

Those Days Are Over

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

EMILY:

18

MARSHA:

16

Place
House

Time
7:00 PM

Setting: A Middle-class suburban home on Long Island.

At Rise: Marsha is in the living room watching TV, when her sister Emily enters.

EMILY: Can you learn to stop talking on the phone so loud?

MARSHA: I wasn't talking loudly.

EMILY: People down the block can hear you.

MARSHA: But I wasn't talking loud.

EMILY: I have headphones on and I can still hear you.

MARSHA: I wasn't talking loud.

EMILY: You were! You were, cause I heard you.

MARSHA: This is my house, too.

EMILY: You have your own bedroom. Why can't you go in there and talk?

MARSHA: Because I'm sitting in the living room.

EMILY: Go upstairs and talk from now on.

MARSHA: No, I'm not going to listen to you.

EMILY: I have music exams coming up and you are stressing me out. Why are you so difficult?

MARSHA: The only difficult one is you. You have problems. I was in the living room, with the door closed, and I was deliberately talking quietly because I already knew you'd make a fuss.

Sure enough, you created a controversy over the fact that I was having a laugh with one of my friends. It bothers you. My happiness bothers you.

You're the one who can go upstairs for your studies. Why should I? If you have work to do, you should go to your own bedroom, lock the door and do your work.

I shouldn't be inconvenienced and neither should mom and dad.

That's what you do, that's how you function, you make trouble for everyone else over the slightest matter, when it's you, you're the one who is busy making a big stink about everything, when nobody cares...I have news for you, Emily, NOBODY CARES about your drama.

We're all going to go on living our lives, ignoring your stupid drama.

So shout, argue, do whatever you wish to do, but just know it won't get you anywhere with me.

EMILY: I can't stand you. You are so rude and obnoxious.

MARSHA: Because I'm right? You know, you do nothing all day long but prance around here with your puss face on and wait like a cobra to strike. God forbid you are ever good natured about anything. Life isn't so bad, Emily?

EMILY: It is so bad with all of you ruining my life.

MARSHA: How is anyone ruining your life?

EMILY: I have no privacy to focus on my work.

MARSHA: Dad built an entire shed outside, large enough to live in, and you're telling me that between your bedroom and the shed, you have no privacy? I'm sorry, but I'm not going to walk on eggshells just for you.

EMILY: You are all so disgusting.

MARSHA: Do you hear yourself? You are calling your family, disgusting?

EMILY: All of you.

MARSHA: And the way you speak to mom, it's appalling. If I had a daughter speak to me the way that you do, I'd kick her out of the house.

EMILY: Hah! I don't think so.

MARSHA: You're demented.

EMILY: You are just like mom and dad. Clueless.

MARSHA: Clueless to what?

EMILY: No self-awareness, no focus on your own life.

MARSHA: What the hell are you talking about, Emily?

EMILY: You aren't going anywhere in your life.

MARSHA: Where am I supposed to be going? I'm sixteen years old!

EMILY: And what university are you applying to?

MARSHA: Don't start comparing me to you. Don't try to---

EMILY: Because you don't know. You just fart around all day, go to school, la la la all day long, face in your phone, blah, blah, blah and accomplish nothing.

MARSHA: That's what you think.

EMILY: So, tell me what you achieve?

MARSHA: I'm enjoying my life, unlike you.

EMILY: That's why you will become nothing.

MARSHA: And you're a genius? Since when did you get so smart?

EMILY: I work hard.

MARSHA: On what?

EMILY: Don't test me.

MARSHA: On your music? You have the same five unfinished songs since like three years ago. You do nothing with your life, but you want to stand there and tell me I'm going to become nothing?

EMILY: Do you see what I mean?

MARSHA: No, I don't cause you make no sense when you talk.

EMILY: I'm moving out of this place.

MARSHA: Yeah, cost dad more money. We all know you won't do it on your own.

EMILY: Excuse me, but I can do whatever I want.

MARSHA: No, you can't. You are spoiled rotten and you think everyone owes you. You talk about working hard, but if you were working hard you wouldn't have time to focus on my having a quiet conversation with one of my friends. If you were working so hard, you wouldn't allow anyone to get in the way of what you are doing. You use our family to make excuses for your own laziness.

EMILY: You are such a child.

MARSHA: Call me what you want, I don't care anymore.

EMILY: You're pathetic.

MARSHA: I'm watching my show. Talk to yourself.

EMILY: You will see.

MARSHA: What will I see, Emily?

EMILY: You will see the truth.

MARSHA: What truth?

EMILY: You will see that I'm right about everything.

MARSHA: Good, be right all you want, let me watch TV.

Emily takes the remote control from Marsha's hand and throws it against the wall.

Are you losing your mind?

EMILY: Watch your TV SHOW!

Emily storms out of the room.

To herself.

Marsha touches her forehead and she's bleeding.

Emily enters the room.

EMILY: And keep the freaking TV low or else I will smash that next! (beat) What happened?

MARSHA: I'm bleeding. You cut me from the remote. You're such a loser.

Marsha grabs tissues from the tissue box and looks at herself in the mirror.

It's a lot of blood.

EMILY: No, it's not...let me see.

MARSHA: I think I need stitches.

EMILY: Let me see...

Emily inspects Marsha's forehead.

Keep pressure on it. I don't think it's deep, just scratched the surface...

MARSHA: What's wrong with you, Emily? You never used to be like this...

EMILY: You make me so angry sometimes.

MARSHA: I'm gonna have a scar for life.

EMILY: No, you won't. It's just a scratch. Let me...

Emily leaves the room. She comes back with a small ice pack.

Here, let's wrap some tissue around this ice pack and...

Emily wraps tissue paper around the ice pack and hands it to Marsha.

MARSHA: Won't stop bleeding.

EMILY: It will, keep pressure on it....(sighs) I didn't mean for you to get hurt.

MARSHA: You threw that stupid remote right at me. You almost hit my head.

EMILY: I wasn't trying to hit you, just wanted to scare you.

MARSHA: You hurt me.

EMILY: I didn't mean to really hurt you.

MARSHA: But you did.

EMILY: Okay! I'm sorry, I wasn't aiming at your head, I didn't plan on the remote shattering and cutting you....I'm sorry.

MARSHA: Em, you've changed.

EMILY: Oh, don't say that, I hate when I hear that.

MARSHA: You have, you're not like you used to be.

EMILY: What are you talking about?

MARSHA: When I was little you used to hug me all the time.

EMILY: We're grown up.

MARSHA: You used to always hug me and make me laugh with funny faces.

EMILY: Those days are over.

MARSHA: Why?

EMILY: Because people change.

MARSHA: I miss those days.

EMILY: Do you?

MARSHA: I miss feeling like you loved me.

EMILY: I do love you, Marsh.

MARSHA: Not like you used to.

EMILY: I do...I have a lot going on these days.

MARSHA: Like what?

EMILY: Stuff.

MARSHA: Like what?

EMILY: You wouldn't understand.

MARSHA: Why not?

EMILY: Some things are better to handle on one's own.

MARSHA: Yeah, but I'm your sister.

EMILY: I know.

MARSHA: You can always tell me things.

EMILY: It's just my own problems. Pressure with school and this guy I'm seeing---

MARSHA: You're dating someone?!

EMILY: Not, I mean, sort of, yeah.

MARSHA: Really? Is he hot?

EMILY: Stop, Marsha. He's good looking, yeah.

MARSHA: Can I see him?

EMILY: When?

MARSHA: On your phone...any pics?

EMILY: I'm not—I didn't want to show you---this is the sort of thing that I'm talking about, no space, I never feel like I have my own space.

MARSHA: Okay. You don't have to show me.

EMILY: ...Do you really want to see him?

MARSHA: Yeah.

Emily shows Marsha a photo of her boyfriend from her phone.

What?! He's gorgeous! He looks like a model!

EMILY: He's not a model, he's a music engineer.

MARSHA: He's so handsome.

EMILY: He is...but don't say anything to mom and dad, alright?

MARSHA: I won't say anything.

EMILY: I really like him. He's really nice to me.

MARSHA: So, why are you so angry all the time?

EMILY: Because I want things to be good.

MARSHA: Aren't they? I mean, you're in a great school, you just met this guy, what's the problem?

EMILY: I think, I try to hard. I put too much pressure on myself and because of it, I get angry. It sounds so stupid, I know.

MARSHA: It doesn't. Makes sense, actually. Maybe you should be more chill, not worry so much about everything and just let things happen. We can't control everything.

EMILY: That's what it is, I'm trying to control everything.

MARSHA: Good luck with that.

EMILY: How's your forehead?

Marsha removes the ice pack. Emily inspects.

EMILY (cont'd): That's good. Not swelling. Just a light scratch like I thought, thank God.

MARSHA: You better find a new remote.

EMILY: Yeah, I know, I gotta control my temper.

MARSHA: That's worth controlling, yeah.

EMILY: Yeah.

MARSHA: Let's clean up this mess before mom gets home.

EMILY: I'm really sorry I scratched you.

MARSHA: I'm sorry I'm a pain in the ass.

EMILY: You are, but not as much as I say you are.

Emily makes an effort to hug her sister and they slowly embrace.

Lights slowly fade out.

END OF PLAY