

ODE TO KYLIE

A three-and-a-half-minute monologue

By JANE CAFARELLA

From the hit show

The FIRST play-along
ukulele musical
by Jane Cafarella



This is the first part of KARLA'S monologue in Act One, Scene One, from the hit show, *Uked!- The first play-along ukulele musical*.

The monologue can be used as a stand-alone audition piece for a comic role.

Show synopsis

Uked! is the hilarious and poignant story of Karla, who is dumped on her 50th birthday by her violin-playing boyfriend Brian. Desperate to belong and prove her musical worth, Karla buys a ukulele and joins a dating site – learning that love and the ukulele have a lot in common.

Uked! is unique in that the audience joins in, playing and singing along as Karla learns the ukulele. (Chords and lyrics are displayed on a screen).

The show enjoyed two sell-out seasons in Guildford and Newham in Central Victoria in 2019. A third season scheduled at Creswick Court House in 2022 was cancelled due to Covid.

For more information see <https://uked.com.au/>

Production inquiries:

<https://www.davidspicer.com.au/news/uked-first-play-along-ukulele-musical>

KARLA, a lonely and eccentric woman who is dumped on her 50th birthday, plots her revenge. (In the show, she's talking to the audience).

Happy Birthday to me! Happy birthday to me! How old do you think I am? Twenty-one?

She mouths and makes a five and a zero with her hands. Fifty! OH. MY. GOD!

Actually, my *actual* birthday was last month. On the seventh. Brian was gonna take me out. But he had to rehearse.

He's the first violin in the West Bendigo Chamber Orchestra.

He said he'd take me out tonight instead. He said it was gonna be a surprise. And it was.

She reads from a text on her phone.

Dear Karla,

I'm sorry. It's just not working out. I need someone more musical.

PS: It's not me. It's you.

That's what they all say.

More musical? Like Kylie. Guess what she plays?

She opens her legs lewdly and pulls a face, imitating Kylie playing the cello.

Cello!

Not meant to be! That's Mum's philosophy. If it doesn't happen, it wasn't meant to be, and if it does happen, it was meant to be. Win-win!

She goes, "Carlotta, don't worry! Be happy". She says I have to forgive Brian and free myself. But that just frees him doesn't it?

That's my real name. CARLOTTA! Like a lotta cars.

I changed it last year, to Karla, with a K. Like a Kardashian.

She picks up her drink and takes a sip.

I rang Leonie "Wanna get all b and t with a g and t?" That's bitter and twisted.

Me and Julie and Leonie work at Pack 'n' Track. I'm a Certified Packing Expert.

But Leonie's in Bhutan – where all the happy people are. That's what people do now. They don't retire. They travel and take pictures of their food.

She had to go. Her husband Barry was transitioning and his hormones were all over the shop. He's Crystal now. So fragile!

So I made up a rhyme ... That's what I do. It's like therapy – but cheaper.

They're not poems, coz real poems don't rhyme. You want them to, but they just don't.

She brings out a triangle and plays one ding,

Voila!

I'm the first triangle in the West Bendigo Chamber Orchestra. I took this online quiz: It matches your personality with the instrument you should play.

People respect you when you play in an orchestra.

Wanna hear my rhyme? I've dedicated it to Kylie

ODE TO KYLIE

I PLAYED THE TRIANGLE IN A CONCERTO BY LISZT

Politely (DING)

I'M SUCH A GOOD LISTENER, A BEAT I NEVER MISSED

(DING)

BUT I COULDN'T COMPETE WITH KYLIE ON HER CELLO

(DING)

WITH HER TONES SO SOFT AND MELLOW

Impatiently (DING, DING)

OH SHE SPREADS HER LEGS SO WIDE

Angrily (DING DING DING)

OH SHE SPREADS HER LEGS SO WIDE

Furiously (DING DING DING DING)

WITH HER TONES SO SOFT AND MELLOW

THAT'S KYLIE ON HER CELLO

Hysterically (DING DING DING DING)

HOW COULD I COMPETE WITH MY TRIANGLE SO SWEET?

(DING)

OH KYLIE, KYLIE, WHY'D YOU TAKE MY FELLOW?

OH KYLIE, KYLIE, WITH YOUR TONES SO SOFT AND MELLOW.

OH KYLIE, KYLIE, SO WINSOME AND SO WILEY!

Triumphantly

I HOPE THAT YOU GET TERMITES IN YOUR F-HOLE!

ENDS

457 spoken words

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