

I GOT AN HONORABLE MENTION IN A PHOTOGRAPHY CONTEST ENTERED BY FIVE PEOPLE...NOW WHAT?

By Bradley Walton

Copyright © 2018 by Bradley Walton, All rights reserved.

ISBN: 978-1-60003-996-6

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

RIGHTS RESERVED: All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS: All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Brooklyn Publishers LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Brooklyn Publishers LLC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers LLC. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers LLC.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

AUTHOR CREDIT: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this Work must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this Work. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the Work. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this Work is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice: *Produced by special arrangement with Brooklyn Publishers LLC.*

COPYING: Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Brooklyn Publishers LLC.

BROOKLYN PUBLISHERS LLC
P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406
TOLL FREE (888) 473-8521 • FAX (319) 368-8011

I GOT AN HONORABLE MENTION IN A PHOTOGRAPHY CONTEST ENTERED BY FIVE PEOPLE...NOW WHAT?

A Comedy Monologue

by **Bradley Walton**

SYNOPSIS: You see a lollipop stick lying upon the ground. You take its picture and enter the photo in a contest at a local deli, where you are awarded a yellow ribbon for honorable mention. You conclude that an honorable mention is preferable to winning first, second, or third place, because an honorable mention bestows honor, whereas a mathematically higher but otherwise integrity-challenged rank does not. You have achieved all that a human being could possibly hope for in a lifetime. But will you choose to lay your contentment on the line when the challenge of the deli's next art contest is placed before you?

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 either; gender flexible)

NARRATOR (m/f).....Has delusions of grandeur and an exaggerated perception of reality.

SETTING: Bare stage

COSTUMES

NARRATOR – Wears tacky dress clothes.

NARRATOR: The instant I saw the Tootsie Pop™ stick, I knew that the moment in progress had been fated to occur since the dawn of time.

At least, I assume it was a Tootsie Pop™ stick. It may have come from a generic lollipop. But I like Tootsie Pops™ better—they last longer, and if you give one to a person with whom you are arguing, it's harder for them to talk.

The stick in question was now candy-less, its sugary shell and rich chocolate interior goodness dissolved by the saliva of a mouth long departed. It lay on a white sidewalk in the bright sunlight, nearly invisible save for the soft pink residual stain of its aforementioned shell and the tiny gray shadow the stick cast upon the pavement. I was struck by the sense of ultimate uselessness and finality represented by this little white stick. Once, it had been a component of an attractively packaged and marketed commercial product known and loved by millions, but now that its purpose had been served, there it lay, discarded and exposed to the elements on a surface of nearly the same color, forgotten and ignored...but not by me.

I pulled out my phone and I took a picture of that stick. Its final days would not be for nothing. I would share this image with the world in a local deli's photography contest, which I had seen advertised on the back page of my hometown newspaper that morning.

Now I stand at the counter of that very deli, trying to listen in on the conversation of the three judges as I order a sandwich. It is difficult to make a decision involving so many different kinds of meat while eavesdropping on something of such potentially life-altering significance. I am asking my brain to perform a feat of multi-tasking, the likes of which it has never attempted before.

The stakes are high: while all of the pictures will adorn the walls of the shop for the rest of the month, the top three will win deli gift certificates in the respective amounts of thirty, twenty, and ten

dollars. Additionally, each winner will receive a ribbon, and a fourth ribbon will be awarded for honorable mention.

A total of five pictures have been entered. One is a stunning close-up of the right headlight on an old pickup truck. Another is a timed exposure of a lighthouse taken on a starry night. The third picture shows six different colors of paint, or perhaps dye, running down into the drain of a white sink. The fourth entry is shoe selfie. And then, of course, there is mine.

Each picture has its own merits and weaknesses. Each is attractive in its own way, but the other four were not taken by me, and therefore they are inferior.

The debate amongst the judges is intense, or would be, if they were not standing in complete silence as they check off boxes on their score cards. I imagine them stealing sideways glances at one another's rankings, vehemently mocking the stupidity of each other's choices in their minds—unless, of course, those choices involve perfect scores for my photo.

The man behind the counter looks at me expectantly and clears his throat for the fifth time. I order the “special,” whatever that may be, and then I wait...for both my sandwich and the contest results.

The judges disappear into a back room and my food is handed to me over the counter. The “special” consists of several kinds of meat and cheese between two slices of bread. None of them are easily identifiable, although the resulting sandwich is indeed tasty. I suppose if I was truly curious as to the contents of the “special,” I could look at the small chalkboard sitting next to the cash register, but so much of my brain is preoccupied with the judges in the back room that I forget how to read. Within a relatively short period of time, my sandwich has disappeared. I assume I have eaten it. It is possible the sandwich was abducted by aliens, but this seems unlikely. In truth, I have not been paying the slightest bit of attention.

Ten long and impossibly agonizing minutes later, the judges emerge, and one of them is holding four ribbons: Blue, red, white, and yellow.

Thank you for reading this free excerpt from I GOT AN HONORABLE MENTION IN A PHOTOGRAPHY CONTEST ENTERED BY FIVE PEOPLE...NOW WHAT? by Bradley Walton. For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script, please contact us at:

**Brooklyn Publishers, LLC
P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406
Toll Free: 1-888-473-8521 • Fax (319) 368-8011
www.brookpub.com**