

Monologue #1

by

David MacGregor

From the full-length play *Vino Veritas*

Produced by:

The Purple Rose Theatre (Chelsea, MI)

Nebraska Repertory Theatre (Lincoln, NE)

Theatre B (Fargo, ND)

Etc.

Now a feature film starring Carrie Preston

CLAIRE (female, 30s-40s)

Have you ever watched Winnie the Pooh? I mean, really watched it? I know Ridley hasn't. He's too busy with his patients and clinics and classes and seminars and I'm the one who sits at home watching Winnie the Pooh over and over until every detail of The Goddamned Hundred Acre Wood is burned into the back of my retinas! But you want to talk to me about Winnie the Pooh? Is that what you're saying? I'll tell you about Winnie the fucking Pooh. Winnie the Pooh is an obsessive compulsive addict who will do anything to score his next fix. They say it's honey he's after but it might as well be crack or crystal meth. He talks about it, he sings about it, he thinks about it every minute of every day. His best friend Piglet? Neurotic and latently gay. Why else would he have a picture of Pooh on his living room wall? Eeyore? That poor son of a bitch loses body parts on a regular basis and is badly in need of some antidepressants. Owl is utterly delusional, Rabbit is a control freak, Gopher has a horrible speech impediment, Tigger is a classic case for the benefits of Ritalin and I'll tell you right now, I think Roo is just a little bit too old to be hanging out in Kanga's pouch! The Hundred Acre Wood is like some kind of cartoon mental institution. And that is the kind of movie your mother brings into our home.