

OUR FORENSICS TEAM IS GETTING NEW UNICORNS

By Bradley Walton

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A Ten Minute Comedic Monologue

By Bradley Walton

SYNOPSIS: You're minding your business in the hall at school when you hear someone say that the forensics team is getting new unicorns. You never realized that unicorns were real, or that the school had a forensics team, so the two things together make perfect sense. You love unicorns, so you decide to join the forensics team as soon as you figure out what forensics is. As you ask around, you learn about forensic science, become convinced that the unicorns are for dissection, and conclude that it's up to you to save them! Someone finally suggests you misunderstood—that the forensics team is actually getting new uniforms—but you're too smart to fall for that.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 either; gender flexible)

NARRATOR (m/f) A high school student who's
fashionable but not too bright.

SETTING: On bare stage.

AUTHOR NOTES

The genesis of this play was pretty much the first thing that happens in the script. I heard somebody say something about one of teams at my school getting new uniforms. Except I heard “unicorns” instead of “uniforms.” Fortunately, I realized immediately that I'd misunderstood, instead of going on a crusade.

NARRATOR: So I'm in the hall on my way to gym near the end of the day, and it's really crowded and noisy and stuff, but I hear somebody say that our forensics team is getting new unicorns. Now, I love unicorns, but I didn't know they were actually real, or that the school had a unicorn stable. Of course, I never realized the school had a forensics team, either, so it all makes sense. I have no idea what forensics is, but if they've got unicorns, then I'm joining. Since there's a team, it's probably some kind of sport where they ride unicorns, so I figure I'll ask my gym teacher about it. It seems kind of weird that we never cheer for the forensics team at pep rallies, but I guess the custodians don't want the unicorns to poop on the floor.

When I get to gym class, I ask my teacher what forensics is. He says, "It's like police science." "Science?" I really hope I heard him wrong. "Yeah. They study crime scenes and do science stuff to look for clues." I stand there, trying to get his words to make sense. I'm not even in the right place. Forensics is not a sport. It's police science. How do unicorns fit in with that? I guess the police ride the unicorns to crime scenes and impale criminals on the unicorns' horns. But science is not my thing. I don't like it, and I get bad grades. Pretty much like all my other classes. Do I really want to keep going with this? Oh, who am I kidding? If it involves unicorns, I'll do it, even if there is science. Plus, if they're getting new unicorns, they must be getting rid of the old ones, so maybe they'd give one to me. My gym teacher is staring at me. "Is there anything else you wanted to ask?" "Who should I talk to about forensics?" He shrugs. "Maybe the biology teacher?"

So the next morning, I go see the biology teacher before school. I don't want to get into a really long conversation with him because I figure I won't be able to understand anything he says, so I just cut straight to what I want to know. "Tell me about the forensics unicorns." He gives me a look that's all weird and stuff, like he doesn't know what unicorns I'm talking about, even though I clearly said, "forensics unicorns." What's up with this guy?

And then he says, “What?” All funny-like. “You know—the forensics unicorns!” “I don’t know what you mean.” Well, obviously, he’s lying or hiding something. Forensics must be some kind of super-secret society, and that’s why I’ve never heard of them or seen the unicorns around school. I’m not sure what to say next. Then I notice a little dead pig lying on the teacher’s desk. It’s pretty nasty.

“What’s that for?” “That’s a fetal pig. The class dissects those to learn about anatomy.” I have no idea what he just said, which apparently he realizes because he adds, “Students cut the pigs open to look at the insides.”

I don’t know why anybody would want to look at the inside of a pig, but I nod my head. Then it hits me—if they cut up pigs in his class and he’s playing dumb about the forensics unicorns, then that might mean the unicorns aren’t really for people to ride to crime scenes—they’re for cutting up, too! That must be why the forensics team is getting new unicorns—they cut all the old ones into little bitty pieces! I smile, backing slowly away from the biology teacher, and leave the room without taking my eyes off of him. A man who chops up unicorns is capable of anything.

Darn it! This means there aren’t any leftover unicorns for me to get one of my own. But it also means even more unicorns are going to be butchered in the name of forensic science. I don’t know what to do. Before yesterday, I never even knew unicorns were real. But I love them. I can’t let this happen. And I can’t stop it from happening if I’m sitting in class. Which means I have an awesome reason to skip English.

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