

Cherry Blossom

by

Joseph Arnone

Copyright © 2020

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

DIERDRE:

20's

MARSHALL:

20's

Place

Train station

Time

Early afternoon

2.

Setting: The play takes place outdoors on a suburban train station platform, during the 1940's. The stage is split in half, with one side being the outdoor platform and the opposite side being the porch entrance to a cafe. On the wooden porch rests a bench.

At Rise: The play opens up with Dierdre looking out at the horizon on top of the platform's edge when Marshall enters and slowly walks up to her.

MARSHALL: Dierdre...hi.

DIERDRE (faintly) Hi...

MARSHALL: Why were you waiting out here..you could have gone inside?

DIERDRE: I wanted to wait outside.

MARSHALL: It's scorching out...your back, it seems damp.

DIERDRE: That's because it is damp.

MARSHALL: Shall we go inside, get an ice water? I heard they recently installed new fans.

DIERDRE: It's just as hot in there as it is out here. They really need to invent some kind of cooling system during these hot summers, they're not getting any cooler. Tired of hearing about people dying in the papers. Depressing.

DIERDRE begins walking off the platform and into the porch of the cafe.

MARSHALL: I even feel the slight difference here in the shade.

DIERDRE: I'd like to sit out here if you don't mind.

MARSHALL: Alright. Would you like a glass of ice water?

DIERDRE: Make it a double shot of whiskey...

MARSHALL: Excuse me?

DIERDRE: You asked me what I wanted and it sure as hell isn't ice water.

MARSHALL: But you don't drink...I don't think I've ever seen you take one drink.

DIERDRE: There's a lot you don't know about me, Marshall.

MARSHALL enters the cafe. DIERDRE lights a cigarette and removes her hat from her head. She takes out an Asian styled cherry blossom hand fan and gently caresses her face with the wind.

MARSHALL comes back, holding a glass of whisky and a pint of beer.

MARSHALL: Here you go.

DIERDRE: Thank you.

MARSHALL sits beside DIERDRE on the porch bench.

Awkward pause between them.

MARSHALL nurses his drink, but DIERDRE downs hers. MARSHALL is shocked.

MARSHALL: Finished already?

DIERDRE burps.

DIERDRE: All gone.

MARSHALL: My.

DIERDRE: What?

MARSHALL: No, I just, I...you're acting very unusual...I---

DIERDRE: How am I supposed to act Marshall?

MARSHALL: I would imagine---

DIERDRE: Imagine? A fella like you has no imagination. If you did, you wouldn't have let me go at it alone, you wouldn't have made me wait out here a whole hour 'fore you showed up.

MARSHALL: I, I thought we went through all that already.

DIERDRE: What did you go through? Yo didn't go through one damn thing. You're supposed to be a man of the law, how does that even work? Man of the law. What man of the law lets leave his woman out to dry like you did me and act like there's no consequences? What man of the law has that level of integrity? Didn't your momma teach you right, oh no, wait, your Grandmama, hmm, didn't she teach you to know better than to, to...oh hell, get me another whiskey...double.

MARSHALL: I am not going to get you another whiskey.

DIERDRE: Oh no?

MARSHALL: Definitely no.

DIERDRE: If you don't get your ass off this here bench and fetch me a whisky like a good little boy should, I'm liable to make a ruckus in here, the sights of which your two brown eyes have never seen before! You could take that to the bank.

MARSHALL: What time's your train coming?

DIERDRE: GET ME MY WHISKEY!!!

MARSHALL jumps up in a panic and enters the cafe.

DIERDRE: That's right. I'll make a fuss alright. Ain't seen nothin' yet pipsqueak. (she laughs) That's a fantastic nickname for him..haha, pipsqueak. Ha, ha, ha...I don't know where I came up with it...

DIERDRE stands up and walks to see if her train can be seen. She remains standing.

MARSHALL comes outside with her drink and hands it to her.

MARSHALL: Last one I'm gonna get ya.

DIERDRE: I'll be the judge of that.

MARSHALL: Can't we work this thing out?

DIERDRE: I am working this thing out.

MARSHALL: I'm sorry I was late.

DIERDRE: You should be.

MARSHALL: And about before, you know I couldn't be there with you because I've been on the case.

DIERDRE: On the case.

MARSHALL: I have to keep a low profile and get my work done right. Things need to be hush hush.

DIERDRE: Hush, hush.

MARSHALL: This is my future we're talking about Dierdre.

DIERDRE: What kind a girl do you take me for?

MARSHALL: What kind?

DIERDRE: Mm-hmm.

MARSHALL: I take you for a, the decent kind that got caught up in, you know, the two of us and all, we made a mistake and we made an important choice, we got in to trouble but we rose to the occasion. For both of us really, you know, this was nothing more than what we both wanted to do...we're no where near ready for that sort of thing.

DIERDRE: You said you think of me as being decent?

MARSHALL: Certainly.

DIERDRE: And what kind of woman would I be now...still decent?

MARSHALL: I don't see why not.

DIERDRE: You don't see why not.

MARSHALL: Hey, will you stop repeating what I say?

DIERDRE: I can't believe how dumb you are. You must be the stupidest man alive and I met my share of 'em believe you me. Ha, ha! But you take the cake. I'm keeping the baby, Marshall.

MARSHALL: WHAT?!

DIERDRE: I said, I'm keeping this baby.

MARSHALL: Girl, have you went out and lost your mind?!

MARSHALL grabs her arm. DIERDRE smacks him across the face.

DIERDRE: Put your paws on me again and I'll have you slaughtered like the pig that you are.

MARSHALL: Dierdre?

DIERDRE: Don't Dierdre me you weak, selfish waste. Think you can have your way with me and toss me aside like some unfinished business? Am I not more important than that?

MARSHALL: What the hell are you saying? I thought you went through with it?

DIERDRE: No, no, through with what? You think we were just having fun in the sun, don't you? I thought we were falling in love. Isn't that what you told me, Marshall? Didn't you talk sweetly to me under the stars and open your heart up to me, whispering all the sweet nothings in my ear...how much you love me, how I was your one and only cherry blossom? Romanticizing about how you want to spend the rest of your life with me, one day start a family and buy a big old house and live happily ever after, baking pies and homecooked dinners, you'd come home after a long day of work and I'd have our son in bed and we'd make love until we passed out from bliss, only to rinse and repeat the same day again the following morning. Boy, you had me going...I bought into all your lies...but the way you pulled away from me, woah, that was like being skinned alive. Never taking my feelings into account, leaving me nothing more than a second's notice and expecting me to fly in whichever direction you wish me to fly in. Well, I'm a free bird, Marshall, always have been, always will be.

DIERDRE (cont'd): Ain't no self-centered fool like you gonna tell me how to live out my life. You could part ways with me, but you won't kill what's inside me...never.

MARSHALL: Let's be rational about this.

DIERDRE: I'm as rational as a heart-attack, Jack.

MARSHALL: How are you going to take care of that baby?

DIERDRE: I'll manage.

MARSHALL: The decision should be ours, together.

DIERDRE: There is no together. Just me and I call the shots.

MARSHALL: What do you expect me to do now?

DIERDRE: Leave.

MARSHALL: What?

DIERDRE: I want you to LEAVE! Before I twist your eyeballs out from your skull. You have no idea about me! Thinking I'm some sort of fairytale out of a children's book. Some dumb dainty flower you plucked out from the ground. I come from the streets, Marshall. I'm as country as a city fire hydrant. From a long line of Irish crooks that will gladly slit your throat if you let em. You understand? Now, I'm going back home and my family and I will raise this child into a bold, courageous human being, fearless and he's going to make my sacrifice proud. He will never know the likes of you, this town, us, none of it...I haven't figured out the narrative of what to tell him but I've plenty of time for that and one things for sure, you are wiped out clean, gone, never to be heard from or seen again and if you come stomping around looking for me, if you try to track me down, I will have my family bring down hell upon your world. HELL!

Train is heard coming.

MARSHALL: I can't believe this.

DIERDRE: You have no choice.

MARSHALL: I should be allowed to have---

DIERDRE pushes MARSHALL.

DIERDE: Oh shut your trap! Get! Go on! GET! Go, go, go and keep going, don't ever stop. Don't look back!

MARSHALL backs up.

MARSHALL: I never imagined this could ever be...

DIERDRE: Boys like you don't have any imagination...

The train pulls into the station.

DIERDRE and MARSHALL hold a stare down before MARSHALL breaks off and leaves the platform.

DIERDRE puffs out her chest and takes hold of her luggage.

DIERDRE boards the train.

END OF PLAY