

Smile Pretty, Alice

by

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Cast of Characters

ALICE :

30's

ANITA :

40's

Place

Store parking lot

Time

Day

2.

Setting: The play takes place in a suburban store parking lot.

At Rise: The two women stand at the trunk of both of their cars, which stand side by side in the parking lot. Alice is finishing up packing her car with grocery bags when Anita pops open her own car trunk and speaks.

Grocery store parking lot.

ALICE: Hello, Anita. How have you been?

ANITA: I'm doing fine. You?

ALICE: I'm doing great. David and I are taking the kids to Great Adventure tomorrow. I just wanted to pick up some extra things for the road trip.

ANITA: I see.

ALICE: How is everything with you going?

ANITA: We're doing okay. Have a pleasant time on your great adventure.

Anita motions to walk past Jen.

ALICE: Anita? Why have you been acting this way toward me?

ANITA: What way do you mean?

ALICE: This way, this, this whole careless or sarcastic way of being. Did I do something to offend you?

ANITA: I don't know if it will make any difference.

ALICE: What?

ANITA: I've seen what you've been up to on your Tuesday mornings.

Alice is taken aback.

ALICE: Tuesday mornings?

ANITA: Don't play stupid with me. We both know what you've been getting up to.

ALICE: What I get up to is none of your business, Anita.

ANITA: Then go somewhere like a hotel, somewhere more discreet.

ALICE: What I do in my own home and whom I do it with is my private business. Besides, whatever it is you are accusing me of, has no evidence whatsoever.

Alice smiles.

ANITA: Smile pretty, Alice. We both know one thing...the truth. We both know what you've done. We both know. Your poor husband, a good man at that, will never come to realize what a louse you truly are. A real whore is what you are!

ANITA (cont'd): You think it was okay to spread your legs for that other fellow? You think it was excusable? Have you rationalized it to yourself and justified it in the face of God? You call yourself a holy woman! Pshhhh!

It's okay. I know you are not in a happy marriage. Smile pretty, Alice. Smile like the world shines for you. Smile as if it were okay to shame a man, yourself and your children. They should only know the real you. I hope the day never comes when the truth is told. It will not be from my lips but it will be told.

ALICE: You are absurd. A bored, twisted and lonely woman. You have nothing better to do than spy on me all day from your filthy window curtains. Like I don't see you all day long standing there. Get yourself a life! Find yourself a boyfriend of your own.

ANITA: So you admit it!

ALICE: I don't admit anything but the fact that you should make yourself busy with your own life.

ANITA: I'm going to contact your husband and tell him what you've been up to.

ALICE: You do that and I will personally hurt you.

ANITA: Really? You would, wouldn't you? Yes, I wouldn't put it past you. Putting your hands on me would come easy for someone like you who is bound by no moral code whatsoever. You're a disgrace to all women!

ALICE: Oh no! Don't just walk off and think you are going to get the final word. I'll tell you what, I confess! I will gladly confess all my dirty work to your face. You like gossip. You want secrets! Well, here's a secret...every Tuesday a man I've known for years comes over and ties me up and has his way with me and I love it. It is the greatest thing in the world.

ANITA: Oh...you are a sin to all ears.

ALICE: What's the matter Anita? Are you jealous? Is that what it is? It's jealousy! Because you see me living in a reality that you can only fantasize about!

ANITA: Now you're the one being absurd!

ALICE: Admit it. Be honest! I've seen you by your window each Tuesday. You think I didn't know you knew. Of course I knew all about your spying. I just didn't care.

ANITA: I'm still telling your husband.

ALICE: Do it. He sleeps around with his secretary anyway so we're even. It won't change one damn thing between us!

ANITA: What is wrong with you people?

ALICE: This is life. Stop acting like these things don't happen.

ANITA: You could put an end to it. You can stop it, change it.

ALICE: I don't want to change it. I like getting banged out of my brains every week. It is the only satisfaction I get in my pathetic life.

ANITA: What about your children?

ALICE: Oh please! They drive me insane. Of course I love them Anita but i've learnt to live my own life. You'll never understand that, will you? You've devoted your life to appease others, to avoid anything you've ever known to be true, to avoid yourself! And where has it left you, looking across the horizon at others, wishing you had the courage to do something more than obey what society has ruled out for you.

ANITA: Aren't you ashamed?

ALICE: Ashamed, how can I be ashamed. From what, pleasure?

ANITA: You and your husband don't you, don't you...

ALICE: He died in the bed a long time ago.

ANITA: What about some sort of, sexual therapy?

Alice laughs.

Well, I'm sorry I've said anything at all.

ALICE: Why don't you try it?

ANITA: Excuse me? I don't think I heard correctly what you just said .

ALICE: I can arrange it. I've known this man for quite some time but this is what he does professionally.

ANITA: What?

ALICE: You pay him for his services. It doesn't need to be just sexual. Sometimes you need emotional comfort...he listens.

ANITA: I cannot believe you are actually---

ALICE: Can we get past the lies now together? You can't live on forever in denial. You'll regret it one day Anita and it'll be too late for you then. If you need the help, I can set this up for you, he's pretty much always available and a life saver for me. Look at how different I am now, the proof is in the pudding.

ANITA: I have no---

ALICE: Listen, swing over on Tuesday and I'll introduce the two of you. You've seen what he looks like, right?

ANITA: Yeah, well---

ALICE: Okay. So his looks aren't an issue. Come over this Tuesday, think about it first but you should come on over and meet him. That's all and you can judge for yourself.

ANITA: Well...I-

ALICE: He's a lovely man, Anita.

ANITA: Is he?

ALICE: The best. He's a professional.

ANITA: Really...

ALICE: Tuesday. Think about it.

Alice walks off.

END OF PLAY