

# ***Edit Out The Sad Parts***

*by*

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Cast of Characters

HARLA :

28

CARL :

30

Place

House

Time

Early afternoon

Setting: Harla and Carl's house.

At Rise: Harla enters the house carrying groceries. Carl sits back on the couch, after turning off the TV.

*Harla enters the house carrying two grocery packages.*

HARLA: I got us some napkins and paper towels, we were all out.

CARL: Oh, good babe. Need help?

HARLA: No, no, it's just these two.

*Harla places bags on kitchen counter.*

What are you up to?

CARL: Oh, nothing, I just had to shut off this program.

HARLA: About what?

CARL: Not worth discussing...was just depressing.

HARLA: How bad is it?

CARL: It was about killing rodents.

HARLA: Rodents?! Ugh, I don't want to hear anymore.

CARL: Yeah, it messed me up though, what they did to them -

HARLA: No, no, don't want to hear it -

CARL: It brought me back to when I was just a kid living in Queens with my Mom and brothers...

HARLA: Why, what happened?

CARL: I shouldn't even mention it...forget it. What shall we eat tonight?

HARLA: ...I want to know what happened, only if it's not gross.

CARL: You're gonna get all depressed like me. I guess it's sad and happy at the same time...kind of.

HARLA: More happy than sad?

CARL: It's uh, if I edit out the sad parts.

HARLA: So, edit out the sad parts, but if it gets too gruesome, promise me you will cut the story short.

CARL: I promise.

HARLA: I have nightmares.

CARL: I will be careful.

HARLA: I'm taking your word for it.

CARL: Jeez' so much pressure to share a mere childhood memory with you.

HARLA: Alright, alright, I feel like I've been here in this same spot for a lifetime, tell the damn story already!

CARL: Okay...when I was five, a mouse crawled into my mouth -

*Harla screams, Carl laughs.*

I'm joking! I'm joking! Take it easy.

HARLA: Did a mouse go in your mouth or not?

CARL: I'm kidding, no mouse went in my mouth. Alright, I'll tell you the story, the edited version. As I said, I came across this program, it was just discussing inhumane ways to trap mice. I don't even know why I kept watching it.

Well...I ended up watching the whole thing, there was a part which showed someone who made their own electric shock device for rodents and I remembered how I stopped my older brother from making one, when we were kids.

I mean, he did build one and it worked cause he actually caught a mouse...we had mice in our apartment at the time and you know, my brother was always figuring mechanical things out and he made this metal cage with wires attached to it, but..I never told anyone what I'm about to tell you.

I was in the apartment by myself one evening and there was a loud noise, like a thump, that came from the kitchen. I went into the kitchen and I heard it again coming from under the sink. I opened the cabinet doors and sure enough there was a mouse frozen stiff inside my brother's metal cage, getting electrocuted, but not enough to where it was dying, only enough to where it was frozen, like in shock and I panicked...

I took hold of the battery that was generating the power and I ripped it right out of the cage and the mouse was free...it took off running through a crack in the wall.

When my brother came home he went nuts cause his invention was ruined and we got into an actual physical fight that my other brother had to break up.

CARL: (cont'd): I never told him that he caught a mouse and I let it go, I just told him that I took an interest in it and wanted to see how he built his cage. He put it back together again and I figured out how to disconnect one of the wires without him ever noticing and after a few weeks he gave up on the idea of catching mice because there weren't any results and eventually my mother told him to throw out the device.

HARLA: What made you want to rescue a mouse?

CARL: I didn't like seeing it suffer.

HARLA: You didn't want to see Mickey get fried.

CARL: Exactly.

HARLA: That's too bad cause tonight we're having mouse beef.

CARL: Aw, that's so nasty.

HARLA: I'm glad I'm with the good brother, not the evil brother.

CARL: You sure about that? My brother is worth millions for his inventions.

HARLA: You do good for yourself.

CARL: Makes me look back on how strong my mother was, to raise three boys on her own. Wasn't easy. We went from mice to graduating college and starting businesses...

HARLA: And I'm sure that mouse you saved feels blessed just the same.

CARL: Hope so...

HARLA: Come on, let's think of dinner. Actually, why don't we go out to eat tonight? It's a beautiful night out and we haven't gone out in a while. It'll get you out of the mood you've got going on lately.

CARL: What mood?

HARLA: I wasn't going to say anything, but lately you've been overly nostalgic.

CARL: Overly nostalgic?

HARLA: You keep going back to the past.

CARL: I didn't realize it.

HARLA: I'm not trying to make it a big deal but I am concerned.

CARL: Why?

HARLA: You haven't been present. You are here physically, but not so much mentally.

CARL: I've been here.

HARLA: In and out...Carl, I was actually planning on speaking to you about it and I guess now's the perfect time.

CARL: I had no idea.

HARLA: I keep hoping you're going to snap out of it and get on with things but you're actually getting worse.

CARL: Worse, how?

HARA: Distant. (beat) Are you happy...with me?

CARL: Of course I am..I love you.

HARLA: But are you content, MORE than content I hope.

CARL: You're the love of my life, Harla.

HARLA: Than what's causing you to disappear on occasion?

CARL: Some days I wish I could go back and fix things that got broken along the way...I know that's not the right to think but I can't help wondering if after all my mistakes, if I'm still the same old idiot.

HARLA: Don't call yourself an idiot.

CARL: I'm being honest. There's just so many times I wish I'd done things differently in my life.

HARLA: That's with everyone. We all make bad decisions. If we didn't we wouldn't be able to appreciate the good ones we make.

CARL: I guess.

HARLA: Don't live in the past, especially things you can't change, it's not healthy...my father went, well, you know his story, don't you?

CARL: Yeah, I'm sorry.

HARLA: I want to see you more, okay?

CARL: You're right.

HARLA: Things are fine...stop stressing.

CARL: You want to drive down to the pier?

HARLA: What about dinner?

CARL: I'll take us out, unless your hungry now.

HARLA: I'm down for the pier.

CARL: Come on, let's take a break from everything.

**END OF PLAY**