

***STAR ACTING* at ESPA**
MONOLOGUES FOR MEN
by Charles Busch

THE THIRD STORY, ZYGOTE, page 20 Samuel French

A scientific laboratory. Zygote, a very bitter lab experiment gone wrong, confronts his “maker,” the frosty scientist, Dr. Constance Hudson.

ZYGOTE

Dr. Hudson. Did I frighten you? I hope so. Nothing can keep me away from this laboratory. After all, it is the place of my birth. But then we can't really call it a birth, can we? More of an egregious failure. A botched experiment. In the past two years since you granted me my independence, I've had forty-three wisdom teeth extracted and six appendectomies. And then of course, there's my very original intestinal tract. How do you put it? My alternate opening for waste elimination. Because of that ingenious new opening, I now have to wear a TOUPEE! YOU MADWOMAN! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME? The brilliant Dr. Hudson did her brilliant best creating life in a test tube and then tried out her new method to mature the Zygote to full adulthood in a matter of hours. Gosh darn, it's working. No, wait a minute. There's something wrong. Something hideously wrong. Destroy it. Put it out of its misery. My earliest memory is hearing frightened voices shouting, “Kill it, kill it!” You'd like to see me destroyed now. Wouldn't you? Thrown in the garbage with the rest of the medical refuse. Well, I'm not going anywhere, Dr. Hudson. You and I are linked together forever or until I decide to bring you down. And I will bring you down. I'll bring down this entire building.