

# JOGGING WITH MY WIFE

By Bradley Walton

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# JOGGING WITH MY WIFE

*A Ten Minute Comedy Monologue*

**By Bradley Walton**

**SYNOPSIS:** Your wife suddenly decides to train for a 5K. She wants you to help her. You love your wife, so you don't tell her that she's out of her mind. Instead, you go jogging with her. You are a good husband. And also, probably, you are an idiot.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

*(1 either; gender flexible)*

THE NARRATOR (m/f)

**NOTE:** Although the script is written for a male narrator, it is perfectly fine to change the character to a female and perform the script as *Jogging With My Husband*. It is also fine if the narrator and his/her spouse are a same-sex couple.

## AUTHOR NOTES

I went jogging at the hospital with my wife. Then I went home and wrote this script. I love my wife. Jogging, not so much.

**AT RISE:** *The NARRATOR, dressed in sweats, on a bare stage.*

It was an awkward moment. My wife had just said something and I couldn't tell if I was supposed to laugh or not. "Sally from work asked me to run a 5K with her." It was a simple enough declaration, except that my wife did not exercise, much less run. She had been dieting for a few months and had lost some weight, but neither of us was remotely athletic. Her statement had no readily discernible link to reality. She might as well have said, "Sally from work wants me to rescue the Moose Prince from cannibal sofa worms in Portugal with her."

"And what are your thoughts on this?" I asked.

"My initial reaction was that Sally was crazy," said my wife.

I noted her use of the words "initial" and "was." These indicated that I should not laugh even though she concluded with the word "crazy." However, she might take offense if I were to agree. It seemed safest to say nothing, so I maintained respectful eye contact and waited for her to continue.

"Me...train for a 5K? Much less run in one? That's like three miles. It seemed...maybe not impossible, but pretty far out there. Then I thought about it a little more, and y'know, I really should be taking better care of myself. This could be good for me."

"So...you're going to train for a 5K with Sally."

"No, that would be too awkward. She's been running for years. I want you to help me train."

I looked at her quizzically and said nothing, because it sounded for all the world as if my wife had said, "I want you to help me train." But of course, she had not said this, because it would have been insane. She might as well have been asking me to rescue the Moose Prince. And then it dawned on me that she had indeed said what I thought she said. I could formulate no rational response, so I simply nodded.

"That's great! I thought for sure you'd say no. Thank you so much!" My wife was happy. I was happy she was happy. This would be a good thing. Especially since she wasn't asking me to run in the actual 5K. That's what I told myself.

It is now Saturday, two days later. I have told myself this would be a good thing approximately 2,614 times over the past 48 hours, and I am still no closer to believing it than I was on Thursday.

We have chosen a paved track encircling the local hospital complex as the site of our inaugural jog. It is exactly one mile long and marked off in quarter mile increments. The hospital itself is a beautiful building. When you pay \$10 for a single aspirin tablet there, at least you get to enjoy it in luxury. I imagine the hospital patients, relaxing in their beds and looking out their windows, chuckling at the exhausted, pathetic joggers down below. They say laughter is the best medicine; maybe that is the true purpose of this track.

At least the ambulance won't have to travel far if I go into cardiac arrest.

My wife encourages me to stretch before we begin. She effortlessly bends over and touches her toes while keeping her legs perfectly straight. I try, but I can barely touch my knees. Somewhere in the hospital, I feel sure a newborn baby is pointing out the window, laughing at me.

We start out at a brisk walk to warm up. My wife has found an app on her phone that helps train for a 5K. She feels it will be useful. She is mistaken. It would only be useful if it did the actual running for us, but I keep this thought to myself.

We walk side-by-side for about a minute. I feel my pulse quicken. Then my wife's phone beeps. I hope that this is the signal for us to slow down and rest, but instead my wife accelerates her pace. I accelerate as well, determined to remain beside her. We are now jogging. This is a new experience for me. It feels unnatural. Human beings were not meant to move at this speed. Walking was invented by early man for day-to-day activities like gathering vegetables in prehistoric Wal-Mart stores. Running was invented to escape saber-toothed tigers and cave-to-cave magazine salesmen. Eventually, it was discovered that walking and running were both appropriate for certain activities, such as heading to the bathroom, with speed dictated by urgency. However, I can think of no activity that specifically calls for one to jog. Jogging is evil. It is causing me to perspire and breathe heavily and think bad thoughts about my wife and worse thoughts about Sally from work.

And then it happens... we cross paths with another jogger. She is in her thirties and judging from her leg muscles and apparent lack of body fat, does this sort of thing all the time. She glances at us and nods as we pass one another. She squints slightly, and does not smile. Clearly, she feels we are encroaching on her territory. I begin to worry about respecting the territorial rights of indigenous joggers. They are faster than we are, and if we should anger them, then we are surely doomed.

As if to underscore this point, a jogger passes us from behind. She appears to be in her early twenties. She is not moving at a full-tilt run, but she speeds past us effortlessly. I look at my wife, hoping that perhaps she is beginning to understand the folly of this endeavor. She grimaces slightly, and then, to my horror, quickens her pace. "What are you doing?!?" I want to scream at her. But I do not. Screaming at my wife while keeping pace with her is a feat of complex multitasking beyond my abilities.

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