

ALLERGIC TO IDIOTS

By Bradley Walton

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ALLERGIC TO IDIOTS

A Comedic Duet

by **Bradley Walton**

SYNOPSIS: Nick has developed an allergy to idiots and idiots are everywhere! Now he has to wear a protective suit, and it's driving him crazy. But when Nick explains the situation to his friend Chris, it becomes apparent that Nick's allergy isn't quite what he's making it out to be. Is he really *allergic to idiots*?

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(2 either; gender flexible)

NICK/NIKKI (m/f)Late teens or early twenties,
wears an isolation suit due to an
allergy. *(84 lines)*

CHRIS (m/f).....Late teens or early twenties, an
acquaintance of Nick. *(84 lines)*

SETTING: Bare stage.

COSTUMES

NICK – Dressed in white, with white gloves and a white helmet. If possible, the costume should be made from plastic sheeting or garbage bags.

CHRIS – Wears normal street clothes.

AT RISE: *NICK, crossing a bare stage. CHRIS enters and approaches NICK.*

CHRIS: Nick?

NICK: Hey, Chris.

CHRIS: Is that you?

NICK: Yeah. Why wouldn't it be?

CHRIS: What are you wearing?

NICK: For real?

CHRIS: Yes, for real.

NICK: No, "Hi Nick, how's it going?" You just go straight to, "What are you wearing?"

CHRIS: Well, it's kind of...you know.

NICK: Kind of what?

CHRIS: Hard to ignore.

NICK: And that should tell you something.

CHRIS: What?

NICK: That absolutely everybody I bump into now asks me what I'm wearing. It's been three weeks, and I'm so sick of all the questions.

CHRIS: You've been wearing that for three weeks?

NICK: Yes.

CHRIS: Why?

NICK: There you go again!

CHRIS: What?

NICK: You're more interested in what I'm wearing than you are about me.

CHRIS: Nick, that thing looks like a space suit. It implies that either you're sick or everyone else has some kind of plague. Or maybe that it's Halloween.

NICK: I wish it was Halloween.

CHRIS: Why?

NICK: Because then everyone would think this is a costume and they'd stop asking me about it.

CHRIS: How long do you have to wear it?

NICK: The rest of my life.

CHRIS: Your life?

NICK: Yes.

CHRIS: Why?

NICK: I've developed a really severe allergy.

CHRIS: To what?

NICK: Idiots.

CHRIS: Idiots?

NICK: Yes.

CHRIS: You can't be allergic to idiots.

NICK: Well, I am.

CHRIS: Since when?

NICK: A couple of months ago.

CHRIS: (*Skeptical.*) You just spontaneously developed an allergy to idiots?

NICK: You know how you have to be exposed to something before you can be allergic to it, and sometimes people are exposed to something a lot before they develop a reaction?

CHRIS: Yeah. I guess.

NICK: It was like that.

CHRIS: You were exposed to idiots so much that it made you allergic?

NICK: Yeah. I was coming down with rashes and hives all the time, and eventually I started having trouble breathing. So I saw some doctors and they gave me a bunch of tests.

CHRIS: How did they test you for an idiot allergy?

NICK: They locked me in a sealed room by myself.

CHRIS: And your symptoms went away?

NICK: Yup. No people, no symptoms.

CHRIS: What about the doctors?

NICK: What about them?

CHRIS: Did you have to be isolated from them for your symptoms to go away?

NICK: Yup.

CHRIS: But...if they were idiots, why were they treating you? Why would you want them to?

NICK: People can be really smart about some things and total idiots about other things. Somebody can know how to diagnose a medical condition or fix a torn rotator cuff but not be able to change the batteries in a smoke detector or make a good choice about who they should vote for.

CHRIS: So you figured that your doctors were smart about their profession, but idiots about other things?

NICK: Mostly. Some of the stuff they told me was ridiculous, and I had to advocate for myself, but at least I've stopped itching and I can breathe now.

CHRIS: Why did you spend so much time around idiots that you developed an allergy?

NICK: It was impossible to avoid them. It still is.

CHRIS: Do you deal with them at work?

NICK: Constantly.

CHRIS: Do you interact with the general public a lot?

NICK: All the time.

CHRIS: Could you ask for a transfer to a different department?

NICK: It wouldn't help. A bunch of my co-workers are complete idiots, and my boss is the biggest idiot of all.

CHRIS: Could you change jobs?

NICK: I could, but I don't think it would do me any good. Idiots are everywhere.

CHRIS: I know what you mean. I ordered a mocha latte on my way to work this morning, but they gave me a caramel latte instead. How does that happen? How do you confuse caramel and mocha? It doesn't make any sense.

NICK: I can top it. I ordered a plain cheeseburger at a fast food place the other day, and do you know what happened?

CHRIS: They gave you one with all the toppings and an extra pickle?

NICK: No—they gave it to me plain.

CHRIS: Isn't that what you ordered?

NICK: They left off the cheese!

CHRIS: Wow.

NICK: My neighbor thinks South America lost the civil war.

CHRIS: No!

NICK: My plumber thinks "marine biology" refers to the anatomy of soldiers in the U.S. Marine Corps!

CHRIS: That's so pathetic.

NICK: I was in a school play once where a character got killed with a gun, but the principal said that even though the gun was never seen onstage, firearms were against school policy, and she made us change it to a hand grenade instead.

CHRIS: For real?

NICK: Yeah! Can you believe it? And on top of that, she did it without permission from the publisher—they could've sued her if they found out.

CHRIS: Hang on...

NICK: What?

CHRIS: I'm confused about something. You're talking about all this idiotic stuff, but you're not having a reaction.

NICK: I'm not allergic to idiocy, just idiots.

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