

# ***The Ghosts of Our Ancestors***

*by*

*Joseph Arnone*

Copyright © 2019

[www.MonologueBlogger.com](http://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

IVAN: 50's

TIARA: 21

Place  
Garden

Time  
1:00 PM

Setting: What was once a fabulous garden has been reduced to a faded memory of the past.

At Rise: Ivan sits in a wooden rocking chair, sipping his tea and looking out. Tiara studies her Uncle and plays with a withered rose.

**TIARA:** Would you like more tea, Uncle?

**IVAN:** Oh, no, no, I'm alright child.

**TIARA:** This solemnness is unhealthy. It's been weeks and I am beyond worried for your well being. Uncle Ivan, I understand your dilemma, but you must rise above our current situation.

**IVAN:** I'm trying. I force myself out from bed, pour myself a strong cup of tea, walk around the grounds—ah, perhaps it is the grounds, makes me imagine, *if*...

**TIARA:** We still have not heard back from Eleanna.

**IVAN:** Hopeless cause...

**TIARA:** Uncle, all is not lost. If she receives my letter in time, I am certain she will come to our aid.

**IVAN:** And do what?

**TIARA:** Save us from losing our family heritage.

**IVAN:** Her husband never liked me. In fact, he detests me and has every right to do so.

**TIARA:** That's not true. Why do you say such things?

**IVAN:** Look at me, Tiara...what do you truly see?

**TIARA:** I see a warm, gentle face of a man who has enormous love in his heart.

**IVAN:** That is a canvas held up over the face of the man I truly am. I raised you up as my own daughter, therefore you are prejudice against ill opinion of me.

**TIARA:** Yes, I may be prejudice, but what I speak is truth, regardless.

**IVAN:** You are a kind niece.

**TIARA:** Uncle Ivan, you must stop beating yourself up.

**IVAN:** Even if Eleanna comes through in time and her husband saves us, I assure you, he will wish to take ownership.

**TIARA:** Ownership?

**IVAN:** Of course. You can't expect Mr. Clusterfield to simply hand over money and not take ownership.

**TIARA:** Why not?

**IVAN:** No man of any right mind should.

**TIARA:** Would it be such a bad thing?

**IVAN:** For him to take ownership?

**TIARA:** Everything will still remain within the family's keep.

**IVAN:** Not in the way it should. I've failed my descendants. I am best to place a revolver in no other direction but my own.

**TIARA:** Uncle! How can you utter such harmful words?!

**IVAN:** ...It's true, it's true! I cannot keep such thoughts inside myself any longer. Perhaps if I exclaim them, I won't act upon them. Why didn't I do something more? Why was all of this responsibility placed upon my head? It never should have been me. I wasn't meant to take things over. Had I only known, I would have raised myself up differently as your father did, this way I would meet the cause head on, without lowly excuses. I am exhausted with this slow fading demise.

**TIARA:** Eleanna will come through for us and when she does, promise me you will never speak in such tongue again.

**IVAN:** I cannot promise you, Tiara. So much has been taken from us and when and if Mr. Clusterfield buys out our debt, whatever remains of my pride will be swept under the rug for good.

**TIARA:** But you will have a home here.

**IVAN:** I tell you now, it's all so strange, I feel the ghosts of our ancestors will haunt me as punishment for losing everything. I will be forced to live as a ghost, even though I'll remain in the flesh.

**TIARA:** Uncle Ivan, there is no such thing as ghosts.

**IVAN:** Ah, but there are, there are, my dear.

**TIARA:** If you do not stop this talk right now, I will be forced to leave the grounds and not return. I cannot witness anymore of your self-portrayed misery. You talk to me about ghosts? I do not fear such ghosts, least of all this depression you keep yourself in.

Eleanna shall receive my letter and Mr. Clusterfield will rescue our cause. He is a good man and has done much for our family. He is honest and decent and you shouldn't bad mouth him the way that you do. If he has an ill opinion of you than so be it, but what do you care about what he thinks regardless.

**TIARA** (cont'd): Haven't you taught me to remain independent minded? To never allow others to bring fear upon me?

Well, why don't you take some of your own advice? Since when did you become such a deflated man. Where is the Uncle Ivan I grew up knowing? Where is your *vitality*?!

I'm sorry, but no, I can't even look in your direction, if you are going to change like this. I would not wish to know you if this is...I have no father, I have no mother...and now you want to take my Uncle Ivan away from me, too?

(beat)

No, this I will not permit.

Everyone falls on difficult times, do they not? Everyone! We have experienced hard times before and we have survived. Why is this case any different?

I will not allow what's left of my heritage to be taken from me, not by you, not by Mr. Clusterfield, not by anyone.

**IVAN:** My sweet, sweet Tiara...please, please try to understand---

**TIARA:** I do understand! Do you think it has been easy for me? Do you think you are the only one who has anything to lose? This is my family right, just as much as it is your own.

**IVAN:** You are correct.

**TIARA:** I have a plan. If all else fails, I will get the money on my own.

**IVAN:** Just how do you plan on achieving such a task?

**TIARA:** I will marry.

**IVAN:** Marry?

**TIARA:** Yes.

**IVAN:** To whom?

**TIARA:** Mr. Spencer.

**IVAN:** I do not believe my ears. Did you say Mr. Spencer?

**TIARA:** Indeed.

**IVAN:** Why in God's name would you wish to marry such a man as that?

**TIARA:** Refrain from trying to convince me otherwise...

**IVAN:** It isn't a matter of convincing you, Tiara, it is a matter of making a sound decision.

**TIARA:** It is decided.

**IVAN:** What is?

**TIARA:** If all fails with Eleanna, I will marry. I will keep my birthright and take full control over the estate.

**IVAN:** Mr. Spencer is an absolute lunatic!

**TIARA:** It won't matter!

**IVAN:** I forbid you to take such action.

**TIARA:** I am old enough to make my own decisions.

**IVAN:** I will not approve.

**TIARA:** I do not need your approval!

**IVAN:** Tiara! How dare you speak to me in such a tone? I am still your Uncle and if I am losing everything, the last thing I would expect is to lose your respect.

(pause.)

If...I cannot allow you to marry Mr. Spencer. Not for the reasons you've mentioned. If I gave you my blessing for such a deed, I would have failed entirely, as a man, an uncle, a human being...please, dear child, remove such a scheme from your mind. It will destroy your life and no estate is worth doing such a thing as that.

Promise me...Tiara...

**TIARA:** I'm sorry, Uncle.

*Tiara hugs her Uncle.*

I would do anything to save you and our home.

**IVAN:** I know, as would I, as would I...

**TIARA:** Tell me, if we lose everything, where would we go, what would we do?

**IVAN:** Those are the questions that haunt the very fiber of my being.

**TIARA:** Surely, you must have thought up something.

**IVAN:** I have.

**TIARA:** Tell me.

**IVAN:** It isn't something that I can make you aware of...I can get the money.

**TIARA:** Really? How?!

**IVAN:** Now, now...all I could say to you is that I can get the money, but it will be costly, however, we can remain in good stead.

**TIARA:** What is mystery of it?

**IVAN:** I'll have more tea....

*Tiara grabs the kettle and pours her Uncle some tea.*

Have some for yourself as well, dear. (beat) We will wait two more days for Eleanna's response...I would then have to negotiate with Mr Clusterfield, if he agrees to help us, if a probable arrangement can not be made with him, I will be forced to get the money elsewhere.

**TIARA:** But where, Uncle? Please, tell me.

**IVAN:** I cannot. Just note that it shall be done. We will keep what is rightfully ours one way or another, this I promise to you.

**END OF PLAY**