

Melting Away

by

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Cast of Characters

TIRA:

30's

BRIAN:

30's

Place

Cape May/Beach

Time

1 PM

2.

Setting: The play takes place on the beach during a scorching hot summer's day.

At Rise: The play opens up with both Tira and Brian laying on their beach towels facing the ocean.

TIRA sits with her sunglasses on and a cooler next to her, with all kind of items. BRIAN is clearly not as prepared for the day, having nothing surrounding him but his towel.

BRIAN: It's hot as balls out here.

TIRA: Go for a swim.

BRIAN: Too fucking hot.

TIRA: Are you going to complain all day?

BRIAN: It's a million degrees out.

TIRA: We just got here.

BRIAN: Hurts my nostrils when I breathe in.

TIRA: Not that hot.

BRIAN: For me it is.

TIRA: You exaggerate.

BRIAN: When my skin starts peeling off and you see flesh, you will know I was serious.

TIRA: Are you really that tortured?

BRIAN: I'm melting.

TIRA: Where's the...over there, there, go get an umbrella, you could avoid the sun.

BRIAN: Can't stand umbrella boy.

TIRA: Why?

BRIAN: Cause he was flirting with you.

TIRA: No he wasn't.

BRIAN: He was getting all googly eyed.

TIRA: He was doing his job.

BRIAN: Does he get googly eyed with the old lizards that pass through here?

TIRA: Probably not, but still, he was just being nice.

BRIAN: I was standing right beside you!

TIRA: Guys are like that.

BRIAN: I'm not like that.

TIRA: I had a boyfriend when you met me...forget?

BRIAN: Shit, you're right. I guess we're all a bunch of creeps.

TIRA: Go get an umbrella.

BRIAN: Forget it. I'd rather scorch to death.

TIRA: Want me to go get it?

BRIAN: No! Stop. I'll go. How much is that shit anyway?

TIRA: Ten bucks.

BRIAN: For the day?

TIRA: No, for the week. YEAH, for the day.

BRIAN: These guys are banking it.

TIRA: You are so cheap. It's ten lousy dollars.

BRIAN: For an hour.

TIRA: You said we'd stay on the beach all day, you promised.

BRIAN: I didn't know the sun would have decided to sit on my face today and-

TIRA: It's not that bad!

BRIAN stands up and starts hopping.

BRIAN: Can't even stand on the sand it's so damn hot.

BRIAN slips his feet into sandals.

Oh, God, that's better. Sand is like fire.

TIRA: Man up.

BRIAN: Yeah, man up.

BRIAN walks off. Come back to get water.
TIRA doesn't notice him.

TIRA (to herself): Cry baby, I swear. Does this every time. One day, that's all I ask him for, one day for me to enjoy some sun, get a tan, feel good. We go nowhere! Selfish. He's so selfish and stubborn and annoying...I should have come alone. Peace and quiet. Next time, that's what I'll do, come alone.

BRIAN: Should I let you go on?

TIRA: -What are you still doing here?

BRIAN: Figured I'd drink some water to prevent my evaporation.

TIRA: Don't do that.

BRIAN: You don't do that.

TIRA: What?

BRIAN: Talk behind my back.

TIRA: I was talking to myself.

BRIAN: It's gossip.

TIRA: No it's not.

BRIAN: Gossip with yourself. Ha!

TIRA: Go get the umbrella before you disintegrate!

BRIAN: Yeah, yeah.

BRIAN walks off.

TIRA sits up and looks out at the ocean.

TIRA slowly stands up and scrunches her face.

Her phone rings and she takes it out from her beach bag.

TIRA: What is it? What do you mean he's not there? Where is...
(TIRA looks in the direction of BRIAN) What the hell are you doing?
Don't just take the umbrella! Did you leave the money...hello?
HELLO?

TIRA sits down. She tosses her phone in her bag.
She nods her head in annoyance.

BRIAN appears.

BRIAN: What? I got it, I got it.

TIRA: You're not supposed to. The guy is supposed to do it.

BRIAN: I'm dropping dead. Not waiting.

TIRA: Did you leave the money?

BRIAN: Yeah, left the money and wrote my name down on the clipboard thing. Move out of the way so I can stick this in the sand.

TIRA stands up and takes a few steps away.

BRIAN slams the umbrella into the sand on a bad angle.

TIRA: You did it wrong.

BRIAN: I know, hold on.

BRIAN attempts it again. He's still off.

TIRA: Just slam it straight down.

BRIAN: I am! The stupid thing moves.

TIRA: Straight down!

BRIAN pulls the umbrella out of the sand and brings it down full force snapping it.

BRIAN: Shit!

TIRA: I don't believe it.

BRIAN: Fucking thing. Piece of shit!

TIRA: How did you...

BRIAN: Come on with this thing! It broke.

TIRA: I see that.

BRIAN: Now I gotta buy this stupid ass umbrella. Probably charge me hundreds. Great!

BRIAN sticks the umbrella into the sand and although it's been shortened, he goes underneath it.

TIRA: What are you doing?

BRIAN: Pass me my towel, please.

TIRA hands BRIAN his beach towel.

BRIAN sets his towel under the umbrella and lays down.

TIRA is a bit amazed and shakes her head.

TIRA grabs a bottle of water and drinks. She eventually sits back down and lays back to catch some sun.

TIRA: How is it?

BRIAN: Everything I ever dreamed.

TIRA: Are you still boiling?

BRIAN: Feels like I died and arrived in hell.

TIRA: Isn't it better?

BRIAN: The umbrella is so close to my face that I feel the sun pulsating.

TIRA: You're joking?

BRIAN: Wanna try?

TIRA: No, I don't.

BRIAN: Think it was better without the umbrella. The umbrella is making me feel like I'm inside a plastic bag.

TIRA: That's because you broke it!

BRIAN: They make them like shit.

TIRA: No, cause you slammed it down like an animal. What do you expect?

BRIAN: I expect a better way to die. Not by roasting.

TIRA: Wanna go?

BRIAN: No. I feel bad. I said we'd come to the beach.

TIRA: But this isn't enjoyable for either of us.

BRIAN: I tried. I like the beach. I do. I like it. I like the waves and the birds and the freakin' dolphins and the sand in my ass, the sweat and the old ladies who flirt me with and I even like the umbrella surfer boys that give you the googly eyes and I definitely like this umbrella close to my face and body, melting me like an ice cube left out on a barby, just dripping until there is nothing left but a stain of what I used to be,

BRIAN (cont'd): a tormented angry little man who wanted to have a good time, take his girl out to the beach, get some vitamin D and enjoy some calamari and beer...but, as you can see, I am cooked. My brain has been in a toaster and there is no end in sight because I'll be dead by the time the sun comes down. I'll be the latest addition to the ghosts of cape may, known as the visitor who faded into the heat and died.

TIRA: It's not that bad.

BRIAN: My eyes are---

TIRA: Let's go! Let's go! Let's go!

TIRA gets up in a burst and starts throwing her belonging into the beach bag.

BRIAN: Wait! No! Tira, you need to let me blow off some steam, considering I am a hundred and fifty degrees. Told you we should have come earlier in the day, when it was way cooler or even in the evening time.

TIRA: You slept all morning. Couldn't even get out of bed for breakfast and we paid for it.

BRIAN: I drove ten hours to get here and you expect me to not be tired? We were out last night until three in the morning. I wasn't about to get up at nine for a plate of cold food!

TIRA; I'm going to the pool. Cry by yourself cause mommy's on vacation.

BRIAN: We could have gone to the pool---

TIRA: Shut your face. One more out of you and i'm driving on outta here, you'll stay here and burst into flames!

TIRA walks off quickly.

BRIAN gets his belongings too and leaves.

END OF PLAY