

# ***Hullabaloo***

*by*

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Cast of Characters

MAGGIE:

40's

DUN:

56

Place

Middle America

Time

11:30 AM

2.

Setting: We are somewhere in Middle America with a wide open prairie divided by a see-through fence between neighbors.

At Rise: Dun is polishing up his tools on an outdoor workbench, when Maggie sees him from afar and approaches him in a defeated manner.

DUN: How you doin' there Mag?

MAGGIE: Oh, I don't know, I don't know.

DUN: You alright?

MAGGIE: Yes and no, I don't know.

(DUN and MAGGIE both approach their  
opposite sides of a fence)

DUN: Is Charlie okay?

MAGGIE: Charles is fine. It's my son I'm worried about.

DUN: How so?

MAGGIE: Aww, the kid don't listen. I try to steer him right but he always wants to crash. You know what he did just the other day? He goes to Roger's Go Carts and decides he wants to turn it into Roger's Crash Carts. Now imagine the look on Jimmy Cromwell's face when he first saw FIVE of his go carts smashed to smithereens!

Dun: Hell, I know Jimmy---

MAGGIE: He was furious, Dun. He went and called the cops and Chief Willington came and put my son in a prison cell overnight. I couldn't imagine where he was...by midnight, I was shaking like a leaf, Charles gone off driving through town looking for him and then a knock on my door, Jimmy Cromwell standing on my front porch looking all sad and sappy and telling me he had my son thrown in jail and thought I should know. Thought I should know? Well, I almost tore his face off like a puma cat if it weren't for that damn door screen that come between us. He ran on down back into his fancy schmancy corvette. I mean, how can Jimmy think to do something like that to me? We known him all our lives. Can't tell you how many times we saved his ass from drowning in that there lake. Bet you the dumb ass still don't know how to swim. Least he coulda done was give my boy a pass. Not like it's the end of the world, I mean really now.

DUN: How much damage your son make?

MAGGIE: I went over there this morning and took assessment of it all, by myself. Damage? What damage? There ain't no damage Dun. Talking 'bout a few go carts got turned over is all. Jimmy making such a big darn fuss over it. Imagine? We're talking bruises and scratches, not like he described, talking like it was nothing but carnage with blood in the streets and body parts all over the track and smoke and fire and insanity like some major motion picture. Give me a break! Nothing further from the truth, I'm telling ya.

DUN: Golly.

MAGGIE: Even went and spoke to them boys that work there and they were in stitches. Laughing and hissing over my son's antics, like it was all good fun. They explained to me that Jimmy was just making a fuss cause it wasn't the first time my son Michael caused a ruckus. Now, I understand Jimmy's point, but there's more than one way to make a point. Sending my son to jail? Shame on him and shame on his whole family!

DUN: Now, now Maggie, you mustn't go and say a thing like that.

MAGGIE: I've had it!

DUN: Come now Maggie, Jimmy just wanted to teach the boy a lesson is all.

MAGGIE: Lesson? Don't tell me you're siding with that heap of manure!

DUN: I ain't taking no one's side but yours sweet Maggie.

MAGGIE: I don't know what else to do with this boy. He's raising hell!

DUN: I hear them stories, they travel fast through town. Just about each time I go down to the hardware shop, there's another story about Michael.

MAGGIE (shrieks): Tell me you're joking!

DUN: No, ain't joking.

MAGGIE: My whole family's reputation is going down the drain. We're becoming those folks you and I used to make fun of...who were they, THE SMITHS! Remember them?

DUN: Maggie, I assure you that nobody in town is looking at you or your family like the Smiths. I promise you that.

MAGGIE: ...What am I supposed to do about my son? I can't seem to control him and he's only getting worse.

DUN: He needs a good licking.

MAGGIE: He's been given his fair share, doesn't work one bit.

DUN: Send him away.

MAGGIE: Away?

DUN: You remember when my brother Floyd was sent off to the academy. Maybe you should consider sending Michael.

MAGGIE: What a terrible idea.

DUN: Woah, woah, wait just a second, look how Floyd turned out. Owns a building in town and is one of the most successful people to come up from where we're from.

MAGGIE: I heard frightening tales about that academy. Heard they pin you down in a chair like that movie A Clockwork Orange and they zap you with electrical experiments and alter your mind and it changes you, not necessarily for the better, what if it makes you worse, heard there's all sorts of vanishings going on, young men going to the academy and half of them never coming home, they vanish. That true? I mean, Sam Rogers left for the academy, didn't he? He was much older than us and look at him now, come back like a vegetable, eyes open wide, most determined pair of eyes I ever did see, like he's trying to say something important. Sure, they say he fell from some watchtower but honestly, do you really buy that hogwash? I don't, never did. The thought of sending my precious son to some brainwashing academy is simply out of the question. The thought cripples me with fear. No way, no how.

DUN: Those are just rumors Maggie.

MAGGIE: Sam Rogers is a rumor?

DUN: I'm not talking about good old Sam. All this stuff you're preaching about the academy being some kind of cruel practitioners of abuse is ridiculous. Floyd can vouch for the program. Why don't you talk to Floyd about it?

MAGGIE: I don't know...

DUN: It's something to think about cause let's face it, the way Michael is going, he's liable to start robbing banks. At least through the academy he has a prayer.

MAGGIE: I'm scared.

DUN: Don't be, my brother Floyd will back you up.

MAGGIE: Why you so sure about this academy Dun? You some kind of recruiter? Eh? You getting paid? I heard stories about you too, that you always have these side hustles, is this another one of your side hustles?

DUN: Maggie, I'm offended.

MAGGIE: Am I lying?

DUN: I do freelance jobs in construction and fixer uppers and just about anything you call handyman. I'm certainly not some scoundrel out to hurt the people I call family for a few rotten bucks!

MAGGIE: Alright, alright, I didn't mean to offend you. I get emotional over my son.

DUN: You're too protective!

MAGGIE: Excuse me? Who's offending who now?

DUN: But Maggie it's time you let your son grow up. It ever occur to you that you have a tendency to smother that boy? He's suffocating to death and I believe that *that* is the cause of his rebellion.

MAGGIE: Do you dare to blame me for my son's wrongful deed?

DUN: I'm just saying---

MAGGIE: Don't you DARE say another word! I thought you were a friend of mine, but to stand there making accusations about how I've raised my son, that's just about the worst thing any human being can say to a woman.

(MAGGIE takes steps to leave)

DUN: Maggie, Maggie hold on! Doggone it. MAGGIE!

(MAGGIE stops)

Listen to me will ya? You folks are my family. I practically helped you raise that kid and I want to see him do good in the world just as much as you and Charlie. That's the truth. You're not the only frustrated one, I put a lot of time into that boy. How many times he come over to my workshop and help me build things? He don't call me Uncle Dun for nothing. I am his uncle and I'm proud to be his uncle and I want the best for him cause he's a reflection of me also...you may not think so, but Michael's the closest thing I have that I can call a son. And I wanna break his ass but that's out of my ballpark. I've had my shot at him, talked hard to him but it goes in one ear and out the other, just like you said.

I should have the right to speak my feelings and give you my honest opinion of things. If I can't do that then maybe I'm not really considered family but you gotta lower your pride and put your son first and see him for who he truly is...and you should send him away, let him get a good education, some discipline and I guarantee you when he comes back he's gonna take over this whole town for the right reasons.

Talk to my brother...won't you?

MAGGIE: That was some speech you just gave me.

DUN: I'm not a man for words but I guess I been holding them for this occasion.

MAGGIE: Surprised me.

DUN: Ha, well, ain't much surprising you these days Maggie.

(MAGGIE laughs)

MAGGIE: Aww, Dun, I'm glad you said what you said...maybe I have been hovering over my boy...he reminds me of my brother, I see his face when I look at him, I don't know, must be some deep fear I have...it never leaves you and it changes you.

DUN: I know, I know. He was a good man your brother was.

MAGGIE: Why don't you come by later this evening for supper?

DUN: Oh yeah?

MAGGIE: Sure. Come hop that fence and we'll have a go at it.

DUN: I'd love to.

MAGGIE: Do you think you should perhaps bring up this whole academy thing at the table?

DUN: I'd be glad to if you want me to.

MAGGIE: Let me mention it to Charles and I'll give you a signal if we're good to go.

DUN: Sounds good.

MAGGIE: But I definitely want to do research, you know, visit the academy, speak with people, your brother of course, the whole nine.

DUN: Of course.

MAGGIE: And that's even if Michael is gonna be interested in this concept.

DUN: Let me handle the convincing part.

MAGGIE: Alright...step by step.

DUN: Step by step.

MAGGIE: See you at supper.

**END OF PLAY**