

Treat Me Nice

by

Joseph Arnone

Copyright © 2018

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

CORINNE:

21

MOM:

Early 50's

Place

House

Time

Evening

Setting: Corinne and Mom's home.

At Rise: Corinne works the kitchen and serves a plate of eggs to her mother at the kitchen table before sitting opposite her.

Corinne sits down at the kitchen table and stares at her Mother.

CORINNE: Aren't you going to try your eggs?

MOM: They look overdone.

CORINNE: They're not overdone.

MOM: They look burnt.

CORINNE: How does that look burnt to you? They are perfectly colored.

MOM: There's some brown, underneath.

CORINNE: Where? Let me see.

Corinne lifts the eggs with a fork and inspects.

(satisfied) They are not burnt.

MOM: I didn't say they were burnt. I said, they *look* burnt.

Corinne makes a face.

CORINNE: Just eat them. I'm not trying to poison you.

Mom sips her mug.

MOM: Coffee's cold.

CORINNE: What the hell are you talking about now?

Mom gestures to the coffee.

Corinne sips it.

It's fine. I just made it.

MOM: I like my coffee piping hot. If you can't make it piping hot, where there's actually steam coming out of it, then I can make it myself.

CORINNE: I see steam...there's steam.

They both stare at the mug.

MOM: And where's my toast?

CORINNE: Did you want toast?

MOM: I always want toast. It's the only thing that coats my stomach.

Corinne gets up.

CORINNE: Fine! I'll make you your toast.

MOM: What's your problem?

CORINNE: You're never happy, that's your problem, becoming my problem.

MOM: I'd be much happier if you actually did things around the house. When I was your age it was wam bam thank you mam. I was fast and furious, kiddo. It takes you a day to make your bed, a day to go food shopping, a day to do laundry...you take too long. You need to get some pep in your step. You are slow! You definitely don't take after me, that's for sure. I almost killed myself stepping in dog shit---

CORINNE: That was a year ago!

MOM: My back still aches when I think about it.

Mom rubs her lower back.

That damn dog. I must have had a hole in my head to let you keep that damn dog.

CORINNE: Oh, stop, you love Furgie.

MOM: No, I don't.

CORINNE: He protects us.

MOM: That dog couldn't protect his own shadow.

CORINNE: It's the bark that counts.

MOM: Your ass.

CORINNE: What does that even mean?

MOM: It means your full of it.

CORINNE: Can you stop?

MOM: I'll stop. When I'm dead, I'll stop.

CORINNE: Are you done?

MOM: I told you, when I die, I'll be done. Until then, life as usual.

Corinne burns her hand from the toast she's been making.

CORINNE: Ow! Damn it! Ahhh!

Corinne sucks on her finger.

(sarcastically) Don't panic. I'm fine.

MOM: (disbelieving) Oh, come on.

CORINNE: Damn.

MOM: You'll live. Press the cold butter container on it before you put any on my toast.

CORINNE: Oh, you want me to butter your toast, too?

MOM: How else are you supposed to serve me?

CORINNE: Look, I know you haven't felt well lately. I know that you aren't well...so it makes it hard for me to tell you this...I wish we were close. I wish we were friends. I, I don't like waking up in the morning, scrambling your eggs with you shouting obscenities in the background at me about things that don't deserve shouting.

I understand it's hard for you. I get that but you forget that I'm a person. I'm not, you know, some worker you've hired to cook and clean. I am your daughter. I don't feel like I'm your daughter, but I am, I guess.

These are the cards we were dealt, Mom.

I'm sorry I'm not all that you hoped for and that this life we live here together isn't glamorous and that Dad abandoned us when I was born and you shouldn't make me feel like it's my fault! (beat) I didn't even know the guy. I never even met him and I, I just want to say that I try, you know, I try to be there for you and do all the things a good daughter is supposed to do for her mother but you are so rude and I can't take it anymore!

(beat)

Be nice...to me. I'm worth enough to be treated nice. Treat me nice before I have an outburst. A real outburst. I'm talking a sumo outburst. Huge. So...treat me nice. (beat) Do you want more coffee?

MOM: Black. No milk. You spoil it cause you put too much milk. I'll pour my own milk.

CORINNE: Fine.

(pause.)

MOM: I don't blame you for your father. I blame your father for your father.

CORINNE: Well, I feel like you take your anger out on me.

MOM: I do. It isn't right. You look just like him, a clone. One face. If you were both standing in the room together I'd get confused.

CORINNE: I resent that.

MOM: You should.

CORINNE: I get why you erased him from my life but that doesn't mean I still don't want to know about him.

MOM: Well, what do you want to know?

CORINNE: Things. I don't know. I can't pin it down to one thing but I guess...I guess I'd like to have a point of reference. It's always been a blur, when it comes to him in my mind. I want to be able to connect.

MOM: Boy, I wish I could paint flowers for you kid but your father was no prize.

CORINNE: I know he wasn't but give me something, anything.

MOM: ...Alright, okay...I met your father at the beach, in the Rockaways. Each of us was with our friends and it was all typical, nothing special, just being young but what stood out to me about your father was his presence...can't believe I'm saying this---

CORINNE: Go on, Mom.

MOM: ...there's was some Hawaiian type music playing on the radio and it caught my attention cause it was unusual sounding to me and when I looked over to where the music was playing I saw your father dancing, alone. He had a beer in one hand, a cigarette in his mouth and a fisherman's cap on his head and he was dancing. He was all, I don't know...

CORINNE: Say it Ma, tell me...

MOM: He was beautiful. Your father, that stupid man, he was glowing, happy and dancing...looking out at the ocean and sky, in his own world, arms opened out and free. (beat) There was something about him, in that moment...something different.

MOM: (continued) Anyway, that was then and this is now.

Corinne and Mom smile at one another somberly.

Corinne pours her mom a cup of black coffee.

END OF PLAY