

Attention

by

Joseph Arnone

Copyright © 2020

www.MonologueBlogger.com

All rights reserved. No part of this ePlay may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording or any other storage and retrieval system, without the written permission of the author or publisher.

Cast of Characters

MICHELLE : 15

MARSHA : 17

Place

Suburban Town

Time

Night

2.

Setting: A large living room styled as a cabin with a fireplace, paintings hanging on the walls and two giant sofas.

At Rise: Michelle and her sister Marsha are both sitting opposite each other, each on one of the large sofas.

MARSHA: I don't care, I don't want to hear your stories anymore, Michelle.

MICHELLE: You are going to hear it because I'm sick of your drama.

MARSHA: I'm not the one creating drama, you are because you can't just leave me alone, nobody can.

MICHELLE: You have been acting distant from everyone, putting on this act because that's just your way of getting attention.

MARSHA: Do you hear how crazy you sound?

MICHELLE: That's all you want, isn't it? That's what you do, it's why you always create drama in this family. For the attention of it all! You're just never happy, are you? Unless the world is talking about you. You can't live without creating some kind of drama so everyone can be thinking about you and that makes you happy and I'm getting sick of this because you are doing a number on us all, I don't know what you are going through but it's got to come to an end.

Why are you so sick in the head? Why can't you just be normal and not be so crazy?

There are better things you could do for people to think of you. Do some good stuff once in a while and I bet you will not only get everyone thinking about you in a positive way, but you will also feel good about yourself.

Don't you want that? Don't you want to feel good about yourself?

MARSHA: I do feel good about myself.

MICHELLE: Of course you do!

MARSHA: Why shouldn't I?

MICHELLE: Because you're not wrapped too tight in the mind.

MARSHA: My mind works just fine. It's you and everyone else in this psycho family I come from. I don't care one bit about attention. In fact, I wish you'd all just leave me alone. You are the one constantly nitpicking and nagging. You're the one who always has something negative to say. Open your own damn eyes.

MICHELLE: Marsha, don't give me this! Since we were kids you have always caused drama. Always making mom and dad worry about you. Lying and making me cover up for you.

MARSHA: Isn't that what sisters do for one another?

MICHELLE: No! You go overboard. You expect me to consistently lie while you're off with some guy doing God knows what!

MARSHA: What's not right? Seeing a guy?

MICHELLE: Being so damn sneaky about it.

MARSHA: I'm sneaky because as soon as I give any of you one inch about anything going on in my life, it gets used against me. Maybe not today, maybe not tomorrow, but sooner or later I get hit with some twisted scenario, spun into things that are blown out of proportion and don't even exist, and I'm supposed to sit back and take it? I can't talk with any of you because none of you ever hear anything I have to say, no matter how loud I can possibly become. So, what do I do? I hide because it's the only thing that gives me freedom and that's the truth!

MICHELLE: That doesn't even make sense.

MARSHA: Yes, it does, but as usual, you don't hear me.

MICHELLE: I am hearing you but everything you say is a lie.

MARSHA: You are a rat and always have been.

MICHELLE: Because I worry about you Marsha. Get it?

MARSHA: Worry about me? So you go and betray me?

MICHELLE: You won't listen to me.

MARSHA: But you don't need to go and tell mom and dad every little freaking thing that I do.

MICHELLE: When it's two in the morning and they are frantic about not being able to reach you, and I happen to know where you are, what am I supposed to do?

MARSHA: Keep your mouth shut!

MICHELLE: I'm not gonna see dad have a heart-attack over you.

MARSHA: Dad's not having a heart attack over me.

MICHELLE: Yeah, well, that's not what the doctor said.

MARSHA: What doctor? (beat) What doctor??

MICHELLE: I wasn't supposed to say anything.

MARSHA: And I'm the one keeping secrets?

MICHELLE: You should know. I'm sure mom was going to---

MARSHA: Tell me.

MICHELLE: Dad went for a doctor's appointment---

MARSHA: And??

MICHELLE: And they said he's heading for a heart attack.

MARSHA: What the hell are you saying?

MICHELLE: I'm saying that dad was told he needs to go into surgery...like, immediately. They wanted to take him in the same day of his check up, but he had to postpone it because of a major business meeting he has coming up and mom and dad were arguing because of the risk he's taking and grandpa came over and it was a huge mess.

MARSHA: And I'm left out in the woods.

MICHELLE: Because you're never around! Too caught up with your own crap.

MARSHA: I have to talk to dad.

MICHELLE: Don't start firing him up. I told you, he can't handle the stress.

MARSHA: Why didn't you tell me sooner?

MICHELLE: Mom didn't want me to say a word. You're not supposed to know until you were supposed to know.

MARSHA: So I have to sit here and act like I don't know?

MICHELLE: You're the one who goes on about sister loyalty.

MARSHA: Fine.

(pause.)

MICHELLE: Marsha, I wish we were closer. I wish you weren't always going out with Tom and always running away from us. Why do you keep acting this way?

MARSHA: Some people just don't get along. Once I'm old enough, I'm moving out, like the first day I can move out, I'm moving out.

MICHELLE: And where will you go?

MARSHA: (sarcastically) Maybe with Tom.

MICHELLE: Dad will kill you first.

MARSHA: Yeah, well, that's if he keeps alive.

MICHELLE: Shut up!

MARSHA: It's true, isn't it?

MICHELLE: You probably want dad to die, so you can live with Tom.

MARSHA: I don't want dad to die, idiot.

MICHELLE: Why do you say stupid things?

MARSHA: Because I'm angry, alright? People say bad things when they are angry.

MICHELLE: Why are you angry?

MARSHA: I'm angry about a lot of things, Michelle. I'm angry that dad is always out flying around the world and we never see him. He's obsessed with work, so obsessed that he won't even have a heart operation to spare his life. Isn't that ridiculous? What about you and me and mom? He has enough money, look where we live. How much money is enough? What good is all the money in the world if you can't spend time with your family?

MICHELLE: But you're always going out anyway.

MARSHA: I go out because I can't stand how dysfunctional you all are...look at us, we're all running from each other...mom, always driving around to meet with friends, always running errands, errands that don't matter, just running from us really and always forgetting us. That's why I have to make my own life.

MICHELLE: What about me? I'm left all alone.

MARSHA: You have to make your own life, too.

MICHELLE: Yeah. Alone.

MARSHA: Don't you have any friends?

MICHELLE: Not really.

MARSHA: Now you're making me feel bad and I don't want to feel bad.

MICHELLE: I didn't mean to make you feel bad.

MARSHA: Maybe we can do more things together or something, I guess.

MICHELLE: Like what?

MARSHA: I don't know, things.

MICHELLE: You think dad is gonna die?

MARSHA: Honestly?

(MICHELLE nods yes)

MAARSHA (cont'd): It's possible.

MICHELLE: What would we do if he died?

MARSHA: Figure something out.

MICHELLE: We really are dysfunctional.

MARSHA: Everybody's family is, it's just a matter of who covers it up best that goes unscathed.

MICHELLE: Really?

MARSHA: It is. Look at the Fosters. I mean, really look at them...on the outside they are a good looking family, they dress well and have nice things like a huge house, expensive cars, a mini yacht...great paying jobs and in public they are always happy go lucky and friendly...but I am best friends with their pill popping son Maxwell and that kid is absolutely insane, and he's insane because of all the real truth he spits at me about what his family is really like...our family is pickles compared to Max.

MICHELLE: (sarcastically) That's comforting.

MARSHA: It's just reality.

MICHELLE: Give me some dirt on them.

MARSHA: The Fosters are far from how this shitty town perceives them to be. Trust me.

MICHELLE: At least we aren't as bad as them, I guess.

MARSHA: You just gotta learn to deal with a crappy life. I do.

MICHELLE: I want a good life and I want a good family.

MARSHA: You can't have it all, kid. The sooner you accept that life isn't perfect, the sooner you will stop trying so hard to make it so.

MICHELLE: I just don't want everyone arguing so much all the time.

MARSHA: Look, at the end of the day we all love each other more than we show.

MICHELLE: I don't know.

MARSHA: Yeah, I guess we do. All this anger in this house comes from love, Michelle. We just have a screwed up way of projecting it.

MICHELLE: I hope you're right.

MARSHA: I know I'm right, it's just hard to put up with sometimes, we all having our breaking point...you've gotta understand that.

THE END