

## IT'S ONLY MY THIRD GLASS

By Jan Peterson Ewen

Monologue for a WOMAN – Age 21 – 70

*(A little taken back.)* It's only my third glass. Why? Do you think I'm overindulging?  
*(Slight chuckle.)* Would you like another piece of chocolate cake, my dear? I'm sure you can handle a third slice. After all, we don't want it to go to waste. We all have our little coping mechanisms, don't we? Mine just happens to be red and comes from a bottle labeled "Cabernet Sauvignon". At least I drink it out of a wineglass. If I start sucking on the cork, I give you permission to cut me off. You see, I just appreciate a nice glass of wine or two, or three, on a nightly basis, that's all. I revel in the delicate bouquet and the complex flavors, and all that crap. Maybe I should get a subscription to Wine Enthusiasts Magazine and display it prominently on the coffee table. That way, you would assume my drinking was a passion and not an addiction. *(Reacting at a comment.)* Oh no, I'm not offended. What are friends for but to keep us on the straight and narrow? In fact, I've been meaning to talk to you about that little gambling habit of yours. Have you dipped into your retirement fund yet? Maxed out your credit cards? I hope the thrill you're getting is worth the financial consequence. No, you're right. It's your money. Spend it any way you like. It's your life, for heaven's sake. Live it up! Go for broke! You know, we really ought to take that trip to Vegas we've talked about. I hear there's something for everyone in that little town. While you're playing the tables, I could visit a few tasting rooms and we could both have the time of our lives.