

The Monologue Project

Tapping Out

Duration: 2 minutes

Gender: Male/Female

Style: Comedy

Emotion: Composure, Civility, Annoyance, Rage

Language: Clean

The performer will need to interpret and perform the onomatopoeic drum noises.

He's at it again. Ten PM, the neighbourly time to play the drums. Sure, it's only an electronic kit and sure, he uses headphones and sure, he only leaves the window open a *crack*, but he has the volume up so loud I can hear every tap, crash and splash from here to Sunday.

I like music. I do. I played the flute when I was younger and my uncle plays in an orchestra. In fairness, this man's a reasonable player... though I suspect he might have a bit of a *thing* with the (*does a bottle gesture*). Sometimes it gets a little: budum, tap... tap tap, budum budum tschh tap, you know? Or maybe the occasional random drunken hitting is his attempt to play jazz. Hard to tell the difference.

I usually try to tolerate his playing. I'm a fair person and I give credit where it's due. I've only ever complained once and I did it via the civilised method of a strongly-worded letter in his letterbox.

But see, tonight? Tonight I'm really not in the mood. It's Monday, with a long and trying week ahead. I'm an *early in, early out* person so ten PM is well past my bed time. I try to tune it out but all I hear is: bum, tap tap, bum, tap tap, bum. Bum, tap tap, bum, tap tap, bum tschh. Bum-bum tap tap bum-bum tap... tap-bum bum tap-tap bum tap tschh. Bum shutup bum tap tap bum please-shutup bum tschh. Bum tss tap tss bum SHUTUP tap tss bum SHUTUP TAP TSS BUM TAP SHUT THE HECK UP TAP! I MEAN DON'T YOU HAVE A SHRED OF DECENCY IN YOU, YOU STICK WEILDING NEANDERTHAL?! Tap tschh.

That's it, I've had enough. I'm not just going to pull the pillow over my head with this racket going on. Call me an extremist but this time he's getting his strongly-worded letter *under his door*!

Leaves in a fluster.