Bobby Monologue (CUT VERSION)

Well, to begin with, I come from this quasi-middle-upper or upper-middle class, family-type home. I could never figure out which but it was real boring. I mean, we had money – but no taste. You know the kind of house – Astroturf on the patio? Anyway my mother had a lot of card parties and was one of the foremost bridge cheaters in America. My father worked for this big corporation. They used to send him out into the field a lot – to drink. Better that than to find him lying on his office floor ... But he was okay ... I was the strange one. Real, real strange. I used to love to give garage recitals. BIZARRE recitals. This one time I was doing Frankenstein as a musicale and I spray-painted this kid silver – all over. They had to rush him to the hospital. 'Cause he had that thing where your pores can’t breathe. He lived ‘cause luckily I didn't paint the soles of his feet. School? You wanna hear about school? I went to P.S. Shit ... See, I was the kind of kid that was always getting slammed into lockers and stuff like that. Not only by the students – by the teachers too. And my mother kept saying: “If you don’t stop setting your brother on fire, we're going to have to send you away.” And I was always thinking up these spectacular ways how to kill myself. But then I realized – to commit suicide in Buffalo is redundant.