

Sweat

by Jayme Kilburn and Travis Comstock

I wanted to be an actor. But I sweat too much. Look at me! I'm sweating right now. I'm an abomination! That got me worked up. I need to take a seat. (Sits down, takes off shoes.) Sometimes my toes get wrinkled when I sweat in my shoes. One time I was in Movement, with James Donolan? DA-11A? He called me wrinkly toe. Fuck him. He's a wrinkly toe. We had to wear all black. And I thought, "Cool! You can't see sweat through all black." But I was wrong. It just made the sweaty parts blacker. Once James pointed at me, and he said "Look at you. You sweat so much it just makes the sweaty parts blacker." I don't care for that man. Then this one time we brought out the tumbling mats, to do rolls. I thought, "Cool. I like to roll." I did not take into account the amount per square foot of sweat I would be leaving in my wake. It was like a Slip and Slide. Or like Crocodile Mile, 'cept for there was no crocodile. And instead of water, it was just my sweat. I turned around just in time to see the next person getting ready for the roll. I couldn't see who it was, on account of the sweat in my eyes, but I'm pretty sure it was a lady. I could tell from the scream. I tried to cry out in time to warn her, but she slid right past me. And plus I was out of breath. And then the next one went, and then the next. By the time I'd wiped all the sweat out of my eyes, all I could see were the mangled bodies. It was like a river of sweat. And blood. But mostly just sweat. James was in the corner crying. I could see him mouthing the words "Wrinkly toe." I was not invited back to the class after that. You wanna know who else does not care for sweat? Judith. Judith Olason. She doesn't care for sweat at all. At first she was pretty nice about the whole thing. I told her what had happened in James's class, 'cept I said someone else did it. She said "It's okay. Lots of actors sweat when they get on stage. It's only natural." Then I stood up, and she saw the butt stain. And I said "It's only natural, right?" Then she just kept looking at the butt stain. I started getting nervous, so I told her I just spilled my water on the ground. That's what I usually tell people. Judith, however, could not be deceived so easily. She pointed out the fact that I had chocolate milkshake in my Aquafina bottle. That embarrassed me, 'cause I'd told the other kids it was a protein shake. I do not care for that lady. I was caught in a web of lies. Then I thought, "Fuck it." So I told her I'd peed my pants. I told her I had a medical condition called Igottapeemypants. She said, "I'm pretty sure Igottapeemypants is not a bonafide medical condition." I do not take kindly to people calling my bluff. If this was the little game Judith wanted to play, then I would play it too. I looked her dead in the eye, gave her a little nod, and then I peed my pants. I was not invited back to the class after that. That was a hard day for me. On the walk home, I decided it was appropriate to curse God for my condition. So I cursed God. Then the clouds broke open, and a ray of sun hit me in the face. Needless to say, I began to sweat. I tried to cool myself down, but I realized I'd already finished my milkshake. Then I wished I had another milkshake. But all I had was a candy bar. So I ate the candy bar. Then I wished I had another candy bar. I passed by a Jamba Juice and asked if they sold milkshakes and or candy bars. All they sold was fruit shakes. I calmly explained to them that I did not eat fruit. At first they all laughed. I think they thought it was a joke. Then they saw the chocolate around my mouth, and I think it made them sad because they stopped laughing. Then the manager said they had some peanut butter in back, and I could have it for free if I wanted. I told them that I did not accept charity. Then I asked him where the bathroom was, and when he turned around I took the peanut butter and left. As I finished off the peanut butter on the way home, I started to cry. But no one could tell I was crying, 'cause eating makes me sweat. I'm crying right now. But none of you care. You're all staring at my sweat. And wishing you had peanut butter. But I don't care if you stare at my sweat, 'cause I gots me a lady friend now. Yeah, that's right. I met her on the way home. She was sweating almost as much as me. She said

she'd been jogging, so I told her I'd been running. Then she saw the chocolate around my mouth, but I told her it was a protein bar. She asked if I had another. I told her I'd buy her one. She asked if I wanted to jog there. I said no. We walked for about a block, but then I told her I had to lay down. I think she figured out I hadn't been running. But she didn't seem to mind. 'Cause she was pretty ugly. We've been together for three weeks now. So judge me if you want, fuckers. I may not be able to act, but at least I get to have sex. Sweaty sex.