

The Monologue Project

Guilty, Not Guilty

Duration: 3 minutes

Gender: Male/Female

Style: Comedy

Emotion: Guilt, Ambivalence, Anticipation

Language: Clean

It's been a tough year. It's *always* a tough year I guess, but this year's been *tough*. Last week I was searching my pockets for a dollar to give to a homeless gentleman and he ended up giving *me* his change. Okay that didn't really happen, but yeah... things are tough.

Then I found the watch. It was lying out on the kerb like a bikini model sunning herself on the beach: sleek, confident, beautiful. I don't really know fancy stuff but it seemed pretty clear this was a proper fancy watch.

I started to walk away but it was as if it was called my name. Looked back over my shoulder. I swear it had rotated to face me. I kept going until I was around the corner but I couldn't help but go back to look at it again. Long story short, I went up and down that street for twenty minutes before I picked it up.

My my, it was *proper* fancy this thing. Tag Heuer. "Tag Heuer, the gentleman's watch. Show your fellow business executive people that you're a proper gentleman by sporting this elegant timepiece." This must be worth... (*takes out phone*) holy mackerel, it's worth *thousands* of dollars!

Okay I *really* needed the money but whoever lost it would want it back. I have to return it. Maybe they'll give me a reward, maybe they won't, but I'm not the kind of person to profit off someone's misfortune.

I posted everywhere I could think of: "Fancy watch found on Hargrave Avenue. Name the make and model and I'll return it." No response. Joined four new social media platforms and ten websites and plastered the entire *internet* with notices. A couple of fakers tried to guess but the real owner never came forward. I mean *never*. I kept posting for four months, then I put it on eBay, then I pulled it off eBay in a fit of guilt and posted for another four months.

In short, it took me eleven months to sell the watch, and when I did I was too guilty to charge anywhere near what it's worth. I got a little over two hundred, which was *amazing* to cover the rent for a couple of weeks and upgrade me from two minute noodles to regular spaghetti. I even had a vegetable that month.

A few days after I posted it via registered post to a Mr Alfred Crab, I received my weekly eBay email with recommendations. Would you believe it? A Tag Heuer Formula 1 Quartz Chronograph. Newly listed. Starting price... fifteen hundred dollars.

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Well, there you go. Some people feel guilt, some people don't. I may not have made as much money as I could have, but...

Tries to think of a plus side. Struggles to come up with anything. Thinks of something that might be a positive, realises it probably isn't, then realises selling the watch for cheap was a terrible idea.

Bugger.