

My Side of Things

by

Joseph Arnone

Copyright © 2019

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

TYRA: 19

CLARA: 17

Place
Anywhere

Time
Day

1.

Setting: Middle-class family home in the suburbs.

At Rise: Tyra and Clara sit on the living room couch.

CLARA: I've been thinking about the point of entry.

TYRA: What do you mean?

CLARA: I've been trying to figure out a way in with you. I want us to talk.

TYRA: So talk.

CLARA: Tyra, please, I don't want us to---can't we just be nice to one another for once?

TYRA: (sighs) Just say whatever the hell it is that you want to say?

CLARA: Why are you so angry at me all the time?

TYRA: I'm not angry at you.

CLARA: Don't avoid my question. I want to know where all this hostility towards me comes from.

TYRA: You're annoying, you've always been annoying to me.

CLARA: Why am I annoying?

TYRA: Is this question day? Why do you care all of a sudden? Hasn't this been the way it's always been?

CLARA: No, it hasn't. I remember it was different, I remember you used to be nice to me. When we were kids I have memories of us in the playroom and you were always smiling at me and you used to brush my hair when we played with our dolls.

TYRA: You remember that?

CLARA: Yeah, I used to brush my dolls hair and you used to brush mine.

TYRA: I always had to do your hair, you never did mine.

CLARA: What changed between us?

TYRA: People change over time.

CLARA: But wasn't there a closeness?

TYRA: We've, we're different.

CLARA: I'm trying to get to the root cause.

TYRA: (sarcastic) Are you some sort of family specialist now?

CLARA: I want to fill what feels empty in my life and you're a big part of that...there's a coldness. I don't think it's me most times because talking to you, when I try to get my point across to you and get you to see my side of things, it's like trying to convince a donkey that it's a dog. Just not possible. Maybe that's not the best analogy but you are so hard to talk with and sometimes, sometimes I even think you are so stubborn just to be stubborn; just to spite me and all I'm trying to say is that sooner or later we will reach a point as sisters where that is what it will be...it will always be this stubborn arrangement between us and I don't want that. I really don't.

(beat)

I'm not so sure you do, either. I rather think that you want to get along and let pride or ego or whatever it is that seems to stand between us, come to an end. Right? Is it so hard for us to let things go and try and talk things out?

TYRA: You forgot me.

CLARA: Forgot you?

TYRA: I don't want to get into this now.

CLARA: You were the one.

TYRA: Leave me alone.

CLARA: You gave me the cold shoulder.

TYRA: What's your problem?

CLARA: Why did you stop wanting to be close to me? (beat) Just tell me.

TYRA: Tell you what?! What is there to tell?! Things change, people move, life goes on and we all live happily ever after.. What more is there to say?

CLARA: Why do you get like this? Why can't you just talk to me?

TYRA: Because I can't!

CLARA: Why can't you? I'm your sister.

TYRA: I know you're my sister! Stop saying that.

CLARA: Talk to me.

TYRA: You can't force someone to talk to you.

CLARA: Than don't talk to me. I give up. You're like a brick wall.

TYRA: Why are you doing this to me?

CLARA: Because I want us to be close again!

TYRA: You want to be close, fine, let's be close, let's be real. You want to be real?

CLARA: I only want us---

TYRA: You used to be stuck to me like glue growing up. You were like my shadow. Wherever I went you were sure to follow. You had to have matching clothes or wear your hair the same way as me...you were like my very own mini me. And I always kept my eyes on you...when we would go to school, some days I would ask the teacher if I could go to the bathroom, just so I could go down the hallway and peek into your classroom to check up on you, make sure you were alright. I even pulled you out of class once or twice to say hi.

CLARA: I remember.

TYRA: You do...

CLARA: Of course and then you pulled away from me, it was like I could never find you and whenever I did find you, I always felt pushed aside...one time I found you in the cafeteria and you were sitting with a few friends and you laughed me away, like I was insignificant, like you didn't even know me.

TYRA: That was stupid kid stuff.

CLARA: Was it?

TYRA: ...I didn't feel that I was worth looking up to anymore and I wanted you to stop.

CLARA: Why?

5.

TYRA: Why? Why? Why? You are such a pain in the ass. We moved.

CLARA: So, people move all the time.

TYRA: We moved and things got cloudy for me, that's all I'm going to say about it...I was always on my own. And by the time I got through things, you had your own life going on and I didn't want to get in the way of anything, so, there you have it. I've been doing my own thing since.

CLARA: Cloudy...

TYRA: Dark...

CLARA: Dark...

TYRA: Yes...

CLARA: And now?

Tyra shrugs her shoulders.

I'm here for you, you know.

TYRA: I'm good.

CLARA: I know you're good but I'm here for you.

TYRA: Okay...I'm here for you, too.

END OF PLAY