

Dead Memory

by

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Cast of Characters

<u>MILO</u> :	28
<u>BRUCE</u> :	38
<u>JODA</u> : (female)	40's
<u>JEFFREY</u> :	30's

Setting: The play shifts depending on the scene at hand.

At Rise: The play opens up inside a barn that treats itself like a mechanics garage. Milo is tinkering with a car while Bruce looks on at the barn door entrance.

SCENE ONE

MILO is working in his 'garage' under the hood of a 1950's chevy.

BRUCE is at the barn doors, quietly watching MILO.

BRUCE: Hi, Milo.

MILO: Shit. You scared me. What the fuck.

BRUCE: You've always had them jitters.

MILO: Shit...how you been?

BRUCE: Been digging.

MILO: ...What kind a digging?

BRUCE: Oh, you know, dead stuff.

MILO: ...

BRUCE: We all tend to ignore those lousy things that have happened to some of us, most of us even try to forget they even happened, but every now and then, there's a reminder that brings us back and we have to battle with that thing inside us, that haunts our spirit...we drink, sink in pills, keep busy but it's always there resting on our chest, restricting our movement, slowing us down...we're all master pretenders, aren't we? Pretending that everything is honkey dory, when we quietly seethe in secret, hoping no one ever finds us out.

Not everybody gets to make it to the finish line unscathed. In those rare cases, when justice prevails, those dead memories get found out and all that remains is some concrete wall you get shot against. Line 'em up! (he laughs) Today's your resurrection, Milo. Born again. We get to walk through them golden fields promised us.

MILO looks over at a gun he has hidden under a dirty towel.

Shotgun. Saw it. Rusty old thing, too. You sure that thing even fires?

MILO: Been meaning to get it greased.

BRUCE: (smiles) Time for our nature walk. Weather's good. Not too windy. Nothing wrong with two old friends catching up on some dead memories, right?

MILO: I don't wanna go nowhere with you, Bruce.

BRUCE: You sure about that?

MILO: I'm pretty sure---

BRUCE draws a handgun, aiming it at MILO.

BRUCE: How 'bout now?

MILO puts up his hands.

No need to put up your hands, pal. This ain't like the movies.

SCENE TWO

MILO flips rocks in a river.

BRUCE watches on, gun still in his hand.

BRUCE: Keep tossing them rocks...tell me about Beth.

MILO: What you wanna know?

BRUCE: What happened to her?

MILO: You already know---

BRUCE: WALK ME THROUGH!!!

MILO: We was...Larson and I didn't mean for it to happen the way it happened Bruce, swear to God on that, my word man, I fucking swear on a stack a bibles on that fact.

BRUCE: Accidents happen.

MILO: And this was a total accident man. She was supposed to tear on outta there when we pulled that job and just as she gunned it, tires screeching...next thing I remember seeing was a windshield full a blood...they caught her just right...her head, she was gone instantly man. Fucking car kept going and Larson and I were in the back seat reaching speeds of eighty miles per hour, before Larson got hold a the steering wheel; we crashed right through a fucking clothing store window, man. Impact killed Larson. I could barely move out that car, I kept kicking and pushing and escaped out back a the store and ran forever...you gotta believe me man. I never wanted nothing to do with Beth. Never wanted her in on that job. She begged me and convinced Larson and he convinced me and so we agreed to do it. I know I shouldn'ta done it man but hell, I couldn't stop her. She was a relentless woman. She wanted something, there weren't no stoppin' her man, you know that.

MILO (cont'd): They was gonna do the job without me, them two. I thought about telling ya but I was deep in the pickle, so there it was man..that's the whole shittin' story.

BRUCE: Get bare ass.

MILO: What?

BRUCE: Get naked. Strip down to your bottom. Face the river. Come on, bottom's up!

MILO takes off all his clothes.

How you feel?

MILO: Naked.

BRUCE: Bend over.

MILO: What? Why?

BRUCE: Get on your hands and knees and bend over.

MILO does as he's told.

Spread them ass cheeks out. Don't be shy.

BRUCE jams the nose of his handgun in MILO'S ass.

How you feel now, boy?

MILO: Bruce, please, it was all wrong man, it was a mistake.

BRUCE: You like that?!

MILO: You're sick man, SICK!

BRUCE: Pump your ass full a led!

MILO: Please, don't Bruce, please, no, please, please.

BRUCE: RESURRECTION DAY!!!!

MILO: NOOO! NOOO!!! DON'T!!!

BRUCE backs off MILO, laughing his ass off.

MILO is shivering with fear.

BRUCE: Was it as good for you as it was for me? Ha, ha, ha.
(pause.) You sorry for your sin?

MILO: Yes.

BRUCE: Go on, get up.

MILO gets up and faces BRUCE.

BRUCE shoots a round from his gun into MILO'S head.

MILO falls back dead.

BRUCE: Forgiven.

SCENE THREE

JODA opens her police car door and walks over to MILO'S dead body.

JODA searches MILO'S pants pockets and finds a wallet. She searches it and reads the I.D.

JODA: MILO FORESTER. I know you, don't I?

Another policeman enters the scene. This is JACKSON.

JACKSON: What you got?

JODA: Say hello to Milo Forester.

JACKSON: Never heard a him.

JODA: He's been around the block. This was a revenge hit. Humiliated him before...Put an alert out on a Bruce Wilmington.

JACKSON: Bruce Wilmington? Didn't he just get out last week?

JODA: Sure did. This here Mr. Milo was held responsible on account a something Bruce held him responsible for.

JACKSON: What for?

JODA: Ever hear of Beth Mozdale?

JACKSON: Never.

JODA: ...She was the killer's beloved girlfriend. Killed in an attempted armed robbery...she was the getaway driver who never got away.

JACKSON: Wow.

JODA: Son of a bitch...

SCENE FOUR

BRUCE sits on the steps outside his motorhome. He basks in the sun with his shirt off and beer in his hand.

JODA pulls up in her police car and gets out.

BRUCE: Morning officer.

JODA: Don't give me that.

BRUCE: I was here with Chiara.

JODA: Who?

BRUCE (calling): Chiara! Chiara come out here baby.

CHIARA stands behind BRUCE.

This here's Chiara.

JODA (to CHIARA): You both together last night?

CHIARA: All night. (she smiles)

BRUCE: See?

JODA: Mind if I have a look around?

BRUCE: Suit yourself.

JODA enters the motorhome.

CHIARA (to BRUCE): What's she want baby?

BRUCE: Nothing special. Say, we should have that walk we been talkin' about. Another blessed day.

CHIARA: Yeah? You ain't tired from all that working out we did last night?

BRUCE: (laughs) I might be getting' older, but I still got the spunk. (to JODA) Having any luck officer? (to CHIARA) See if she wants a beverage?

CHIARA enters the motorhome.

BRUCE stands up and check out the police car.

JODA comes out of the motorhome.

BRUCE: Don't they ever give ya'll an upgrade?

JODA: Car runs just fine.

BRUCE: How's it measure up in a car chase?

JODA: Measures up just fine, Bruce.

(pause.)

BRUCE: How's your boy? I heard what---

JODA: I didn't come here to talk about my son.

BRUCE: Relax. We go way back, don't we? Making conversation is all---

JODA: I know it was you.

BRUCE: You sure?

JODA: Could never let things be.

BRUCE: I don't know what you're talkin' 'bout.

JODA: He turned his life around.

BRUCE: Who?

JODA: Milo.

BRUCE: Oh, you mean Milo Forester?

JODA: That's the one.

BRUCE: Shit, how's he doin' these days?

JODA: ...You'll be hearing from me.

BRUCE: We coulda been something...you and me.

JODA smacks BRUCE across the face.

Isn't that police brutality?

JODA gets in her car and drives off.

(to himself) Eww, she is mad. (to CHIARA) Honey plum?

CHIARA: Yeah?

BRUCE: Pour me some coffee please.

CHIARA: Pour it yourself.

BRUCE: That's the problem, if I don't do it, no one will...

BRUCE gets up and enters the motorhome.

END OF PLAY