

Grain of Sand

by

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Cast of Characters

SASHA: (female)

30's

MATT:

20's

Place

Warehouse

Time

Night

Setting: The play takes place in an old abandoned warehouse.

At Rise: The play opens up with Matt tied up to a dentist's chair, his feet are barefoot and Sasha stands beside an assortment of blades on top of a cloth in a tray on a table.

MATT: What am I doing here?

SASHA: Matthew, you are going to be fine.

MATT: What's going on?

SASHA: This is one of those moments in one's life when you come across someone that you never really believed actually existed, but as we talk, you will recognize me and realize that what was once fiction, is actually very, very real.

MATT: Oh my God.

SASHA: Matthew, you are going to walk out of here a free man. This is about Donnie.

MATT: Donnie?

SASHA: Someone deeply important to me.

MATT: What about him?

SASHA: He's become a customer of yours?

MATT: Uh, what do---

SASHA: Matthew, if we are going to make progress here with one another, the best thing you can do, since you're the one tied up, is to play it straight with me, don't you agree?

MATT: Yes.

SASHA: He buys drugs from you?

MATT: Yeah, but not much, just a little.

SASHA: I don't care if it was a grain of sand.

MATT: Sorry.

SASHA: How many times has he bought from you?

SASHA pulls a blade off the tray.

MATT: Ehh, ehh, shhe, four times.

SASHA: Four times?

MATT: No, maybe less, maybe--

SASHA: Four is my lucky number. Let's go with four.

MATT: I never forced him!

SASHA: That's fine.

MATT: I was just, we're friends and I was just sharing and he asked me for more and it's, that's all man, I swear.

SASHA: Oh, I'm glad you brought up this whole friendship thing Matthew, cause I want to discuss that with you if you don't mind.

I rather talk to you nice about this cause Donnie is a good kid and now you may have fucked him up and I really wouldn't be a good older sister if I didn't visit you in person, right? Now look, I'm pretty easygoing and all and you seem like a nice guy and I admit it must be pretty easy for you to agree with me, without me threatening you and all because I'm giving you the benefit of the doubt, but there are major consequences if you don't listen to me...if I find out you talk to my brother again, I'm going to slaughter your entire fucking family tree like a California forest fire. All of them. Mommy, Daddy, Vicky, Todd, every friend you've ever known...your entire existence, up in flames and I will never stop until they are all gone forever and ever. (pause) I'll only leave you...alive, breathing, scared...thinking one day it's all going to go away, maybe years later, when enough time had passed by, you will forget about the carnage like it was some bad dream you've been trying to erase from your mind. When you start your own family, the darkness will come out again, cause it's always watching, waiting...you will live in utter loneliness and despair, your only companion will be death...you will never see me, you will never hear me...but you will always feel me. I'll always be right on your shoulder...close, warm...intoxicating.

MATT: I'm so sorry. Please, I'll never sell drugs to Donnie ever again. I swear on my life.

SASHA: I know. That's why we're here together right now Matthew. We are going to seal an oath, you and me, that Donnie will vanish from your consciousness for the rest of your life.

MATT: I swear!

SASHA: Shhh. Was it four times?

SASHA takes a toe off from MATT'S foot.
MATT screams in shock and agony.

SASHA lights a large cigar and burns it on MATT'S toe to seal the wound.

This is really happening Matthew. That's one. Do me a favor, try not to scream so loud cause it's giving me a headache. I don't like headaches. I think I have migraine headaches, the worst, been meaning to go to the doctor but it's not so frequent.

MATT: Please, no more, no more. I promise! No more.

SASHA: Shhh. Matthew, I'm going to give you all the toes and you can do what you want.

MATT: No! Please! Stop! Stop!

SASHA: Why no college?

MATT: Excuse me??

SASHA: School. You never wanted to go to University?

MATT: Fuck school.

SASHA: You shouldn't diss education. There's always something to learn.

MATT: School is bullshit.

SASHA: Well, I never went to school either. What about taking over your father's business? I hear he has a chain of supermarkets...that true?

MATT: I hate my father.

SASHA: Wow. You hate school. Hate your father. There's a lot of hate in you, Matthew.

MATT: Fuck you!

SASHA puffs on cigar. She offers it to MATT who shakes his head no violently.

SASHA grins and in one swipe, takes off another toe from MATT.

MATT screams wildly.

SASHA burns the toe wound with the cigar.

SASHA: You have any relationship with your mother?

MATT: My wha, wha, WHAT?

SASHA: Family values...I think I'm beginning to paint the picture. Why do you hate your father so much?

MATT: I'm deformed.

SASHA: Oh, stop it now Matthew, it's only a couple of toes, don't be such a manbaby.

MATT: Sick! Who are you?!

SASHA: Shhh, calm down. Why do you hate your pops?

MATT: He doesn't respect me.

SASHA: But you sell drugs.

MATT: It's my own thing.

SASHA: What do you really wish to do with yourself?

MATT: I don't fucking know man!

SASHA: Haven't you ever given it any thought? There are a ton of self-help books and--

MATT (laughing): You are fucking insane man. This isn't happening.

SASHA: Oh, but it is Matthew and it's about to happen two more times.

SASHA cuts off another toe.

MATT screams.

SASHA burns the toe wound with cigar.

Not so bad. You are taking this all pretty well. Military?

MATT: Whaa?

SASHA: Ever think about joining the military?

MATT: Never.

SASHA: Hmm. We need to get you on the right track. I'm sure deep down being a drug dealer is a lousy way to make a life for oneself. I mean, you're one of those privileged kids. Why does that happen? You ever notice? Why do so many kids who come from wealthy families end up becoming losers? Is that what you want Matthew...do you want to be a loser?

MATT: I don't give a fuck what I am...fuck you.

SASHA: I know what you love most?

MATT: What?

SASHA: You love your younger sister Vicky...should I bring Vicky here and play the butcher?

MATT: No! Hell no!

SASHA: Matthew, we are down to our very last toe. The finali! And on this toe, which will be the big toe, the hallux or THE GREAT TOE, we will do solemnly swear that you will vanquish Donnie from your mind.. From this day forward, you will be different Mattie. You will go back to school, work for your father and become an upstanding citizen in your community. How does that sound?

MATT: Yes.

SASHA takes off MATT'S big toe with her blade.

MATT screams in horrific pain and faints.

SASHA burns the cigar to the wounded toe.

SASHA: You did good Matthew. Not bad. Thought you would have passed out sooner but you are a fine young man.

SASHA grabs a bucket of water and splashes it over MATT'S face.

MATT stirs awake.

There you are. Reality can sometimes hit like a hammer, eh? (laughs) Damn. You know Matthew, years from now, looking back on this exact moment, you will eventually come to thank me, you will find within yourself a happy man. I know this for certain. After all, I've spared you from imprisonment or death...that's if you make the switch, we'll see, won't we? What do you think?

END OF PLAY