

GET YOUR STUPID ON

By Bradley Walton

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GET YOUR STUPID ON

A Ten Minute Comedy Monologue

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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. (*Imitates a chicken drinking a liquid pooling on the ground with progressively increasing voraciousness.*) Then the cow finds the driver, who's unconscious in the cab of the truck. (*Imitates an over-energetic cow discovering the unconscious driver.*) They're both very concerned for the driver, and they try to use his cell phone to call 911. So you've got a chicken and a cow, both pepped up on enough energy drinks to kill a man, trying to figure out to how to call 911 on a cell phone. The chicken tries to peck the number into the phone. (*Imitates a deeply overexcited chicken trying to peck out 9-1-1.*) Of course, the chicken can't read, so it's not working. The cow tries to lick the number in. (*Imitates cow licking at the phone.*) But cows can't read either, and it's hard to operate a cell phone with your tongue. Finally, against all odds, the chicken and cow manage to get through to a pizza place the truck driver has on speed dial.

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