

MY FORENSICS COACH IS NOT A JELLYBEAN.

A TEN MINUTE MONOLOGUE

By Bradley Walton

Copyright © MMXIII by Bradley Walton

All Rights Reserved

Heuer Publishing LLC in association with Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

ISBN: 978-1-60003-706-1

Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this work is subject to a royalty. Royalty must be paid every time a play is performed whether or not it is presented for profit and whether or not admission is charged. A play is performed any time it is acted before an audience. All rights to this work of any kind including but not limited to professional and amateur stage performing rights are controlled exclusively by Heuer Publishing LLC and Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Inquiries concerning rights should be addressed to Heuer Publishing LLC.

This work is fully protected by copyright. No part of this work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without permission of the publisher. Copying (by any means) or performing a copyrighted work without permission constitutes an infringement of copyright.

All organizations receiving permission to produce this work agree to give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production. The author(s) billing must appear below the title and be at least 50% as large as the title of the Work. All programs, advertisements, and other printed material distributed or published in connection with production of the work must include the following notice: **"Produced by special arrangement with Heuer Publishing LLC in association with Brooklyn Publishers, LLC."**

There shall be no deletions, alterations, or changes of any kind made to the work, including the changing of character gender, the cutting of dialogue, or the alteration of objectionable language unless directly authorized by the publisher or otherwise allowed in the work's "Production Notes." The title of the play shall not be altered.

The right of performance is not transferable and is strictly forbidden in cases where scripts are borrowed or purchased second-hand from a third party. All rights, including but not limited to professional and amateur stage performing, recitation, lecturing, public reading, television, radio, motion picture, video or sound taping, internet streaming or other forms of broadcast as technology progresses, and the rights of translation into foreign languages, are strictly reserved.

COPYING OR REPRODUCING ALL OR ANY PART OF THIS BOOK IN ANY MANNER IS STRICTLY FORBIDDEN BY LAW. One copy for each speaking role must be purchased for production purposes. Single copies of scripts are sold for personal reading or production consideration only.

HEUER PUBLISHING LLC

P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406

TOLL FREE (800) 950-7529 • FAX (319) 368-8011.

MY FORENSICS COACH IS NOT A JELLYBEAN

A Ten Minute Comedy Monologue

By Bradley Walton

SYNOPSIS: The forensics coach used to dress in black. But one day, that changed. One day, the forensics coach began to wear...color. Bright colors. Assorted colors. Like jellybeans. And one of his students can't get the thought out of her head. In fact, the thought is so overwhelming that today, she can't even practice her original oratory speech because all she can think about is sinking her teeth into her coach's bright red shirt. She suspects that things are going to end badly. She is probably right.

Cast: 1 Male or 1 Female

Set: Bare Stage

AUTHOR NOTES

Two of my forensics students said that my shirts made them think of jellybeans, and that I should write a script about a forensics student mesmerized by the jellybean-ness of her coach's shirt. I wasn't sure at first where I could go with the concept, but the more I thought about it, the more I liked it. This script is what I came up with.

Thanks to Daelynn McCleve and Merrill Harmison.

AT RISE: *The NARRATOR, a teenager dressed for school, on a bare stage. HE or SHE seems anxious.*

My forensics coach is not a jellybean. I mean, I know deep down that he's not. But I keep having to tell myself over and over again. He's staring at me very intently right now and he is not a jellybean. He's wondering why there's this long awkward pause in the middle of my original oratory speech and he is still not a jellybean. He is tapping his pen impatiently on the table and he will never, ever be a jellybean. I wish I could convince myself. And I am very, very concerned that things are going to end badly.

This never used to be a problem. He used to wear black turtlenecks to school all the time. They matched his black pants and his black shoes and he looked like he was part of a stage crew. I never once thought of jellybeans. But then the principal retired and her replacement made collared dress shirts mandatory for all male faculty members.

So my forensics coach went out and bought a bunch of dress shirts. All of them in very bright, single colors.

Completely unlike what he used to wear.

Completely like a jellybean.

Okay, not really. It's not as if he's fat or short or round. He isn't. He's tall and skinny. If anything, he looks more like a crayon than a jellybean. But I don't want to flip him upside down and rub his face in a coloring book. I want to bite into him.

This would get me kicked off the team. A smear on my college applications. My future would be ruined. I'd wind up selling pencils to tourists on street corners or something.

The weird thing is, I'm not a connoisseur of jellybeans. I don't eat them very often, so I have no idea why I'm stuck on this.

I wonder how long I've been standing here saying nothing. My forensics coach is looking at me with a weird mixture of irritation and boredom. There is a zit forming on his forehead. I take a deep breath, and with more effort than I'd like to admit, I shift my attention away from his shirt and onto the zit. Which is slightly disgusting, but frees my brain up enough to force words out of my mouth.

"Sorry. I zoned out."

"Obviously," my coach says as if he was addressing a microscopic parasite.

"Would you like for me to start my speech over?" I ask with as much butt-kissing helpfulness as my pathetic voice can muster.

"You never started in the first place," says my coach.

Oops. I think my brain was even further off track than I realized.

"Oh. Right. Sorry," I say. "I'll get going with that, then."

My speech is a persuasive essay about how most science fiction is actually science fantasy, and the failure to distinguish between the two will lead to the decline of the civilized world. It has nothing to do with jellybeans. If I can just focus on my speech, I should be fine.

"Not too long ago, in our very own galaxy..." I say the words confidently, fixing my eyes on my coach's forehead zit, and I can feel my composure returning. Nine words down. So far, so good. I can do this. But as I complete the sentence, my coach shifts in his seat and my eyes flick down to his shirt and the next words come out wrong.

"A new jellybean was born."

No! I can't say that! There are no jellybeans in space!

"What?" My coach looks down at his hard copy of my speech. "Isn't it supposed to be 'genre'?"

"Right! It is. Thank you." I nod my head a little too appreciatively.

My coach looks at me questioningly. "Jellybean?"

"Rhymes with genre. Threw me off."

"No, it doesn't."

"True. But they're similar. Kind of. Got the words mixed up."

"Start over."

I begin to sweat. I can feel the beads forming on my face like little clear jellybeans. No! Don't think like that! Focus!

"Not too long ago, in our very own galaxy, a new genre was born." There. I did it!

"Do you think you can say it without contorting your face like you're in pain?" asks my coach.

"My face was contorting?"

"Like you were trying to pull out your wisdom teeth with a spatula. It was impressive, yet disturbing."

"You've seen someone pull out their own wisdom teeth with a spatula?"

"No. It's impossible."

"Then why—"

“Because it’s exactly the expression you were making. Now start over.”

I close my eyes and take a deep breath. I think about my speech. About the absurdity of what passes for science fiction. The ridiculousness of something like lightsabers—with beams of light that somehow either stop or double back on themselves at a fixed range, and come in an assortment of bright fruity colors like jellybeans.

I hear someone scream and open my eyes to see who it is...then I realize it was probably me.

“Did I just scream?” I ask my forensics coach. Judging from his expression of disbelief and the fact that he’s got his fingers stuck in his ears, I can only assume the answer is yes.

“Are you finished doing that?” he asks, his fingers still in his ears.

Thank you for reading this free excerpt from MY FORENSICS COACH IS NOT A JELLY BEAN by Bradley Walton. For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script, please contact us at:

Heuer Publishing LLC

P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406

Toll Free: 1-800-950-7529 • Fax (319) 368-8011

HITPLAYS.COM