

AUDITION MONOLOGUE

Dog Anxiety By Joseph Arnone

(In the comedy monologue Dog Anxiety, Zara or Zane takes refuge in her neighbor's apartment to tell her about the bad puppy she's/he's been dog-sitting.)

ZARA or ZANE: She asks me to watch her puppy, Oscar. I say sure, I mean, how bad could it be to watch an innocent, harmless, cute little puppy? Right? Right? WRONG! It was a nightmare if there ever was one. Look at me! Do you see the bags under my eyes? I look like I went twelve rounds with Muhammad Ali. I look horrible!

She tells me, like it's noooooo big deal. She says, "Zara would you mind watching my puppy for me for three days?" I said, "Sure, no problem." No problem!

This dog has NOT stopped barking his tiny squeaky voice, (imitates dog) Maar,

Maaar, Maaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaar! Didn't stop barking for the entire night. Maaar, Maaar, Maaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaar! Like a wolf howling in the night. Kept me up! I

tossed and turned and tossed and turned some more.

I felt like a 1980's break dancer.

Finally it's time to go to work. I was actually excited to go to work for once in my life. Work was somehow a better option than staying home with Maar, Maaar, MAAAAAAAAAAAAAR!!

But guess what?! When I stepped foot into my kitchen, I found myself sllllllllllllliding alllllllll the waaaaaaaaaaaaay ACROSS the kitchen and FLAT DEAD ON MY BACK! I have bruises the size of boulders...DOG PEE PEE.

(Smiles sarcastically.)

Yeah, huh.

(Nodding her head up and down. She waves her arms and sips more of her energy drink.)

It's messed up! The dog is messed up! Cheryl is sooooo messed up for suckering me into watching her, her, her, her, her, I can't think of any more insults for that, that, that, that...AAAAHHHH! I've had it.

(Pouting.)

He tore up my couch when I came home from work.

My couch, the one that I just recently purchased from Levitz, great deal by the way, is destroyed!

Annnd where was OSCAR? Somehow Oscar the expert trapeze artist positioned himself ON TOP of my kitchen cabinets. Did I mention how small this puppy is? The size of my foot. Don't know how in the world he got up onto the cabinet, miracles of God, ANYWAY, he couldn't get down. The genius was afraid to jump and rightfully so, I'll give him that.

Mind you there was a load of poop and pee pee to go around, spread allllllll over the cabinet tops.

SO, I'm going to shut up now before I find myself passed out in a hospital from dog anxiety.