

# **Mona**

By Mary Ruth Clarke  
WGAE Registered

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**Characters:**

(**Four Actors:** one female, one Male, two either/or)

Mona            30s. (Maybe she has straight dark hair, parted in the  
                  middle.)  
David           30s  
Guard          Any age/either sex  
Policeman      Any age/either sex

**Place:**

An art gallery. Paintings, sculptures, mobiles. Each is  
labeled, as this is a competition.

*An art gallery. DAVID dusts off an abstract piece which sits on a pedestal. The GUARD is stationed at the door. MONA enters and begins to look around. David spots her and rushes over. She does not know him.*

DAVID  
Hi!

MONA  
Hello.

DAVID  
Quite a show, huh?

MONA  
I only just arrived, so I haven't -

DAVID  
I know, I just saw you come in. Are you here to root me on?  
Nice hair, by the way.

MONA  
Excuse me?

DAVID  
The color. It's...it's nice. I like it.

MONA  
...thanks.

*She moves on. He follows.*

DAVID  
You look great. Just great. So. What's new?

MONA  
Excuse me?

DAVID  
What's going on?

MONA  
I don't think -

DAVID  
What've you been up to?

MONA

I know you.

DAVID

*(Laughing)*

Yeah. Right. I'm over there.

MONA

Excuse me?

DAVID

My piece. It's over there. On the pedestal.

MONA

Oh, you're a contestant? Good luck to you.

DAVID

Come on, what is this? Geez, just being nice. *You* came to see me.

MONA

You must have me confused with someone else.

*Perplexed, David walks away. But no, he comes back.*

DAVID

Stop messing with me, Mona. See! I know your name. *Mona.*

MONA

How exactly do I know you?

DAVID

*(laughing)*

Exactly? Nice to see you, *Mona.*

*Mona resumes viewing the art.*

DAVID

*(loudly)*

I mean you slept with me for over 2 years.

*The Guard looks at him, at Mona. Mona is incredulous, but amused.*

MONA

I don't think so.

DAVID

What is this?

MONA

An embarrassment?

DAVID

Ah! So you admit you do know me.

MONA

No.

DAVID

I'm sorry you aren't over me.

MONA

There's a guard over there, okay?

DAVID

I mean, considering you ended it.

MONA

I did?

DAVID

I mean considering it was a long time ago, get over it already.

MONA

I ended it?

DAVID

Yeah.

MONA

I ended it.

DAVID

More or less. Yes.

MONA

If I ended it then I must not have wanted to see you anymore.

*She decided moves on. David - befuddled...but no!*

DAVID

Okay, you got me. You had me thinking I was nuts. Okay? For half a second you almost had me, so you got me. You win, Mona.

MONA

Great.

DAVID

So you can cut it out, okay?

MONA

Okay.

DAVID

Ah! So you admit it!

MONA

Admit what?

DAVID

You know me.

MONA

I don't know you.

DAVID

I should be the one ignoring you. *You dumped me.*

MONA

Look - why don't you make sure your "piece" hasn't fallen off its pedestal?

DAVID

Ah! You blew it! How do you know it's a sculpture? If you don't know me how do you know it isn't a mobile or a water color. How did you *know* it was a sculpture. Look around you - this is a - mixed medium competition. How did you *know* -

MONA

You said your piece was over there on that pedestal.

DAVID

Oh. (pause) It's you.

MONA

What's me?

DAVID

Before you changed your hair, of course. The piece.

MONA

Really.

DAVID

You were also so curious about my work. Oh, I'm sorry, I forgot. You don't know me. You just wandered in here out of nowhere.

*(an idea!)*

By the way, how is your carpal tunnel syndrome, Mona? The left wrist, right? Still wearing that brace to bed? The one which you keep in your pink nightstand? With your birth control pills and the Rayovac flashlight? Hmm?

*The Guard comes over.*

GUARD

Sir, you will have to keep it quiet.

DAVID

Sorry. It's just that Mona here hasn't gotten over me and I'm trying to calm her down.

MONA

I don't know this person.

DAVID

She has carpal tunnel syndrome in her left wrist and she takes Ortho Novums. The 28 day pack. Among other things.

GUARD

I'm just doing my job sir. Is he bothering you, ma'am?

MONA

Yes, he is. I want to view the artwork in peace and quiet.

GUARD

You heard the lady, sir.

DAVID

Okay okay. I hear you.

*The Guard goes back to the guard post. David paces. Mona is now observing David's piece. He creeps up behind her.*

DAVID

I created it after you dumped me.

MONA

This is me.

DAVID

All those lonely nights.

MONA

This piece doesn't even have a face to it.

DAVID

It's an abstract. You know I've been experimenting.

MONA

Which part of this exactly is me?

DAVID

Well, obviously it's you before you changed your hair.

MONA

Do you use that line on every woman who walks in here?

DAVID

This is not funny anymore, Mona.

*She's moved on to the next entry.*

DAVID

I have other pieces I could have entered you know.

MONA

Oh, I'm sure you do.

DAVID

CUT THE CRAP!!!

*The Guard comes over.*

GUARD

You're going to have to stop harassing the lady, sir.

DAVID

You don't understand. I was engaged to this woman and now she says she doesn't know who I am.

GUARD

Perhaps you're mistaken?

DAVID

I am *not*...look! How could I have created this piece without knowing that woman?

GUARD

I don't understand.

DAVID

Look at the piece. Look at the woman.

GUARD

This piece doesn't even have a face to it, sir.

DAVID

IT'S AN *ABSTRACT!*

GUARD

You're going to have to leave, sir.

DAVID

Can't you see? This is a ruse! She knows me. She's come here to torment me.

GUARD

Sir, you'll have to leave. Now.

DAVID

I can't leave now! The judging takes place in half an hour and I'm required to be here!

GUARD

I don't know about that, sir.

DAVID

Okay Mona. Okay. Okay. I admit it. I was less than a stellar fiancée.

GUARD

I'm going to have to call the police, sir.

DAVID

I made a few mistakes. I am human. I admit this.

GUARD

I'm calling the police.

*He pulls out his cell phone and dials, and exits. During the following rant, Mona begins to critically examine David as a piece of work.*

DAVID

Perhaps from your perspective I took advantage of your generous nature. Yes, I never helped with the rent money after I moved in, but you have to realize that it was your apartment before it became ours and I was feeling invasive of your space. Yes, I hocked that amethyst brooch of your grandmother's, but I never would have if I'd known how much it meant to you, not to mention how incredibly valuable it actually was. I had every intention of buying it back and it was not my fault that it was sold before I had the chance. And yes, you can fault me for being a little less than honest about my past life but would you really have gone out with me if you'd known about those charges? Which were completely trumped up, but still, would you have gone out with me? I don't think so, Mona. If I had the \$7,300 that I owe you for the phone bill I would gladly pay you, but please, understand, I had no idea 900 numbers were so costly. You were out of town, I was trying to survive -- I'm a very social person, a people person, and you always had a problem with that. And as for my alleged "philandering" as you called it, I am a sexual being and there is nothing wrong with that. Now I admit I may have been intimate with several women throughout our engagement. But I only wanted to be sure that I was making the right choice. You never understood that. You never did. And that whole thing with your niece in the powder room at Thanksgiving dinner was unfortunate but you never took into account how nervous I was about meeting your family and I was only trying to be friendly and despite what she says, she was a willing party. I never meant to give either of you Chlamydia but I didn't know I was a carrier, did you ever stop to consider that? I had only been with that particular woman once, and again, you were away on business and I was missing you. And if I charged another woman's abortion on your American Express it was because I knew I only wanted to father your children. Anyway, for whatever reason, you chose not to give me a second change. You may think I am a loaded diaper, fine. I am sorry. And I'm

sorry I don't have the money I owe you. But everything goes into my art, you know that, you know my art is my soul, my life, my meaning and finally I am getting somewhere and now you come along and.... how dare you pretend you don't know me. You know me. You know me.

*Sirens in the distance. The Guard reappears.*

Guard

Sir, the police are on their way.

David

Do you know who I am?

Guard

I believe you are the person who entered this -

*The Guard crosses to the piece, picks it up.*

GUARD

- into the competition and I'm sorry to say you've forfeited your right to be in the competition so here you are, sir.

David

What?

Guard

Check your Rules and Regulations book, sir. Section V, paragraph...9.

David

Put that back on its pedestal --

Guard

"No contestant shall verbally or physically --

David

What is this? You can not just take my piece off its pedestal!

Guard

"No contestant shall verbally or physically try to sway --

David

Put that back on my pedestal!

Guard

- to sway any of the judges of this competition."

David

I don't -- what?

Guard

I could give you a Hefty bag to put that in sir.

David

What did you say?

Guard

I could give you a Hefty?

David

I mean about the --

*We see red lights from the police car. David looks at Mona.*

David

...Judges of this competition.

Guard

I'll get that Hefty for you.

*(A COP enters.)*

David

*(to the Cop)*

You don't understand -

*(The guard brings out a Hefty and drops the piece in. We hear it break. Dejected, David drags his Hefty behind him. At the door:*

David

*(To Mona)*

You got me.

*He walks out with the cop. As she resumes judging the art, a faint Mona Lisa smile plays upon the lips of Mona.*

The End

