

Come With Me, Back Home

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

<u>MOM:</u>	45
<u>DAZ:</u>	18
<u>RICKY:</u>	52
<u>MANOLO:</u>	35

Place
Desert

Time
Day

Setting: Bar. A throwback to the seventies.

At Rise: Daz enters the bar and sees his mother passed out drunk in a booth. Ricky polishes a drinking glass with a towel behind the bar counter. Another man, Manolo, sits quietly in a dark corner.

DAZ (to Ricky): How long she been out?

RICKY: Not long.

Daz approaches the booth his mother is passed out in.

DAZ: ...Mom...Mom...Mom..Ma, we gotta go. Mom, we gotta go home. Mom.

MOM: Don't leave me, don't leave me.

DAZ: Mom, I won't leave you, I'm right here. We gotta go home.

MOM: I don't wanna leave.

DAZ: Mom, it's late, we need to get back home.

MOM: Why?

DAZ: Because it's late Mom, come on.

MOM: One more drink.

DAZ: No, we're leaving now, you've had enough.

MOM: You're not my mother. I'm your mother.

DAZ: I'm your son and I'm asking you to please come with me, back home.

MOM: I'll be home later.

DAZ: Mom, you're exhausted.

MOM: No! Get away!

DAZ: We need to get home.

MOM: *We* don't need to do anything. Coming out here like you're my father. Back off! I'm having a good time. Listening to music and having one or two drinks. I'm a grown woman. What's wrong with you? You have school in the morning.

DAZ: Today is Friday.

MOM: Don't get cute with me.

Daz sits in the booth across from his mother.

(pause.)

MOM (cont'd): What are you doing?

DAZ: I'm sitting here.

MOM: Look the other way or sit in a different booth.

DAZ: I'll wait for you.

MOM: You waiting for me is ruining my buzz and my buzz is all I have left.

DAZ: ..I'm not leaving.

MOM: Get out of here, I said!

DAZ: I can't.

MOM: Can't. Another man who can't. My life is a series of can'ts and won'ts. I'll go once my song comes on...I need to hear it, just once, only once, I need to hear some Latin sounding guitar. Wake my veins up! Been dead for so long. I need to hear it.

Mom slowly passes out again. Her head resting against the wall.

Daz places his hand gently on top of his mother's hand.

He stands up and goes to the jukebox. He combs through the music and frowns.

DAZ: Hey, Ricky!

RICKY: Yeah.

DAZ: There's no Latin guitar type music you guys have?

RICKY: We never covered that in our original selection.

DAZ: Oh, my mother wanted---

RICKY: Latin sounding music. (pointing) That's Manolo over there, he's home visiting. Your mother was asking him to play a tune but he told her no.

Daz approaches Manolo.

DAZ: Hey...you play guitar?

MANOLO: No.

DAZ: But isn't that a guitar?

MANOLO: Yes.

DAZ: Do you know how to play it?

MANOLO: For money, I can play anything.

DAZ: How much?

MANOLO: Depends.

DAZ: Depends on what?

MANOLO: How much you got?

Daz searches his pockets and pulls out money.

DAZ: I have five dollars.

Manolo laughs.

Can't you play a little tune for five dollars?

MANOLO: I won't open my case for five dollars.

DAZ: Can't you play five dollars worth of guitar?

MANOLO: No.

Daz walks back to his mother in defeat.

DAZ (softly): Mom...ma...mom, you've fall enasleep, we need to get back home. Come with me, back home.

MOM: I'm not leaving this place yet.

DAZ: We don't have enough money for the guitar.

MOM: Tell the man I'll put out.

DAZ: What??

Mom laughs.

MOM: He'll play a whole album after that. (she laughs) Go home! Just like your father, stubborn as a mule. Goes in one ear and out your ass!

Mom laughs out-loud at her own humor.

Go home before you and me get into a barroom brawl! (Mom holds up her fists and chuckles) I still got it, kid. One, two, one, two. My father taught me so well I used to kick the shit out of all those dirty boys back in high school. They never saw me coming. Bah! Right to the nose. Bah! Right to the eye. They didn't nickname me Tough Tina for nothing. One time I got jumped in the locker room by, must have been ten girls. They hated me this bunch. Hated me! And we went at it. I fought them all. Fierce! Hard! But they overtook me son, they got me squished between the wall and a locker and they proceeded to bash my face with the locker door and that was it. BUT, and I'll never forget this as long as I live...you see, I was a determined bitch. I was angry. I wanted my revenge. It took me one full year, one by one, I found each one of those girls and I kicked the shit out of them. One by one, by themselves. They weren't so tough without their *group*. On the last girl, that was how I met your father...imagine? Right outside the ice-cream parlor. I dragged Luella Beans, I'll never forget her name, big girl, but not big enough to be pulled over the counter, your mother was strong back then and I went to work on her but your father got in the middle of it and broke us up and that's when we got to talking. I told him my story and all about why I was doing what I was doing and I don't know, something clicked between us, felt like I was talking to someone I already knew. There was such ease, it was so easy to talk to him...I still talk to him, he hears me, I know he hears me...I feel him listening sometimes...

DAZ: That's good, Ma.

MOM: Don't get wise with me.

DAZ: I'm not trying to, I just want us to get back home.

MOM: If I don't get some latin music, they are going to have to peel me out of this place, kicking and screaming, all the way to jail. I don't give a damn!

(pause.)

Mom slowly falls asleep again.

Daz gets up from the booth and approaches Manolo again.

DAZ: Hey...can you please play one song? Any song...

MANOLO: I said no! Now get lost!

DAZ: I'm not going until you play.

MANOLO: How old are you?

DAZ: Eighteen.

MANOLO: Old enough for me to kick your ass!

DAZ: I'm not afraid of you.

Manolo gets up and towers over Daz.

MANOLO: I told you to get lost and I mean it.

DAZ: Not until you play a song for my mother.

Manolo shoves Daz violently. Daz returns to his standing position. Manolo shoves Daz even harder, causing Daz to fall back to the floor. Once again, Daz returns to his standing position. Manolo smacks Daz hard in the face. Daz looks Manolo in the eyes.

RICKY: Manolo, he's just a kid! Daz, get your mother and get the hell home before things get ugly around here.

DAZ: No! He's gotta play one song. Just one song for my mother and then we'll go. I promise we'll go. Only one song! JUST ONE.

Manolo sits down and drinks his beer. Daz finally gives up. He rushes to the booth his mother rests in and pulls her arm violently.

MOM: Leave me alone!! Get off me!! GET OFF!!

DAZ: That's enough, Mom! Come with me, BACK HOME!

MOM: I am never leaving this place as long as I live!

DAZ: GET OUT OF THAT BOOTH!! COME WITH ME, BACK HOME!!!

Music is heard and the place instantly goes silent.

Manolo stands with his guitar strapped across his chest. He plays a beautiful piece. Everyone in the bar remains quiet and listens intently to Manolo's playing.

When Manolo completes his song, he unstraps his guitar from his chest.

Mom staggers energetically toward Manolo and gives him a bear hug. She holds on to him for dear life, crying. She quickly releases her hold and staggers her way back out of the bar.

Daz remains staring at Manolo. Manolo nods to Daz, Daz nods to Manolo. Daz exits the bar in pursuit of his mother.

END OF PLAY