DEPRESSED WHITE GIRL:
THE WORLD'S WORST D.I. (Dramatic Interpretation)

(Depressed White Girl enters and talks to audience)

Depressed White Girl: It was about five o'clock when I got the call.

(Clock dings five times and then the phone rings. Girl picks it up.)

Depressed White Girl: Hello?

Phone Operator: Hi, is Depressed White Girl available?

Depressed White Girl: This is she.

Phone Operator: Hello, Depressed White Girl, this is Happy-Go-Lucky Phone Operator—from 'Baby or Beer Belly? Test Facilities.' Your test results have come in. You're pregnant.

Depressed White Girl: What? Oh my, I can't believe this.

Phone Operator: Congratulations. Would you like to schedule a follow-up appointment?

Depressed White Girl: How accurate are the tests?

Phone Operator: They are never wrong. Now would you like to schedule a follow-up?

Depressed White Girl: I think first I need to talk to my boyfriend...

Phone Operator: Well, how about—

Depressed White Girl: ...or maybe the football team captain... or possibly my English teacher...

Phone Operator: Yes, that should be in order. But would—

Depressed White Girl: ...or the school janitorial staff... or maybe—

Phone Operator: Okay! That's enough of that.

Depressed White Girl: You're right. I should probably just talk to all of them. Better safe than sorry is what I always say.

Phone Operator: Right... Now would you like to know the sex of your baby?

Depressed White Girl: Oh, no. I'd like that to be a surprise. I hope it's a girl—

Phone Operator: Well, it's not.

Depressed White Girl: Oh... Are you sure?

Phone Operator: That test is even more accurate than the pregnancy tests. Thank you for your business and we hope to see you again soon.
(Depressed White Girl hangs up the phone. She begins talking to the audience again.)

Depressed White Girl: Oh goodness! I was pregnant! Gosh, what are my parents going to say!

(Mom and Dad enter suddenly)

Mom: Dear, we heard you talking regretfully. What's wrong?

Dad: Yes darling, you haven't done anything that would make us abuse you again—like we did when you were only this tall.

(Dad holds his hand out to show how tall. Mom and Dad both giggle reminiscently.)

Depressed White Girl: Oh Mom, Dad... it's nothing...

Mom: Oh, honey. You know you can tell us anything.

Dad: Yeah, I mean, unless it's something extreme like you being pregnant—which, like I mentioned earlier, would send me into a fit of rage like when you were only this tall.

(Dad holds his hand out again to show how tall. Mom and Dad both giggle reminiscently.)

Depressed White Girl: Um... well... uh...

(Mom looks at the phone.)

Mom: Dear, why is Unplanned Parenthood on our caller ID under past received calls. Were you talking to them?

Depressed White Girl: Oh, you guys! I'm so sorry!

Mom: I told you to not screen phone calls for me!

Depressed White Girl: No, mom. It wasn't for you this time. I'm... pregnant.

(Silence)

Dad: Excuse me—did you say you had a head dent or that you were pregnant.

Depressed White Girl: Pregnant...

Dad: Oh god! I'm going to hurt her! I can't control my anger! You know this! Here it comes!

(Dad grabs at his daughter's shoulder)

Depressed White Girl: Stop it! You're bringing back repressed memories of my childhood!

Mom: I mean a head dent we could fix! Are you sure it's not that?
Depressed White Girl: I'm as positive as my pregnancy tests.

Dad: I can't believe you're pregnant again!

Depressed White Girl: Dad! I've never been pregnant before! You're thinking of Mom!

Dad: Is that where you get this behavior? Your mother?

Mom: Oh my gosh! I feel so horrible!

Dad (to mom): Great, first you burn dinner and now you get our daughter pregnant!

Mom: I'm sorry honey, I really am!

Dad: Sorry isn't going to kill this baby!

Mom: I guess it won't be so bad if it's a grand daughter as opposed to a grand son.

Depressed White Girl: But it's a boy!

(Mom screams)

Mom: This sickens me.

Depressed White Girl: Look guys! I'm old enough to make my own decisions. And if accidentally impregnating myself by sperm of some random member of my school's janitorial staff is what I want—then I need you guys to support that!

Mom: No really, this is making me sick! I think I may be clinically sick because of this! My heart hurts and my skin is inflaming!

Dad: That sounds like Lupus to me! Damn! First you get knocked up and now you've gone and given your mother Lupus! We need to get her to a hospital. Watch the house while we're gone.

Depressed White Girl: Wait! I want to come with!

Dad: A hospital is no place for a pregnant girl to be hanging around at! Watch over the house while we're gone—and try to keep from having any sex!

Mom: If you get hungry there's leftover lasagna in the fridge.

Dad: Come on! Let's get out of here!

(Dad picks up Mom and the two exit. Depressed White Girl addresses audience).

Depressed White Girl: Gosh! This baby has brought back awful memories of child abuse from when I was younger and has given my mom lupus. I need to get rid of it!

(Depressed White Girl picks up the phone and dials a number)
Phone Operator 2: Could I direct you to the abortion clinic—this is Medical School Dropout speaking. How may I direct your call?

Depressed White Girl: Hi, I'm Depressed White Girl and I need to make an appointment.

Phone Operator 2: Okay, our next opening is in nine months. Does that work for you?

(Depressed White Girl flips through her planner)

Depressed White Girl: I don't see any scheduling conflicts in my planner. How much does this cost?

Phone Operator 2: An abortion costs between a fajillion to three fajillion dollars.

Depressed White Girl: Three fajillion dollars! Where am I supposed to find that kind of money?

Phone Operator 2: You could ask your parents.

Depressed White Girl: I can't!

Phone Operator 2: Oh, did you tell them about the pregnancy and how your Mama has Hepatitis?

Depressed White Girl: Lupus, actually.

Phone Operator 2: Well, you could always sell your body.

Depressed White Girl: What! That's how I got in this situation in the first place!

Phone Operator 2: No silly, I mean your organs. A kidney is going for about half a jillion dollars. You could sell six of your kidneys to get the money.

Depressed White Girl: I don't have six kidneys though!

Phone Operator 2: What about lungs—do you have lungs?

Depressed White Girl: Yes, I believe so.

Phone Operator 2: A set of lungs goes for approximately three jillion dollars. Do that and then you'd have the money for the abortion.

Depressed White Girl: Oh thank you for your help, mam.

Phone Operator 2: Not a problem. I'll see you later.

Depressed White Girl: Thanks! Goodbye.

(Depressed White Girl hangs up. She talks to the audience again.)

Depressed White Girl: So that's what was going to happen. I was going to sell my lungs in order to get the money for the abortion, in turn curing my mother's lupus and repressing those memories of domestic violence from my childhood. I looked up the local organ buying black market's number in the phone book and made an appointment. They said they could see me immediately. The man I talked to, Rufio, suggested I
eat something before the surgery—to prevent death. I decided to heat up the lasagna, but I was so excited about getting my organs harvested in turn for baby removal services, I thought I could run to the facilities and eat at the same time. That's when... it happened. I ran and ran and ran until... my foot... (weeping) landed on a toaster strudel that had been abandoned on the ground, just abandoned! No one in sight! Just this damn toaster strudel lying there in the middle of the sidewalk! (Trying to fight tears) Well, when my foot landed on it, I slid... and the lasagna went all over me! I was just covered with lasagna! It was awful... I kept walking though... I kept walking! And then I saw it—the place that would buy my lungs! I was so excited I... I didn't even see the bear running at me from my left. My mom used to always tell me that bears loved lasagna... but I didn't believe her... at least, I didn't believe her until it was too late. (Completely crying) That day, in the parking lot of the organ-harvesting facility a full-grown bear mauled me...

(Depressed White Girl is heartbroken with over the top bawling. She pauses and then looks at her stomach. She grabs her stomach area with her hands and then looks back up slowly.)

Depressed White Girl: I mean... a full-grown bear... mauled... us.

(Depressed White Girl's eyes close as she passes out with her hands on her stomach. Then she slowly opens her eyes.)

Depressed White Girl: Where... where am I?

(She looks up and sees her Dad.)

Depressed White Girl: Dad? Where am I? Where's mom?

Dad: Calm down, honey. You're in the hospital. And your Mom's fine too—I mean she's dead because you killed her with lupus, but I'm sure wherever she is (points down at Hell and kind of giggles) she's happier than she was with her sex-craving daughter.

Depressed White Girl: She's dead?

Dad: No, I'm just kidding. She's across the hall.

Depressed White Girl: Oh thank goodness.

(Dad's cell phone rings)

Dad: Hello... oh, okay. Thank you. Goodbye.

(Hangs up)

Dad: Okay, now she is actually dead.

Depressed White Girl: Oh goodness... first I get pregnant, than I get mauled by a bear, and now I killed my mom.

Dad: That bear that took you down has been shot and maimed though. He won't hurt anyone else.

Depressed White Girl: That's good to know.
Dad: Yes, however, the PETA folk called it cruelty to animals, so he’s actually here in the bed next to you getting healed.

(Dad pulls back curtain separating the two halves of the room to reveal the bear lying in the bed next to her).

Dad: He just ate your doctor too, so I’m not sure what kind of condition you’re in.

Depressed White Girl: I guess if all this has taught me anything it’s that life will always keep you down. No matter how much you think things are looking up, travesty is just around the corner—whether in the form of a toaster strudel or lupus. So I guess there’s no reason to expect anything more than a dead mom and a split hospital room with a bear that just mauled you on the other side.

Dad: Not to mention I ate your lunch while you were passed out, so you probably won’t be eating for another good six or seven hours.

Depressed White Girl: Bad stuff—impossible to avoid, but possible to accept.

(Enter a nurse reading a chart)

Nurse: Hello, are you Depressed White Girl.

Depressed White Girl: Yes I am.

Nurse: Well, I’m afraid we have some good news and some bad news.

(Dad and Depressed White Girl laugh and exchange glances about the irony).

Depressed White Girl: Go ahead Nurse: I’m up for anything.

Nurse: The good news is your condition seems stable so you can leave whenever you’d like.

Depressed White Girl: That’s good to hear...and the bad news?

Nurse: Well, the baby in your stomach isn’t a girl.

Depressed White Girl: Ha, I know that already, but thanks anyway.

Nurse: Yes, but it’s not a boy either. It’s an alien baby. Aliens impregnated you.

(Silence)

Depressed White Girl: Well...I guess it can’t turn out anymore ugly than the janitorial staff.

(Everyone laughs, but Dad stops after a moment.)

Dad: Wait, you slept with the janitorial staff?