

A KITTEN IN THE RUBBLE

By Jerry Rabushka

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A KITTEN IN THE RUBBLE

A Ten Minute Satire Comedy Monologue

By Jerry Rabushka

SYNOPSIS: A devastating earthquake pits time and life in a treacherous tug of war. But a wealthy woman traveling there on a mission to help the needy finds it most important to rescue a small kitten she hears mewling in the wreckage. In a city where human misery lives in every step and every doorway, she instructs us on the true meaning of love and rescue. Will the kitten be saved in time? What about the children and families? As the kitten holds on meekly, what will this bizarre and appalling woman say next?

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 female)

FEMALE MONOLOGUE (f)..... An over privileged woman on a charitable mission, plays other roles as indicated.

AUTHOR NOTES

This monologue is a satire. The speaker is offensive and insensitive, oblivious to the needs and concerns of others. An effective portrayal will show her feeling as if she's in fact just the opposite of how the audience will perceive her. Your goal is to make people laugh at themselves and perhaps look deeper into their own behavior.

FEMALE MONOLOGUE: I sat on the plane cramped in fear, drinking the dread of what I would be walking into. Did I really volunteer for this? But I had to. I had to learn the art not only of giving money—of which I have plenty so it hardly bothers me—but of giving time, which since I don't work is also long in supply. (*Resolute.*) I was going to *be* that difference I usually just paid others to be for me. I was going to an earthquake-ravaged country to, if need be, clean it up brick by brick. To hand out water and lemonade. To dig children out of the wreckage. And to make sure that my values and beliefs were instilled in very lives we saved!

Accommodations were looking to be a nightmare, but fortunately there was a four and a half-star hotel just a half hour away that hadn't been affected by the tremor. It had electrical power, plumbing, and wait-staff. After a each day of horror and squalor, I could retire to an evening of comfort, wine, and a traditional romance novel. Love you, Barbara Cartland!

The morning after arrival, a bus took us into the abyss. A bus...without air conditioning! I was exhausted before I stepped out into the day's work.

We disembarked into what was an impoverished city of death, disaster and destruction—(*Thinks she's funny.*) and that was *before* the quake. Now it was worse. Children calling for their mothers, mothers for their children, rescue crews from the world over were desperately trying to save what life they could. I wanted to help. To do what I could in a world weighed down with overwhelming misery. To bring comfort to people for whom comfort might be too little and often too late.

Then, I heard it. A small voice calling for help beneath the remains of what was once somebody's home. (*Romanticizing it.*) Mew. Mew. Mew. A kitten in the rubble. I listened carefully and realized here was a life worth saving. An amazing kitten, calling to *me* for help. I knew I had to do whatever it took to get it out and bring it home. A kitten in the rubble! A kitten that could bring me untold happiness, which I could bestow upon it in return. Partners in this journey we call...life!

I called to one of the rescue crews and begged them to come to my aid. "Get to work," I cried. "We've got to rescue that kitten!"

(As a *RESCUE WORKER.*) "But ma'am, with all due respect, there are children we must tend to first. Orphans calling for their mothers and fathers!" I wasn't going to stand for it. Not with a kitten at stake. "Calling for their mothers and fathers? What's the use of an orphan calling for its mother? It's like trying to use your cell phone after you've dropped it in the river. (*Heroic.*) We've got to get that kitten!"

I supposed I could have taken one of these orphans for my own, but... they're so expensive. And they don't speak my language. A kitten has a very simple vocabulary. Mew. Mew. You scoop out the cat food then you scoop out the cat poop. Two scoops and your day is complete. Even my husband is more work than that! I was falling in love already!

It was an awful scene – ambulances couldn't get through the blocked roadways. Soldiers and rescue workers moved bricks and blocks out of the way. Here and there we found some random old lady or child and pulled them out of the pile where we sent them to a field hospital down the way. (*Excited.*) All along we were getting closer to the kitten! In fact, had we not been digging in that general area, I daresay, those old ladies and orphans would still be trapped.

I could hear it calling to me, begging me to save its cute little life! Mew! Mew! I knew those mews meant something much more intimate, and once I found this incredible miraculous kitten we'd open up a whole new era of com-mew-nication!

Speaking of communication, you might remember the news coverage this little story got while we were hard at work. A nation waited with me on the edge of its chair for news about the mews...

(As *REPORTER*.) This is Barbara Overton for KSPF-50 news, reporting on a very emotional unfolding story. It seems a large rescue operation has been put together with teams from at least three nations, two of whom are at war with each other, to rescue... a kitten! Because every life, no matter how small, deserves a second chance. Let's see if we can talk to some of the workers involved in this very important and delicate operation. (Sees *someone passing by*.) Here's a soldier from some foreign country or other... (Calling to *someone*.) Young man! I see you've given over to saving the kitten!

(As *SOLDIER*, if desired he can speak with any kind of accent you like.) What a stupid maneuver! We're trying to save lives and give food and water to desperate people and we had to stop everything we were doing to get a kitten out of the scrap heap.

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