

# ***Waking Hours***

*by*

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Cast of Characters

SUSAN:

30's

WILLIS:

30's

Place

Apartment

Time

Anytime

2.

Setting: The play takes place inside a respectable one bedroom apartment. Although the building is old, the interior is kept modern.

At Rise: The play opens up in the living room where both Willis and Susan sit on a couch together.

WILLIS: There's something behind me. It follows me around, waiting for me to lose my breath. Maybe it's indigestion. Maybe it's, it's, it's ah, a heart-attack waiting to happen. Gas. Always bloated lately. I turn a certain way and long gas streams flow out of my ass into the stratosphere from its abyss. Anxiety is a real...ahh I can't even explain it right. I have one of those damn personalities. You know the one. The kind of guy that flares up over stupid nonsense. That's me. I don't want to be. Just by nature. I work at it. I work at keeping calm, but I see things that bother me. Just the other day, we were going for our daily walk and lo and behold I noticed two birds flying together in the sky and it always strikes me as romantic when I see that, their freedom, their harmony, flying together in that way side by side and then SMACK, one of the birds flew straight into the window of a high-rise and I watched as it slowly fell lifelessly to the sidewalk. The other bird flew down with it and landed on its tiny legs to observe, before flying off forever. My heart sunk. I didn't dare tell you because you are quite sensitive with that sort of thing. I mean really, really sensitive. You'd start crying and I just couldn't cope with that. So, I kept my mouth shut. And get this, this is the luck I have...I swear on my life, not two damn days later, you and I are walking past the same exact spot and another bird smashes into the high-rise, same way, but with maximum force and intensity...dead. Again, I didn't utter a word to you but I've been troubled ever since. Why did I have to see that shit? Why? Do I need to see that shit? I've been wondering if there is some sort of metaphor to life I'm supposed to gather up from all that carnage or if I'm being given a sign...and then, then I've been wondering if the other bird committed suicide because it missed the first bird that died. Do you think it was the same bird that was maybe depressed and lonely for those couple of days and then decided, "To hell with it, I'm not flying solo no more."

SUSAN: Why didn't you tell me that before?

WILLIS: Ah, you know why.

SUSAN: That's horrible.

WILLIS: Stop! Don't get emotional.

SUSAN: It's so sad.

WILLIS: I can't tell anything to anyone.

SUSAN: I'm fine, it's just so sad.

WILLIS: I know it's sad, I saw the whole damn thing happen both times.

SUSAN: It's those buildings. They are so shiny, I'm surprised cars haven't driven through them yet.

WILLIS: That's what I'm saying.

SUSAN: And you left them on the ground?

WILLIS: Who?

SUSAN: The birds?

WILLIS: Obviously.

SUSAN: We could have saved them.

WILLIS: Susan, there was no saving them. The impact alone probably snapped the neck and all.

SUSAN: That's terrible.

WILLIS: Alright, relax. This is nature.

SUSAN: No, nature is being out in the jungle somewhere. This is human beings interfering with nature.

WILLIS: Where are we supposed to live?

SUSAN: We make everything worse.

WILLIS: That's not true.

SUSAN: Those two birds would still be alive if it weren't for us.

WILLIS: Who knows?

SUSAN: We destroy everything.

WILLIS: I've been extremely depressed over it and you ignore me.

SUSAN: Oh. Sorry. Are you alright?

WILLIS: I've been having nightmares.

SUSAN: What kind of nightmares?

WILLIS: Birds have been flying into my face. You know that major zit I had on my nose last week?

SUSAN: I could still see it.

WILLIS: It's going away. I think it was from the birds.

SUSAN: How?

WILLIS: In my dream.

SUSAN: That makes no sense.

WILLIS: In my dream I have birds flying into my nose, then one morning I wake up and there's a giant crater in my nose. Explain that.

SUSAN: Coincidence.

WILLIS: There's gotta be more to it than that. Brain manifestation. Remember when I went to that doctor, what was his name Doctor Hara Kuri.

SUSAN: Yes.

WILLIS: He told me that the reason why I developed a small burn on my knee was on account that I imagined it being there. Believe that shit?

SUSAN: I remember that, yeah.

WILLIS: I never really fully bought into that logic but the more I think about it, over time, there may be something to it. We only use so much of our brain and who knows, maybe there's some kind of untapped power I've been tapping into by accident, giving me adverse effects on my body.

SUSAN: You think?

WILLIS: Well, I'm asking you. It's either that or the phantom of the birds haunting me and putting evil spells on me.

SUSAN: Evil spells?

WILLIS: Why not? It's not like I ran over to the bird and started giving it mouth to mouth. It was dead. But maybe, maybe it was upset that I didn't at least try...and ever since, it had the voojoo on me.

SUSAN: Voojoo?

WILLIS: The horns. Bad omen. All that crap.

SUSAN: The voodoo...this really has you shook.

WILLIS: And now I've been feeling an ache in my arm and who knows what...

SUSAN: You're fine. It's all in your mind.

WILLIS: That's what I'm saying.

SUSAN: Get it out of your mind.

WILLIS: And how do you expect me to do that Susan?

SUSAN: Willpower. Think of smething else.

WILLIS: I can't control my dreams. My mind wanders all over the place.

SUSAN: It's in your dreams because you think about it during your waking hours.

WILLIS: It's difficult.

SUSAN: Why?

WILLIS: I feel bad.

SUSAN: About?

WILLIS: I feel bad that I witnessed death and couldn't save either of them. I feel rotten about the second bird that I think committed suicide on account of the first bird and the whole thing's depressed me ever since.

SUSAN: That's your imagination.

WILLIS: It felt too real, Susan. Have you ever felt a kinship with an animal?

SUSAN: That time we rode horses in Costa Rica I did.

WILLIS: That's what I'm talking about. Same exact thing as that.

SUSAN: I believe you.

WILLIS: I sure hope you believe me. I'm not telling you this cause I'm bullshitting you.

SUSAN: I mean, I understand that what you feel is real for you but that you need to let it go because you couldn't do anything to save either of them.

WILLIS: I wish...

SUSAN: Can I confess something to you?

WILLIS: What?

SUSAN: I saw what happened...both times.

WILLIS: You did?

SUSAN: I did.

WILLIS: Why didn't you say anything? That's not like you.

SUSAN: I was being selfish...I wanted to enjoy our walk together...I don't really know why I didn't say anything.

WILLIS: Didn't it upset you?

SUSAN: Yes.

WILLIS: Why didn't...I can't get my head around the fact that you didn't say anything to me.

SUSAN: I think I've been in shock.

WILLIS: Shock?

SUSAN: Shock.

WILLIS: Are you alright?

SUSAN: It made me think of us. The two birds. It made me think what I would do if you had died. I couldn't imagine life without you Willis, I play the whole scenario in my mind. I imagine the wake, the funeral, the family pain, and then the worst of it would be when I would finally be alone, without you in the house and there's that quiet sound that frightens me most...the stillness...I imagined being that second bird. Imagined myself being too fed up with hurt to cope with it inside myself and I believe I would have done the inevitable, I would have flown directly into that same shiny window to chase you and find you and be with you all over again...because...I wouldn't want to fly alone without you. I couldn't.

WILLIS: Honey...I love you.

SUSAN: I love you, too.

WILLIS: I couldn't live without you, either...I've been upset about the same exact thing...I couldn't...wouldn't want to exist because I'd feel as though I was already gone if you weren't by my side.

SUSAN: What are we going to do?

WILLIS: We have to be thankful for the time we have and live, live, live.

SUSAN: Live, live, live...

**END OF PLAY**