

# POETIC INJUSTICE

By Jerry Rabushka

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ISBN 1-931000-85-9

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**CAST: one male or female**

**For a brave soul.**

**SETTING: A coffee house open mike with a largely college aged crowd.**

**(The monologue opens with the recitation of a poem, obviously written by someone other than the speaker, who is making fun of it throughout the delivery.)**

*Kansas is a state of ridiculous proportion  
It goes on and on and on in incurable contortion  
And if you make it to the end  
You'll never go back there again  
And that's why I was New York City bound-o  
With my head up in the air, and my feet down on the ground-  
(with disgust, after a pause) o.  
New York City's where I'm going to go – o!*

**(holds hand up in the air, to indicate that more torture is yet to come)**

*I tried to live in Wichita, I tried to live in Hayes.  
I tried to live in Pittsburg, the one without the H  
Kansas ain't my destiny, I'd rather live in NYC  
And that's why I was New York City bound-o  
With my head up in the air, and my feet down on the ground-  
o.  
New York City's where I'm going to go-o.*

**(as "self")** That was Bartholomew Andrew Higgins. **(once again with disgust)** O. He set that to music. **(rolling eyes, reliving this horrible moment)** It had sixteen verses-o.

**(explaining the situation)** Oh, this was all my fault for going to open mike night at the college coffee house. The song had three chords – a major, a suspended, and a really screechy minor seventh he used every time he hit the “o.”

So I’d had enough. “Bart,” I instructed, “Kansas does not contort. It’s flat. It just sits there. From one end to the other.”

**(as Bart)** “What do you know about Kansas? I grew up in Kansas!”

“Then,” I told him, “you should know it doesn’t contort—o”

Whenever I said “O” he scratched out that same diminished seventh chord like Pavlov’s dog answering a bell.

“You leave him alone,” shrieked a girl in the back. That was Ronda. “He’s trying to express himself, and you’re just cutting him down.”

“I’m not criticizing *him*,” I told her, “I’m criticizing his *song*. But if you must know, Ronda, sweatpants with cowboy boots look hideous.” Bart wasn’t wearing that – Ronda was.

**(as RONDA)** “It’s folk! And like you could do better!”

Well, I could do better, but of course, I was way down on the list, behind nine girls with guitars and a world peace agenda, a cluster-headache of wretched poetry, and a viola player who was going to perform the entire Bartok concerto unaccompanied.

Well lo and behold, Ronda was next, and it looked like the poor thing had just been dumped. Rather than go to a psychoanalyst, she decided to make us share her pain, and to inform us that Tommy Dillon was....

**(poses, as RONDA, gets into “delivery mode”)**

**Tommy I Want You Back**

by “O” “Help-help-me” Ronda Jennings.

*I want you back, you little twerp*

*Although you treat me like a jerk.  
I don't think I could live without you  
I only sit around and pout now.*

*You're such a dweeb, you're such a nerd  
For leaving this poor girl hurt  
And Tommy, you are such a loser  
For dumping me for Kathy Boozer.  
I can't believe you'd kiss and tell.  
I really wish you'd go to-*

“Ronda, Ronda, Ronda! -o” I said, before she went on to the second and apparently much more excruciating verse. “Ronda!”

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