

# ***Momma, I'm No Fool***

*by*

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Cast of Characters

<u>DAPHNE</u> :	16
<u>EBON</u> :	20
<u>WILDA</u> :	50's

Place  
Brooklyn

Time  
Morning

2.

Setting: A high rise building in the ghetto. The apartment is not fit for living in, yet people inhabit the dwelling.

At Rise: Daphne sits at the kitchen table with her headphones on. When Ebon enters the kitchen, she takes them off.

EBON: Ey yo, how's it goin'?

DAPHNE: Arrright, yeah.

EBON: You, you Daphne, right?

DAPHNE: Yeah, so...

EBON: Yeah yo Mom told me she had a kid.

DAPHNE: I ain't no kid.

EBON: Right.

DAPHNE: What you doin' here?

EBON: Spent the night.

DAPHNE: I know, but why you going in to my fridge like you own it for?

EBON: I'm hungry.

DAPHNE: Go to McDonald's then, ain't no food in this place.

EBON: You hungry?

DAPHNE: I'm always hungry.

EBON: You wanna do a Mickey D run for us? I'm buying, you flying?

DAPHNE: I ain't flying nowhere's.

EBON: Your Mom, she won't get up.

DAPHNE: How you mean?

EBON: Your Moms, I said she be acting all tired and shit, like she strung out.

DAPHNE: That's cause she is strung out.

EBON: We didn't go too hard last night, did we?

DAPHNE: I wasn't listening but I heard everything.

EBON: These walls is thin, eh?

DAPHNE: You could go now.

EBON: Go where?

DAPHNE: Leave.

EBON: You want me to leave?

DAPHNE: I don't know you and you're talking like we friends and you ain't my friend.

EBON: So why not become friends?

DAPHNE: You must got the wrong house.

EBON: You trippin'?

DAPHNE: I ain't trippin', but you be buggin' acting like you the man a the house. There ain't no man a this house cause I'm the man a this house.

EBON: Ohhh shit, I see, I see, so you scared, is what you sayin'?

DAPHNE: There ain't nothin' to be scared about. I'm just saying it like it is...you passing through boy, that's all you be doin'.

EBON: You gotta a lot of pep.

DAPHNE: I got a lotta common sense is what.

EBON: I like you. Moment I saw you, I knew I liked you. You know how some people's faces just rub you the wrong way? And other people's faces bring you near. Your face brings me near.

(DAPHNE pulls out gun)

DAPHNE: Any nearer and I will shoot you dead.

EBON: What you said?

DAPHNE: You heard me. Get out my house!

EBON: You crazy girl?

DAPHNE: And wake my Momma up before your loser ass runs out this place.

(EBON runs into the bedroom,  
gathering up his things)

EBON: Wake her up your fucking self.

(DAPHNE fires gun into wall)

(EBON runs out of the apartment)

(WILDA comes out of her bedroom)

WILDA: What the hell you doin? You shootin up the place?

DAPHNE: That roach wasn't gonna leave my house.

WILDA: This is my house!

DAPHNE: It's your house when you be paying the bills up in  
this bitch. I pay the bills!

WILDA: Where'd you get that gun? You losing yo mind? The po-  
po be here in a hot minute. You betta hide that piece.

DAPHNE: Ain't no police coming here, a bomb go off they ain't  
stepping foot in the hood. Shit.

WILDA: So...what you think of Ebon?

DAPHNE: You can't be serious.

WILDA: I'm serious girl, whatchu think?

DAPHNE: Why was he here?

WILDA: Why you think he come here?

DAPHNE: I told you no more a that shit!

WILDA: Whatchu want me to do?

DAPHNE: Die already, cause you ain't gettin' help.

WILDA: Thass how you wanna speak to me?

DAPHNE: I ain't wishing you dead but I sure as hell don't need  
yo strangers coming in and out of this house like it's Grand  
Central Station.

WILDA: Ebon is studying to be a lawyer.

DAPHNE: You for real?

WILDA: He's going to University.

DAPHNE: What? University of Bullshit Stories if I ever heard one.

WILDA: He showed me them papers.

DAPHNE: Which papers you talkin'?

WILDA: He show me his school books.

DAPHNE: What is that stupid motherfucker bringing books over here for?

WILDA: Cause he goin' to school bitch!

DAPHNE: Then I must be President.

WILDA: He going to school, unlike you, he gonna be somebody.

DAPHNE: And what about you, what you did with yo life?

WILDA: I raised yo ass.

DAPHNE: You think you did a good job? Smoking crack in the hallways, sleeping around...

WILDA: I had you by mistake.

DAPHNE: No shit!

WILDA: Still can't figure out who your real daddy is...think it's that Hector fella over in the Bronx but shit, coulda been that clown from...but he dead, so...a lot was happening all at once in them days...

(DAPHNE sits by the kitchen window,  
looking out)

DAPHNE: Yeah.

WILDA: Yeah, yourself.

DAPHNE: Yeah.

WILDA: You stop that yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, like a Goddamn cow. Fat bloody cow!

DAPHNE: I know you ain't talkin' to me.

WILDA: Fat, THICK, slow, ignorant cow.

DAPHNE: Go back to bed, it's passed your bedtime.

WILDA: I got the itch bitch!

DAPHNE: You want more crack?

WILDA: Where the crack at?

DAPHNE: There ain't no more, Momma.

WILDA: Where he go? That boy who was here, where he go?

DAPHNE: He went back to school.

WILDA: What for?

DAPHNE: To become a lawyer.

WILDA: A lawyer. Ha! I can use me a lawyer. Where can I get me a lawyer?

DAPHNE: You already had one...listen, I'm going to Eliza's tonight.

WILDA: Eliza who?

DAPHNE: Eliza! Eliza!

WILDA: Oh, she still breathing?

(KNOCK on door)

DAPHNE: Who that be?!

EBON: It's Ebon...I left one of my books under your Momma's bed. I need my book...Please.

DAPHNE: Where his book at?

WILDA (scared): What book you talkin'?



DAPHNE: One minute!

(DAPHNE fishes under WILDA'S bed  
and finds the book)

WILDA: Shhhh, that be the po-po!

DAPHNE: Shut up, it ain't the police.

(DAPHNE throws the book over  
the balcony)

WILDA: What you doing?

DAPHNE (to EBON): Your book is gone.

EBON: What?

DAPHNE: It's gone!

EBON: Where it gone to?

WILDA: She threw that shit off the balcony!

EBON: What?!

DAPHNE (to WILDA): You stupid.

EBON: Damn it!

(EBON leaves)

DAPHNE: ...I found out who my father is, and it ain't Hector, it ain't any of the clowns you be talkin' 'bout but I found out...you disgust me, Momma. You wanna know who he be? Acting the fool like you don't know. Before I was born you went to jail and became friendly with one a them correctional officers, so much so that you started to change your life. Both a you were gonna get married, but not before you found out he was sleeping around on ya. Somewhere along the line you got pregnant and had me. He knew you was lying. He knew all them years I was alive somewhere, even though you lied to him and said I was aborted. Well, I got found. He found me! This letter here!! (holds up papers) He wrote to me! Said he been trying to find me for years. I believe him. You just wouldn't tell me, would you? And I hate you for that more than I hate you for everything else you done. And I ain't goin' to Eliza's, I'm going to meet Roger G. Jacobs, my real dad.

(DAPHNE grabs a duffle bag and  
heads out)

WILDA: Want me to make you breakfast, dear?

DAPHNE: It's six o'clock.

WILDA: In the morning??

DAPHNE: Afternoon.

(DAPHNE exits, slamming door)

WILDA: ...Oh...

**END OF PLAY**