

Imagined It To Be

by

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Cast of Characters

SEAN:

Teens

DOUGLAS:

30's

Place

Gas Station

Time

3PM

Setting: The play takes place at an outside gas station.

At Rise: The play opens up with Douglas washing a car with a squeegee, when Douglas dips his squeegee in the bucket, he notices Sean and speaks to him.

DOUGLAS: Yo, where's my coffee?

SEAN: I didn't get you any.

DOUGLAS: Go back in there boy an' get me my coffee.

SEAN: I don't have any money to buy it for you.

DOUGLAS: Why not? Aren't you one of em' spoiled rich boys?

SEAN: I'm not spoiled.

DOUGLAS: Livin' in that big ass house, up on main too. No, you ain't spoiled. Probably got everythin' fancy growin' up.

SEAN: You can have my snickers bar if you want. Here.

DOUGLAS: Snickers bar? Man, I don't want no snickers bar. I want some nice hot coffee, gotta get the machinery in me runnin'!

SEAN goes into store. He comes back out with coffee.

Thought you said you had no money?

SEAN: I exchanged my snickers bar for your coffee.

SEAN gives coffee to DOUGLAS.

DOUGLAS: You did, huh?

SEAN: Now you can have your beloved coffee.

DOUGLAS: What's your name?

SEAN: Sean.

DOUGLAS: Sean...I'm Douglas. You know, I was only playin' with you, you didn't have to get me coffee.

SEAN: Looked like you needed it.

DOUGLAS: (laughs) Looked? How does a person *look* like they need coffee?

SEAN: It's not the coffee so much as the gesture behind it.

DOUGLAS: I look like I need a hug or somethin'?

SEAN: Maybe.

DOUGLAS: I'm Douglas. I see you each day, walkin' home from school. What's that like?

SEAN: What's what like?

DOUGLAS: What's it like going to that school? It's as big as a row of mansions, an' the best in the country!

SEAN: It sucks.

DOUGLAS: (laughs) You can't be serious?

SEAN: Yep.

DOUGLAS: You see, that's the thing right there, that's why I said you're spoiled, you don't know what it's like to have what you have because you don't know what it's like to NOT have it. That's why you mope around with that droopy face of yours. If I was in your shoes, I'd be bustin' my ass, gettin' my education, focusin' on my studies, so I'd have a chance to be somethin' in my life. I wouldn't be wastin' my parents money, that's for sure. If I had the opportunities you got boy, I'd a been set by now, instead of washin' cars in th' street. That's what I do for money, in case you haven't noticed...is that what you want? Wanna go partners an' wash cars with me? (laughs) That'll put you in check real quick, especially when you're countin' the quarters and dollars and tryin' to cover rent, food an' booze. Can't forget the booze...make everythin' alright. That how you wanna end up?

SEAN: My parents are dead. You said my parents, I don't have parents...I have grandparents...they take care of me.

DOUGLAS: That's okay...you still cared for, ain't ya?

SEAN shrugs.

(pointing) Whatch you reading there?

SEAN: Not for school.

DOUGLAS: What is it?

SEAN: A collection of short stories by Maupassant.

DOUGLAS: Who?

SEAN: French writer.

DOUGLAS: You read french?

SEAN: Yeah...

DOUGLAS: Oh shit. Always wanted to learn another language. Teach me somethin', say something in french for me...

SEAN: I don't want to.

DOUGLAS: (laughs) Reading is good for ya. Got nothin' to say about readin'. I always loved me a good book, whenever I got the time for it, just sometimes the time ain't ever there...you keep on reading, it'll do you some good.

SEAN: Why should your opinion matter to me?

DOUGLAS: I'm somewhat older, anyone twice your age, no matter what they do, where they from, they got something to offer that you don't have, experience.

SEAN: That's fine.

DOUGLAS: Just talkin' with ya.

SEAN: I don't really care what you do...

DOUGLAS: You got some chip on your shoulder boy, what's eatin' at ya?

SEAN: Why do you wash car windows?

DOUGLAS: That's my hustle.

SEAN: What do you do in the winter?

DOUGLAS: Different hustle.

SEAN: Why?

DOUGLAS: I like to drink, kid. If I can survive, I'm happy, just wanna survive and not get in anybody's way.

SEAN: I'm not much different than you.

DOUGLAS: Oh yeah?

SEAN: I'm just trying to survive, too.

DOUGLAS: What you surviving from?

SEAN: Different ocean, same sharks.

DOUGLAS: Smart cat on our hands.

SEAN: I don't drink.

DOUGLAS: No. I wouldn't expect you do.

SEAN: Maybe I will.

DOUGLAS: No, you don't want no piece of that.

SEAN: You drink.

DOUGLAS: I do.

SEAN: So, why can't I?

DOUGLAS: You can have a drink when you're of age, so long as you don't become a drinker.

SEAN: I've tried Amaretto.

DOUGLAS: Have you?

SEAN: Jameson. Captain Morgan.

DOUGLAS: Why would you do that?

SEAN: There's a liquor room in my home. I can get anything I want without anyone ever suspecting. There's many other bottles I'd like to try out.

DOUGLAS: That's probably not a good idea.

SEAN: So?

DOUGLAS: You're too young for any of that noise.

SEAN: I'm only trying them out. Sometimes I'll fix myself a strong drink and read by the fireplace in the library. No one ever checks on me, ever. I've spent hours in the library, reading, sleeping, thinking. I read quite a lot because it's the only way for me to figure life out cause I'm too young to travel on my own.

DOUGLAS: You sound like a little old man to me.

SEAN: Sometimes I like to drink and contemplate life, based on the essays or letters I read.

DOUGLAS: Essays and letters, huh?

SEAN: Grandfather has a vast collection.

DOUGLAS: Sounds like he does.

SEAN: I sneak the Aston Martin out at midnight, too. Both my grandparents are sleeping by that time and I once drove up to one hundred miles per hour.

DOUGLAS: You shouldn't be drivin' either boy, an' especially in an Aston Martin, an' especially at hundred miles per hour!

SEAN: You don't feel it much, when you've got a drink or two in you...

DOUGLAS: Well, I don't know, you just a different kind, I never thought you'd be the kind to be doing all them things. You think you could ever bring me a bottle of the good stuff on the house?

SEAN: I can't.

DOUGLAS: And why's that?

SEAN: Cause you're just believing my lies like everybody else! And if you ever make assumptions about me again, I'm going to bash you to pieces. You hear ME?!

DOUGLAS: Calm down, kid.

SEAN: You won't bother me again?

DOUGLAS: No.

SEAN: You won't spy on me ever again?

DOUGLAS: I wasn't spying.

SEAN: Will you leave me alone?

DOUGLAS: Yes. I will leave you alone.

SEAN: Good.

SEAN walks away.

DOUGLAS (to himself): What a crazy ass little bastard he is. Damn. He must be rich...how he gonna know all that stuff, speakin' french and drivin' fancy cars...probably got a horse ranch to boot. Got a temper though, like I ain't ever seen on a young man like that. Ha, ha, ha. Gave me half a scare, at least. Ha, ha. For a second I thought I was about to fight a grown man! Ha, ha. Scared me half to death that one. Didn't mean to break him down some, but man, what a shame, if he only knew 'bout that school of his...history of that place goes back centuries ago, that buildin' is one a the best buildins' this country's got! Use to dream of goin' there when I was a kid. Use to watch them other boys come outta those front gates wearing their fancy school uniforms like it was nothin', like it meant nothin' to em'. One time I snuck in that school one night and took a look at its library, like somethin' you'll see in the movies, had shelves as tall as em' ceilings...had a glass ceiling too, made of gold leaf it was and that night the moon was shinin' like I've never known it shine before...

DOUGLAS takes his squeegee out of the bucket of soap water and exits the stage.

SEAN comes back. Stands center stage.

SEAN speaks to audience.

END OF PLAY