

Audition Monologue: Peter and the Dog

Just then I noticed something was gripping my left leg. I put my hand down to see what the trouble was, and I felt something furry. I looked down. A small dog was biting my leg. That was a surprise. I tried to jerk my leg away from the dog, but the dog, a little Lhasa Apso, a scrappy little dog, had a good bite on my leg and wouldn't let go. I can't say that it hurt very much; it hurt a little, sure; but mostly it was tremendously irritating. The dog was on a leash. He belonged to Lady Aitken.

Pardon me, I said to her. Is that your dog? Yes, she said, turning back to her champagne.

Well, look, I said, your dog is biting me.

She got upset at that. I guess I had somehow rubbed her the wrong way.

Your dog is biting my leg.

She looked at me, looked at the dog, and then back to me. He is not, she said.

Your dog is biting my leg!

You're screaming, she said.

He's biting my leg! Call off your dog!

My dog is not doing you any harm, she said.

Anybody in the world could see that your dog is biting my fucking leg.

This conversation has gone far enough, she said.

Let's start this one from the beginning. I'm going to kill your dog. I'm going to bash his head in with a hammer. You don't have a hammer, she said.

But, I did have a hammer. I took it from my pocket, and I said "But I do have a hammer, right here, and I am going to bash his head in."

Here, boy. she said-- and the dog let go.