

# ***Walking On Air***

*by*

*Joseph Arnone*

Copyright © 2020

[www.MonologueBlogger.com](http://www.MonologueBlogger.com)

All rights reserved. No part of this ePlay may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording or any other storage and retrieval system, without the written permission of the author or publisher.

Cast of Characters

MARLA :

Teens

LINNIE :

40

Place  
House

Time  
Evening

Setting: The play takes place inside a modest home.

At Rise: The play opens up with both Marla and her mother Linnie in the kitchen.

MARLA: We went apple picking.

LINNIE: Thanks again for my apple basket.

MARLA: And after that we went bike riding. There was a rental place beside the farm and we went on this long and beautiful bike ride along this trail, which opened up to the coastline...it was magical.

LINNIE: How many apples are in the basket? Must be half a dozen!

MARLA: And we rolled up next to this giant tree for some decent shade and we kissed for what seems like hours and hours.

LINNIE: Want me to slice up one of these apples to share?

MARLA: Why aren't you listening to a single word I'm saying?

LINNIE: Apple?

MARLA: I've eaten enough apples to last me a lifetime, but I'll share one with you, if you want.

LINNIE begins cutting an apple into  
edible pieces.

LINNIE: Such lovely color and size, my goodness these look like giant dinosaur eggs.

MARLA: Stop exaggerating. I'm trying to tell you about my first date with Richie.

LINNIE: Sounds romantic.

MARLA: It was romantic! When we first met at the ice cream parlor, I wasn't into him at all. But today he turned out to be completely different, more outgoing, funny, smart...and he was transfixed on me! He wouldn't stop asking me questions. It was like he wanted to know everything possible about me. At first I was taken back because I wasn't used to such attention. You could feel his concentration, intense, not in a bad way, mind you, in a good way because I was enchanted by it but it did take some getting used to. Anyway, after a while, I liked being asked questions about myself. It was almost like I was finding out about who I am and things, things I wouldn't normally think about when it comes to me. You know, he brought me closer to myself...does that make sense? I believe he did.

LINNIE holds up a plate of sliced apples.

MARLA takes one, bites into it and continues talking.

MARLA: The whole evening was surreal. It didn't feel like it was happening. I've never felt that way before. Have you?

LINNIE: Have I what?

MARLA: Felt that way?

LINNIE: About what?

MARLA: About what I'm telling you.

LINNIE: I've dated boys before, obviously.

MARLA: No! Have you ever felt magic?

LINNIE: No...well, no not really. Magic? Not sure I would call it magic, more like a moment or two. I've always been able to see right through any man I've ever dated.

MARLA: You never felt like you were walking on air.

LINNIE: No need for exaggeration.

MARLA: But I'm telling you the truth.

LINNIE: Look, I've had dates with men that were pleasant, most a waste of time, but some were at best...cordial.

MARLA: Cordial?

LINNIE: Cordial.

MARLA: Never exciting?

LINNIE: Umm, well, no not really exciting. There was nothing ever exciting about your father or any other man for that matter.

MARLA: Surely there had to be some sort of romance between you and daddy. I wouldn't be here if there weren't any.

LINNIE: It was just lust.

MARLA: What?

LINNIE: There is this thing called sex dear. And we had it and you showed up.

MARLA: Wait. There was never any romance?

LINNIE: (laughs) Who raised you?

MARLA: You!

LINNIE: You weren't planned.

MARLA: I wasn't?

LINNIE: Of course not. Your dad and me didn't have any long term goals. We just met.

MARLA: What exactly are you saying Mom?

LINNIE: I'm saying that your Dad and me found out I was pregnant and decided to get married is all.

MARLA: But weren't you both in love?

LINNIE: ...That's a good question. We cared for one another, but love was something of an acquired taste, like when you first try beer. It takes some getting used to before you really like it.

MARLA: Do you love Dad now?

LINNIE: I could say I love him.

MARLA: Does he love you?

LINNIE: Probably.

MARLA: That's really depressing.

LINNIE: What is?

MARLA: The fact that you and dad aren't madly in love with each other.

LINNIE: But we're together, we're compatible, what's wrong with that?

MARLA: Don't you need to be in love to survive?

LINNIE: Survive what?

MARLA: Forever.

LINNIE: Forever is a long time.

MARLA: To grow old together.

LINNIE: We will, most probably.

MARLA: Don't you want enchantment?

LINNIE: I gave up on all that.

MARLA: So you admit you've wanted it?

LINNIE: Sometimes a person doesn't know what they want until they aren't given it. Then you need to look at what you do have and learn to live with it, make the best of your situation because what's the alternative, living in misery? I know this girl, spoiled rotten her whole life, comes from some well to do family and she's missing a few marbles upstairs if you know what I mean, and she's been given the life of riley treatment, went to school with her and such but at some point we broke off, she went her way, I went mine...bumped into her not too long ago actually, shopping on the avenue and wouldn't you know that the second our eyes connected she was off and running her mouth about how miserable she was...here's a woman given every luxury in the world, she wants for nothing but what matters most inside the heart and that is where her trouble has always been, nothing ever changed for her and nothing ever will I'm afraid. Made me realize what I've always suspected...you are given what you are given in life and it is up to you to give that life all that you can to make the best of it. Now you met this nice boy, Richie. Right now you are floating on a cloud and it's a soft, high cloud full of funny feelings and light moments...hold on to those moments, cherish them, make them yours forever...while you can. I'm just saying, enjoy your life and make life worth living at all times. Nothing worse than having everything but finding yourself bitter because you really have nothing.

MARLA: And do you feel content to be married to dad?

LINNIE: Of course.

MARLA: You both seem plain to me.

LINNIE: You shouldn't insult your dad and me.

MARLA: You never had any memories with him that made you feel, I don't know, elated?

LINNIE: Well...I remember after you were born...I held you in my arms for the first time and I was completely alone. I was laying in bed with you, it was late and your father finally walked in full of dirt and oil from work, and he stood there crying like an open book. Tears flood down his cheeks like Niagara Falls. I never saw such a proud husband and father look the way he looked at us. That goes deeper than magic, that's something deep in the soul that you can't quite put into words. It skips the meaning of love in a way because it transforms you as a living being...we shared something in that moment, that is forever, that will always be forever.

MARLA: ...Mom.

LINNIE: It's true.

MARLA: Got me thinking.

LINNIE: What about?

MARLA: I hope I can have moments like that.

LINNIE: Oh, you will, you will, just let them happen on their own accord. Don't try so hard. You know, you can't avoid those moments when they happen, it's out of our control. The important thing is to embrace it when it does because you are given a gift.

MARLA: What if I won't know when they're happening?

LINNIE: You'll know.

**END OF PLAY**