

At The End of The Driveway

by

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Cast of Characters

JAGGER:

33

MARGARET:

29

Place

House/Suburbs

Time

Saturday Afternoon

2.

Setting: The front view of a small beat up home in the middle of nature. A small road carries itself across the front of it's driveway.

At Rise: Lights slowly rise as Jagger walks up the road. He stops at the end of the driveway, before stepping on it and approaching the front door of the small home. He knocks and waits.

(swinging door wide open)

MARGARET: What you doin' here?

JAGGER: Nice to see you too, birdy.

MARGARET: I ain't yo birdy no more.

JAGGER: Yeah, well, people change.

MARGARET: Thought you was gettin' out not for another two years.

JAGGER: Here I am.

MARGARET: Whatchu escape? Wouldn't surprise me.

JAGGER: Nothin' like that.

MARGARET: You workin' for the law now?

JAGGER: Hell no I ain't workin' for no law.

MARGARET: You hustlin'?

JAGGER: I just got outta prison and all I wanna do is spend some time with my boy.

MARGARET: What makes you think I'm a let you see him, Jag?

JAGGER: I wanna see my son.

MARGARET: He's too young for your shit.

JAGGER: Gonna take him up along the creek and do some fishin' is all. You could come with us if it make you feel better.

MARGARET: Ain't nothin' gonna make me feel better 'bout you.

JAGGER: ...Marge, I'm a changed man.

(MARGARET laughs hysterically)

Yeah, I don't blame ya for laughin'. It is kinda funny after all. But shit, I'm a get me some work at the lumberyard and head for them hills up over Steiger Road and build me a cabin. Got me some land up there, workin' out a deal and---

MARGARET: You shittin' me?

JAGGER: Nah, I, I ain't shittin' ya.

MARGARET: You expect me to believe your bullshit?

JAGGER: I been away for five years. What excuse would I have for lying?

MARGARET: Has it been five years already?

JAGGER: Yes, it has.

MARGARET: Time flies when you're havin' fun.

JAGGER: I'll be over there at the end of the driveway, waitin' for Charlie.

MARGARET: What makes yo think Charlie wants to see you?

JAGGER: Cause I'm his Daddy.

MARGARET: Daddy of what? What Daddy you been? Huh? I said, what Daddy you think you been? I ain't seein' no man I can call a Daddy. Charlie, Charlie ain't ever gonna recognize you as his Daddy. Me! I'm his Momma *and* his Daddy. ME! You was gone even before you was locked up and gone. Ain't never paid no price. Never no commitment, no, no, no concern in the world. You could sleep wherever and whenever you wish, cause you ain't got a care in the world. Ain't that right, DADDY? Not one care in this whole Godforsaken world. No worries during winter and we freezin' up in here! No worries when I was out there pawning my stuff just so I had enough to feed our child. I ain't never knew I could knit till I started knitting sweaters for that boy. Blankets! And now you back. Oh, boy. Let's roll up our sleeves and dance around a fire! If you died right now in front of my face, I'd look at you no different than that bush you standin' next to. And now you wanna give me some rehearsed speech about CHANGE..."Margaret, I'm a changed man." (she laughs hysterically) Changed? You changed?? Ain't nothin' EVER gonna change you stupid son of a bitch. Ain't nothin' changin' but the time that keeps on tickin' with the same old story and the same old people livin' in it. How you gonna change *that*? Show me! Show me how you gonna change THAT?!

(MARGARET slams door)

(JAGGER paces outside)

(HE knocks on the front door)

JAGGER: I wanna see my son, Marge...(JAGGER punches the door two or three times) I WANNA SEE MY SON!!!

(JAGGER lights up a smoke and sits on a large rock)

(to himself) Goddamn, bitch! Shit I gotta deal with, right? Fuckin' walked al the way here...bitch...coulda just kept on walkin' by, RIGHT by...shit...showin' up ain't enough? That don't mean nothin'?

JAGGER (cont'd) Ain't got no letters, ain't got no cards, ain't got no photos! Not one of ya'll...just wanna go fishin' with me son, ain't seen my boy's face, can't remember my boy's face...

(JAGGER stands and stares at the house)

She ain't gonna let me in. That's fo sure. Shit. Ain't no way you getting' in there Jagger. Hell can freeze on over, you ain't getting' in there.

(MARGARET opens door)

(MARGARET brings him a cold beer)

(JAGGER downs it instantly)

MARGARET: Better?

JAGGER: That was good.

MARGARET: Charlie wants to see ya.

JAGGER: He does?

MARGARET: He's got some questions he wants to ask.

JAGGER: Okay.

MARGARET: But you gotta keep it straight with him or I will cut your balls off.

JAGGER: I get it.

MARGARET: No, that boy is my life. He's the only reason why I wake up each mornin'. You fuck with him I'll kill you. And that ain't movie talk.

JAGGER: I know.

MARGARET (calling out) Charlie?! Charlie, come on out and meet your Daddy.

(CHARLIE appears at the front door of the house. He's about seven years old. He stares at his father)

Come on over, I said.

(CHARLIE walks carefully over to his father. He has a limp.)

(JAGGER notices the limp and looks at MARGARET)

JAGGER (under his breath): What's he limpin' for?

MARGARET: Bacteria was discovered growin' in his knee?

JAGGER: What?

MARGARET: They need to operate to remove it and save his leg.

JAGGER: ...Hey Charlie...how you doin' these days?

CHARLIE: I'm okay.

JAGGER: You ah, you ever go fishin'?

CHARLIE: No.

JAGGER: Uh, well, I brought some fishing poles with me over there at the end of the driveway...you ah, you, we can go fishin' together, I can show you how to fish and all.

(CHARLIE looks at his mother and she nods)

CHARLIE: Are you my Daddy?

JAGGER: Yes, Charlie, I'm yo Daddy.

CHARLIE: Where you been?

JAGGER: Oh, well, I was sent away cause I did some bad things that I got into trouble for and so I had to go away to, to, to pay for those bad things I committed and now I am free and I'm no longer in trouble and I want to get to know you and become friends with ya.

(CHARLIE shrugs his shoulders and walks to the end of the driveway and tampers with the fishing poles.)

He's a good boy...

MARGARET: He really is.

JAGGER: When's the operation?

MARGARET: Tomorrow?

JAGGER: Tomorrow?

MARGARET: It needs immediate attention. Doctors scheduled him as early as possible.

JAGGER: He's gonna keep his leg, right?

MARGARET: We don't know for sure. Fifty-fifty.

JAGGER: ...Right...I came just in time.

MARGARET: You did?

JAGGER: I want to be there, Marge...please.

MARGARET: You can be there.

JAGGER: I'm gonna take him down to the creek. Won't be long.

MARGARET: You gotta carry him on your shoulders.

JAGGER: I do? Oh, okay...I'll hoist him up.

MARGARET: Cause he can't, you know---

JAGGER: Right, no, I get it, of course...

MARGARET: Don't be long, big day tomorrow.

(JAGGER joins his son CHARLIE at the
end of the driveway.)

END OF PLAY