

Beer and Bobby's Lasagna

by

Joseph Arnone

Copyright © 2021

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

BARRY : 30's
KUTCH : 20's
MRS. MAPLE : 50's

Place
Suburban house

Time
Day

Setting: The play takes place inside Mrs. Maple's suburban home. It's a large, window-lit home with bay windows letting in a ton of light and large square rooms to take the sunlight in.

At Rise: The play opens up with Kutch carrying a box of items down the staircase when he stops halfway down because of its weight. Barry stands in the center of the living room watching Kutch.

BARRY: Bring 'em down. Bring 'em down here.

KUTCH: Ahh my arm is givin' out man.

BARRY: What is it with you? You can't carry over fifty pounds?

KUTCH: I told ya my back is whack. What do I speak Greek?

BARRY (plainly): You speak asshole.

KUTCH: I'm helping you out.

BARRY: You're returning one of two dozen favors you owe me, arrright?

KUTCH: Yeah, rub my nose in it till it bleeds.

BARRY: Pointin' out the facts. I do more work having you here than not.

KUTCH: So whad you ask me here for? I could be out sailin'.

BARRY: Sailin' my ass.

KUTCH: You know I sail.

BARRY: And how ya even have a sailboat, anyway? Fell outta the sky?

KUTCH: I made one.

BARRY: You made one? You.

KUTCH: Yeah, me.

BARRY: Fuck outta here.

KUTCH: It's the only thing in the world that makes me happy.

BARRY: What's that?

KUTCH: Sailing. Fishing. The smell of the ocean. The waves. Swimming The sun. The isolation.

BARRY: Why don't you ever take me out on ya boat?

KUTCH: Cause I like to be alone.

BARRY: Fuckin' guy. You catch fish?

KUTCH: Yeh.

BARRY: What fish you catch with those noodle arms of yours?

KUTCH: Wouldn't you like to know.

BARRY: You couldn't catch a fish if it smacked you in the face and wished you Happy Birthday.

KUTCH: You tryin' to be funny or you just like soundin' stupid?

BARRY: Come on, bring that box down and we'll make a run for some sandwiches.

KUTCH picks up the box and heads back down the stairs.

KUTCH: Nah, I can't eat.

BARRY: Why not?

KUTCH: Been on the shits for two days now.

BARRY: What's wrong with ya?

KUTCH puts the box on the floor.

KUTCH: Old Bobby invited me in for a meal the other night...

BARRY: Yeah?

KUTCH: Yeah, I was doing fine up until then. I bumped into him while pickin' up a spumoni in the neighborhood...what are the chances? Just goin' about my business, but there he was talkin' about how much weight I'd lost and you know Bobby, he doesn't stop talkin', I think he lost it since his last wife Linda died, you know he brought her up too, wouldn't stop goin' on about the spumoni they once had in Italy, so I just kept on talkin' to him and the more we talked, the more we walked closer to his place and by the time I knew it, I was havin' another meal by his. Worst decision of my life, couldn't even make out what he was cookin', I been shittin' my brains out since.

BARRY: Shoulda warned you about Bobby, he's known for that, it's the lasagna he had, he prefers making it with old ricotta.

KUTCH: Old ricotta?

BARRY: Yeah, old ricotta, right before it gets mouldy, he's known for it, thinks it adds more flavor to the lasagna. Fuckin' Bobby, still killin' off the neighborhood.

KUTCH: Ahhh, well, thanks for warnin' me, too little too late.

BARRY: Yeh well, maybe it ain't just Bobby that is the cause of those issues a yours.

KUTCH: What is it now? If it weren't Bobby's famous lasagna, then what could it possibly be, Barry?

BARRY: I'm not a doctor, but maybe it's all that booze you keep fillin' yourself up with.

KUTCH: Nah, it ain't the booze. I get sick if I don't drink.

BARRY: (laughs) And that's another thing, you smell.

KUTCH: Your ass.

BARRY: You smell like beer and Bobby's lasagna. Whenever you start sweatin' you'd think you stepped out of a bar. I'm getting' high off your fumes.

KUTCH: That's how I roll.

BARRY: The woman we're movin' out asked me if you been drinkin' and I said no but it's obvious you have been.

KUTCH: You said no drinking on the job, so I drank before I came on the job, arrright?

BARRY: But you came in, intoxicated!

KUTCH: What I do before the job and after the job is of no concern to anybody but me. When I'm on the job that's the only time you can preach and if I ain't drinking right here, right now in the flesh and blood you can go take a shit for yourself.

BARRY: If you're pollutin' the air you walk through, what am I supposed to do if people mention it to me? This is my business.

KUTCH: You think I give a rat's ass Barry? You know I'm doin' the best I can. I woke up five in the mornin' to come here after you called me late last night and here I am, I'm here, you know, I'm fuckin' here after Bobby's lasagna, with diarrhea and a throbbin' asshole, a migraine headache to go with it and a few beers to take the edge off. Sue me. You think I wanna be here in this two hundred degree heat, with that woman upstairs who keeps starin' at me like I have two heads and all I'm doin' is movin' her friggin' boxes into a truck. It's not like I'm doin' her freakin' taxes arrright? If I stink of beer and lasagna, good. I hope the aroma travels all through this lousy house, cause it's better than breathing in mothballs, which is what I was hit with when I first entered the place. You kidding me or what? Mothballs?! No windows open, no nothin', gotta stretch my neck out like a baby giraffe to breathe...but guess what? I'm here, right? (pointing) For yours truly. And you say it's the favors I owe you, well, doin' this today should take off half the favors I owe ya cause of the bullshit I gotta endure. Half!

BARRY: Half?

KUTCH: Yeah, half.

BARRY: Go put that box in the truck and release your toxins into the air outside fore you kill somebody.

KUTCH: Lucky I don't take my shirt off and spread the love.
(laughs)

BARRY: You take that shirt off and I'll stuff it down your throat.

KUTCH: You ain't stuffin' nobody.

BARRY (smiling): Ballbreaker you are.

KUTCH: I'm just sayin'.

BARRY: Stay out there, go, go, go.

KUTCH picks up the box and exits house.

BARRY shakes his head to himself. He picks up a box and heads out of the house.

BARRY: Mrs. Maple? Mrs. Maple??

MRS. MAPLE: Yes?

BARRY: We're just goin' for some lunch and we'll be back before you know it.

MRS. MAPLE: Okay. Thank you.

BARRY: We almost got you cleared out. Just a few big pieces left and you should be good to go.

MRS. MAPLE: Great!

BARRY: Okay!

KUTCH comes back in the house.

BARRY: Whaddaya doin? Go start the truck, we're goin' for sandwiches.

KUTCH: I gotta use the toilet.

BARRY: Are you for real?

KUTCH: Ah man, this don't feel good!

BARRY: Can't you wait till we get to the deli?

KUTCH: I'm dyin'!

KUTCH runs into a nearby bathroom.

BARRY: Open the window in there for God sakes.

BARRY heads out of the house with the box.

MRS. MAPLE comes downstairs.

We hear KUTCH making large sounding groans as if undergoing torture.

MRS. MAPLE is startled and slowly creeps to the bathroom door.

MRS. MAPLE: Hello?

KUTCH: AHH!!!

MRS. MAPLE (angry): ARE YOU ALRIGHT?!

KUTCH: I'll be out in just a second.

MRS. MAPLE (to herself): Like someone's getting strangled to death. What a disgrace. Didn't sign up for this, had I known. Figures.

KUTCH: What??

MRS. MAPLE: Excuse me?

KUTCH: Did you say something?

MRS. MAPLE: Not to you, well sort of to you but--ARE YOU GOING TO BE MUCH LONGER?

KUTCH: I'm - I need a minute Mam!

MRS. MAPLE (shrieks): Why, I never! Are you capable of putting on the air vent and opening the window before you exit the bathroom? I have a very sensitive--

KUTCH: YEAH! Yeah I will!

BARRY comes back in the house.

BARRY: Oh, hi.

MRS. MAPLE: DO YOU HEAR that worker of yours in there?

BARRY: I, sorry, he won't be long.

MRS. MAPLE: No manners, it's coming through the vents!

BARRY: Terribly sorry.

MRS. MAPLE: Where did you find him?

BARRY: He's family..sort of, like family.

MRS. MAPLE: It's the drink. I know first hand. Sometimes it pours itself right through you. You should talk to him about that.

BARRY: I know, I will, I'm so sorry for his, his, his---

MRS. MAPLE: Odor is a good word for it. Odor.

BARRY: Yes, odor.

BARRY knocks on the door.

BARRY: Kutch, come on, we're ready to go.

KUTCH: Just give me a sec!

BARRY: Hurry up!

BARRY: Mrs. Maple, he'll be right out. He suffers from bad stomach ulcers and what have you.

MRS. MAPLE: No need to further explain. I want the job done as quickly and perfectly as humanly possible.

BARRY: It will be. You have my word.

MRS. MAPLE: Good!

MRS. MAPLE goes back upstairs.

TOILET flushes - out comes KUTCH
dripping with sweat.

KUTCH: That was rough.

BARRY: Are you done?

KUTCH: Like a newborn.

BARRY: We're a hair away from getting fired.

KUTCH: Suddenly it's a crime to use a bathroom?

BARRY: I've had enough. We're going to have a long talk, you and me. Let's go.

KUTCH: Great. Like I haven't been through enough.

BARRY and KUTCH walk out of house.

END OF PLAY