

# ***Once In A River Blue***

*by*

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Cast of Characters

<u>SOLUME:</u>	18
<u>WILLY BOY:</u>	22

Place  
Field

Time  
Afternoon

Setting: The play takes place outside in a glorious golden field reminiscent of a Van Gogh painting. Purple flowers protrude through the golden yellow, accompanied by a few harmonious oak trees and in the distance there are mountains acting as the backdrop of this wondrous place of nature.

At Rise: The play opens up with Solome and Willy Boy walking through the fields on a small dirt road made by a tractor.

WILLY BOY: Once in a blue river I find that life is like breathing in the stars at night, it can fill your chest full of fire...but in most cases you're sort of left hanging out to dry, trying to figure out how to get from point A to point B, without stepping on anybody's toes.

SOLUME: Have you stepped on toes?

WILLY BOY: Oh hell, I'm always steppin' on someone's toe.

SOLUME: You don't step on mine.

WILLY BOY: You don't know me long enough. Give it time.

SOLUME: I have strong toes.

WILLY BOY: (cackling) Do you?!

SOLUME: I am unbreakable.

WILLY BOY: I bet you are.

SOLUME: One time I climbed to the top of a very big tree. I wanted to see if I could touch the top branch. All my efforts were on reaching the top point.

WILLY BOY: Did ya get it?

SOLUME: I made it to the very top, but I slipped and fell all the way down to the ground. I stood back up without a scratch on me.

WILLY BOY: Well, I'll be!

SOLUME: Like nothing even happened.

WILLY BOY: Jes', that's something. I never had such luck. My life is the kind that if something lousy is gonna happen, it most certainly will.

SOLUME: You have a bad life?

WILLY BOY: Nah, well, yeah but it's gotten way better since I met you. You, uh, you're like the sunrise and sunset all rolled into one.

SOLUME: I'm flattered.

WILLY BOY: It's true.

SOLUME: Why is it true?

WILLY BOY: Oh, I, you're something different, sort of like me in a way. Does that make sense?

SOLUME: I am just being me.

WILLY BOY: Yes! You be you all day long. I wouldn't, I'm not saying you're different in a mean sort a way, no, no, no, I'm, I mean different in a good way is all I'm saying.

SOLUME: But what about you?

WILLY BOY: I'm different in a bad sort of way. Not intentionally. I'm not deliberately out to try and do bad but my reputation got built up by a series of mistakes over the years cause I did things without knowing any better and then I got caught in this funk, where people put their stamp on me and said, "That's just Willy Boy acting the fool again." It always gets me down, not so much that everyone says what they say about me but more in the sense that they have that unchanging opinion of who I am. You know, there's a lot of things I don't show anyone for fear of being criticized. I sometimes struggle with that. The fear. In some ways I think it's wise to stay protected, shielded if you will and yet, in another way I think it's maybe better to come out and, and, uh, reveal, reveal areas of myself that I keep locked up...but I don't know, you know. I don't know which way to go with myself in public...I like being hidden cause there's a freedom in that but there's also this wishing that won't stop haunting me...for people to accept me for me for once...that would be really nice. But you are always you and I wanna be like you, not like you-you but brave like you.

SOLUME: I wouldn't be so concerned about what others think about you.

WILLY BOY: Maybe you're right but it's not as easy as ya think in these parts. There's a lotta ridicule. It's like the beat of the drum won't stop pounding.

SOLUME: Fuck 'em.

WILLY BOY: (laughs) I ain't ever heard you curse before.

SOLUME: Fuck 'em all. You ever wanna just say fuck everybody?

WILLY BOY: Al the time actually.

SOLUME: So?

WILLY BOY: Well, alright then, I'm gonna howl at the wind.

SOLUME: YEAH?

WILLY BOY: Woohoo!!!

SOLUME: (Laughing)

WILLY BOY: Howl with me, come on.

THEY both howl together. WILLY BOY picks SOLUME up and they HOWL again with all their might.

SOLUME gently falls to her feet and the two lock lips into the sweetest kiss.

WILLY BOY: Am I alive cause my heart just exploded all over this field? (beat) I didn't see that coming.

SOLUME: Neither did I.

THEY hold the moment before breaking away.

WILLY BOY: I never get tired of looking out into this field and taking in all the bright yellows, browns, greens...it's always adjusting itself into something more beautiful than before.

SOLUME: I love this field.

WILLY BOY: Magical place.

SOLUME: Yes. Where I'm from we don't have such nature.

WILLY BOY: That's a crying shame that is.

SOLUME: When we first came here, it was like entering new world. Nothing familiar, the smells, the scenery, the people...but yet, I feel at home here.

WILLY BOY: You do, huh?

SOLUME: I do, I feel at ease with myself. Safe. I used to worry so much. Living in...it was a terrible place, you know? I had a brother...Vihaan, who went missing...but how he went missing, we don't know, there is no proof, no evidence, no matter how hard my family tried, there was nothing but silence and pain. He wouldn't have run away, despite our struggles. When my father realized Vihaan was not coming back, he decided to take me and my mother to America. In a way it was my brother's loss that introduced us to a new age. Hence, the meaning of my brother's name, a new beginning...his disappearance gave new life for my family, but I miss him terribly and I still feel like he is out there somewhere...I don't feel like he is really gone.

WILLY BOY: I'm so sorry to hear about Vihaan.

SOLUME: He would have liked you Willy Boy. (she laughs)

WILLY BOY: Why you laughing...at my name?

SOLUME: You have a funny name.

WILLY BOY: It's sort of a nickname. You can call me Willy or plain old Will if you want.

SOLUME: I like Willy Boy, if you like Willy Boy.

WILLY BOY: Wanna know the truth?

SOLUME: Mmm-hmm.

WILLY BOY: I hate my name.

SOLUME: (she laughs) Why do you hate your name?

WILLY BOY: It's that whole negative point of view thing I told you about. People added the boy, like I'm some dumb kid or something. I hate it.

SOLUME: What is the name you prefer?

WILLY BOY: Honestly? I've always like the sound of William.

SOLUME: William. Strong.

WILLY BOY: Makes me feel complete. William.

SOLUME: William. I like that better, too. I'll call you William.

WILLY BOY: You'd be the first person to do that.

SOLUME: Would I?

WILLY BOY: Absolutely.

SOLUME: William it is.

WILLY BOY: You sure you didn't come from heaven?

SOLUME laughs.

SOLUME: You know where I come from.

WILLY BOY: And yet you're so, I don't know how to explain you.

SOLUME: Don't.

WILLY BOY: I was just---

SOLUME: It is better not to define me, the same way you don't like to be defined.

WILLY BOY: Okay...I'll be sure to never define you. Sorry 'bout that.

SOLUME: You do not have to say sorry.

WILLY BOY: I always want to be a gentleman to you.

SOLUME: Thank you.

WILLY BOY: I'd like to introduce you to my mother.

SOLUME: Really?

WILLY BOY: I would love to.

SOLUME: Why?

WILLY BOY: Because I'd be proud to have you meet her. She's a crazy one, I'll let you know now but once you get to know her, she's alright. Loud as all hell and a mouth like a sewer but she's all love and goodness in her heart. I think she'd really like you.

SOLUME: I don't want to meet your mother.

WILLY BOY: Oh, I, okay, I was just, I didn't mean to—did I come off a bit strong and all?

SOLUME: I am in no rush to meet your mother.

WILLY BOY: Ookay. Okay, no worries. You don't have to meet her.

SOLUME: I don't like to have plans.

WILLY BOY: Right.

SOLUME: I hope you understand.

WILLY BOY: I'm tryin'.

SOLUME: I'm trying to enjoy my life without being led to a destination.

WILLY BOY: Yeah...I get that...um, well, if you ever decide you wanna come over to my house for dinner, meet my mom, she makes the greatest apple pie this side of the river. That's a fact.

SOLUME: I've never had apple pie before.

WILLY BOY: It's incredible. It will blow your mind.

SOLUME: Yes?



WILLY BOY: Oh yeah, my mom is a master baker.

SOLUME: Hmm.

WILLY BOY: What's wrong? You suddenly got all quiet like.

SOLUME: I like you William.

WILLY BOY: I like you, Solume.

SOLUME: I don't want to hurt you.

WILLY BOY: Hurt me? Why would you hurt me?

SOLUME: I take the day as it comes. I only live for the day. Tomorrow you may not see me.

WILLY BOY: I'd like to see you.

SOLUME: Maybe you will, maybe you won't...

WILLY BOY: You prefer to leave things open, without...damn, maybe I been coming on too strong or something.

SOLUME: There is nothing wrong with you William. I only want to live my life how I wish to live it. You understand?

WILLY BOY: ...Sure...I think...um, yeah, you know, you can do any old thing you wanna do, I'm not, I don't claim ownership of you or anything like that, I'm certainly not trying to make you feel, uh, I don't want to make you feel uncomfortable or anything like that.

SOLUME: Thank you.

WILLY BOY: YEAH, yeah, sure.

SOLUME: Okay...shall we walk to the river?

WILLY BOY: Uh, yeah, of course...there's a house there up over that hill (pointing)...me and the boys, we go fishing and swimming and use the place to keep some of our things...no one ever visits it, hell we don't even think it has an owner! Come on, i'll show you, it's got a place where we can watch over everything, wait till you see the sun setting on the river blue...

**END OF PLAY**