

I'M NOT NORMAL

By Camila Vasquez

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I'M NOT NORMAL

A Ten Minute Comedy Monologue

By Camila Vasquez

SYNOPSIS: As a young character reflects on the issues surrounding them as they grew up, the truth becomes clear: normal is overrated.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 either; gender flexible)

NARRATOR (m/f)

PRODUCTION NOTES: The phrase “everyone just looks at me like I’m stupid” is a recurring phrase that should have a distinct delivery.

NARRATOR: I'm not normal. I have a lot of issues. My main issue is obsessing over all of the other issues. And obsessing over the obsessing issue is a bit of an issue too. When I'm not told to think about anything in particular, I think about these issues. Mainly because I like to think about myself a lot.

Anyway, a while ago, I was talking to this guy. The fact that I was talking to him isn't the point. Even though there's usually a point. The point is that I was just rambling on without stopping. I will repeat: I DID NOT STOP TALKING. And he looked at me. And he asked (not in a 'being-mean-on-purpose' way, but in a 'there-is-almost-no-way-to-ask-this-without-being-offensive' way and he managed to pull it off),

"Why are you talking so much?"

I stopped. And I think I had a stunned face. Not because I was offended, it's just that even though I always do that (talk nonstop all the time), and I've explained it to so many people (the explanation uninvited), I don't remember ANYONE ever actually asking me that question. So, for the first time, I responded to the question I was *actually* asked, "When it gets unnaturally quiet, I get uncomfortable so I just start talking to fill the silence." And I talk about anything. From things as lame and cliché as the weather to mundane things like how a hippopotamus is not nearly as cute and harmless as the "Hungry Hungry Hippos" like to make you think. And everybody just looks at me like I'm stupid.

Pause.

I also obsess over the things I could say, so fifteen minutes later, I think of something that I could have said, and I almost say it. But I don't. Because I know that if I do, everybody will look at me like I'm stupid.

Pause.

I've been dealing with issues for years. Sleeping issues in particular have been a recurring issue. When I was little, I had nightmares like everybody else. But I also had what I later learned were called hypnagogic hallucinations. Hypnagogic hallucinations aren't hallucinations that we normally think of. Hypnagogic hallucinations are the things that you see just before falling asleep or *right* after waking up, when you're still mostly asleep. It's not weird that I got it as a little kid, apparently that's kind of normal. The scientific reasoning follows something along the lines of kids not having fully developed brains so sometimes the wires get a bit crossed. And it's common for the hallucinations to be scary. So, my little-kid hallucinations were normal. But that didn't stop me from freaking out when there was a gorilla in the far corner of the ceiling in my room, or freaking out when this human-like blob would stand next to my bed and slowly drift closer and closer to me.

No, the fact that this is 'normal' did not stop any of these reactions. My parents told me that they were just shadows. It was so hard for me to wrap my little 4-year-old brain around the concept of these things not being real. I just tried to ignore it, forget about it, if I can't see it, it can't see me.

When I was around 12 or 13 years old and the creepy blob dude hadn't left me alone, I said something again. My doctor said it was a hypnagogic hallucination, my therapist said that it was stress, and I thought I was losing my mind. But I never shared this theory about my sanity. Because I knew everyone would look at me like I was stupid.

When the hallucinations were first happening all those years ago, I was wrestling with a new fear. I was scared to get out of my bed at night. I thought that my bed was surrounded by this sort of tribal scene. But, it wasn't. Because there were demon terriers, not people. I know that they were demons because they had red eyes, and everything else was black and white. I was so scared to tell anyone about this because I was a little 4-year old who saw demon terriers and I had enough common sense back then to know that doesn't sound too good. See, we had no pets in my house. So it was ALL in my head. I was a smart kid. But that's not saying much. Kids are pretty smart in general. Even they know to look at me like I'm stupid.

It was a little later when I realized that there was no way that I would ever be normal. This became clear at a peacock farm. I saw all of the peacocks and said, "Aww, he's so cute, he's so beautiful!" "I wonder what they taste like."

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