

Death of a Little Monster

by

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Cast of Characters

RORY:

30's

PEG:

20's

Place

Rory & Peg's apartment

Time

Evening

Rory and Peg relax in their living room.

RORY: I don't know what to do.

PEG: What's wrong now?

RORY: She thinks I should call her.

PEG: Call who?

RORY: Call my sister, cause her dog died.

PEG: That's not right.

RORY: That's what I'm saying.

PEG: No, you should call her.

RORY: Why should I call?

PEG: Cause it's your sister. What more of a reason do you need than that?

RORY: I can't stand that dog.

PEG: She's hurting. You're her brother and you should be there for her.

RORY: Do you realize that dog sent me to the hospital on two separate occasions? Nearly bit my finger off and the other time put a hole in my leg for life. That dog was a little monster. Whenever I'd come by the house, the dog would attack me like its life depended on it. Always out for my blood.

Remember years ago when I was putting up my sister's fence and helped her with the landscaping and everything?

Peg nods.

That dog would bark from the second I got there, to the second I left. Viciously bark, as if he wanted to kill me.

I tried making friends with the little bastard. Figured it needed attention, sort of break the ice...I went one day to the animal treat aisle at the supermarket and picked out stuff I thought the dog would appreciate.

RORY: (cont'd) Went back to my sisters and fed some of it to the dog. The dog started wagging its tail, as if to say to me it was happy and when I went to pet the little fucker, that's when I saw stars. I received eight stitches across my index finger. Eight! I won't even get in to the other episode when it went for my leg and nearly missed my precious jewels. After that I decided to hate the dog and now that it's died I'm supposed to feel bad?

PEG: Your mother called you and said you should call. Don't upset your mother.

RORY: This has nothing to do with my mother.

PEG: When your mother asks you if you called, what are you gonna say?

RORY: I'm gonna say, "No, I didn't call."

PEG: And don't you think she's gonna be disappointed?

RORY: Disappointed? Like I'm five years old, I'm a grown man.

PEG: You're acting like a child.

RORY: I'm acting with pride.

PEG: Pride? Over a dead dog?

RORY: That's right.

PEG: Your mother asked you to call and your sister's upset. What's wrong with you?

RORY: I just told you.

PEG: It shouldn't be about you. Hating the dog is irrelevant to your family's feelings.

RORY: There's something else.

PEG: What something else, Rory?

RORY: She never wished me happy birthday.

PEG: How can a dog wish you---oh, you mean your sister, right?

RORY: No, the dog.

PEG: When?

RORY: On my birthday?

PEG: I know but, so what? She never wishes you happy birthday.

RORY: I know but she was next to our father when he called me and she didn't get on the phone. Believe that shit?

PEG: I already know, who cares?

RORY: I care. She didn't have the decency as my sister to wish me a happy birthday?

PEG: Do you call her for hers?

RORY: I always call her for hers.

PEG: Say something to her then, if it bothers you---

RORY: No, I'm not giving her the satisfaction.

PEG: You really are like a child.

RORY: I don't care anymore.

PEG: Can't you be the bigger person?

RORY: ...No.

PEG: Then don't call. What do you want me to say?

RORY: I'm not.

PEG: So, don't.

RORY: I won't.

PEG: Good.

RORY: Good.

Rory's phone rings.

It's my mother calling again.

PEG: Answer it.

Rory answers his phone.

RORY: Het Mom, how are you? ...I'm doing good, everything's good. How are you feeling? ...Good, good...no, I didn't call yet. I've just been busy running errands and dealing with my business stuff.

Yeah, yeah, maybe tonight if I---yeah, I'll try tonight or---Yeah? She's really---a lot? ...Why are you crying? ...You liked the dog that much? Right, memories. Yeah, I have memories, too. Yeah.

Well, don't get too upset, Mom. I mean, it sucks and all, I get it but, you know, don't get so upset...yeah, yeah. I'll try later on or tomorrow or---okay, okay, I love you, too. Alright, alright, bye.

(to Peg)

It's like I have to be guilted into calling. Nobody can just leave me alone. I gotta worry about involving myself in doggy drama, cause I have nothing better to do with my life. I love how everyone apparently forgets that I've been literally scarred for life by this animal and yet I'm being forced to show sympathy. Unbelievable.

PEG: Just make it a five minute call.

RORY: What five minute call? There are no five minute calls in my family. Phone calls are a minimum of one hour.

PEG: You were just on the phone with your mother for a minute.

RORY: That's cause my brother was beeping in on the other end or else it would have been an hour of dog grief. (beat) I'll call, I'll call, alright? Get this crap over with. "Heard your dog died." All that shit. Everybdy can calm down cause it's life or death if I don't call.

PEG: Relax.

RORY: I'll call later when I'm calm cause if I call now I won't have the tolerance I need for when my sister will inevitably say something stupid. It's always something. I need to relax.

PEG: You hungry?

RORY: What do we have?

PEG: There's some left over pasta? Want me to heat up some pasta?

RORY: Pasta? I hate it heated up, babe. Can't we make it fresh? It always tastes crispy.

PEG: I make it good.

RORY: I know you do, but next day pasta isn't so great.

PEG: I'll make you a fresh plate if you call your sister.

RORY: Yeah? Thanks. I'll call her after I eat. Deal?

PEG: You are so stubborn.

RORY: Deal??

PEG: Deal.

END OF PLAY