

# ***Potato Head***

*by*

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Cast of Characters

SARHA :

Teens

RONDA :

Teens

Place

Sarha's home

Time

Evening

2.

Setting: The play opens inside the living room of Sarha's home on a quiet winter's evening. There is only a slight noise from the TV which is kept on low whilst Sarha flicks through its channels.

At Rise: RONDA enters living room and stares at her cousin SARHA, who sits on the couch watching TV.

Sarha turns and looks back at Ronda.

SARHA: Hey, what's going on cuz?

RONDA: Why aren't you dressed?

SARHA: I'm dressed.

RONDA: Not to go out.

SARHA: I sent you a message. I'm not feeling it tonight.

RONDA: What's your problem?

SARHA: I'm into my show. Don't feel like going out.

RONDA: You do this all the time, you never come out.

SARHA: Please, don't force me to go out. Not tonight.

RONDA: But you told me you were down for a night out in the town only two hours ago! That's why I got dressed up Sarha!

SARHA: I changed my mind. What's the big deal?

RONDA: I can't. I can't. I just can't with you. Where do I even begin? You are living in your own bubble. You don't even see the outside world. Trapped in this way of thinking that keeps you ignorant and blind. Look at this place, it feels like a morgue!

Do you want to be blind to life? Is this why you don't go out and try to experience new things?  
You're a potato head.

You need to travel, read, DEVELOP. Meet people, make conversation, try different kinds of food. Don't settle for the couch and kitchen life. Get up and venture into doing something.

Grab yourself a hobby. Become part of a group. Anything other than watching time slip by and being a potato.

SARHA: First of all, I'm not a potato. Just because I want to stay home and watch TV tonight, it doesn't make me a potato.

RONDA: Tonight? It's every night! You never go out. You're always choosing to stay home. Aren't you bored? Don't you want to go out and have fun?

SARHA: Not tonight.

RONDA: Don't you want to make memories and live life?

SARHA: When I'm in the mood.

RONDA: You're ridiculous. From now on don't say you are coming out and when I show up to get you, you drop on me.

SARHA: I wanted to go before, it's not like I'm doing this on purpose.

RONDA: But Sarha, come on, I wouldn't do that to you unless I was sick or something.

SARHA: Look, I don't have the money.

RONDA: Money? What money? We don't need money! The guys are paying for us anyway. I have some cash too so it doesn't matter. That's not an excuse.

SARHA: I don't have anything nice to wear.

RONDA: Are you serious?

SARHA: Yeah, I don't want to wear the same stuff all the time.

RONDA: We could have gone shopping. I was at the avenue earlier and you should have--

SARHA: I don't have any money!

RONDA: I could lend you my clothes or money---

SARHA: No. I don't want to wear what you wear Ronda because everybody will know and I'll look stupid.

RONDA: Why are you so difficult? Do you really think anybody gives a damn about your clothes.

SARHA: Yeah, yeah they do! That's all Crystal and Stephanie talk about. They flash their stupid pocket books around and their new whatever shoes and everything is shopping, shopping, shopping with them. If you're not wearing what just came out three hours ago on fifth avenue, then they'll be cackling about it all night. And I'm no longer gonna be subjected to their cackles! They have no brains.

RONDA: Okay, okay, don't get yourself all heated! Look, that's what they are into, you know their humor is lame, they might laugh at others but it doesn't mean they're gonna judge who they are hanging out with and you shouldn't judge them either.

SARHA: Oh, please, you know they judge me already. I can feel it when we all hang out. I hear their words piercing through my brain and I don't like feeling less than somebody else.

RONDA: Yeah but you'll be with me, your cousin, doesn't that matter to you?

SARHA: Yeah.

RONDA: So...

SARHA: So...

RONDA: Please come out for me. Do it for me and I promise you we will figure out a new wardrobe for you somehow. Just tonight meet me halfway. I want us to chill out together and have fun. I always have fun when you're out with me.

SARHA: I hate when you do this to me.

RONDA: Don't you have good times with me?

SARHA: I do.

RONDA: So, get dressed! I will help you come up with something original. I'm really good at it too. I wear the same stuff too and it's really all about knowing how to mix and match. Let's see your wardrobe!

SARHA: Mix and match?

RONDA: You need to be creative.

SARHA: What makes you so creative?

RONDA: You know I'm into fashion and design so I think I can style you no doubt.

SARHA: I don't want to be styled by you, okay?

RONDA: Are you coming or what?

SARHA: Fine. If one of those girls make me feel small I'm going to---

RONDA: They won't! I swear! Not after I'm done with you.

SARHA: I can't believe I'm doing this.

Ronda shuffles through Sarha's wardrobe, making a ruckus before she picks up a black dress half wrapped in thin paper. She tears off the paper.

RONDA: Here, what's this? You've never worn this dress before, it's a perfect little number!

SARHA: No way. That's for a funeral.

RONDA: Who's funeral?

SARHA: I don't know! Mom brought it home one day, she said she got it on sale and told me to keep it for a funeral...Listen, I'm not wearing a dress, let's pick something else.

RONDA: Alright, what about these shorts?

SARHA: It's the middle of winter, Ronda! Where am I going in shorts?

RONDA: You're impossible.

SARHA: I shouldn't have ever agreed! Forget it, I'll wear the funeral dress or else we'll be here all night, let's just get it over and done with!

RONDA: Oh stop, we are gonna have the dopest time.

THE END