

Little Flying Soldiers

by

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Cast of Characters

RONA: 19

PETE: 65

Place

Father Demo Square

Time

Midday

Setting: The play takes place inside Father Demo Square on a park bench.

At Rise: The play opens up with Pete rambling on by himself, hoping someone will hear him and engage in conversation. Turns out he gets his wish when college student Rona speaks to him. Rona sits on the opposite side of the same bench Pete sits on.

PETE: Fuckin' hornets...now we gotta worry 'bout those---they're like the size a your thumb, scary lookin' fuckin' hornets, huge, like, I can't imagine it, imagine it? Imagine one right in the neck with a stinger. Poor bastard. Wouldn't know what fuckin' hit ya. What last thoughts? Imagine? What goes through ya mind? That's even if ya know what stung ya, some mother hornet having a bad day decides to rage on ya neck cause she don't like ya smell or the look of ya face...right? No significant reason. Dead. Walking along...dead. This is the world we're livin' in now. Gotta be scared to death to step outside your front door. Masks, hornets, insanity.

RONA: I once saw a bumble bee fight a hornet and it ate the hornets face.

PETE: Really?

RONA: I have the video...wanna see?

PETE: There's a video of that?

RONA scrolls through her phone. She shares video with PETE.

(stares into the phone screen) Wow...that's it there...clearer than my TV this thing. (he watches) Oh, she got 'em, yeah, look at that...would ya look at that...that's what we should do, get more of them beez out there like little flying soldiers to go attack these bastard hornets.

RONA: Crazy, right?

PETE hands phone back to RONA.

PETE: Incredible. What, that the science channel?

RONA: Something like that.

PETE: You a science student or something?

RONA: No, but I'm a student, I study at NYU.

PETE: How is it over there?

RONA: Expensive.

PETE: I bet. What's your major?

RONA: Liberal arts...I'm still not sure exactly what it is I wish to do, so---

PETE: So you're fuckin' around until you do...haha...I'm only playing with ya. Ha ha.

RONA: Oh, no, I like writing but I also like design, I just like everything, always...I think that's my biggest problem.

PETE: What's that?

RONA: Picking something to be.

PETE: Eh, it'll come. I'm still tryin' to figure it out. This whole thing, I don't know, do we really have to know what we want all the time? Isn't it nice to sort of just flounder about once in a while? But without the stress beating at ya door. Eh.

RONA: What do you do?

PETE: Me? Question is what don't I do or haven't done. I ain't found that specific thing yet, who knows if I ever will, right?

RONA: As long as you're happy.

PETE: Happy...up and down, nothing unusual or special...basic living, really. Like everybody else.

RONA: But isn't there one thing you love?

PETE: Ahh love...love comes in many shapes and forms. I like books. Always have. You'll find me on the block here with 'em books on tables. Takin' great pleasure in offerin' up my library to strangers and see what their interests are...I study 'em, people, get a glimpse of their thoughts, when I see 'em looking at all the covers of books, watch their minds turn and then it happens, like a light going on in the dark and they reach for it, hold the book in their hands, feel its texture, the weight, its shape...they might read the back first or the introduction or my favorite, the select few who turn to a random page and start reading...their eyes narrow, and I wait for the most magnificent moment of all, at least I hope for it to occur, that moment when a random stranger starts to bond with a random book, like destiny, like a pair of soul mates coming together for the first time. And there it is, captured, I cherish it...they look up at me and ask the most exciting question, "How much?"...and deep down I already know I can give them any silly price, it won't matter, cause their mind's already made up. Ain't that love?

RONA: That's...I've never heard such a description about books before.

PETE: More than a book, you understand.

RONA: Of course, no, right, absolutely.

PETE: You should write. First thing you mentioned when I asked ya.

RONA: Maybe, I don't know...

PETE: Why not?

RONA: Two things, I don't know if I'm any good and plus, the chances of me making a living at being a writer are pretty slim.

PETE: Ya think?

RONA: Yeah.

PETE: And where may I ask have you been given this knowledge?

RONA: Everybody knows being a writer is a long shot. So much red tape.

PETE: Have you written anything?

RONA: Ummm, essays, biographical type stuff...nothing major.

PETE: And how did it feel to write?

RONA: Uh, it felt good, I mean, I don't know.

PETE: You do know. How did it feel?

RONA: I was alive.

PETE: Good answer.

RONA: Yeah?

PETE: There's no right or wrong answer. It's a good answer cause you were honest with yourself, right?

RONA: I guess.

PETE: I'm Pete.

RONA: I'm Rona.

PETE: Rona...

THEY both look out at the pigeons.

(pointing) That one there cracks me up!

RONA: Which one?

PETE: I call him King Frederick. He's the nerd of 'em all but carries himself like a king. See him there with the white hairs on his chest puffed out?

RONA laughs.

RONA: I see what you mean. He's definitely the boss of the pack.

PETE: Me and Frederick go way back...years. I come out here almost everyday and feed them.

RONA: That's sweet.

PETE: I do what I can. I live nearby, just a few blocks down.

RONA: Have you dealt in books all your life?

PETE: Ah, yes and no. Not in the traditional sense. My father died when I was a kid, he ran a publishing house on the lower east side, when he left this here world, my mother stepped up to the plate and took everything over, eventually buying out the original partner and for forty-five years that woman built up quite a business. I saw things differently than her, plus I was a no good dead beat lazy faced son and never really managed to take any responsibility off her shoulders. Sin of my life, but...eh, long story.

RONA: Is your mother still---

PETE: Nooo, she's gone, long gone actually.

RONA: Sorry.

PETE: Nah, don't be, she lived to the ripe old age of a hundred and one.

RONA: Did she?

PETE: Some genetics. Built like a workhorse. You know she worked until she was a hundred years young. Believe it or not I still think it was the retirement that killed her. Who knows.

RONA: I've heard that.

PETE: What's that?

RONA: That when you get older, you need something to sort of keep you going.

PETE: That's true.

RONA: That's what I heard.

PETE: No, that's true. Makes sense. (PETE stands up) Well, that's it for me...I gotta get back and write and well, you know.

RONA: So, you are a writer too?

PETE: Something like that. If you're ever around, bring some of those essays you've written. I'd like to read them.

RONA: I don't think they are very good.

PETE: (chuckles)

RONA: You would really read them?

PETE: Sure.

RONA: With feedback?

PETE: Why not?

RONA: No one's ever read my writing before.

PETE: No one?

RONA: (nodding her head no)

PETE: Well, in that case, I won't be a harsh critic.

RONA: How will I find you?

PETE: Right here. I'm a fixture in this spot, 'bout as permanent as them statues.

RONA: What's the best time?

PETE: Usually noonish.

RONA: Thanks.

PETE: We'll see if ya writings any good. Nothing to fear.

RONA: (standing up) I'll see you around.

PETE: Hope so, ba-bye Rona, nice meeting ya.

PETE walks off.

RONA looks on and then walks in the opposite direction.

END OF PLAY