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What I Did Before Bingo, short version
A monologue from the full-length play, **Free Space**
By Tara Meddaugh

Cast: Female (or male)

Age range: teen-adult

Genre: Dark Comedy/Drama/Absurd

Running time: Approximately 1 minute

Setting: A living room

About the play, *Free Space*:

Amelia spends her days under the watchful eye of her mother, doing the same nothing she has done for years. Yet when Bingo arrives at her local community center, a talking Bingo chip convinces Amelia that forming her own game is the way out of this life and away from her controlling mother. However, as her mother begins acting like her newly arrived sister, and the chip becomes increasingly dominating, Amelia discovers her new life is nothing as she imagined. Learn more at <http://www.tarmeddaugh.com/free-space>

About the monologue, *What I Did Before Bingo*:

Tonight, Amelia has lost her valued volunteer position at the local community center, helping with Bingo Night. Now her mother has just wrestled away all of Amelia's precious bingo chips, as she sees them as a sign of depravity. Her mother informs her that a new sister has taken Amelia's bedroom so she must sleep on the living room floor that night. Amelia is dejected after a night of losing Bingo, the one thing that brought her joy and hope in her isolated world. She lies down to sleep on the floor when she realizes her mother did not take away all of her bingo chips. One is left and this one is special. Amelia hears it talking to her, and she is encouraged to share about what life was like before and after Bingo. She begins to have hope once more with the idea that she could form her very own bingo game. During the monologue, she talks to the chip.

AMELIA

Yes, I think I understand Bingo more than them too. I'm glad you noticed. Some of them still think that if you're prettier or smarter or people like you more—that you have a better chance of winning...But you don't.

(pause)

Well, it's hard to remember really, what I did before Bingo. I know I just saw it last week, but I guess I didn't really do too much before it. I just...I stared out the window with my mother...but besides that....oh—I guess I used to look at the stars by myself sometimes. Is that doing something?

(pause)

Because if I squinted my eyes hard enough, I could see myself on one of those stars. And I'd wave down to myself from that star and think, "I look so tiny on that earth." And then I'd wave up at myself from earth and think, "I look so tiny on that star." Of course, I know I'd be dead if I were actually on a star...but, sometimes, I'd really like to be there. But my mom said I shouldn't think about things so far away from me. So...I stay here. Now that I don't have Bingo at the Center anymore.

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To read the full-length play, *Free Space*, from which this monologue comes, visit
<http://www.tameddaugh.com/free-space>

To learn more about Tara's plays, visit
www.tameddaugh.com.