

Stand-up Comedy Writing – Relationships, Teaching in Brooklyn, NY

I was talking to my ex the other day. You remember when you'd break up with a gal and just delete her from your life? She could live right up the block from you! You'd go to the grocery store with a blindfold... trip over a bunch of garbage cans, nearly get hit by an 18-wheeler – *just* to avoid seeing that bitch!

Yeah, we used to be able to do that shit, but nowadays we have this evil thing preventing us from severing ties with our exes... otherwise known as Facebook.

Anyway, the two of us met up for coffee and I told her I was planning on doing the open mic thing. I've never done anything like this before, so I asked her for advice. She told me, "Oh, don't worry. Just picture the audience naked." (staring uncomfortably at the crowd, thinking out loud) Just picture the audience naked. Goddamn, those are nice! If milk does a body good, then pour me a glass!

(covering up his crotch and trying to act natural) So I was talking to my ex-girlfriend the other day...

Don't you hate when you have a massive boner and you can't do anything to kill it? That's right; this woman knows exactly what I'm talking about.

You try to think ugly thoughts, but then other thoughts come about that make you even 10 times hornier. (voicing his inner monologue) "Hmmm, my old high school gym teacher... Ugly bitch had hair growing out her nose. It was almost hairy as... my ex Katie's bush. (covering up his crotch again) Oh, fuck! Oh, fuck!"

So, if I leave halfway through my set, don't take offense. I'll just be jerking off to half the women in the audience.

I'm just kidding, of course. I'll be stroking it to *all* the women in the audience... and you, sir.

I used to be an 8th grade teacher in Brownsville, New York. It was a pleasant job. Like being a corrections officer without the handcuffs or power.

But I think I got through to some of them. I felt like Michelle Pfeiffer in *Dangerous Minds* or Hilary Swank in *Freedom Writers*. In a class full of ghetto kids who could barely spell their names correctly, I was the skinny white woman who came to save the day!

I would stroll through the hallways and overhear my students saying such wonderful things about me. "Yo! Cracker ass cracker just taught me how to write a haiku!"

I also taught in a Hispanic neighborhood in Williamsburg, Brooklyn. One of my students was failing badly and I had to call up his house. I told his mom, "Hello, I'm Mr. (insert last

name), Ernesto's writing teacher. I'm afraid his grades are slipping." That's, of course, when his mom told me, (in a heavy Spanish accent) "Sleeping? Ernesto no sleeping. He right here. Ernesto!"

I had to bring a translator to class every day. Every time I'd teach a class, it'd look like a UN conference.

Yep, it was a different world, that's for sure. Speaking of people who come from a different world.. I have an older sister.

That was always fun, growing up and getting tortured by my sister.. who was completely sadistic... and possibly borderline psychotic.

She would always "accidentally" step on my foot while she was wearing high heels... and "accidentally" give a menacing smile like Jack Nicholson in *The Shining*.

I had an interesting childhood. I was probably the only kid in the neighborhood who was depressed that his parents stayed together. "What?? Your parents are getting a divorce? Lucky!"

I guess it's no mystery why I ended up becoming the weirdo you see today. People sometimes think I'm autistic. I once asked one of my buddies, "Why do you think I'm autistic?" He said, "Come on! Look at the way you just recited that whole poem off the top of your head. You're just like

Rain Man." "OK, so what you're trying to say is... I'm *smart*."

It's amazing how dazzled people are by intelligence nowadays. If you use more than 10% of your brain in one day, people look at you like you're an anomaly. And for those of you who don't know what an anomaly is, just Google it on your iPhone.

But it's to be expected. We live in the reality TV Kim Kardashian generation. Actually, this generation is really polarizing. You have the reality TV junkies and you have the super-intellectual hipster crowd that won't read any book that was published after 1932. "What do you mean you don't have *The Complete Works of Alexander Dumas*? Such uncultured swine!"