

50. Why Would Anyone Trust Me?

(Guy or girl)

1 See this? This wreck of a room? This is me. Cluttered.
2 Unorganized. A slob. Someone who smells his clothes to
3 see if they're clean because everything I own is on the floor.
4 I have food that is actually growing underneath my bed. My
5 parents know this. My friends know this. The few who have
6 dared to come over know that I haven't seen my floor in
7 about three years.

8 So knowing all of this — knowing me — why would
9 anyone entrust me with hundred-dollar concert tickets?

10 That's right. I've got five hundred dollars worth of
11 tickets somewhere in this mess, and I can't find them. Five
12 hundred dollars! My parents are going to kill me. My friends
13 are going to kill me. *I'm* going to kill me! I don't have that
14 kind of money. In fact, I don't have *any* kind of money! Do
15 I look like a guy who's motivated enough to have a job? I
16 don't think so!

17 Why did I ever offer to buy the tickets online for
18 everyone? Why was I dumb enough to have them mailed to
19 this house? Why would my parents be stupid enough to let
20 me use their credit card? Why would I even begin to think I
21 should bring the tickets up here — to this black hole —
22 when they came in the mail?

23 Well, there's really only one thing I can do. (Pause) Move.
24 Take on a new identity. Start in a new town, in a new school
25 where no one can find me ... (Pause) ... Shoot! I have
26 absolutely no idea where my suitcase might be!