

MONOLOGUE — BRADLEY

Play	<i>Hairball</i> by Lindsay Price
Stats	Comedy, Simple Set, 25 minutes
Casting	3M+5W
Description	Bradley goes to his high school guidance counsellor to get something off his chest. As with all comedy, it's important for the character to be serious about his plight. The more serious Bradley is about losing his hair, the funnier the monologue will be.
Get the Play	www.theatrefolk.com

Thank you for seeing me on such short notice, Dr. Goodstein. I'm really upset. I didn't know who to turn to and... it's been tearing me up inside! I just want to know... I... How long do I have left? (*looking up, a little grossed out*) Dying? Who's thinking about dying? No! Geesh Doc, that's a real downer.

He looks around to make sure no one is listening and then whispers with horror.

It's my hair. My hair, my hair, how long do I have left with my hair? I just found out my dad lost his hair at 23. That's five years, man. Five! I know! I know. I thought I was saved. I thought it would all work out. But the horrors don't stop, Doc. Everyone is bald on my mother's side. Great grandfather, grandfather, uncles, aunts. They've all got the chrome dome man! Uh huh. Alopecia. Aunt Betty's bald as a cue ball.

I never used to think about my hair. Never gave it a second thought. Wash and go. No conditioner. No special cut. But now I'm running out of time and I'm freaking out. I have treated my hair so bad up to now. I was thinking, I was wondering if it would work – I wanted to get your thoughts on this little idea, if I start treating my hair good, maybe it'll want to stick around. Maybe it won't fall out because it'll be living the high life. I want to give it parties. I want to take it to museums. Take pictures. Be there for my hair. It's gotta make a difference, don't it? It's got to!

I'm counting the number of hairs that fall out every day. What's the normal number? Do you know? Is a hundred a day normal? Am I already to late? Am I on my last legs? Am I on a speeding train to becoming a cue ball? Am I going to wake up tomorrow, look in the mirror and see Aunt Betty?

He falls off the chair on to his knees as he wails.

Nooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!!!!!!!!!!!!

When he's done wailing, there's a pause. He stands and brushes off his jeans. He takes a deep breath and smiles. All evidence of his trauma gone.

Whew. Thanks Doc. I had to get that out. It was building up inside me like a big ole hairball. Had to get it out! I guess I just have to play the cards I've been dealt. And use conditioner. See you later Doc!