

YOUTUBE CELEBRITY

By Jerry Rabushka

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YOUTUBE CELEBRITY

A Ten Minute Dramatic-Comedy Monologue

By Jerry Rabushka

SYNOPSIS: Fans! Followers! Comments! Jeb doesn't want much, just to be a *YouTube Celebrity*. As his story unfolds, the loneliness behind his commentary starts to show through, plus his family's snarkiness shakes him into rethinking his reality. Maybe by commenting on others' behavior, he can face the hard truth about himself. This dramatic piece contains many comedic elements plus a wide variety of characterizations.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 male)

JEB (m) A high school student.

AUTHOR NOTES

Jeb is a high school aged guy making a video for YouTube; he's done several of these already and has a small following of subscribers; we would assume he's in his room in front of a small camera, and he feels that his audience is familiar with him from watching his previous videos. Many people have become "YouTube stars," in that they make a series of low-budget home-grown videos to post on YouTube. Some have a small following, and some have millions of people watching. The speaker in this video is trying to get his own measure of fame and fortune the same way. Jeb is trying to be a "TV personality" so he should have an on-air persona that's a little different from how he would behave if he was just talking to someone in person. Developing this persona or even attempting to develop it and occasionally failing, and then letting us see the "real Jeb" underneath it as things unravel, is what will make this piece most successful.

JEB: Hey again, this is Jeb Bartlow, *(He makes a hand sign, i.e. pointing to them, thumbs up, etc., welcoming the audience; hand motions and “nonverbals” can go a long way in defining this character’s on-air persona.)* and thanks for tuning into my “kinds of people” YouTube channel presentation. Last time, we talked about the kind of girls you run into on a date. There was the “into the future” girl, you know...when *you’re* ordering your drink and a sandwich, *she’s* ordering a house and three kids. Would you like lettuce and tomato on that baby? Not today. *(Points to an exit.)* Gotta go!

Then there’s the “pass the poison pork” girl...when you’re ordering a drink and a sandwich she’s busy trying to nauseate you with the filth of the factory farm. “Carrots grow in dirt surrounded by worms, how can you eat that?” OK, I’m nauseated. *(Thinks this is funny!)* With you. Gotta go!

My favorite is the awesome girl, and she’s the one who thinks *(Points to himself with both thumbs, really macho.)* everything I say and do is interesting and wants to hear more. She barely notices *what* I’m ordering because she finds me sooooo fascinating that her eyes never leave my *(Point to your face!)* handsome face. So...ladies...put down your future, put down your kale salad, and...if you want to date Jeb Bartlow...*(Wink.)* tonight... just be *that girl*.

OK, now some of you in the comments section have shared your “opinion” *(By his tone of voice you can see he doesn’t like these opinions.)* that *you* think you know why I’m single. You tell me that I never say what I bring to a relationship. What, exactly, can someone get out of spending some time with me, other than a complex? What does Jeb Bartlow have to offer the awesome girl in return? Well first of all, you get... *(Shows himself off.)* all this. You get my humor, my good looks, my mom’s money, but yet some of you are still punching me right in the comment box.

(As a commenter.) You never listen to anyone! Do you remember *anything* about the girls you went out with?

(Thinks.) Well, Tina was cool. She thought I was amazing...she was so in tune with *me* that we never even got around to talking about her! *(Shrugs with a helpless smile.)* It just never came up!

(As commenter.) What happened to Tina?

Tina has no mind of her own and I had to move on. *(He's condescending towards the commenter.)* Another "blistering attack."

(As commenter.) Jeb, I don't think you're ready to date.

And to you I say, "I don't think *you're* ready...to date...me!" I happen to be quite the catch, so show of hands in the comments section if you think "this" is a better catch than that end zone clunker in the Super Bowl we all watched last winter. Here's one that just came in! "Jeb, I think you're lonely, bitter, and you like to talk yourself up to an audience that can't talk back. Let me give you some advice..." *(Reads a little further and is horrified.)* oh...no mom, I don't think I can do that on TV. *(Does a physical action, like wiping his hands down his face, to clear his mind and embark on a new topic. Thinking back, almost a stage whisper.)* Wow, mom! New topic! Let's talk about the kinds of teachers you'll find in high school. *(Mentions the types of teachers with disdain.)* The scholar. This is the teacher who thinks you actually care about the subject you're supposedly studying.

(Takes a deep breath to get into character, an older pretentious teacher.) "In 1651 what momentous occasion happened... *(Pretends to look over a sea of students for someone to call on.)* Mr. Bartlow? *(Smart-aleck.)* What, you were born? *(With an off-putting laugh.)* Close, Mr. Bartlow, but 100 years too late. If you don't know 1651 then the next 45 minutes of class will mean nothing to you.

(Puts his hands behind his head.) "As usual," I say.

(As teacher.) I strongly suggest you leave my class, read up on 1651, and have a three page paper on it ready by tomorrow.

(Makes an unhappy face, and moves on.) Gotta go!

Then there's *the belittler*. (As instructor, snooty or whiny.) "Mr. Bartlow, you are a clot in the bloodstream of education. You are a hairball in the sewer of higher learning. You are a..."

(Fighting back.) I'm not a clot or a hairball, just ask Tina.

(As Tina.) "Yes you are! You're a clot, a blot, a splot and you're not hot," says Tina, who is now walking squarely and dangerously on the wrong side of awesome.

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