

THE HABITUAL INSOMNIAC

By Krystle Henninger

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THE HABITUAL INSOMNIAC

A Ten Minute Comedy Monologue

By Krystle Henninger

SYNOPSIS: Chase has a hard time falling asleep at night. Nothing seems to work. Chase gives into his insomnia and refuses to just lay in bed for hours staring at the ceiling. *The Habitual Insomniac* follows some of the interesting stories that Chase has to offer when it comes to his insomnia.

CAST

(1 Either)

Well. It's 1:31 a.m. It's still pretty early...for me, anyway. I happen to be an insomniac. I'll probably be up for the next few hours, so bear with me. Today was very eventful. Alarm went off at eight...hit the snooze button until nine. Went to three classes and work. Got back about an hour-and-a-half ago. Perused the interwebs for a while and now I'm sitting here in bed waiting until I fall asleep.

I've given into my insomnia. I tried to fight it for a while, forcing myself to attempt to fall asleep early, but I kind of felt that it was pointless. All I did was lie in bed for hours doing nothing except getting frustrated. It started getting really bad about...six months ago? Something like that. Anyway, a couple months ago I got in bed at 11:30. I didn't fall asleep until close to three. At 1:40, I thought to myself, "Maybe I can't sleep because I'm hungry." I had a sleeve of crackers on my desk from the other day, so I grabbed them and ate them. 1:40 in the morning, and I was eating crackers...in bed. So that became my go to thing. Can't sleep? Eat crackers. One time I got some peanut butter to put on the crackers...that was a mistake, I dropped one of the crackers face down on my blanket. I tried to carefully get out of bed to clean it up, but then it got all over my pajamas, and then the cracker fell out of my hand onto the sheet...it was a mess. Never again will I eat peanut butter in bed.

I've noticed that when I do end up sleeping for a few hours, my dreams are extremely vivid and crazy. Just last night I had a dream that I was late to an event because I took a nap and woke up late. So I was running around, trying to get ready. I took a quick shower and when I got out I didn't dry my hair. I was wearing pajamas with socks all over them...like pictures of socks...not actual pajamas with socks stuck on them...although that might have been more entertaining. So then I tried to get my shoes on. The problem with that was that I couldn't for the life of me, remember how to tie my shoes! My right shoe wasn't even laced and that just baffled me. I couldn't remember how many loops I needed to make the laces into, or how the strings were supposed to intertwine, and then I found out that one side was too short to even make a knot. It was a mess.

Eventually, I gave up and started walking to this event. When I got there, one of my friends was trying to get a bag of un-popped popcorn from the vending machine. The vending machine wasn't cooperating so he opened it from the top, which I know doesn't normally happen, but it did this time. He tried to reach the popcorn. Eventually he was able to hit it out of place and it fell down to the catch thing at the bottom. After the popcorn got loose, there were three boxes of macaroni and cheese that followed. He got mad because he didn't want the mac and cheese, so he tried to put them back up through the top. As he did this, he noticed a sardine like oval tin with a light blue label that simply said, "Spaghetti" on it. He said, "Ooooh! Spaghetti!" and took the tin out. Inside the tin, there were some half-cooked spaghetti noodles sitting in some water. It looked like the noodles that get stuck to the side of the colander just long enough that some of the edges dry out. Luckily, he didn't eat it.

So I left my friend at the vending machine and ran into one of my other friends who wore a tux. He looked like James Bond. He pulled me into a closet-type room and asked if I had the message. Magically, a mini chess game-set looking thing in a box appeared in my hand. He gave me very clear instructions not to let anyone else see it. At that moment, one of my other friends showed up saying, "Hi guys! How's it goin'?" which scared us. The mini chessboard box flew out of my hands and fell on the floor. The top came off and random pieces from various board games fell out. As I bent down to pick up the pieces, she jumped on my back and said, "My ankle hurts. Give me a piggy back ride!" It was at that point I woke up, terrified. And sweating.

I have a lot of weird dreams like that. A couple other topics have included: a former teacher riding on a horse while playing baseball with kangaroos; my favorite band giving a private concert at my old elementary school and then the lead singer ended up being one of my professors and told me I had a late assignment; finding out that my dog was really a billionaire mob boss who could talk; one about an orange collapsible water bottle I thought was a bomb but turned out to be ant repellent; and finding out that the house I lived in was actually the inside of a giant's big toe. My parents always said I had a colorful imagination.

Anytime I actually remember the dreams, I write them down immediately. I put up some paper on my wall next to my bed so that I could just write down my thoughts at night. Almost like an unbound journal. Maybe one day I'll put them all together. It's scary to go back and read them though. I hate writing in journals on a regular basis. Tried it a couple times, but I would only write every once in a while, and then I would lose the journal...so I gave up. I found one recently. It was from years ago. Apparently I had trouble sleeping then, too. I also had a lot of trouble spelling...well...I still do, but that's beside the point.

I found the journal because I had to pack all of my stuff up. I'm moving in a couple days. I had to get up really early two days ago, so I had set myself some deadlines. I wanted to be in bed by 11:00. Sure enough, I was in bed right at 11. I was kind of foolish to think that just because I had tired myself out throughout the day, I would actually be able to get to sleep on time. I tossed and turned for about an hour-and-a-half before deciding that I would much rather get up and keep packing. At least it would be productive. I took down all of my posters. Took me an hour. I got back in bed and fell asleep about 20 minutes later. I'd say I could do that more often, but that doesn't really work now that all of my posters are down. By the way, there are now 640 tack marks on my wall.

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