

# THE TWEET THAT RUINED MY LIFE

By Jerry Rabushka

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**THE TWEET THAT RUINED MY LIFE***A Ten Minute Comedy Monologue***By Jerry Rabushka**

**SYNOPSIS:** Used to be you could say something stupid and it would just fly into the air and disappear. Then came Twitter. Jarod tweets something he thinks is funny, but it turns out that no one else agrees – particularly the cheerleader he tweeted about. Rather than punish him, the principal has Jarod interview the poor girl and write about her good qualities for the school paper. As they say on the Internet, what he finds out will shock you!

**CAST OF CHARACTERS***(1 male)*

JAROD CURRANT (m)..... A high school student who has yet to learn about the proper use of social media.

**AT RISE:** *This is an Episode of JAROD'S video blog; he's speaking in front of a video camera to an audience he can't see.*

**JARED CURRANT:** I'm Jarod Currant, and you're watching "My Life in Monologues," Episode One.

The first and most important question: who am I and why am I here? The second, who are you and why do you care? The third, is it really possible to live one's life through video monologues? I think it is. It is my goal to turn the average into the intellectual, then to spin the intelligent into the average. There are two ways to go about this: either find the beauty in all things...or dumb it down until you can't tell the difference.

Finding the beauty isn't as easy as it sounds. I'm in high school so I'm kind of the opposite. Like you go to the school play and live tweet the line flubs. In class, you live chat someone's wrong answer, especially when they say that Spain won the French Revolution, or that the French don't even revolve.

Or you watch the cheerleaders and you live tweet that someone's... well never mind. OK, you have to mind because that's why I'm here. I didn't find the beauty, I found much less than beauty and I tweeted something to that ugly effect. And to that effect... it became "the tweet that ruined my life."

"What did you say?" you may ask.

I don't want to talk about it. But everyone else did. (*Imitating other students.*) Did you see what Jarod said? He tried to delete it but I have a screen capture. Disgusting! Revolting!

And it went on... "What did you say? Did you call her fat? Did you call her ugly? Did you call her fat and ugly?"

No.

"Wow, what's worse than that? People are taking sides."

It was very simple: (*Pantomimes typing a tweet and pushing "post" still disgusted with himself.*)

"Michelle Dougherty. Even the water boy said no."

Even the water boy said no.

(*More insistent and dramatic.*) Even the water boy said no.

The tweet that ruined my life.

The coach was not pleased since I was taking attention away from the team.

(*As Coach.*) Mr. Currant, it has come to our attention that you've been using football games, basketball games...sporting events that are supposed to be a demonstrations of support and school spirit, to instead denigrate that hard-earned spirit and stomp it into the ground....

I'm thinking, what fantasy life did you grow up in, maybe a time when they had tutors instead of public schools?

(*As Coach, since JAROD seems distracted.*) Mr. Currant I'm talking to you!

"I was just thinking," I said, but it was too late for that.

(*As Coach.*) "You thinking is not a sound to which my ears have become accustomed. Now you need to listen as to what's come to my attention, and that would be your use of social media to shame our cheerleaders when, in fact, they're trying their best to raise our morale during a game where the team is behind 62 to nothing!"

It was ping pong!

(Try something unusual, like a high screechy voice for this character.) “Yes, and in ping pong cheerleading is very important,” said the assistant Ping Pong Coach.

No it isn't.

(As the Assistant Coach.) Mr. Currant, may I cite yet another instance of you using social media when you abused student-teacher confidentiality. What Mrs. Pongpaddle said to you in a private conference, you repeated and retweeted. So before this gets heated, you may now... be seated. There, we call that teacher humor.

(Deadpan.) That's because nobody else laughs.

Like I said, my monologues are all about taking the mundane and intellectualizing it. Taking the worst of rhyme and acting like it's somehow sublime. Taking the...oh look, here comes the principal!

(As Principal, low, smooth and righteous.) “Mr. Currant! Mrs. Pongpaddle is grown up enough to deal with your abuse, but Michelle Dougherty is not, and you owe her an apology.”

They brought Michelle to sit in front of me and waited. She didn't like it any more than I did. You know how in some situations hilarity ensues? It didn't ensue.

“Fine,” I finally said. “I'm sorry. I'm best friends with the water boy, and I'll get him go to out with you if that's what it takes.”

Michelle was not drinking the water. (Michelle is surprisingly arrogant and unpleasant, so the audience should be surprised and not expecting this characterization.) “If he's friends with you, I doubt he's the type of boy I'd like to date. And when push comes to shove, he's just the water boy. That's all he is. He carries water like it's some kind of honor.”

“It depends who you carry the water to,” I said.

“You could carry it to the prime minister of Canada in two languages and I still would find you beneath me.”

Things got heated while I was seated. “You don’t even care if he said no. You said no! And you’re a snob.”

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