

GRIME DOESN'T PAY

TEN-MINUTE MONOLOGUE

By Kelly Meadows

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GRIME DOESN'T PAY

A Ten Minute Comedy Monologue

(Writing as author Cornucopius Erronius Refrageratum)

By Kelly Meadows

SYNOPSIS: Heroes and villains collide in a tense story about pressure washing Abraham Lincoln's memorial statue in Washington, DC. As Ron (our hero) starts getting a little too proud, Cyrus (our villain) hatches a plan to stop him – and his pressure washer – in their tracks. Will Ron clean the pigeon poop off the president, or will he buckle... under pressure? A great (and clean) storytelling opportunity!

CAST

(1 either; gender flexible)

SETTING

Bare stage, however, it's understood that the speaker is telling the story to a captivated group of youngsters.

AUTHOR NOTES

The speaker should tell the story almost like a fairy tale, a story of heroes and villains, of good and evil... much of the comedy will come from taking a rather mundane and unfamiliar topic and treating it very earnestly.

Gather round, boys and girls, and I'm going to tell you a story about a pressure washer... and the President of the United States. Not just any president of the United States – this president's name is *(Make this a big deal!)* Abraham Lincoln!

And this wasn't just any pressure washer. It was very special pressure washer named Trinket.

Abraham Lincoln was very, very dirty. He'd sat outside on a chair in his memorial for almost a hundred years, a victim of weather, pollution and *(Short pause for effect.)* pigeon poop.

Now, you may wonder... what kind of pigeon would poop on our 16th president! But such pernicious pigeons are everywhere. *(Almost like making a speech at a political rally.)* Such pigeons as would desecrate the memory of a President of the United States. Such pigeons as would require heroes such as Trinket and his owner, Ron Bloward, to de-poopify President Abraham Lincoln.

Ron worked for a company called Henry's Housework. Henry took pressure washing *(Stern.)* very seriously. So did the current president of the United States, which is why Ron was picked for the job. If there was anything Ron could do better than anyone else, it was getting our president spotless.

Trinket never failed. You could gas him up, turn him on, and he would be smiling and ready to go. Abraham Lincoln would come out clean as a whistle. *(Thinks it over and gets more and more disgusted and off track.)* Not that whistles are clean. People stick them in their mouths, put them in their lint-filled pockets, hang them from dirty chains around their necks, then pass them on to kids who want to play referee for playground basketball. It's disgusting!

(SPEAKER catches him/herself, and comes back with a smile.) Ron was a hero! Handsome, strong, courteous and clean. And he always toed the presidential line. "I never let politics get in the way of a good wash," he was known to say. *(Let's get this story going!)* The big day came and it was time to get started – Ron got up early and lifted his trusty companion into his truck. "You ready to go, old friend?" he asked.

"Let's clean that president from top to bottom!" Trinket replied. No one ever heard Trinket talk but Ron, but that was enough! "I can't wait to meet Mr. Lincoln," said the washer.

Ron hooked up his equipment and started to spray. Pigeons flocked away to poop on other presidents while Trinket unleashed a mythical, magical stream of pressurized soap and water. Even our current president was victim of the frustrated birds during a press conference on the White House lawn.

But, like any modern day hero, Ron had his tragic flaw. *(Wide eyed and righteous.)* Pride. He was too proud. He posted "before and after" pictures on Facebook. On Instagram. On Pinterest. On his locker at work. *(Scandalized!)* And he would squeeze Trinket's trigger... *(Scandalized!)* in short sleeves! Women came to watch the muscles in his forearm flex as he worked.

(As DIFFERENT ADMIRERS, over the top.) "Oh Ron, you're my hero!" "We love you, Ron!" "Put out that high pressure spray!" *(Then, sigh like a woman in love!)* And they'd swoon right in front of Ron and the President. It was like a rock concert out of control! It went to his head. *(Like a superhero, with a big boastful smile.)* All in a day's work, ladies. *(As an ADMIRER, with stars in her eyes.)* Can I have a picture with you and Trinket?

(As RON, excited by the attention.) Oh course, ladies. But I'm a busy man. How about all of you stand around me at once? *(Smile for a picture, with arms wide as if RON is welcoming lots of women at once.)* That's perfect.

He was in the news. He had fan pages. He was on TV, sitting in the lap of the President of the United States!

(Suddenly things get ugly.) Well, you know what happens to overexposed celebrities in America. People started to talk. People were jealous. People were angry. *(As a "hater".)* He thinks he's all that.

(Uneducated, angry, and sad.) "He's making me look bad," said one of his co-workers. "Washing the front porch isn't good enough anymore. My wife doesn't think so highly of me thanks to this Ron Bloward." Husbands and wives got into fights. *(As HUSBAND.)* You're obsessed with him, Janie. *(As WIFE.)* He's clean, Homer. You might take a bath. *(As HUSBAND.)* So you think clean is in? *(As WIFE.)* Clean's been in since 1915. Join the party, Homer.

Then of course, there were pressure washers themselves. Jealous. Petty. Ugly. Shirking their duties because they were passed over for a high profile wash. Rotting in sheds or stuck in nowhere jobs. Decks. Boats. Sidewalks. Houses. And Trinket got to be as boastful as Ron. The other washers? Couldn't stand him. "Spray it – don't say it!" they thought. Finally they'd had enough.

On the docks and shores of Washington walked a different kind of man. A bitter, angry man who wasn't good enough for Henry's Housework. A man with vengeance and hate in his heart. If pressure washing was Christmas, this man was the Grinch.

His pressure washer was named Gasbag, and its owner? *(With disgust.)* Cyrus Falonius Gunch. They both watched with envy, forgotten by an American society that made and broke its celebrities like children building and knocking down sand castles.

Cyrus sat on the docks, plotting revenge as the moon lit up his eyes, his long mustache, and the Potomac. (As *CYRUS*, *lowbrow and plotting*.) What-chew wanna do, Gasbag? I'm tired of playing second, third, and fourth rotten banana to Ron Bloward and (Like a *mean witch*.) his little Trinket. I wants me some ladies too! My girl's out there watching *him* clean up the president, whiles I get no audience spraying barnacles off a steamship.

"I should wash you off, Cyrus," Gasbag replied. "You could use a shower." (As *CYRUS*.) Now you know that violates safety procedure. No one wants a bath at 3500 pounds per square inch of pressure. What we needs to do is hurts them where it hurts. (As *GASBAG*.) Me and my friends think you should drain him. Take the oil out of the engine. (As *CYRUS*.) Great idea, Gasbag! But... how? Ron keeps Trinket under lock and key.

"Ron takes a lunch break," said the evil Gasbag. "Ron takes lunch with the ladies while Trinket sits up behind the 16th President of the United States."

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