

GRADUATION

A TEN MINUTE MONOLOGUE

By Jerry Rabushka

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CHARACTER: Can be played by either Male or Female.

As the class of 2004 is gathered together for the final time, the graduating seniors will take one more look at the Rosewood High gymnasium before they say their ultimate farewell.

Some – like me – will head on to college to pursue a career in the use of biotechnology in military and counterterrorist applications. Others, like Barney Smith and Bessy Johnson, will continue on their path in fast food disbursement. Ahhh... Barney and Bessy. Voted best couple by the seniors of Rosewood High. Best couple of what? (**ordering in a fast food joint**) Couple of cheeseburgers, hold the mayo!

She wouldn't even *give* me any mayo. You know Bessy. (**as Bessy**) "Oh, here comes the valedictorian. Sorry, but I'm allergic to smart people. Ahhhh choo!" Oh Bessy, that was about as funny as your final algebra grade.

Now, I know the principal is thinking thusly: "Why are you using your High School graduation speech to lash out at Barney Smith and Bessy Johnson? Why, indeed? (**screaming**) Because they're losers who tortured me and I want everyone to know it! (**calms down**) Is this not the same principal who insisted that I address my speech to the senior class in its entirety? (**as the Principal**) "Not just the smart kids, not just the jocks, and not just the popular kids. Everyone." So, I'm doing this for you. It's a matter of "principle."

Now. . . Barney and Bessy. They weren't smart. They weren't jocks. They were simply. . . bad kids. Do you know what Bessy calls success? A large vanilla shake. Do you know what Barney calls success? (**giggles**) Nothing!

Oh, the smart kids. Can't leave them out! John Wheeler, genius? I'll say. He figured out a way to cheat on algebra, biology, and American lit. Thought nobody knew? I knew. (**aside**) Well, I gave him the answers. (**shakes head, mockingly**) Kids these days. You might think twice about handing him that diploma, Mr. Roberts. Maybe it needs an asterisk.

But let's not dwell on the past. Though Sheila Jordache, I'll never forgive you for greasing my violin strings with olive oil at the senior concert. Never! Though it did help me hit that high G, no problem.

This is not the time to look backwards. Not when the class of 2004 has its whole future ahead of them. For Barney and Bessy, it's fries. Lots of them. Fries with this, fries with that. The sweet salt smell of success. For John Wheeler? Repeating his senior year. In detention. At a military academy. So sorry John. No I'm not.

Now, there are people who say some of us smart kids have no social skills. That I, in particular, hold a grudge. That I can't forget. **(losing it)** Third grade, Robby Houston! Put frog legs on my salami sandwich! I'll get you for it! **(back to normal)** Well you know what? It's not that I *can't* forget. Who has time? I worked my butt off to become class valedictorian. Not because I'm the smartest, but because I wanted to get up here and make this speech! Because I wanted revenge! **(to someone in the crowd)** Oh, no you're not going *anywhere*. Your turn is yet to come.

I also wanted to thank some of the teachers who made me who I am today. Sit down, Miss Torelli, this is *your* turn in the spotlight. I said sit *down*, Miss Torelli. See? Don't like it, do you? **(as Miss Torelli)** "Class, today we're going to discuss symbolism in the works of Eugene O'Neil. Then we're going to compare it to the symbolism found in the short stories of Ernest Hemingway." Oh, now you tell me, Miss Torelli, do you really think that's a good time? Why don't we just stay home and peel potatoes? If I wanted symbols I'd have joined the marching band.

Oh, and Mr. Klausenhammer. Another. . . influential??. . . teacher?? More like influenced.

Maurice got an A from him because. . . oh, because he did all his homework correctly and on time. Whoop de do. And Christine? Got an A because. . . **(giggles)** Oh, never mind.

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