

Day Follows Night

by

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Cast of Characters

PINA:

20's

TYRA:

20's

Place
Street/Car

Time
4AM

2.

Setting: The play takes place on a dark street in an industrial urban neighborhood behind a warehouse.

At Rise: The play opens up with Tyra (intoxicated) sitting on a concrete wall behind a dumpster, when Pina pulls up in a car, getting out to speak to Tyra.

PINA: Tyra! Tyra, I'm here.

TYRA: You came.

PINA: Yeah girl, I wouldn't leave you out like that.

TYRA: My bestest friend ever!

TYRA hugs PINA and gets emotional but
then breaks off.

Wanna go for a walk?

PINA: It's actually freezing out here.

TYRA: Be free! Be free!

PINA: Ty, we should go back in my car and get you nice and warm.

TYRA: I'm hot. Feel me, feel my head, I have a hot head, like a fever but it's not a fever, I don't have a fever, I'm just warm and toasty.

PINA: But I'm shivering and I've only been out here a minute or two.

TYRA: I'm not going back in your fuckin' car!!!

PINA: Okay, okay, okay, that's fine, we'll chill outside if you want.

TYRA: It's what I want!

PINA: So that's what we'll do...okay...together. I'm here.

TYRA: You're here.

PINA: I'm here..for you.

TYRA: Are you? Here for me? Who's ever there for anybody, Pina? You ever think about that? Like, I've done favors for people, good favors, bad favors, all kinds of favors and when it's done I slowly forget about it. Do you think doing favors for people makes your soul shine a little brighter in this world? I think it depends on the favor. Some favors make you darker inside...I've done a lot of bad favors Pina. Favors I can't get out from my mind...just fucking smack me upside the head, bring me down and I'll go down the sinkhole, down, down, down. I'm fine. And so I see the next day and the next day, day follows night and so on and I don't feel anything anymore but my own mish mosh of done deeds. They're all in the past, I just can't break myself away from them. I wanna die. No, no, listen, LISTEN, listen, I wanna die but come back a new me, better me, please...help me...I wanna go home.

PINA: Let's go in my car and get us warm and we can figure everything out together. I'm here for you, I won't leave you alone.

TYRA: Okay, let's go, let's...

TYRA and PINA walk to PINA'S car and get in.

TYRA: Smells so fucking good in here!

PINA: You like?

TYRA: Always have, those smelly things that smell so good.

PINA: I like fragrance.

TYRA: Ha! You're a crazy tramp.

PINA: Ha ha! I love you. Drink this...it's hot coffee.

TYRA: Coffee??

PINA: Drink some.

TYRA: Coffee? Okay, coffee, coffee.

TYRA takes a sip from mug.

Whew!

PINA: Good?

TYRA: Burnt my tongue.

PINA: Tyra!

TYRA: Feels good. I like it.

PINA: You alright?

TYRA: I like it, I'm good. So where are we goin'?

PINA: Back to mines.

TYRA: Poop.

PINA: What are you even doing in this neighborhood at this time Ty?

TYRA: Fuck off.

PINA: No, I didn't mean to---

TYRA opens car door, leaning her body outward.

PINA grabs hold of TYRA'S shirt and the two play tug of war.

PINA: Tyra! Tyra! Get in the car!

TYRA: Free! I'm free, free fallin'!

PINA: Tyra! Get back in the car now!

TYRA: (laughs)

TYRA falls back in her seat.

PINA: Close the door.

TYRA closes the car door shut.

Getting the hell outta here. I don't even know exactly where we are.

TYRA: David's.

PINA: Who?

TYRA: We visited David.

PINA: Who is David?

TYRA: Fuckin' asshole David.

(pause)

PINA drives.

PINA: I think up ahead is the boulevard, I see a wider road...I think that's the right way I came from. Shit.

PINA looks over at TYRA.

You okay?

TYRA: Sober.

PINA: You are far from sober girl.

TYRA: You came for me.

PINA: Yes.

TYRA: Why?

PINA: Why what?

TYRA: You come for me?

PINA: Who else you got?

TYRA: Nobody.

PINA: Me.

TYRA: You.

PINA: Yep.

TYRA begins laughing.

PINA: What's so funny?

TYRA explodes with laughter now.

PINA starts laughing with her.

BOTH women have a laughing fit together.

TYRA (sadly now): I stabbed the bastard.

PINA: What??

TYRA: David the bastard.

PINA: You did WHAT?

TYRA (IRISH BROGUE ACCENT): I stabbed him in his thigh with a butcher's knife. I said, "Hey fucker, you gonna put your hands on me, well HERE-YOU-GO!" (gesturing) Stab! Like that.

PINA: Oh my God, you didn't.

TYRA: I did. I did.

PINA: Tyra, did you really--

TYRA: Stabbed him till I hit bone, till I couldn't go any deeper with the blade and I left. I didn't run. I didn't fuss. He screamed his head off and I laughed in his face and walked out free from him. (beat) End of that relationship, I guess.

PINA: Well, yeah!

TYRA: That's what I call a break up..

PINA: What if he calls the police on you?

TYRA: He knows better.

PINA: What if he tries to hurt you?

TYRA: He knows better about that too.

PINA: Are you—did you get hurt at all?

TYRA: Not anymore.

TYRA stares out window.

PINA: Oh, baby...

TYRA: Not anymore.

PINA: I know.

TYRA: I want a new life.

PINA: Okay.

TYRA: I want change.

PINA: Yes.

TYRA: I wanna stop doing favors.

PINA: Favors...

TYRA: No more favors...just me.

PINA: Just you sweetheart.

TYRA: My life.

PINA: Yes.

TYRA: My life counts.

PINA: It does.

TYRA: I matter. I'm not some, some, some, some, some loser.

PINA: No, you're not.

TYRA: I'm not some, some, some, some idiot.

PINA: Of course not.

TYRA: I'm beautiful.

PINA: You are beautiful baby.

TYRA: I am.

PINA: You are.

TYRA: I wanna pass out now.

PINA: You rest. Sleep. Sleep.

TYRA passes out.

PINA wipes a tear from her eye.

Sleep...

END OF PLAY