

Dust In Our Eyes

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

DEAN:

Teens

PAULA:

Teens

Place
Woods

Time
Night

2.

Setting: The play takes place outside in the woods. It appears as though this is the usual hang out spot for Dean and Paula. Perhaps an old fire pit and tree stumps/rocks around it with a garbage can nearby. There's also some battery powered lighting that adds a soft illuminance to the atmosphere.

At Rise: The play opens up on Paula and Dean sharing a beer amongst themselves.

PAULA: Starting to get cold.

DEAN: Wear my sweater.

DEAN takes off his sweater.

PAULA: I'm not wearing that thing. It looks alive.

DEAN: I can assure you it's dead.

PAULA puts on DEAN'S sweater.

Better?

PAULA: This thing really blocks the wind.

DEAN: My favorite sweater.

PAULA: Are you cold now?

DEAN: Nah, I don't even feel, was hot actually.

PAULA: Cool.

DEAN hands back PAULA his beer.

PAULA sips and hands it back.

DEAN: Did you study for that Shakespeare exam?

PAULA: Kinda. I mean...I haven't really studied anything in a while.

DEAN: No?

PAULA: Just been listening in class.

DEAN (mocking/joking): Oh, excuse me?

PAULA: Not like you who's always being loud.

DEAN: I like being loud, it's better than being quiet. I like noise.

PAULA: You have a problem with silence?

DEAN: Life shouldn't be silent. Life should be loud.

PAULA: Why not start a rock band.

DEAN: I might.

PAULA: What is it with you and Shakespeare? Are you afraid of it?

DEAN: I would be if I understood anything.

PAULA: You shouldn't be. It's just language Dean.

DEAN: Nobody talks that way.

PAULA: That's not the point.

DEAN: What is the point?

PAULA: If you actually allow yourself to listen to the words, you wouldn't be so concerned with the logic because you will be too busy with the impact they've had on you...you know, how they make you feel.

DEAN: How they make me feel...you joking?

PAULA: No, I'm not.

DEAN: The words get you emotional?

PAULA: Well no, I'm not balling my eyes out or anything but yeah, there are moments that I feel.

DEAN: Like what?

PAULA: Lots of times.

DEAN: Yeah? When?

PAULA: When we all read Hamlet on Thursday.

DEAN: That was torture.

PAULA: No...I connected with Ophelia and how she was being pushed aside by Hamlet...

DEAN: Pushed aside?

PAULA: Yeah, sort of what my family does to me.

DEAN: That sucks.

PAULA: It does.

DEAN: Why do they always treat you like shit?

DEAN opens another beer. He drinks.

PAULA: I don't know. They've just got used to it I guess. I think it's my sister..Kyra. She represents everything that my mother and father wants for their children. You know, get perfect grades, be beautiful, popular, ambitious...she already knows what she wants to do in life, she's known since she was like four. She's always polite, dressed well, she's like the star child and me, well, I'm the complete opposite of perfection..I'm rejection. I'm sloppy, confused, rebellious, have no direction, have you and like two other people for friends, guess I'm the lesser version of Kyra and everyone knows it. So, I get pushed aside and when that's not happening I'm getting told what to do, shouted at, nagged at, always made to feel like I'm not ever good enough. It's like I don't matter unless I'm what everyone else wants me to be and I don't even know who the hell I am, you know? Am I supposed to have all this figured out?

DEAN: You're my best friend.

PAULA: Stop.

DEAN: You are smart, you're tough, good-hearted, friendly, you're not stuck up or conceited like your sister, no offense but it's true. I like that you're a sloppy mess cause you're real. You're not trying to be someone you're not. I don't see anything wrong with you. You know, if people want to try to fit you in a box, then to hell with them, right? I know it's your family and all but you can't let anyone, not even family get in your head. There's nothing wrong with you Paula. And, and...yeah, you are pretty, pretty in your own way and that makes you, you, so, don't ever change who you are unless that's what you wanna do for you, not cause someone tries to mold you.

PAULA: No one's ever called me pretty.

DEAN: In a sloppy sort of way. (he laughs)

PAULA (laughs): Asshole.

DEAN: You are pretty, what?

PAULA: That's different.

DEAN: What?

PAULA: Never knew you could be so caring.

DEAN: Let's not make it a big deal.

PAULA: There's a heart in you after all, hey Dean.

DEAN: I try.

PAULA (laughs): Good boy.

DEAN hands PAULA beer, she sips, hands it back.

DEAN: You gotta just stay true to yourself. This world, it almost seems that it wants to fit us into some sort of ABC path. I don't know about you but growing up and living life to pay my bills is a real shitty way to live. I wanna live with purpose, that's what I've been thinking about a lot lately. I wanna do things that matter to me and others. You know, my brother Darren, he's a dick like your sister Kyra, no offense, it's like he wants to be my enemy and I'm his only brother...anyway, he's got everything figured out for himself, he's going off to college, wants to be an engineer, buy a house, have a wife, kids, barbecue and boat and all those things are all well and good. But I don't know, I'm not really into that kind of figured out patterned life...I mean, how many people do we know have fit that lifestyle? Right? And it's like, then what?? What comes next? You raise your kids and they too will go to school and follow the same patterns, you retire, get old hopefully and turn to dust...that's it. That shit scares me. I wanna take risks. I wanna find something I can do in my life that will make me so damn happy I won't have to be miserable one day while going to work, unlike my Pops, there isn't a day that goes by where he's not moaning about his job, he comes home and drinks himself into oblivion and my mother, God Bless her, she puts up with it, but deep down she isn't happy either, cause she never did the things she wanted to do for her...you know why? Cause she followed the same stupid pattern we all trap ourselves into. Right? She wanted to be an artist, a painter...I found some of her painting up in the attic one night and they were freaking amazing, I don't know much about art or anything but Paula, these were good! Just as good as those paintings we study in art class, you know, in those books and whatever, she's just as good as that stuff and it made me wonder WHY? Why didn't my mom go after it? I know that's what she wanted to do cause she's talked about it on occasion nonchalantly. I don't want to be like that in my life. I don't want to sit on my talent, if I have any, I'm still searching, but when I find it I am going for it. I'm not going to sit on my hands and watch my life go by, live out some crappy pattern and die inside...life's too short, either live it or waste it and I aim to live it.

PAULA kisses DEAN.

What'd you do that for?

PAULA: No one has ever held my attention for that long.

DEAN: (laughs)

PAULA: I'm serious, I'm serious.

DEAN: It's just how I see things, Paula. I don't wanna miss out on the---

PAULA: I get it! I get it! It's brilliant. What you said just had an impact on me.

DEAN: It did?

PAULA: Made me realize that i've been taking things for granted too. I can't let life be mundane. I have to get my shit together.

DEAN: You do—I mean we both do...we will.

PAULA: You always find a way to say all the right things...

DEAN: Do I? Really?

PAULA: Yeh, you do Dean, you're the best. I needed to hear that tonight, I've just been thinking of the worst thoughts lately, hoping that they'll stop, I just need to feel alive again.

DEAN: Me too.

END OF PLAY