

Monologue Mania!

Grover By Joel Fishbane

FEMALE / 20s to early 30s / Present day

About the play: Grover is about learning what you truly want. Wife separates from Husband while she decides if she wants to leave him or not. Knowing how much he hates dogs, she decides to get one to make sure he stays away. The problem is that Wife hates dogs, too. After all, it's what brought the two of them together in the first place. Wife finds herself in a deal with Gibb, an employee at a unique pet shop, who arranges for her to become the owner of a fictional dog named Grover. Considering the dog doesn't really exist, it sure begins to cause Wife some serious problems which escalate quickly. Is Wife losing her mind? Maybe Grover is real? In the end, Husband and his lawyer sister Jess come to Wife's rescue, and Grover is defeated once and for all.

About the scene: In the play's prologue, Wife is sitting on a park bench reading a book on a beautiful, sunny afternoon. Sitting next to her is her future husband, eating his lunch. She describes their first meeting to the audience, explaining what first brought her and her husband together: their mutual hatred for dogs.

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WIFE:

Once upon a time, my husband and I were strangers in the park. Each of us was lost in our own little world—his was a bagged lunch, mine was *Love in the Time of Cholera*. Neither of us would have given each other a single thought if not for the dog, or rather the two dogs, or rather the man with a dog who ran into another man with a dog. The two men and their dogs stopped directly in front of us to have a chat and these dogs started to merrily sniff each other's rectums, as dogs tend to do. (*Acts as if this is happening in front of her.*)

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Grover (continued)

He said, “Do you mind? I’m trying to eat.” I don’t know if he was talking to the dogs or to the men, but the men gave him a look of disdain, as if the very act of speaking had shamed him before the world. Then both dogs promptly deflowered the earth. It was exquisite timing on their part, like a pair of synchronized swimmers, each squatting and squeezing at exactly the same time. Their owners either didn’t notice or didn’t care. They shook hands and went their separate ways, leaving me and my future husband and the park to contend with the sight and the smell of what the dogs had left in their wake.

Dogs. In that one word he managed to sum up all that was wrong with the world, all the pain and trauma and crime and injustice I had ever felt. He had taken it all and finally given it a name. Dogs. He hates dogs. Which is why, after I kicked him out, I decided to get one. How else could I make sure he would stay away?