

Other Side of The Road

by

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Cast of Characters

FRANNIE: 65

FRANK: 67

CINDY: 18

Place

Long Island home

Time

Morning

FRANK: Yeah, I heard ya Frannie, you go on like I'm deaf or somethin', I mean really.

FRANNIE: You make me repeat myself fifty times cause you don't respond to what I'm saying.

FRANK: Cause I'm watching the screen.

FRANNIE: So you go deaf?

FRANK: I'm just concentrating is all and when I concentrate intensely it cuts out my hearing.

FRANNIE: You make no sense.

FRANK: Why is it you're always eager for my attention when I'm watching television?

FRANNIE: All you do is watch the tele if you're not eating, sleeping or shitting.

FRANK: Not true.

FRANNIE: Is true.

FRANK: Who goes shopping all the time?

FRANNIE: You.

FRANK: That's right...me. That takes time, that's exercise, movement, doing things, alright? What do you do all day?

FRANNIE: I tolerate you.

FRANK: I don't do nothing for you to tolerate.

FRANNIE: Exactly my point.

FRANK: Will you let me watch my show?

FRANNIE: After you answer my question.

FRANK: What was your question?

FRANNIE: The million dollar question for the fifty-seventh time is, do you mind if Cinderella comes by?

FRANK: When?

(doorbell rings)

FRANK (cont'd): Now??

FRANNIE: That's her...COME IN!!! Tried to tell you hours ago but your frozen in front of that damn t.v.

FRANK: Make no sense.

Enter Cindy.

CINDY: Heeeeey ya'll.

FRANNIE: There she is, my beautiful sunshine, how-are-you-dearie pie?

FRANK: Hello? Hello?

CINDY: I'm sorry but I'm a wreck right now.

FRANNIE: A wreck? What's that?

CINDY: Do you have some water or something?

FRANNIE: Frank! Go get your Granddaughter some water.

FRANK: You're right there.

FRANNIE: Where?

FRANK: The kitchen is twenty feet from where you're standing. You want me to get up, cover ten feet, plus your twenty when you're closer this whole time?

Frannie gives Frank a dirty look - then smiles warmly to Cindy.

FRANNIE: Come with me in the kitchen honey, I'll fix you right up.

Frannie/Cindy enter kitchen.

CINDY: Is Grandpa okay? He seems a little off?

FRANNIE: He's been off since the day I met him. I should have known then but I was too young and stupid to see it. Now tell me, what's going on?

CINDY: I---

FRANNIE: Are you pregnant?

CINDY: No, I---

FRANNIE: Son of a bitch, you got fired.

CINDY: No, I'm trying to---

FRANNIE: Ahhh, don't tell me you're not well.

CINDY: Grandma, I'm fine, I'm working and I'm not pregnant. If you just listen to me for five seconds...I hit a squirrel.

FRANNIE: Where? How? Wait, WHAT?

CINDY: A squirrel, while driving over here...I think it's stuck on the front bumper...

FRANNIE: You're kidding?

CINDY: I heard it and felt it and then I pulled my car over and saw it.

FRANNIE: Is it dead?

CINDY: I'm pretty sure it's---

FRANNIE: Ahhh honey, you poor thing...alright, it's okay don't worry, Grandpa will scrape it off your bumper.

Cindy gags.

CINDY: Scrape it?

FRANNIE: Well, it sounds like he's really stuck on there sweetheart.

Cindy gags again.

CINDY: Oh, I feel sick.

FRANNIE: Drink your water. Let me tell---FRANK! Frances!

FRANK: Whaaaat?!

FRANNIE: Come in here quickly.

FRANK: WHAT?!

FRANNIE: We need you for a moment. Can you come in here please?

Frank enters kitchen.

Oh! You scared me. How did you get in here so fast?

FRANK: I was already making my way.

FRANNIE: We have a small issue.

FRANK: What now? Don't tell me we're out of milk already, I just bought some yesterday. Impossible---

FRANNIE: You have to scrape a squirrel off Cindy's bumper.

CINDY: I killed a squirrel while driving and it's stuck on the front of my car.

Frank looks out kitchen window.

FRANK: JESUS!

FRANNIE: What?

FRANNIE: Is that a Tesla?

CINDY: No, but---

FRANK: What a nice ride, minus the squirrel it's a fine ride that is.

CINDY: Thanks.

FRANK: Eh, let me go peel him off...where's my work gloves?

FRANNIE: Oh, no, don't put those things on, they smell.

FRANK: What am I supposed to use?

FRANNIE: I threw them out anyway.

FRANK: You threw out my work gloves?

FRANNIE: Gone.

FRANK: Why would you throw out my work gloves?

Frannie pulls a box of latex gloves out from a cabinet.

FRANNIE: I have these, take a pair from the box, it's latex.

FRANK: Latex? These aren't gloves made for men.

FRANNIE: Put them on.

Frank takes a pair of latex gloves.

FRANK: Can't even get my hands in these things...such nonsense.

CINDY: Thanks Grandpa.

FRANK: Frannie, can you put up some sandwiches? I'm getting hungry.

FRANNIE: What do you want? Ham? Turkey? What?

FRANK: I'm gonna have some squirrel.

Cindy gags.

FRANNIE: Frank! You are so terrible.

FRANK: Ha ha ha. Squirrel with some ketchup and mayo. Delicious!

CINDY: Grandpa stop!

FRANK: Ha, ha, ha.

Frank exits the kitchen, heads outside.

CINDY: Grandpa's insane.

FRANNIE: Sure is.

CINDY: Grandma, I feel so guilty. I was driving along Morningside Road when it happened. I should have been focusing on the road but I was distracted with the ear piece to my phone and when I looked back up I saw this squirrel, standing straight up, with his tiny hands stretched out, looking directly into my eyes and THUMP.

I slammed on my breaks as hard as I could but I knew it was too late...I felt the impact.

I'm responsible for taking a life, this cute, adorable, playful little squirrel. All he was doing was crossing the street to go play with his friends and I came along ending his entire existence.

CINDY (cont'd): I saw them. I saw the other squirrels. There were about five of them, on the other side of the road, waiting for him, waiting for him to cross the street.

When I got out of the car I was shaking and I had to will myself to see the front bumper because I was still hoping that maybe what I felt wasn't real or maybe I just tapped the little guy and he was just shaken up but no, no, he was squished into my bumper like a pancake and I am to blame.

I have a stain on my heart that can't ever be removed because I killed him...it's my fault Grandma.

FRANNIE: When you put it in those terms...

CINDY: What terms?

FRANNIE: Sounds like manslaughter.

CINDY: Isn't it though?

FRANNIE: Sweetheart, it was an accident.

CINDY: But I still killed him.

FRANNIE: Not intentionally.

CINDY: I took a life.

FRANNIE: Honey, there was no malice in it.

CINDY: How can I not be blamed for taking a life?

FRANNIE: It was a squirrel.

CINDY: But it still counts, doesn't it?

FRANNIE: It's a sad affair but it was quick and unfortunately these things happen.

CINDY: I'm a murderer.

FRANNIE: Honey, I know you're upset but you are far from being a murderer.

CINDY: I took a life.

FRANNIE: Without deliberation. It was an accident and you can't blame yourself for an accident.

Enter Frank.

FRANK: It's squirrel sandwich time!

Cindy let's out a scream and cries.

What happened?

FRANNIE: That is not funny Frank! Can't you see our Granddaughter is horrified?

FRANK: ...Oh...I'm sorry sweetheart. I was only trying to make light of the situation.

FRANNIE: She's very upset.

FRANK: I didn't know. Look, I hosed your car after I took him off. Good as new.

CINDY: Thank you. Where did you put him?

FRANK: Where? Uh...I put him in the trash.

CINDY: Shouldn't we bury him?

FRANK: Bury him?

CINDY: In the garden.

FRANK: The garden?!

FRANNIE: That's a wonderful idea.

FRANK: I just planted tomatoes.

FRANNIE: We will bury him in the garden.

FRANK: Unbelievable. I gotta get a shovel and some real gloves. Meet me outback to help.

CINDY: Okay.

FRANK: What do you want to call him? We gotta give him a name.

CINDY: ...Pancake.

FRANK: Are you serious?

CINDY: I always name animals based on first impressions.

FRANK: Suit yourself.

Frank exits.

FRANNIE: Feeling better?

CINDY: A little.

FRANNIE: Good. Go with your Grandfather and after your done burying Pancake we'll all have some lunch.

CINDY: Okay.

END OF PLAY