

GET YOUR STUPID ON

TEN-MINUTE MONOLOGUE

By Bradley Walton

Copyright © MMXIV by Bradley Walton

All Rights Reserved

Heuer Publishing LLC in association with Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

ISBN: 978-1-60003-766-5

Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this work is subject to a royalty. Royalty must be paid every time a play is performed whether or not it is presented for profit and whether or not admission is charged. A play is performed any time it is acted before an audience. All rights to this work of any kind including but not limited to professional and amateur stage performing rights are controlled exclusively by Heuer Publishing LLC and Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Inquiries concerning rights should be addressed to Heuer Publishing LLC.

This work is fully protected by copyright. No part of this work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without permission of the publisher. Copying (by any means) or performing a copyrighted work without permission constitutes an infringement of copyright.

All organizations receiving permission to produce this work agree to give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production. The author(s) billing must appear below the title and be at least 50% as large as the title of the Work. All programs, advertisements, and other printed material distributed or published in connection with production of the work must include the following notice: **“Produced by special arrangement with Heuer Publishing LLC in association with Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.”**

There shall be no deletions, alterations, or changes of any kind made to the work, including the changing of character gender, the cutting of dialogue, or the alteration of objectionable language unless directly authorized by the publisher or otherwise allowed in the work’s “Production Notes.” The title of the play shall not be altered.

The right of performance is not transferable and is strictly forbidden in cases where scripts are borrowed or purchased second-hand from a third party. All rights, including but not limited to professional and amateur stage performing, recitation, lecturing, public reading, television, radio, motion picture, video or sound taping, internet streaming or other forms of broadcast as technology progresses, and the rights of translation into foreign languages, are strictly reserved.

COPYING OR REPRODUCING ALL OR ANY PART OF THIS BOOK IN ANY MANNER IS STRICTLY FORBIDDEN BY LAW. One copy for each speaking role must be purchased for production purposes. Single copies of scripts are sold for personal reading or production consideration only.

GET YOUR STUPID ON

A Ten Minute Comedy Monologue

By Bradley Walton

SYNOPSIS: You join the forensics team with hopes of performing the works of Austen, Twain, and Shakespeare, but instead your coach tells you, “If you want to win...you gotta get your stupid on!” You find yourself performing scripts about a monkey impersonating a rhinoceros, farm animals chugging energy drinks, and a sumo wrestler fighting ninja goats at a faculty meeting. This is not what you wanted. You could drop off the team, but you’re determined not to be a quitter. So you stick it out and hope for the best. But will it ever get better?

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 either; gender flexible)

HIGH SCHOOL FORENSICS PERFORMER (m/f) Who is frustrated with both his forensics coach and his own decisions

AUTHOR NOTES

The original version of this script climaxed with a reference to another one of my scripts. The more I thought about it, the more I figured that might not be such a good idea. It could be really awkward if both pieces happened to show up in the same round together at a competition. So I substituted the bit about the faculty meeting and the sumo wrestler. That felt right. As right as you can feel about a sumo wrestler riding a tiger into a faculty meeting, anyway.

NOTE: If the performer is particularly adept at making a farm animal sound that is not a chicken, cow, or horse, either of the two farm animal parts may be changed to match the performer’s strength.

AT RISE: *The NARRATOR, dressed for a forensics competition, on a bare stage.*

Did you ever do something because you felt like you were being true to your ideals, but really, you just did it because you were stupid?

My best personal attribute is that I'm not a quitter. I'm very proud of that. My worst personal attribute is...that I'm not a quitter. And that can be a problem, because there are times when you really do need to just throw in the towel. And if you don't, well, it might be because you've got integrity and you're hard-headed, but probably, it's because you're stupid.

In my first year of high school, I joined the forensics team because I'd heard it looks good on your college application. I was hoping I could combine my love of classic literature with my love of performing, and compete with selections from authors like Jane Austen, Mark Twain, and William Shakespeare.

When I explained this to my coach he said, "Nah. Classic stuff's too subtle. If you wanna win, you gotta make an impression! You gotta get your stupid on!"

Those were his exact words. "Get your stupid on." Right then, I should have gone into hiding or found a nice alien spaceship to abduct me and take me away forever. But no. I didn't want to be the spastic kid who jumps ship right after signing up, and anyway, I didn't think the coach was being completely serious.

Then he gave me my first script, which required me to present a dramatic interpretation of a monkey. Now, you may hear the word “monkey” and think...*(Performs an impression of a monkey.)*...and it doesn't seem like that big of a deal. And you're right. It's not. But this wasn't just any monkey. Oh, no. It was a monkey who had disguised himself as a rhinoceros to impress a girl monkey. Now, let's think about this for a minute. Assuming that there was such a thing as a monkey who could successfully pass himself off as a rhinoceros, and assuming that you are that one *special* monkey who possesses this extraordinary talent, and you are successful in wooing the girl monkey and you establish a happy, blissful life together...sooner or later, somehow...she's going to figure out that you're not a rhinoceros. *(Mimics a girl monkey figuring out that the love of her life is not, in fact, a rhinoceros.)* This is inevitable. It will happen. You should have known it. And why, I ask...why would you want to settle down with a girl monkey who is into rhinoceroses? I mean, sure, maybe she's cute and all, but...doesn't that seem weird to you?

The monkey script...let us say that no one would mistake it for *Pride and Prejudice*. But I wanted to prove myself to my coach, so I went with it. I used it at my first forensics competition. And people did laugh, but mostly because they felt sorry for me and they were trying to be polite. I came in dead last. I asked my coach if he thought a change in direction would be advisable. And he told me, “You need to be stupider.”

I should have quit right there. I wanted to be performing classics, not acting like a demented primate. But my refusal to quit had set in, and now I was determined to finish what I'd started.

Subsequently, I found myself performing a script about a chicken, a cow, and a truckload of energy drinks. The animals didn't actually speak in English. It was all chicken and cow noises. The chicken starts out talking to the cow about the weather and life on the farm. (*Makes a casual clucking noise.*) The cow replies that the rows of corn waving gently in the wind are a metaphor for potato chips from a capsized luxury yacht drifting silently along the floor of the ocean. (*Makes a casual mooing noise.*) Then they hear something, and head off to find a delivery truck, full of energy drinks, that's run off the road through a fence. Busted cans are spilling energy drink into the field. What do a chicken and a cow do when confronted with a red, unnatural-smelling liquid pooling on the ground beside a crashed truck? They drink it, of course. (*Imitates a chicken drinking a liquid pooling on the ground.*) And, unfortunately, they like it. (*Smiles and makes a happy cow noise.*) So they drink some more. And they're getting really energetic.

Thank you for reading this free excerpt from GET YOUR STUPID ON by Bradley Walton. For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script, please contact us at:

Heuer Publishing LLC

P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406

Toll Free: 1-800-950-7529 • Fax (319) 368-8011

HITPLAYS.COM