

STORY OF A PLUCKED LOBSTER

by

Joseph Arnone

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INT. CABIN - MOUNTAINS - DAY

WALTONG enters the front of the cabin covered in snow. BARB looks on weakly.

WALTONG
Hi, dear. I'm back.

BARB
How'd it go?

WALTONG
I fired off two this time.

BARB
You were gone for so long.

WALTONG
I know, I know. I covered as much ground as I could. I found a high spot, further out than I---much further out but I made it there and back in decent time.

BARB
To the minute.

They both softly laugh.

WALTONG (LOOKS AT STOVE)
You didn't have to put anything on, honey.

BARB
Of course.

Waltong kneels down beside Barb.

WALTONG
So, how's my girl?

Barb shrugs her shoulders.
Would you like some soup?

BARB
I had some...not much, but some.

Barb coughs gently.

WALTONG
Maybe it's better if you force out the cough. Really belt it out so you can clear some mucus.

BARB
That's okay. I can only get so
much breath in.

Waltong stares at Barb...

WALTONG
Keep those covers on you. Want
some tea?

BARB
No...

WALTONG
...I'm gonna try the soup.

Barb nods her head.

Waltong fixes himself a bowl of soup. He places it down on
the table but then picks it back up...only to place it back
down on the table again.

I'm sorry I got you into this
mess.

BARB
I'm sorry I forgot my inhaler.

WALTONG
You want to steam again? (beat)
Maybe if we steam again, it will
open you up some more?

BARB
Should we try?

Waltong helps Barb up to her feet. He guides her over to
the stove and places a towel over her head. Barb hovers
over a hot pot of water, allowing for steam to enter her
chest.

WALTONG
When I was out traveling upon the
ridge. There was a long time when
every step I took toward it,
seemed to take me further away. As
if I was walking backward...so, I
started jogging, which was the
last thing I wanted to do but the
most important decision I believe
I made. I kept running and
running, kept thinking about you
and running and running and I
completely zoned out. Suddenly, I
found myself standing atop the
ridge. You okay?

BARB

Mmm Hmm.

WALTONG

And I, I thanked my lucky star I made it to the top. (beat) When you get better I'm gonna take you to that very spot. It was spectacular. One of the most beautiful sights my eyes have ever seen. It was calming...so calming, as if nature was soothing me, saying it's gonna be alright...

Barb coughs.

Maybe that's enough.

He wakes towel off Barb's head.

You look like a plucked lobster.

He laughs.

BARB

What's a plucked lobster?

WALTONG

You don't know what a plucked lobster is? That's a combination of a plucked chicken and a red lobster.

BARB

Oh.

Barb smiles and Waltong laughs a hearty laugh.

WALTONG

Come on, let me get you back to sitting down.

Barb clutches on to Waltong. Waltong does his best to be gentle and loving.

Waltong sits her down.

BARB

Have your soup. Getting cold.

WALTONG

After I get you nice and cozy darling. Nice and cozy. Wrap you up nice and...Barb? BARB?!

BARB

...I'm here...I'm here...just
tired. Let me rest...let me
sleepp.

WALTONG

Okay...okay, you rest...you rest
now and I'm sure a rescue team is
on their way. They'll be here
soon. We'll hear those choppers
coming for us way in the distance
and it will be the greatest
sound---

Barb coughs wildly and then calms and faints.

WALTONG (CONT'D)

Barb? Okay...you rest. Shhhh.
Shhhh.

Waltong sits at the table touching his soup but staring at
Barb.