

ELEPHANT IN THE ROOM: HOW I GOT A DATE WITH THE ZOOKEEPER'S DAUGHTER

By Kelly Meadows

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A Ten Minute Comedic Monologue

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SYNOPSIS: Zoo jokes running wild! On the surface, this is a very simple boy-meets-girl, but when elephants get involved, it becomes a “big” problem. Our speaker has to learn to respect elephants in order to get the respect of the zookeeper’s daughter. By the time she relents, does he even want to go out with her? Every actor should have this one in his trunk!

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 male)

MALE MONOLOGUE (m)..... 17 years old; but can also be played by an older self, looking back.

AUTHOR NOTES

This monologue was first mentioned in *Long Titles are Great but How Am I Going to Remember it for the Forensics Tournament? Or in Short-Red*. It was my intent to turn all the titles from that play into actual monologues.

MALE: I've always wondered about elephants. If they have problems, do they talk about the big pink person in the room no one admits is there? What do geese complain about? "You sound like a gaggle of old ladies at a bingo parlor?" (*As a bingo caller.*) "I-17! O-75." Bingo! In some places, those are fighting words. "Have you seen the zookeeper?" said one elephant to the other. (*Looks at the bottom of shoe.*) "Oh, here he is." That's elephant humor when we're not around. My problem? There was an elephant in the room. It wasn't pink, it didn't smell good, and...there was this girl that kept hanging around the elephant exhibit who I desperately wanted to get to know. Turns out she had an "in" with the elephants, since she was the zookeeper's daughter. I-17 wasn't just a bingo chip so much as it was my age. I...seventeen. She...about the same, I guess. But she was mature. She liked elephants. She was raised with them, in a manner of speaking. She wanted to be an elephant keeper-in-training, sort of like a lady-in-waiting to a queen. I was a giraffe guy, and there was no connection. "We have nothing in common," she said. "Nothing." "Not even large mammals?"

Her father was on the scene, but I wasn't sure whose side he was on. "You seem to think that one large mammal is the same as another. Such ignorance won't fly with my daughter." "I don't want to fly with your daughter, or I'd be in the birdcage," I said. No one thought that was funny. Apparently zoo-humor is very species specific. What's funny to a macaw is extremely offensive to an elephant, and they never forget.

(*Pretends to be elephants holding a conversation.*) "He's back," said papa elephant. "What does he want this time?" "He's going to sketch us again," said mama elephant. "Last time you were in such an unflattering position," said papa. "It went viral. I suggest you turn around and tuck in a bit." I was, indeed, the person in the room. The zookeeper's daughter came by, her name was Earlene—and she took a look at my sketch. (*Pretends to look over his shoulder, as Earlene, at the sketch, and make a silent judgement.*) Again, not impressed.

(As Earlene.) "You purposely depicted that elephant in a very embarrassing posture." (*A little bit sarcastic.*) "Yet," I said, "She held it for the entire time I was sketching her. I think this elephant likes me. (*Repeatedly points a finger at Earlene.*) Maybe you can learn something from Mrs. Elephant." (As Earlene.) "So if an elephant likes you I should go out with you?"

I offered to draw a picture of Earlene, if she would just stay still. For one, I would be able to study her for an hour or two, and for two, she would be staying still rather than running off. But she didn't want me to sketch her in the same pose as I portrayed Mrs. Elephant and make her the laughingstock of the internet. "I can't portray you in that position," I pointed out. "An elephant's trunk is in the front, and yours, Earlene, is in the—(*Blustery, interrupting.*)" "I won't have you addressing my daughter in such a manner," said the zookeeper, sneaking up behind me, more like an armadillo than an elephant. One thing elephants aren't, I learned, is sneaky. (*Aside.*) "Oh, really, I didn't see you coming!" said the giraffe. See, it's funny, but not if you're an elephant. If you're a hyena, it's a laugh a minute. I was wasting my whole summer at the zoo trying to get a date with Earlene.

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