

Midsummer Night

by

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Cast of Characters

MAXIE:

19

CHANADE:

19

Place

Cliff

Time

11:00 PM

Setting: A heavily dense forest at the edge of a rocky cliff.

At Rise: Chanade sits on a boulder at the edge of a cliff, as Maxie steps out from the woods.

MAXIE: Chanade? Cha---

CHANADE: I'm over here.

MAXIE: What are you doing out here, all alone?

CHANADE: I'm glad you came to meet me.

MAXIE: We could have come together, I don't like walking through the woods alone, you know.

CHANADE: Neither do I.

MAXIE: Why'd you come then?

CHANADE: If you didn't show up, I don't think I was going to go back.

MAXIE: Go back? What do you mean? Go back where?

CHANADE: Back to life.

MAXIE: Wait, what?

CHANADE: Sit down and chill.

Maxie sits on the rock beside Chanade.

I really thought I was going to do it this time. I didn't think anything was going to stop me. Sitting here, on such a beautiful midsummer night. The ocean has that turquoise color to it, and it's so still under this moonlight.

I've been sitting here, at the edge of this cliff for hours; not a sound coming from any direction, except for the faint sound of the ocean hitting the rocks.

I sent you that text before I got out here because I know the reception can sometimes be weak. I guess it was my last-ditch effort to see if it was meant to be or not.

Maxie, I was just moments away from killing myself. I was planning on jumping out there in that turquoise stillness, but you showed up in time and prevented me from falling into nothingness.

It wasn't my time. I sometimes play these games with myself, I call them my fate games. I'll test the waters to see if my life means anything or if this is all a joke of some kind.

Tonight, it's meant something.

MAXIE: What the hell are you talking about, Chanade?

CHANADE: You have no idea the kind of home life I live in. Ya'll think I got it good, that my Daddy is some well known music artist and I get everything I could ever want. I bet all you see at my house is expensive jewelry, cars...the good life, right? You come from the same place, too.

Well, there isn't anything good about any of that. I much rather trade my life with someone less fortunate, with someone who's broke and struggles, than have anything I want with the snap of my fingers. It's depressing.

I'm never given the chance to prove myself. Everything is handed to me. I'm never listened to, just tossed aside like I don't matter, because I don't. I am just some object that's supposed to go with the flow and be this great big happy daughter.

My mom, all she ever talks about is getting her nails done, facials, massages, traveling. Each week she has a different hairstyle, not to mention her daily run for shoes and dresses...turns my stomach, actually.

I'm not like them, you see? I'm nothing like them and I secretly wonder if I am really their biological daughter...

It sucks not to have an identity of your own, with no support like you're invisible. Everything is pushed aside, because life is fabulous, so put on a smile and shine.

Well, I can't shine. I don't know how to shine. I don't know how to stop feeling like this spoiled brat. I don't deserve what I'm given. I want to feel normal.

MAXIE: We are lucky.

CHANADE: Lucky?

MAXIE: Aren't we? We have parents so successful that they've afforded us this grandiose life.

CHANADE: That's my whole point.

MAXIE: What?

CHANADE: I don't want this grandiose life. I hate it!

MAXIE: Your life would be even worse without money.

CHANADE: But it's not about money.

MAXIE: You do sound spoiled.

CHANADE: I want connection. I want to feel like I have a family. Every day I come home to an empty house. I have to fix dinner for myself, I eat alone and I'm usually in bed before I even hear anyone else in the house.

MAXIE: Get a dog.

CHANADE: I don't want a dog!

MAXIE: Listen, you need to snap out of it. Really. You have a privileged life and you go on like it's the end of the world. Do you know that everytime we hang out, you go on and on about how unhappy your life is and how you wish you had this or you wish you had that...you don't realize how good you have it girl.

You tell me you are thinking about killing yourself? You must be joking because that's some serious shit and maybe you need professional help. Maybe you need to see a therapist or something because that's not something I am taking lightly.

I get this crazy ass text message from you and I come flying over here, almost crashing my car and getting *myself* killed worrying about you, I walk through the woods in the dark to get to our spot and here you are telling me that if I didn't come, you'd be dead. Nice. Put that on me and I'm supposed to feel sorry for you?

I'm pissed! How can you do that to me? How can you say all the things you are saying like it's okay? Don't you have anything else going on in your own life other than your problems? Don't you think about other people, like me, and see how terrible you've been?

You've become some kind of self-centered, selfish, negative person and I can't stand it. If you want to jump off this stupid cliff, then jump and get it over with already, because I'm fed up.

CHANADE: Where are you going?

MAXIE: I'm going home, dumbass.

CHANADE: Wait! Wait...okay, look, I get the whole killing myself thing was a bit over the top, but that doesn't mean I'm not serious about what I shared with you.

MAXIE: Your amazing life?

CHANADE: It's not amazing.

MAXIE: Open your eyes. Look where you live. Look at all the advantages you have for your future because of your excellent parents. I'm not trying to say that what you're feeling isn't genuine. I know it is, but you are going about this entire thing the wrong way.

CHANADE: What am I supposed to do?

MAXIE: About two years back I was feeling just like you, for about two days. I stayed in bed an entire weekend in my pajamas and was a complete mess...you know why?

CHANADE: Why?

MAXIE: Because I went deep on the news and realized how sad different parts of the world are and here I am with my family being served dinner from our very own chef...meanwhile, there's children starving and don't have access to clean drinking water. But you know what I soon discovered? I realized that because I'm in such a position, I can do something about it. It's why I switched majors and why I'm doing the things I'm doing now at school. I want to make a difference and so should you. Stop making it all about you and instead make it about others and I bet you will start to feel as good as I feel because you're doing the right thing.

CHANADE: I've seen those documentaries about where small villages drink the same water that they go to the bathroom in. It's horrible.

MAXIE: Yes, and if it bothers you that much, why not see how you can help.

CHANADE: Yeah?

MAXIE: Yeah.

CHANADE: That doesn't change the fact that I feel like I don't have a family of my own.

MAXIE: Look, talk to your mom, talk to your dad, tell them how you feel, but you can't go through these weird depressions anymore because you're making yourself worse. Put your mind on something outside of yourself. You're too closed in.

CHANADE: I am.

MAXIE: I don't want to ever have to have this conversation about you wanting to kill yourself ever again. Promise me that you won't ever have those thoughts.

CHANADE: I promise.

MAXIE: You really promise?

CHANADE: On our friendship, I promise.

MAXIE: Talk to your parents. They won't ignore your feelings, Chanade. And even if they do, you still have me.

CHANADE: Thanks.

MAXIE: I don't have the best relationship with my dad.

CHANADE: You don't?

MAXIE: No. We barely ever speak and whenever we do it's about him. I think it's because of how he is that I want to do more for others. I'm taking a negative situation and trying to turn it into a positive one. Maybe you can do the same.

END OF PLAY