

APPALLING, YET AWESOME

by Bradley Walton

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APPALLING, YET AWESOME*A Comedy Monologue***by Bradley Walton**

SYNOPSIS: After realizing that an incredibly long nose hair and a disgustingly forceful sneeze elicit strong reactions from other people, a hilariously self-absorbed person believes they have achieved awesomeness by being appalling. When a loud belch gets them kicked out of the library forever, it seems like the pinnacle of accomplishment. But is life really as magnificent as it seems? Could a downside exist to being *Appalling, Yet Awesome*?

CAST OF CHARACTERS*(1 either)*

NARRATOR (m/f) Funny and egocentric.

TIME: Present day**SETTING:** In the city**SET:** Bare stage**COSTUMES**

NARRATOR – Dressed in a green shirt with other clothing slightly mismatched or otherwise questionable.

NARRATOR: The hair is a long one. The fact that it came out of my nose is simultaneously a source of pride and embarrassment. I wonder if anyone saw me extract it. Slowly, I turn my head from side to side, surveying the area around me. A small child holding his mother's hand looks at me curiously. I sheepishly hope that he is enraptured by my shirt because he has never seen the color green before. Then he says, "Mommy, did you see the big hair they pulled out of their nose?"

I look at the mother. Her eyes are wide with alarm. Clearly, she is humiliated by her child's outburst. Any moment now, she will smack his hand and hurry off like a frightened zebra. I wait for it, imagining her feeding the child salad and prunes for dessert tonight as further punishment for his social ineptitude.

But the moment never comes.

The child gazes upwards at his mother, awaiting a response, which finally comes in the form of a terse, "Yes, I saw."

Clearly, the mother is more disgusted by me than she is embarrassed by her child.

"How could you do that in public?" She demands. "In front of me? In front of my son? He'll be stuck with the memory of you pulling that thing out of your nose for the rest of his life. If he turns into an awkward misfit with no social skills and poor dental hygiene, it'll be all your fault, because whenever he looks at anyone's nose from now on, he'll think of you!"

I am taken aback by her words. Do I have the power to wreck another human being's life with such a casual act as pulling an unsightly hair from my nose? This would mean that I am a mightier creature than I have ever given myself credit for. But the more I think about it, the more I know it to be true. My body is filled not just with nose hairs, but also with glistening internal organs... pumping, shifting, digesting, and spurting all manner of fluids and secretions through a vast network of yuck, all the while generating even more

fluids and secretions, ever stimulating the follicles in my nose, lengthening the nails on my fingers and growing the hair in my armpits like weeds in the parking lot of an abandoned shopping mall... day after day, year after year, without pause or respite until the day that I die. For the span of my life, my potential to instill repulsion in others is without limit, meaning that I am nothing less than a vessel for infinity.

The child hugs his mother's leg.

"Look how you've scared him! What do you have to say for yourself?" shouts the mother.

What could I say for myself? That I have come to understand I possess a capacity which might have gone unnoticed—fecklessly unrealized for all eternity—if not for today's chance encounter? That I owe this woman a debt of gratitude for helping me comprehend my true potential? That her son should aspire to be more like me? That I am thirsty?

The last thought catches me off-guard. I am quite thirsty but had not realized it, perhaps because of my preoccupation with the hair in my nose and the functions of my biology.

I nod and smile goodbye. The woman clutches her child. The child screams. A passerby stops to see if they need assistance. I hold up the nose hair, and he wisely backs away.

I head up the sidewalk in the direction of a small downtown market. Most days, I would be inclined to purchase a bottle of water, but today is a special day. I will celebrate with a soda.

I walk through the door of the market and approach the drink cooler. As I stand before the overwhelming variety of artificially colored and flavored beverages, I feel a slight twinge in my nose, perhaps from the realignment of the remaining hairs, and without warning I sneeze all over the glass. My reflection is instantly obscured, and I am struck by the wonder of a fact I would previously have taken for

granted: The output of my sneeze as altered the travel and direction of light itself—luminance which originated in the heart of the sun and travelled through the frigid vastness of space, braving our harsh and polluted atmosphere, has now met its match in the form of the velocity-enhanced splatter that now covers the formerly transparent cooler door. This is awesome, indeed.

My moment of glory is short-lived, though, as I realize the nose hair is gone from my fingers. I look around, but it is nowhere to be seen. It was carried away, no doubt, in the chaotic jumble of air currents created by my sneeze. This is sad, but fitting. If my nose hair must meet its match, it is only right that its match be the nose from which it came.

“For crying out loud—what just happened?” I hear the clerk exclaim.

“I have defeated the sun!” I proudly reply.

“I just cleaned this!”

“Magnificent, isn’t it?”

“Get out!”

“Can I buy a drink?”

“Just take something and leave, before you sneeze again!”

The clerk thrusts a glass bottle of RC Cola into my hand. My horrifically disgusting sneeze has scored me a free soda. Outside, the sun hides behind a cloud, afraid of me.

It is a pity about the nose hair. I should have asked the clerk to save it for me, but I doubt he would have complied. If he has any sense at all, no doubt he will sell it on eBay. I will check the listings this evening, and bid aggressively to reclaim it.

As I enjoy my carbonated refreshment, I see a homeless man sitting on the sidewalk. Today shall be his lucky day. I take my final swallow and approach him. I will give him my empty soda bottle. The residual DNA from my lips will make it a talisman of formidable power, and his fortunes will now surely change. He looks up at me, a curious and hopeful expression in his eye. It is a deeply profound moment for me, realizing that I bring hope to an unfortunate soul

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