

# **Grindr Mom**

By

Ronnie Larsen

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Character

The Wife - A Mormon Middle-Aged Woman

Age range is flexible but between late 40's to mid 60's.

This monologue is a portrait of a very "normal" woman. She is a loving Mom and a loving wife. Under no circumstance should she be portrayed as silly or as a caricature of conservative women. She is intelligent, thoughtful, warm and kind. She is charming and good at conversation but not a "performer".

Her clothing is conservative but not silly or intentionally tacky.

The tone of this piece should be extremely conversational. She must connect with the entire audience. The actress should move thru the monologue and keep the story moving with not too many pauses, please, but not rushed either. It should neither be played for cheap laughs or for heavy melodrama. It should constantly fluctuate between light, breezy, serious, sad, thoughtful, disturbed, confused, light, breezy, etc. It should feel like a constantly changing roller coaster of emotions and thoughts. Playing one idea or emotion throughout makes it feel monotonous and boring so don't do that.

Above all the piece should feel like a conversation between her and the audience and not a monologue delivered at them.

The set is simply a chair. Preferably a nice, comfortable, elegant, traditional chair you would find in an upper-class home. It should have arms and padding so the actress feels incredibly comfortable and cozy, as if she were in her own home.

There are no light cues. Just a spotlight on a woman sitting in a chair.

SCENE: GRINDR MOM

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A woman enters holding a smart phone, sits in a chair, looks at the audience, makes a non verbal connection with them, thinks...after a short while she begins to speak.

GRINDR MOM

I knew my son was gay when he was six years old. I just knew. Mothers know. He wasn't effeminate or "different" or troubled...but I just knew....he was articulate....he was outgoing...he would talk to strangers everywhere we went....we'd be in the supermarket and he would just start talking..."how was your day", "what's your name", "are you enjoying the weather"? I mean how many 6 year olds do you know that ask total strangers if they're enjoying the weather? People would tell me my son was so "unique", so "different" than all the other children...so "mature" for his age....I knew what it meant...I knew...I just knew...and I embraced him....he was adopted....I had two miscarriages and I was warned about having another child so we chose adoption...we adopted Phillip when he was three months old him and we just really wanted him and we loved him....and It was the best thing we ever did...and he was mature for his age, he was....he told me he was gay when he was 15...we've always been very close...but his father is...not homophobic...but...conservative...maybe a little homophobic...we're Republican...but I didn't vote for Trump...I wanted Kasich but that's not the point, the point is when my son told me he was gay I wasn't sure how his Father would react...his Father has anger issues...not abusive...not mean...just frustrated easily...irritated easily...we often keep secrets from him...it's just easier to keep secrets...I'm very good at keeping secrets...and my son was a talker during Sunday school...couldn't keep his mouth shut...so they actually expelled him...who gets expelled from Sunday school??? Well Phillip did. We didn't want his Dad to know so on Sundays I would pretend to take him and we would just sit in the car and eat ice cream.

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## GRINDR MOM (CONT'D)

I knew it was wrong to keep secrets from my husband but I did it to keep the peace....there are some things we just don't talk about in our family...we don't talk about sexuality in our family...we aren't open like that....my son and I discuss it sometimes but we never involve his Dad. So Phillip's away at college now and doing very well, thank you very much...and Phillip calls me and tells me he has a serious boyfriend now...going on 8 months...A nice boy named Lewis...I was very happy for them both...I wanted to know how they met so I said, "and how did you and Lewis meet?"....he said do you really want to know...I said, "yes" and he said, "we met on Grindr." Then he laughed and said, "Don't tell Dad." I said what's Grindr? Now I know. Grindr tells you if there's any gay people around who want to have sex. I'm nosy. I am. I'm not proud of it but I am. So I downloaded it. I'm not stupid. I know how to download an app. So I downloaded it. I made an account. Grateful... That was my screenname...Grateful...and I took a picture of my lamp as my profile pic. Guys started writing to me saying, "nice lamp", "I like your lamp", "looks like you've got a pretty big lamp there"...I just ignored them...So last Sunday at church, out of curiosity, I sat in the last row and opened my phone...I opened up the Grindr. 13 people within 1200 feet. 13 people. We're Mormon. Did I mention that? 13 Mormons on Grindr last Sunday??? I tried to match the photos but none of them had a face pic...except for one...Russell Robertson...the choir director...he's married...he has three kids...his profile said...versatile bottom...420 friendly...can't host...PNP is a big plus. So I Googled 420 - marijuana and I Googled PNP - Party and Play. Meth. Cocaine. He's the choir director. I was sick. I know his wife. I've babysat his kids...And his profile is just him with a big smile on his face. Disgusting. Do I show his wife? Keep my mouth shut.

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## GRINDR MOM (CONT'D)

I'm very good at keeping secrets but....And so it begins....everywhere I go...I open up Grindr....the supermarket, 4 people within 300 feet....Wal-Mart, 8 people within 900 feet....my job...12 people within 1500 feet....I work at a high school for goodness sake. I'm not, I'm not, I'm not homophobic. I'm not. But they're everywhere. I thought my son was special...It just never occurred to me that everywhere I went I was within 500 feet of 10 homosexuals...it's not a bad thing...it's not...it's just...surprising...a little disturbing...and why is anyone on Grindr in a high school? So last night I decided this was all none of my business. I decided it was time to end this Grindr game. So I'm downstairs in the den and my husband is upstairs watching tv and I open the app...I was going to delete it...I was...I really was...but I'm nosy...I told you that...so I open it up...MarriedBottom4U is 60 feet away. We live on an acre of land. Just me and my husband. 60 feet away? MarriedBottom4U. I start shaking. He has a picture of his penis for his profile. And after 26 years of marriage I know what my husband's penis looks like. And I'm shaking. And he was last online 30 minutes ago. Married Bottom4U. Like a fool I read the profile.

(reading)

"Married but in a sexless marriage. The wife is a bitch and when we do try it's boring and over in 10 minutes. Looking for someone who can open me up. Take me places I've never been. I want you to own my ass. Keep going even if I say no. Discretion is a must. PNP is no problem. I only bareback with other married men. I can't host but can come to you during the day. Hit me up. Let's get this party started."

She closes the phone. Sits in silence.

## GRINDR MOM (CONT'D)

I delete my account. I sit in silence. I go upstairs. I smile. I get undressed. We kneel and pray together.

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GRINDR MOM (CONT'D)

I go to bed. He joins me. He kisses me  
goodnight. He says, "I love you." I  
say, "me too". And I never open Grindr  
again. I'm very good at keeping secrets.

Lights slowly fade to black.

The End