

Sand Angels

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

LENORA:

54

HARRIS:

56

Place

Desert

Time

Day

Setting: Open desert...nothing but sand for miles in all directions.

At Rise: Lenora pushes Harris out of the trailer with a steaming pot of hot water.

LENORA pushes HARRIS out of the trailer holding a steaming pot of hot water. He stumbles backward and almost falls to the ground. Harris wears nothing but a pair of underwear and a t-shirt.

Harris raises his hands in protest. She places throws the pot to the ground near Harris.

LENORA: Take your smokey ass body off this desert!

HARRIS: What's gotten into you?

LENORA: Don't play cute with me pig!

HARRIS: Why am I a pig?

LENORA: How obvious can you be acting all flirty with that floozy?

HARRIS: What young---

LENORA: Penelope! Even her name sounds like big tits.

HARRIS: But that's Frank's daughter. I'd never go near her.

LENORA: Flirting like a serenade. Turn my stomach!

HARRIS: Can you give me my pants?

LENORA: No!

Lenora slams the front door.

HARRIS: Lenora! (Harris bangs on the front door) Lenora! At least let me have my damn jeans. Give me my jeans, I can't go anywhere in my underwear, damn it!

Lenora speaks through the door.

LENORA: Where abouts are you going? PEEENNNLOPEEES?

HARRIS: Baby, that's all hogwash.

LENORA: Saw it with my own two eyes.

HARRIS: You were drinking and when you get drunk you start seeing things that aren't there.

LENORA: Don't lie to me!!!

HARRIS: What do you want to know?

Lenora pops up from the roof of the trailer and tosses Harris' jeans.

HARRIS: Lenora! Lenora, come on, honey. Isn't this ridiculous?

Lenora goes back inside the trailer, slamming the rooftop hatch.

Harris puts on his jeans.

Lenora slides open the front window, talking behind a screen.

LENORA: Tell me the truth or your ass ain't getting back in here ever again.

HARRIS: I admit, she's a cute woman but, but there are way too many obstacles standing in the way between me and Penelope. First off, she's my good friend's daughter and the thought of screwing up my friendship with Frank, could never be. Second, she's a kid in my eyes. Yeah, she may be twenty-one, gorgeous and single, that won't replace the fact that I'm old enough to be her Dad. And third, I'm with you. That all kills any chances of any hope that an old fart like me can possibly conceive. That is the truth and nothing but the truth, so help me God!

Lenora slams the front window shut. She comes out the front door and sits on the steps, hunched over.

LENORA: Do you still find me attractive?

HARRIS: ...Honestly?

LENORA (warning): Yes.

HARRIS: I still find you attractive, honey.

LENORA: But, it's not cause, it isn't cause of lack of options, is it?

HARRIS: Is that what all this is about?

Lenora nods. Tears in her eyes.

Darling, as we fade, get old, whither away and only appear to be a former reflection of our selves, I'll continue on loving you until we turn to dust particles, cause love moves beyond physical appearances. I'm with you cause you're the woman for me and I couldn't imagine being without ya. Don't you know this? ...What you afraid of?

LENORA: I'm just feeling like my best years are behind me now. Part of me thinks I didn't do enough during my prime. I look back and I see how I moved through life and it never dawned on me that time really does run out. Don't get me wrong, I'm not stupid, I know we're all gonna die, eventually, but I never considered that this is it, this is all I'm gonna be. The same day lived over with slight nuances but virtually the same. It's like living all the variations of the same day with nothing spectacular ever happening. You know, my whole life, I don't imagine there's ever been anything spectacular about it. My lifeline has always been a series of small bumps in the road with nothing higher than normal, nothing that would ever make me lose my breathe for good reason, and I don't imagine it ever will.

HARRIS: That's about one of the most depressing fucking things I've ever heard in my entire human existence.

LENORA: This is how I feel!

HARRIS: I'm floored by the things you say.

LENORA: You asked me.

HARRIS: You know why you feel as you do?

LENORA: Why?

HARRIS: Cause you've forgotten to appreciate the smaller things in life. Look around you...living freely out in this open desert, right in the heart of tranquility, under the bright starry sky, where all sorts of magic takes place. All those greens, yellows and blues, daring us to dance high above, as if a light symphony is taking place. That's majestic, that's spectacular, that's even divine, depending on how you wish to view it. What about all those sand angels we make together on cool mornings...or the sound of coyotes knocking on our front door for scraps of food? Isn't that different? Isn't that special? Isn't that romantic? Sharing all those moments with you and so many more, well, I'm forever grateful because it's what makes me feel full inside, especially cause I get to spend those intimate moments with only *you*.

LENORA: ...Maybe the sun has been beating down on my brain too long. I don't think I've seen another living soul in months...

HARRIS: Let's venture into town. Maybe we stocked up too good on our last shop. Let's go get some things and see new sights. Be good for us, yeah?

LENORA: Really?

HARRIS: Hell, yeah.

LENORA: Anywhere but here.

HARRIS: Want to go today?

LENORA: I'd like that.

HARRIS: Okay, I'll get my bike ready while you fix yourself up.

LENORA: You sure?

HARRIS: Anything for my girl.

LENORA: Okay.

HARRIS: We can go into town and do whatever your heart desires.

LENORA: I want to buy a dress.

HARRIS: A dress?

LENORA: That's right.

HARRIS: ...Okay.

LENORA: Something wrong with me wearing a dress?

HARRIS: No, I think you'd look stunning in a dress. Can't remember the last time I saw you in one.

LENORA: So? That's what I want.

HARRIS: Sounds good to me.

LENORA: And shoes...to go with my dress.

HARRIS: ...Okay. Get you some shoes.

LENORA: And I want to go to the salon and get rid of the knots in my hair.

HARRIS: You mind if I stop at the bank first?

LENORA: And I want to go to the pharmacy to pick up some woman items that I need.

HARRIS: Okay, sweetheart.

LENORA: Getting dressed.

HARRIS: Lenora, uh, I must admit something to ya...I know I may have been a bit too friendly with Penelope and all but that's as far as I'd ever be willing to go. A kind word, a simple look, I could never imagine anything more but being with you all these years, it's been good to me, you've been good to me and there's stuff in the basement that remains covered, that you know nothing about...I guess what I'm trying to say is that my life was always pretty lousy until I met you...the second I heard your laugh I perked up, it was like music to my heart. Your energy, your smile, your eyes and all the crap you tolerate from me, well, I must be the luckiest man alive. I would never give you up for all the Penelope's in all the world...I'm not the greatest with words but I hope you know how much I love you.

LENORA: ...I know...I know...

Lenora goes inside the trailer. Harris makes an agreeable face and shakes his head with a smile.

END OF PLAY