



Male Monologue: Bradley from *Hairball*

Bradley goes to see his Guidance Counsellor to get something off his chest. It's important for the character to be serious about his problem. Never try to 'act' funny. The more serious Bradley is about losing his hair, the funnier the monologue will be.

Thanks for seeing me on such short notice. 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? *(Pause)* Dying? Who's thinking about dying? No! Geesh sir, that's a real downer.

*He looks around to make sure no one is listening*

It's my hair. My hair, how long to I have left with my hair?! I just found out my dad lost his hair at 23. That's 5 years, man. Five! I know, I thought I was saved. I thought it would work out. But the horrors don't stop there. *Everyone* is bald on my mother's side. Great grandfather, grandfather, uncles, aunts. Aunt Betty's bald like 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 wanted to get your thoughts on this little idea, if I start treating my hair good, maybe it will want to stick around. Maybe it won't fall out because it will 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?

I'm counting the number of hairs that fall out every day. Is a hundred a day normal? Am I already too late? 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?!

*Falls to his knees*

NNN000000000000000000!!!!!!!