

OOO OOO OOOOOOOO BABY LA LA YEAH

By Jerry Rabushka

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ISBN: 978-1-60003-825-9

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PUBLISHED BY BROOKLYN PUBLISHERS

1-888-473-8521

OOO OOO OOOOOOOO BABY LA LA YEAH*A Ten Minute Comedic Monologue***By Jerry Rabushka**

SYNOPSIS: My Mom and Dad say “Auto-tune is ruining today’s music!” They won’t let me go to the Kracked Kookaburra concert – not because it’s too wild, but because the music isn’t good enough. After begging and pleading they finally make a deal: see our old favorite band (with hit songs such as “My Toyota is Still Running and Your Ford is in the Shop”) and you can go listen to *Ooo Ooo Ooooooooo Baby La La Yeah*. When their old music starts to edge out the new, things get wild for me after all!

CAST OF CHARACTERS*(1 either; gender flexible)*

NARRATOR (m/f)

NARRATOR: (*Arguing with his/her father. As father.*) "You are not going to the Kracked Kookaburra concert and that's final. I won't have my child exposed to that kind of atmosphere. I won't have my child spending *my* money to listen to that kind of music."

(*A little too childish.*) "It's my money! Once it's in my possession I can do what I want with it and you can't stop me."

(*As father.*) "I'm your father, and I will stop you! You'll be staying home that night with no access to the internet and a very readable copy of *The House of the Seven Gables*. The Kracked Kookaburras will just have to play to an empty seat."

(*To audience.*) They wouldn't play to an empty seat. Everyone wanted to go. If you haven't heard of the Kracked Kookaburras, well what's wrong with you for one, and for two...really, what's wrong with you? Everybody wanted to go, and since it was \$100 a ticket, we'd been saving for weeks. My dad felt they were everything wrong with kids today.

(*As father.*) "It's not real music! It's prerecorded auto-tuned drivel. The singing is subpar and the dancing is disgusting. When I was your age..."

The world must have changed a lot since my parents were my age. For one, the word "fun" apparently hadn't been invented until just last year. For two, the Kracked Kookaburras hadn't been created, so old people didn't know what true entertainment actually was. I quoted some lyrics for my mom and dad: "Oh yeah baby." "You make my world shake, baby," and their big hit: "ooo ooo oooooooooo baby la la yeah." (*Reacts to people who might think this is stupid.*) Either you get it or you don't. People saved up allowances and worked minimum wage jobs. We got to the concert by asking people if they wanted "fries with that"—or more surprisingly if they didn't—so we could hear someone sing "ooo ooo oooooooooo baby la la yeah."

This contest of wills between me and my father could never be won. I had the will, but he was in the way. At this point it was all about who would hold out the longest at being angry, pig-headed and unreasonable. (*Happy.*) That would be you, Dad! I've heard of parents keeping their kids home from concerts because of drugs and alcohol and unsavory cultish rituals, but never because the lead singer was auto-tuned. We know it's auto-tuned and that's why we're going!!! We don't have to worry about singers being flat.

(*As father.*) "You don't know what out of tune means!" my father was livid.

"Have you heard the school orchestra? Oh, and uh...mom sings Sinatra in a keyless wonderland..."

(*As father.*) "When I was your age..."

(*Speaker is very tired of hearing this by now!*) "Dad, mom, I hate to break this to you, but you were never, ever my age. Even when you were my age, you weren't my age. My age didn't exist in the age you were the age you call my age. It was a whole different age, impossible to compare, and while I'm supposed to infer that things were better back then, you imply that everything was worse. (*Mocking them.*) We didn't have *this*, we didn't have *that*. What, Mom, what, Dad, did you have?"

That shut them up for a short while, then Mom broke the silence. (*As mom.*) "You're still not going." Both parents and all my younger brothers and sisters thought that was really funny. I was marooned on the uncharted island of "My parents have the upper hand and the whole family thinks it's funny."

Fine, I said. If I can't go, I'll just sing it here. So I started "ooo ooo oooooooooo baby la la yeah" which, if you know the song, repeats 15 times and then changes to "ooo ooo oooooooooo la la baby ...la" It takes a finely tuned mind to learn this song in its entirety, what with its subtle lyric. And it taught an entire generation how to count to fifteen once *Sesame Street* lost its edge. Finally, my parents and I struck a deal. If I would go to *their* show, I could go to mine. Turns out one of my folks' favorite groups, 15-Inch Monitor, was performing at a small all-ages club the night before. Yes, that was their name.

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