

## Monologue 2: Demonstrating comedic skills

I worked at this coffee shop last summer. The money was OK, but if I turned on the charm I usually walked out at the end of the day with a pocket full of tips.

Sometimes customers would ask me what's good on the menu. (imitating customer, whining) "What should I order? Help me, barista!"

Instead of getting annoyed by them I would just answer: (rapid, comedic cadence, counting on fingers) "Latte, frappe, americano, espresso, cold brew, affogato, macchiato, cortado, ristretto."

They usually did this: (feigning shock). And I would do this: (feigning smug). And a lot of them would say, (imitating whiny customer) "What?"

So I would say: (rapid, comedic cadence, counting on fingers) "Latte, frappe, americano, espresso, cold brew, affogato, macchiato, cortado, ristretto."

Some customers would even clap for me after I did my thing. But they almost always put money in the tip jar like I'd given them a show.

This guy came in one night right before we closed and we went through the whole bit with him not knowing what to order and me doing my thing.

(gesture to audience) You already know it. Don't make me repeat it.

Do you want to know what this guy does? He looks at me and then says, "okay." Just "okay." And then it dawns on me that he wants all nine drinks. At once. Five minutes before we're supposed to close. I didn't even have to turn around because I already knew the other barista was throwing daggers at me with her eyes. I couldn't blame her. Do you know how long it takes to make cold brew? It's not a quick process.

That was the night I stopped being a smart-aleck and just started telling everyone to order a latte. And I never uttered the phrase "cold brew" behind that counter ever again.