

MY LAST MONOLOGUE

A TEN MINUTE MONOLOGUE

By Jerry Rabushka

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CAST: *one female*

AT RISE: *FEMALE is addressing a make-believe audience of judges and others coming to a dramatic competition.*

FEMALE

Oh, so before I start, I need to tell you all something. This will be my last monologue. I'm quitting.

(While we can see that SHE notices that nobody really cares, SHE continues as if they do.)

No, don't try to talk me out of it. You'll only prolong the agony—yours, and mine.

(Pause)

I can't believe no one has anything to say! You are losing one of the greatest actresses to ever grace the stage, yet you choose to remain silent.

(To someone in the audience)

What do you mean *who*?

(With an air of self-importance)

Now, you're probably wondering: why is this my last performance? Why am I taking a twenty-million dollar career and flushing it down the toilet like yesterday's goldfish? Shredding it like a Congressman's cell phone call record? Yet, here I am, flushing, shredding, and handing the reins over to my arch-rival, Trina Davidson, *(suddenly her demeanor goes spiteful)* my no-talent nemesis who gets the lead in every show, even though I'm so much better, it's not even funny!

(To someone in the audience)

Why are you laughing when I distinctly said it wasn't funny? Ok, so here's how *she* does it. Then here's how I do it. Then you'll see how funny it is.

(Preparing to recite)

This is me being Trina.

(The speaker makes fun of TRINA, but we can see in the end that TRINA is the better actress.)

"The last time I saw my father, he was on a tractor. We thought he was planting corn, but instead he drove onto I-70 at the Fayette, Missouri exit and took off towards Columbia at about 65 miles an hour. The last words I said to him were, 'Just go away and don't ever come back!' because he wouldn't let me shop at Hot Topic.

Now I'd give anything to take those words back, especially since Mom's making me pay for the tractor!"

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