

The Most Anticipated Walk *EVER!*

by Jordan Joubert

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Characters:

Poncie: Bichon frise. A teen girl in puppy form. Will only drink water out of Stanley branded water bowls.

Scottie: Schnauzer: Gruff 'war veteran'. Was outside during The Fireworks. Once.

Greg: Golden Retriever. Heart of gold. Surprisingly attuned to legal jargon.

Amanda: Dog Mom(TM). A functioning alcoholic.

Setting: A living room of a suburban single woman's house.

Costuming Note: Casual, modern. Amanda should be wearing something green.

(CURTAIN OPEN. AMANDA is filling her tote bag with the usual—phone, keys, wallet, but also tiny mini bottles, a flask, an extra green t-shirt. Her three dogs, SCOTTIE, PONCIE, and GREG watch her with great interest. (Will refer to all three after this as ‘THE DOGS’.)

PONCIE: What’s Mom doing?

SCOTTIE: She looks like she’s gearing up for *war!*

GREG: Is she leaving? Do you think she’ll take us with her?

SCOTTIE: She better! She won’t survive without us!

PONCIE: I wanna go too! I wanna go too!

AMANDA: Okay, I guess that’s everything...phone, keys, shots, shirt in case Jade vomits...*(stops, turns to face THE DOGS. voice chance—‘baby voice’)* I won’t be long, babies! Mommy’s heading to the liquor store to get some stuff for Parade Day! But don’t worry angels, Mommy won’t be long! And then when I come back, we can all go on a—

(AMANDA pauses for excitement. THE DOGS are hanging off every word)

AMANDA: WALKIE!!!

SCOTTIE: BARK!

PONCIE: BARK!

GREG: BARK!

AMANDA: *(takes a shot as THE DOGS are barking)* I KNOW! SO EXCITING! Okay, Mommy loves you! Be back soon! *(AMANDA exits offstage)*

(Beat. THE DOGS share a look)

GREG: Wait, what’s Parade Day?

PONCIE: That's what she said, right? I think I know what that is.

GREG: Definitely! Me too!

SCOTTIE: (*gruffly*) You puppies wouldn't know Parade Day if it was a frisbee knocking you in your nose.

GREG: C'mon! I missed ONE time!

PONCIE: You miss every time. AND—(*turning to SCOTTIE*) I TOTALLY know what it is!

GREG: (*has no idea what it is*) Wait! Can I say what I think it is first?

PONCIE and SCOTTIE: (*deadpan*) Sure.

GREG: YES! (*Moves center stage. Hypes himself up. Shakes himself off as if fresh from a bath. Thinks for a moment, then speaks confidently*) Okay. So. Lady and Gentleman. Puppies and Doggies of the jury. We are all gathered here today to discuss one very important thing—where Miss Amanda Mom has gone to. And we know that it's Parade Day, but the question remains—what IS Parade Day? (*faltering*) That is, to say, uh—

SCOTTIE: Wait a minute!

PONCIE: Oh my Dog! You're doing that—talking thing from that show Mommy likes!

GREG: What thing?

PONCIE: Where they all sit in a big room and talk about, I don't know, money and arguing neighbors and stuff—

SCOTTIE: —Using big boring words and talking forever.

GREG: Oh! Yes! So, I am 'filibustering'. But that's not on Mommy's TV. That's used sometimes in the Human Government!

PONCIE: Wait, how do you know—

GREG: Mommy's TV show is just about civil judges and humans disagreements and couples in love but mad at eachother and stuff.

SCOTTIE: Wait, uh, you're really—

GREG: Anyway, I was trying to filibuster because, well, (*sheepish*) I don't know what Parade Day is. (*whining/howling*) I'm sorry.

PONCIE: It's okay. We still love you. (*cheery*) But now it's MY turn!

SCOTTIE: I'm sure your idea is as bright and shiny as your Stanley water bowl.

PONCIE: (*offended*) It's fun! It's like a little waterfall!

GREG: You drink like a cat!

PONCIE: UGH! You two are the worst! (*collecting herself*) But like, okay. I know what Parade Day is. Mommy was talking about it when I was cuddling in her lap last night!

GREG: (*sadly*) I wish mommy was here so I could cuddle in her lap.

SCOTTIE: Same.

PONCIE: Okay, so, Parade Day is like. Okay. We are celebrating two wolves! But the wolves are fighting because they're in love! BUT! They're both in love with this human girl and they're competing to see which one will turn her into a werewolf first! AND they're also in love with each other! But then at the end we find out one of them is ACTUALLY a vampire and—

SCOTTIE: Oh, biscuits! That's not Parade Day!

GREG: OH! That's that movie Mom likes! The one where the human girl has a litter of half-vampire, half-werewolf puppies!

PONCIE: It's four movies actually. I love watching them with Mom. (*excited again*) SO this movie is actually the second one in the Full Moon series. It's called Dogwood because it takes place in the WOODS where the werewolves live and they all go to this highschool and—

SCOTTIE: What does this have to do with Parade Day?

PONCIE: I just wanted to talk about the Full Moon series.

SCOTTIE: You two will believe anything you see on TV. AND anything on Shreddit that has a lot of Upwoofs. Back in MY DAY—

GREG: (*cutting him off*) You know what Shreddit is?

SCOTTIE: I'm old, I'm not dead. But I've SEEN Parade Day!

GREG and PONCIE: (*dramatic gasp*)

SCOTTIE: It was before I lived with you two and Mom. I had a different Owner that we'll call...(*dramatic pause*) Other Mom.

PONCIE: You're so brave.

SCOTTIE: Listen, kid. When you're on fire, nothin' else matters.

GREG: I'm shaking in my booties.

SCOTTIE: The weather was warm, and I was outside with Other Mom, in her backyard. There were so many people at this...*Parade Day*. Little human puppies running around. The scent of Really Good People Food in the air. Sausages. Hamburgers. Hotdogs. Bacon. Different Hamburgers. Flags waving in the wind. *Sparklers*.

GREG and PONCIE: Sparklers!?

SCOTTIE: Yeah. Sparklers.

GREG: Ooo! So much gray!

SCOTTIE: Bright Gray!

PONCIE: Wait a minute! Sparklers? Are you sure you're not thinking of It's-Scary-Loud-Noises-So-We-Hide-In-The-Bath-With-Mom-Day?

SCOTTIE: (*baffled that he's wrong*) No! I'm definitely thinking of Parade Day!

PONCIE: No, dummy. It's-Scary-Loud-Noises-So-We-Hide-In-The-Bath-With-Mom-Day! It happens when the Picture Dog with the Numbers on the Wall is wearing the hat with the gray stars and the gray stripes!

(*PONCIE points to a wall, referring to a calendar. SCOTTIE and GREG look.*)

SCOTTIE: Oh. *Huh*. Weird. Then NONE of us know what today is. (*beat*) I miss Mom.

PONCIE: I miss Mom too!

GREG: Me too!

(*THE DOGS begin howling sadly. AMANDA returns to stage.*)

AMANDA: (*visibly drunk.*) HI BABIES!!!

SCOTTIE, PONCIE, AND GREG: (*excitedly*) BARK! BARK! BARK! BARK!

AMANDA: *(as she is hugging THE DOGS, one after another)* SO, you'll NEVER guess what happened!

PONCIE: Bark bark?

AMANDA: I was on my way to the Wine and Spirits, because it's Parade Day! And I took so long, because I wanted to safely walk and NOT drunk drive! And I wanted to pregame the Parade, because I don't like drinking warm, *green* Lite Beer!

SCOTTIE: Bark bark bark!

AMANDA: And THEN, I'm, like, leaving the Wine and Spirits, and I'm drinking as I'm walking because it's, totally like, more efficient, y'know?

GREG: Bark bark!

AMANDA: YES Greg, you're so right! And then get this! Look what Mommy found! *(removes an alcohol bottle from her tote)*.

SCOTTIE, PONCIE, AND GREG: BARK BARK BARK!

AMANDA: RIGHT!? Can you believe it's full?! Well. Half. But I'm not picky. So, Mommy took a little detour and found TWO MORE! *(continues placing bottles on table, as well as a prop or two from earlier, showing them off to THE DOGS)*

SCOTTIE, PONCIE, and GREG: *(emphatically)* Bark bark bark.

AMANDA: So noooow we're all gonna go TO Parade Day! We're gonna go on a walk through the crowd and you three sweetie babies get to sniff out for drunk people's fries!

SCOTTIE: Bark bark!

AMANDA: And then we're gonna meet Jade at the bar and we're gonna do soooo many Jager Bombs *(shrieking)* CRAZZY STYLE!!!

(AMANDA cleans up remaining props, exits stage. SCOTTIE, PONCIE, GREG jump up and down, excited)

PONCIE: I love Jade! Her Stanley Cup is so cute!

SCOTTIE: I love smelling peoples hands!

SCOTTIE, PONCIE, AND GREG: I love drunk people fries!

GREG: I can't believe Parade Day ended up being a Eating-Drunk-Human's-Human-Food-Day!

SCOTTIE, PONCIE, and GREG: YAY! BEST DAY EVER!

AMANDA: (*yelling from offstage*) C'mon babies!

(SCOTTIE, PONCIE, GREG exit)

END