

Walking Shadows

by

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Cast of Characters

FELICIA:

20's

JEROME:

20's

Place

Pickup truck

Time

Night

2.

Setting: The play takes place inside an American pickup truck.

At Rise: The play opens up with Jerome smoking a cigarette sitting behind the wheel of his pickup truck in a store parking lot. His wife Felicia stares out at a store like a hawk.

FELICIA: She be pulling the child's arm up and down the isles.

JEROME: You saw that?

FELICIA: You was in the bathroom, Jerome. If you weren't always in the bathroom, you'd a seen it too.

JEROME: Pretty dead round here. Why you think she shopping this time a night?

FELICIA: She white hillbilly trash is why.

JEROME: Yeah, we white hillbilly trash, too, ain't we? Ain't that what you called me yesterday? That your new phrase or something?

FELICIA: I call you whatever the hell I wanna call you.

JEROME: Don't I know it girl.

FELICIA: What's taking this bitch so long?

JEROME: Should I go on in and see?

FELICIA: You a real dummy. Don't even know what the woman looks like.

JEROME: Can't be that hard if she's got a child with her at this time a night.

FELICIA: True, true.

JEROME: I'll go on in and check.

FELICIA: Nah, don't. Stay with me.

JEROME: You alright?

FELICIA: Why wouldn't I be alright?

JEROME: You seem edgy.

FELICIA: We about to kidnap a child.

JEROME: Ain't this what you want?

FELICIA: Yeah.

JEROME: So...

FELICIA: She was treating her daughter pretty badly.

JEROME: So you said.

FELICIA: Makes me feel like we some kind a heroes then.

JEROME: Maybe we are.

FELICIA: What kinda life that child gonna have anyway?

JEROME: Better with us.

FELICIA: That's what I'm sayin'. We both just got them jobs now and yeah, it's time we start on a family.

JEROME: That's what we doin' here.

FELICIA: God left us no other option.

JEROME: That's right.

FELICIA: Can't have babies, can't adopt...not like we could expect a baby to arrive like in that bible story, you know the one where that baby be floating down the river in a basket...there ain't no baby in baskets around these parts.

JEROME: (bursts out laughing) Damn, I tell ya.

FELICIA: (laughing)

JEROME: Imagine we wake up one morning and there's a baby in a crib in like the middle of our living room or something?

FELICIA: Gosh.

JEROME: What would you do?

FELICIA: I'd jump for joy cause there's nothing I want more in my life then having a child I can call my own. I'll have some real purpose on this here Earth. Can't tell you how many times I imagined myself giving birth in the hospital and seeing you standing at my side, holding my hand and the first time they put our baby in my arms, we look at one another with pride and thanks...can't tell you how real my thoughts are...I dream up that scenario multiple times a day and here we are, it's finally arriving...maybe not like we wished it to, it's different, but she will be our little baby nonetheless and we can feel that same old pride deep in our veins and have the beginning of our beautiful little family...you, me and Welch.

JEROME: Welch??

FELICIA: I've always loved the actress Raquel Welch.

JEROME: Why not call her Raquel?

FELICIA: I ain't ever heard nobody called Welch...you?

JEROME: Nah. (to himself) Welch...welch..why does that name sound so familiar to me?

FELICIA: Because it's gonna be your daughter's name.

JEROME: I know! It's that drink. Ain't there a beverage, that grape drink goes by the name Welch's?

FELICIA (shocked): I'll be damned.

JEROME: There is! That's where I know that name from. Ha!

FELICIA (disappointed): I don't believe it.

JEROME: I knew I knew that name.

FELICIA (upset): That's the worst name in all the world.

JEROME: What? What do you mean?

FELICIA: Welch! We can't name our daughter after a beverage!

JEROME: Holy shit, that's right.

FELICIA: You ruined the whole thing.

JEROME: I didn't mean to ruin the---

FELICIA: What are we gonna name her?!

JEROME: Ah hell, I shouldn't a said nothin'.

FELICIA: Yeah, well...pissed.

JEROME: What are...what are we gonna do now?

FELICIA: Everything was set perfect.

JEROME: Should we wait for them to come out?

FELICIA: I wanted to have the name already figured out.

JEROME: I know, I know.

FELICIA: Could take me weeks to figure out a new name. What am I gonna do? We have to have the name from day one if we're going to establish a family. It takes three weeks to form a habit.

JEROME: It does?

FELICIA: Yes.

JEROME: Where'd you hear that?

FELICIA (angry): I read it! I read it!

JEROME: Okay, take it easy, Jesus Lord savior.

FELICIA: You fucked this whole thing up, Jerome! I hate you. Drive the fuck outta here now and let's forget it. We have to start all over.

JEROME: You sure---

FELICIA: DRIVE you son of a bitch, DRIVE!!!

JEROME starts his truck.

JEROME: Quit shouting, I can't concentrate on driving if you're blowing out my eardrums.

(pause.)

FELICIA: Maybe I'm not meant to be a mother.

JEROME: Don't say that sunshine.

FELICIA: It's true. I can't have my own flesh and blood, we can't adopt, we got no other choice but to...I mean...we keep having these failed attempts and now...each time it weighs heavily on me...soul crushing...devastating...

JEROME: Oh, darlin' I know how you feel.

FELICIA: Do you?

JEROME: What's that supposed to mean?

FELICIA: You're so nonchalant.

JEROME: What's nonchalant?

FELICIA: Laid back!

JEROME: Am I?

FELICIA: Yes, you are. I feel like I'm the driving force in this relationship. The one who gets shit done. You go along for the ride and I'm puttin' in all the work.

JEROME: That's just about the dumbest thing you ever said to me. I'm out here wheelin' and dealin' with you, until we get this family affair figured out once and for all and I ain't stoppin till we get our own family unit. That's what I want.

FELICIA: You mean it?

JEROME: Course I mean it.

FELICIA: My stomach feel a little better.

JEROME: Oh, honey buns, does it now?

FELICIA: Yeah, it was acting up on me.

JEROME: Oh, boo boo bear, you alright?

FELICIA: I think so, I'm down about it, not gonna lie, but we gotta believe, don't we? Maybe it wasn't meant to be today but I don't wanna give up, Jerome. Promise me you won't give up tryin'?

JEROME: I ain't givin' up. That's about all any of us can do.

FELICIA: Well, I'm takin' 'bout us.

JEROME: That's what I mean, us. Just us and only us.

FELICIA: And our baby.

JEROME: And our baby.

END OF PLAY