to laugh also)

HAHAHAHA. I know, I know this is actually kind of funny but I want to laugh later, not now. Right now I need to get my hand off my cheek. I'm so afraid I'm going to have a permanent hand imprint on my face like I've been bitch slapped for life!!! Please, I can't go out in public like this and I am too embarrassed to call up a hardware store and ask someone for help.

Can you call for me or come over? PLEASE. I am losing blood circulation in my arm.

Will you come? YEAH? Oh thank Heavens, Alison, please hurry, I'm feeling a bit faint.