

MEETING WITH A MEGASTAR

By Jerry Rabushka

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MEETING WITH A MEGASTAR

A Ten Minute Dramatic Monologue

By Jerry Rabushka

SYNOPSIS: Sometimes living our dream can wake us up to a harsh reality. A high school girl wins a contest to have some “alone time” with Jesse Bratburn, the latest and hottest teen idol! They’ll fall in love, get married, and all her issues about school, homework, and self-worth will vanish in a sea of money, mansions, and Hawaii! When their private date turns into a camera crew, news reporters, mom as a chaperone, and a bored superstar, Lauren has to rethink her dream, and fast.

CAST OF CHARCTERS

(1 female)

LAUREN (f) A high school girl who also plays other characters as indicated.

* If desired, the actress can substitute her own name.

LAUREN: (*As if she is tired of hearing this!*) We're supposed to grow up, I know, I know.

(*As her exasperated MOTHER.*) "Put away the crayons, put away the stuffed animals, and *please* put away that ridiculous obsession with Jesse Bratbrun." That was my mother.

(*Sarcastic.*) Put away this, put away that. (*A bit too sassy.*) "Why don't I just put away my *life*, mom?"

I colored in my spare time. (*Self-assured.*) Nothing beats a box of crayons, and nothing ever will. And... no one's ever too old for a plush hippopotamus. At certain ages, they say, you're supposed to stop doing certain things and (*Being pseudo-intellectual.*) commence the pursuit of more mature activities. Like (*Again referring to her mother's comments.*) you get over your obsession with pop stars and start dating (*Rolling her eyes.*) real boys. (*Defiant!*) Not me. Jesse Bratburn – my generation's teen idol – was coming to town, and a local radio station had a contest. Register online and if the computer picked your name, you'd get to spend time (*Full of romantic possibility!*) alone with Jesse.

I should tell you about him. Well, I should tell you about myself, but I was all twisted up with Jesse, so it's pretty much the same. He was... well, a brat. A megastar brat. Discovered singing on a street corner in Yellowknife, Northwest Territories, way up north in Canada. Next thing you know he was 15 and on everybody's iPhone and in everybody's ear buds. Four albums later, he was loved and needed by teen girls all across North America – and hated by everyone else. He threw eggs at his neighbors, he partied hard in Vegas, he got tattoos in Miami, and once he spent a week in jail – in Mexico City. We thought it was hot.

(*Using typical "teen angst".*) No one understood him! (*With more perspective.*) Just like no one understood me and how I felt about him... how I felt that he could jump off that CD cover and take me into his arms, and how easy it all would be.

Finally, Jesse's dream came true. *He* got a chance to meet *me*, because out of the ten or twenty or a hundred thousand girls that registered to be Bratburn's Biggest Brat, the computer algorithm landed on... (*Indicating herself.*) Lauren. What were the odds?

(*No she wasn't.*) Mom was thrilled.

(*As MOM.*) "It's just one more delay in your journey of transitioning from a child into a grown woman. What exactly do you expect to accomplish with this?"

I was thinking marriage, family, oh, and lots of money. Lots and lots of money. Mansions, the high life, quit school and just be rich. (*Again, sassy.*) "How hard, Mom, is that to figure out?"

I did make one mistake. I went to everyone I knew and said (*Loud and excited.*) "I have a date with Jesse Bratburn!" If that wasn't a way to lose friends, nothing was. They deleted me from Facebook, unfollowed my Twitter, my best friends got jealous and silent, and the cheerleaders... they were outraged! I had what everyone wanted. Face time with Jesse. I was going to be Bratburn Biggest Brat! And they were just Bratburn's Saddest Rats.

(*A little full of herself.*) So? Who needed all these "friends" when in just a few days I'd be whisked off into a lap of luxury?

(*Back to reality.*) It never dawned on me that this was a promotional stunt he did in every city on his worldwide tour. I was sharing a dream with girls in France, Argentina, Italy and Greenland. But, when you spend time alone in your room with homework, hippos and a computer, you lead yourself to believe whatever you want. Truth? I created my own.

The big day came, or the big night, more like. (*With building excitement.*) The concert, the front row seat, the limo that came to get me, the radio interview. I was on the air!

(As a RADIO DJ.) "We're here with Lauren, our lucky winner. I bet you can't wait for your time alone with Jesse Bratburn!"

I can't tell you what I said, because it had nothing to do with the English language. They played it over and over... and over. And they laughed. At me.

Oh, and "alone with Jesse?" It didn't mean "alone with Jesse." It meant alone with a reporter, a couple bouncers, some security, the radio station DJ, and my mother, because I was underage and she had to give permission. I'm surprised she did, but she realized if she had said no I'd give her no peace. "I don't want to fight it," she said. "But I wish you wouldn't do this." I almost wish she hadn't let me. But, if indeed I needed to grow up, this was the best medicine.

I got dressed up like any Bratburn Brat. Too much lipstick. Too much hair gunk. Too much hope, too much anxiety, and I blew off my homework that week because I was going to live on a ranch in Arizona, or on our very own Hawaiian island. I had already set up house in a mansion of my own mind.

First thing, he was an hour late. Imagine, if you can, that hour inside my head. (*SHE imitates several inner voices.*) He won't like you...You're fat...You're ugly...You're needy, greedy, and nerdy. Your mother will scare him away.

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