

Water by the Spoonful
Monologue

Orangutan

In my hand is a sheet of paper. On the paper is the address of the house where my birth parents once lived. I'm going to knock on their door. It's been burning a hole in my pocket for two days. I hounded my mom before I left Maine. She finally wrote down the name of the adoption agency. The first clue, the first evidence of who I was I ever had. I made a vow to myself if I could stay sober for three months, I would track my parents down. So, a few days ago class ended early I went down to the agency, showed my passport, and thirty minutes later I had an address on a piece of paper. Ask me anything about Kushiro. All I've done the past two days is research it. I'm an expert. Population, 190,000. There's a tech school, there's an airport.