

Little Creatures

by

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Cast of Characters

<u>ABBY</u> :	15
<u>SHARON</u> :	39
<u>GUS (voice)</u> :	Any age

Place
Anywhere

Time
Anytime

Setting: The play takes place during the present inside Abby's bedroom/workroom. The bedroom is dark and messy. If a bomb went off in it and this appearance was the aftermath, no one would doubt it was a bomb that did it.

At Rise: Abby is painting the mechanical puppet Gus on her work table when her mother calls out to her before also entering the room.

The stage is dark with minimal light.
Think German expressionism of sorts.

ABBY tinkers with her puppet.

Enter Sharon.

SHARON: Abby! Abby are you still working?

ABBY: Yes, I'm still working.

SHARON: When will you finish?

ABBY: When I finish.

SHARON: Don't be wise.

ABBY: It's an ongoing project, Mom.

SHARON: Doesn't every serious project have a deadline?

ABBY: Not this one.

SHARON: In other words, it isn't serious.

ABBY: Are you done?

SHARON: You can't expect your father and me to send you to some puppet school.

ABBY: I don't expect anything from you guys.

SHARON: We clothe you, feed you, provide you with education---

ABBY: I didn't ask to be born.

SHARON: That is a strange statement, just like everything you do is strange and odd.

ABBY: I'm just being me.

SHARON: Can't you be...like the other kids?

ABBY: I don't know the other kids.

SHARON: Of course you don't, you know why?

ABBY: Why?

SHARON: Because you act like a weirdo. You don't participate in real life. You don't make friends. You keep to yourself. That's why no one ever comes over here or why you never go out.

ABBY: I go out.

SHARON: Alone!

ABBY: So what?

SHARON: A girl your age should have friends. She should go out and live a little. When I was your age I was all over town, making friends, living life, participating! You stay home all day each day in this room...smells like mothballs in here from all that crap you use for those little monsters you make. Do you need to see someone?

ABBY: See someone? What do you mean?

SHARON: A doctor, a shrink, a therapist...someone to talk with.

ABBY: Does it look like I need someone to talk to? (beat) Let me rephrase, do you think I want to air out my life to some quack?

SHARON: Air out? Did you say air out?

ABBY: Yeah.

SHARON: What do you need to air out?

ABBY: Nothing.

SHARON: This room! Open a window and take in some fresh air.

ABBY: I like the smell. It's comforting.

SHARON: I look forward to the day when this will all come to an end.

ABBY: It's not. This is what I like doing, so...

SHARON: And what are you going to make of all this, this, this *junk*. It doesn't function. You make dolls. How is that interesting? How is that a future?

ABBY: Why are you so worried about my future?

SHARON: Because I am your mother and I have the knowledge to provide you with what will give you a much better head start in life, than what I received growing up. Don't you want to be something?

ABBY: I'm standing right in front of you.

SHARON: This, I don't recognize this...this isn't you, this is a distraction from the *real* you.

ABBY: I'm right here!

SHARON: Don't you dare shout in my house.

ABBY: You make no sense whatsoever!

SHARON: I said don't shout at me.

ABBY: I'm supposed to suppress my emotions?

SHARON: Go talk to someone.

ABBY: I'm talking to my mother.

(pause.)

SHARON: ...Well, what is it you wish to talk to me about?

ABBY: Nothing. You brought it all up. I was perfectly fine till you showed up. Leave me alone and let me do my work.

SHARON: I'm worried about you, Abby.

ABBY: Mom, stop, you sound pathetic.

SHARON: No, no, hear me out. I'm concerned.

ABBY: Don't be. There's nothing wrong with me. I'd wish you'd stop thinking that. It's like you're trying to give me a complex over my interests, like it's evil or something.

SHARON: It's unusual.

ABBY: Can't you show some support?

SHARON: I leave you alone most days. If I don't come up to your room and have a look at you I'd think you were dead.

ABBY: That's not true.

SHARON: I never see you leave the house cause I'm out one hour before you and I never see you come home because I come home in the evening.

ABBY (sharply): That's not my fault.

SHARON: ...No, it's not...I'd like to see my daughter grow up.

ABBY: That's got nothing to do with me.

SHARON: I'd like to see you more.

ABBY: Mom, we're fine, you keep making everything a big deal. You're doing you and I'm doing me.

SHARON (trying to be jokey): Sounds like lyrics to a song.

ABBY (attitude): It's not.

SHARON: I just hope we're friends.

ABBY: We are.

SHARON: Are we?

ABBY nods.

SHARON motions to leave.

Doesn't feel like it.

ABBY: Maybe one day you can help me.

SHARON: I knew it, you're pregnant?

ABBY: Nobody's pregnant!

SHARON: Oh. Help you with what?

ABBY (hopeful): With my creations.

SHARON (pointing): Those things?

ABBY: Yep.

SHARON: And do what exactly? Get high off the fumes in this room.

ABBY: Very funny.

SHARON: Help you with what dear?

ABBY: Building my characters. Maybe if you see what I'm actually doing, you won't keep giving me a hard time.

SHARON: Not in a million years.

ABBY: Why?

SHARON: Those little creatures freak me out. I'll never be able to touch one, let alone look at them for longer than a second.

ABBY chases her mother with a monster doll.

SHARON screams and laughs.

I give up! I give up! Leave the door open.

SHARON leaves the room.

SHARON (off stage): Dinner will be ready SOON.

ABBY goes back to her work table.

10 seconds go by.

ABBY (to mechanical doll Gus): I tried, Gus. Mom will never understand.

GUS (V.O.): In time.

The voice of Gus is that of a deep,
vibrate baritone. Soothing yet mighty.

ABBY: She's always clueless, you know? You see how she is with me. I think she's more afraid of me than anything else. She goes on about being close and being friends but there's something distant about her, she's always taking a step forward and then two steps back. Notice that? Notice how she always seems to be hiding something? It's odd and yet she talks about *me* being weird. I don't think I'm all that strange. Am I? I like being the way I am and spending time with my creations. It's like you are all becoming my family. Just once I wish for my mother to take an interest in what I'm doing. It would mean so much to me, but I don't think that fantasy will ever come true.

GUS (V.O.) I noticed the other day your mother poking around in here.

ABBY: You did? What was she doing?

GUS (V.O.): She was examining me and the others.

ABBY: She was?

GUS (V.O.): I was barely able to keep my composure.

ABBY laughs.

ABBY: Could you imagine if you laughed in her face, what she would have done?

GUS (V.O.): She would have jumped out the window with fright.

ABBY laughs louder.

SHARON (off stage) Abby? Is that you laughing up there by yourself?

ABBY (Calling): I thought of something funny, relax.

GUS (V.O. Whispering): She might be catching on.

ABBY: She's not.

GUS (V.O.): I think she is and I'm scared. What if your mother finds out about me and the others and she gets rid of us when you're not here.

ABBY: My mother would never do a thing like that Gus.

GUS (V.O.): Don't you hear her disdain? It's only a matter of time before we are destroyed.

ABBY: Gus, your little heart is beating fast, please calm down and trust me. I would never let anything hurt you and the gang.

GUS (V.O.): But how can you be so sure?

ABBY: Because I'll build a special chamber, a place where I can keep all my finished creations locked up and safe from harm.

GUS (V.O.): You would do all that?

ABBY: Of course.

GUS (V.O.): But what happens in the future?

ABBY: What do you mean?

GUS (V.O.): When you grow up and get tired of us? What then?

ABBY: Then I set you on fire.

GUS shrieks.

ABBY laughs.

You know I'm only teasing Gus. I love all of you. You are part of my life and I don't ever want that to disappear.

GUS (V.O.): I hope you are right.

SHARON enters cautiously.

SHARON: Who are you speaking to?

ABBY: Myself.

SHARON: No. I just overheard you having a conversation with someone. Is there a boy in your room?

ABBY: Mom, it's just me.

SHARON: I just thought I heard TWO VOICES.

ABBY shrugs her shoulders.

SHARON eyes her up. Looks under ABBY'S
bed, maybe her closet also.

Dinner's almost ready. Clean up and help me set the table.

ABBY takes off her work gloves and exits
her bedroom.

SHARON looks around the room before exiting.

SHARON exits.

GUS lifts his little head up from the work
table and sits up firmly from the waist up.

GUS (V.O.): Did you hear that gang? We're going to be safe forever!

LIGHTS OUT

END OF PLAY