

VOCAB GUY

A TEN MINUTE MONOLOGUE

By **John C. Havens**

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CAST: one male or female

NOTE FOR PERFORMANCE: *This monologue can be performed by either a male or a female, and 'LARRY can be changed to 'LIBBY' and the date can be a male. Vocab Guy uses his/her words as a security blanket, and won't let his/her date get a word in edgewise. It's not until the end of the monologue that HE/SHE realizes his date is attracted to him because of, and perhaps despite of, his talking.*

I use big words.

Big, gargantuan, brobdignagian, mammoth pontifications. That's why the gang calls me 'Loquacious Larry.' Well, I shouldn't really say 'the gang' calls me by that sobriquet, it's actually only a small handful of colleagues that have bequeathed me with such an honor.

(Pause) Truth be told, it's a little ditty I've given to myself. No one actually calls me by that nickname, but it's a nickname that suits me, because I indeed like to talk quite a bit, in long almost Machiavellian bursts of vocabulary prowess. I can even speak in iambic pentameter. Watch this, I'll do so right now.

My name, it is loquacious with an "I."
I'll stab you with my lancing, bubbly wit.
And if you think I'm silly, I don't care.
For names will never hurt me, not a bit.

Now I could have gone for a more vulgar rhyme there at the end. Instead of rhyming wit with bit, I could have gone south and indicated some form of excrement of one kind or another. But that's too simple. Besides, then I would have moved from the Shakespearean world of pentameter to the randy gutter of limericks. Not that all limericks are foul,

but most of them can be read on a bathroom stall, if you glean my meaning.

Yes, yes, it has been elucidated to me, as vividly as the flash from the explosion generated from the Phoenix leaving it's mythical nest, that I have difficulty communicating on a simple level.

It's quite ironic, actually. At my disposal I have more than the average 6,000 words or so available to your average American speaker. I have almost twice as many as Shakespeare did. He even invented words when he needed them, which I think is highly laudable. I even try to invent words when I deem it necessary. But even with all these words my intentions can sometimes become convoluted, murky, opaque. Like an ant caught in caramel, my thoughts only make it so far before they become ensnared in the trying recesses of my shy and retreating mannerisms.

Not that I can't communicate at all, mind you...why, the gay, verbal witticisms exchanged by theatrical cognoscenti are not altogether foreign to my left-brained way of thinking; I also frequent festive readings of Charles Dickens' expanded novels, and giggle surreptitiously at his markedly colorful impish characters. Oh! His ebullient use of the metaphor, the simile, alliteration. Blithely balking because belated bills bombarded bobby, sturdy Stan stalked sanguinely surrounding stations. Oooh! Those words tumbling about your mouth are like the sugary cinnamon melting on your tongue from warm apple pie.

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