

Dark Side of My Moon

by

Joseph Arnone

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Cast of Characters

JOBE: 16

HAAZ: 19

Place
Backyard

Time
Afternoon

JOBE: There's a dark side of my brain. I have these thoughts sometimes that aren't good. I don't want anyone else to succeed but me...well, I shouldn't say it that way...I don't mind if people succeed, just so long as they don't succeed more than me. I don't go around wishing anyone bad or go out of my way to hurt anyone, but I noticed that in the deeper part of my mind, like the dark side of the moon, things tend to get blurred between my good nature and truly not giving a damn about whoever I've carried over to that quiet, cold, shadowed part of my consciousness. (beat)

I'm trying to decipher how to put some kind of impenetrable gate on the border of that section of my brain. I don't like the feelings I get that creep up on me...actually, here's the thing, I do like the feelings I get, I do but that's why I want to block them out, the thoughts, because I don't want to get too cloudy and lost traveling around there...I don't ever want to get trapped.

There's this one guy, Mark, you know him...there's something about him that irks me. He's so flashy. He always tries to steal my light by doing more. He always seems to put in that little extra effort more than me because he's watching me...if he sees I'm getting too friendly with another teammate, the next day at practice he's cracking jokes and making best friends with the same guy. If I stay after to train more, he stays after and he only does it if I do it, never on his own.

It's like his mission in life is to one up me and it drives me crazy.

HAAZ: I'd just ignore him, bro.

JOBE: He's too loud to ignore.

HAAZ: Just get along with him.

JOBE: I do, I mean, we do and we're cool and everything but his vibe, it's like a jealousy vibe, like he doesn't want me to get all the attention. It bothers him.

HAAZ: Sounds like it bothers you.

JOBE: It does bother me. He's not as good a player as I am.

HAAZ: He's pretty damn good.

JOBE: You saying you think he's better than me?

HAAZ: I'm not saying that but I'd say you guys are close in skill.

JOBE: How close?

HAAZ: Neck and neck.

JOBE: Hell, no.

HAAZ: That's why he's competing with you personally and that's why you're complaining to me about him. You're both alpha.

JOBE: I give him his space and I'm a team player...I'm all about the game. He's more about himself.

HAAZ: You just finished telling me this whole speech about how you want to be the greatest and blah, blah, blah and how you don't want anyone else to succeed more than you and you went dark for a minute there, bro, not gonna lie. Didn't you say all that?

JOBE: I did.

HAAZ: You're the one with the problem then.

JOBE: Well, maybe I am. I love to compete.

HAAZ: So, it's fair game.

JOBE: What is?

HAAZ: Who's the best?

JOBE: Between him and me?

HAAZ: Yeah. Who is the best?

JOBE: I score more each game.

HAAZ: I hear he gives more assists.

JOBE: And I get more rebounds and steals.

HAAZ: I don't know man, do you both get the same game time?

JOBE: Just about...some games coach keeps him in more than me and vice versa, so---

HAAZ: So, it's even.

JOBE: Pretty much.

HAAZ: There's nothing wrong with having two solid players on a team, isn't that the whole point? Don't you guys wanna win games?

JOBE: Of course.

HAAZ: Maybe ya'll win more games if you got along better and made more of a team effort instead of trying to outshine eachother all the time.

JOBE: I'm not trying to----

HAAZ: Oh stop it bro, I come to every game you're in and I see it clear as day how you both are in competition. It's like two guys fighting one another on the same team to lead the team. I see it!

JOBE: Maybe it's a good thing, we make eachother better.

HAAZ: There's nothing wrong with competing with one another but when you guys are in a game, it's really about competing with the team you are up against. That's where you're both going wrong.

JOBE: He needs to tone it down.

HAAZ: He's not gonna tone it down, Jobe.

JOBE: Neither am I!

HAAZ: You know, it's my fault.

JOBE: What is?

HAAZ: Being your older brother and pushing you, making you compete and all and you need that, you need that killer instinct, you have that but if you want to be the best, you need to kill yourself first.

JOBE: Kill myself?

HAAZ: You need to sacrifice more, you need to eat, sleep and shit basketball. You shouldn't even be thinking about Mark. Let him motivate you but you need to strive for something much greater than yourself. When you set goals way beyond what others see, that's where greatness lives, that's when you stretch out from your comfort zone and start getting creative on the court, you develop your voice, you find yourself on a whole other level, rather than thinking about beating Mark. Bro, beating Mark makes you one step better than Mark but setting outrageous goals that you can realistically meet with busting your ass every single day with discipline and consistency, well, that's a whole new ball game entirely. Don't look beside you, look way out in front of you, as far as you can see and even way past that because that's where you will matter to the game. When you start doing that, you won't even be talking about Mark, you will be talking about all the time you're putting in to the sport, cause that's what it's all about, your contribution to what you love, if you truly love it.

JOBE: Wow...I never heard you talk like this before.

HAAZ: My time has passed. I'm never going to be a great basketball player, not that I ever wanted to be but for a second or two I was in real deep but I didn't soar cause I didn't commit. You have natural ability but if you don't put in the work, the real work, you won't ever shine. Get focused and stop thinking about Mark and other distractions. Start thinking about what you need to do and start getting to work. Now. Today.

JOBE: ...You're right.

HAAZ: Take that drive, that energy, your competitive streak and back it up with hard ass labor. There's no fruit without pain.

JOBE: Damn, bro.

HAAZ: I'm glad to tell you this stuff cause no one ever told me.

JOBE: I hear ya.

HAAZ: If you really love the game like you say you do, nothing can stop you.

JOBE: Thanks, Haaz. Thanks for lookin' out.

HAAZ: I mean, I can still beat your ass on the court, so---

JOBE: Ha, ha! I don't think so man.

HAAZ: Let's find out what your scrawny ass can do one on one.

JOBE: You about to find out who the master is---

HAAZ: Master? Be careful what you wish for boy---

JOBE: Shoot for it?

HAAZ: You shoot for it. It'll be my ball when you miss.

Jobe shoots for it and gets the ball in.

Okay, okay, let's go lucky.

JOBE: Ha! We see, we see who's lucky when you show up scoreless.

HAAZ: Eww, talkin' big now. He's talkin' BIG!

END OF PLAY