

Night of the Party

by

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Cast of CharactersPAGGIE:

30's

RONAN:

30's

Place

Paggie & Ronan Flynn's home

Time

Evening

Setting: The play takes place inside a glorious townhouse on the Upper West Side of Manhattan. The action takes place inside a large master bedroom with its ensuite bathroom connected stage left. The décor is one of high end furniture that screams wealthy.

At Rise: The play opens up with Ronon sitting on the bed alone, when his wife Paggie steps out from a walk in closet.

PAGGIE: Why isn't your tie on?

RONON: I don't wish to go.

PAGGIE: Haven't we been through all of this already?

RONON: It still hasn't settled in me.

PAGGIE: This is an important event Ronon, all the right people are going to be there!

RONON: That doesn't bother me.

PAGGIE: What *doesn't* bother you? That's the problem.

RONON: There are some wrong people who will be there as well.

PAGGIE: What wrong people?

RONON: You never know until it's all much too late.

PAGGIE: Why are you talking so strangely?

RONON: Do we really have to go to this party?

PAGGIE: Of course!

RONON: Why? Why?? Tell me why?

PAGGIE: We are expected to attend and you need to get yourself together, before we are late!

RONON: Expected?

PAGGIE: That's right.

RONON: They can expect me to stay home.

PAGGIE: What's gotten into you?

RONON: I'm fed up. Tired of going to these gatherings, sipping the same champagne, laughing at the same dull jokes, negotiating but trying to act like there isn't a negotiation taking place...who is really real? Is it because I let someone stay at our home in New England? Does that constitute for deep friendship? It's all calculated and it works. That's the real kicker. (beat) Paggie, don't you ever get fed up with playing the game? When do we get to simply live out our lives and be happy? When is high enough actually ever high enough? ...There's a lack of meaning, purpose...maybe that's wrong, that's not what I'm saying here...what I mean is I feel empty inside. On the outside there's nothing but sparkling pearls but on the inside, I feel like some cheap vacant motel that needs a fresh coat of paint to avoid looking like it's about to collapse.

RONON (cont'd): I always imagined at some point we would have jumped ship and swam to some unbeknown island, just the two of us, away from all the limelight...in peace. But we haven't. We're still here, powering on as if it's still the beginning and it's become routine. I feel like we're trapped in this phony romantic period that doesn't truly exist, we just think it does. It's fantasy. Magic. False. It's all so horribly false. (beat) I want out. I need out. If I stay a moment longer I will crumble. This is what it's doing to me inside. I cannot keep myself together...not tonight, not any other night.

PAGGIE: Put on your tie.

RONON: I won't.

PAGGIE: Ronon, you put on your tie and you remember what you promised me.

RONON: I gave you what I promised.

PAGGIE: No, no you haven't.

RONON: Don't you dare accuse me of lying!

PAGGIE: This is the life I want and I aim to live it out!

RONON: Until when?!

PAGGIE: Until I die!

RONON: Nonsense.

PAGGIE: I am going to this party with or without you.

RONON: Suit yourself.

RONON takes off his suit jacket and flings it on the bed.

PAGGIE: How dare you?

RONON pours himself a drink and drains it. He follows it up with another and drains that one too. He goes for his third and sits in a single sofa, facing PAGGIE.

RONON: There. I am a boulder now.

PAGGIE: You are going to that party if I have to roll you.

RONON: Paggie, come sit with me.

PAGGIE: NO!

RONON: Please, come join me...

PAGGIE: I will not allow you to alter this night.

RONON: You already have. I spoke my piece.

PAGGIE: You spoke your piece...hmmm...you spoke your fucking piece...DID YOU? Hmm. Well, have I got news for you. There is no peace! We will have nothing to do with peace. Not in this house. Not until we are both good, gone and dead.

RONON: What's wrong with peace?

PAGGIE: I want to live! I need to live, Ronon. You forget all those years we suffered through the thick of it, chopping away through the jungle until we finally made enough room for ourselves in the world and HERE WE ARE! You can't tell me that after all those sacrifices, coming up from nothing more than a cave, that we are to walk away from everything we ever wanted.

RONON: What more do you want?

PAGGIE: I want to be in it up to my ears baby.

RONON: You'll drown.

PAGGIE: I'll float.

RONON: You push me too damn hard woman.

PAGGIE: (laughs) Do I?

RONON: That's right. We're here! Aren't we?! When do I get to kick up my legs, have a drink and relax? Or even breathe for a moment, if you'd let me!

PAGGIE: Life isn't for relaxing, life is for living. If you're a boulder, roll down the mountain!

PAGGIE pops a pill and washes it down with
scotch.

RONON (sarcastic): Taking the edge off?

PAGGIE: I do as I please.

RONON: Thought you weren't going to do that shit anymore.

PAGGIE: That was before you promised me heaven but gave me hell.

RONON: Always the blamer, never the blamed.

PAGGIE: That's right. Now get your ass up and put on that godforsaken jacket, tie and SMILE.

RONON: Now I already told you I was not going and I am not going. That's final.

PAGGIE: Final? I'll show you final.

PAGGIE pops another pill in her mouth and drains her drink.

RONON gets up and stares coldly at her.

PAGGIE: HA!

RONON: Your behavior is revolting.

PAGGIE: Nah! NAH! NAH! NAH!

RONON: Stop it.

PAGGIE: NAH, NAH, NAH, NAH, NAH, NAH.

RONON: STOP IT!!!

All is quiet. PAGGIE stares coldly back at RONON.

RONON goes for another drink.

PAGGIE: Drink up all the air for all I care.

RONON: I will if I have to.

PAGGIE: You're a disgrace.

RONON: You first.

PAGGIE'S pills are having their affect on her as is RONON'S drinking on him.

PAGGIE: You don't care about me, cause if you cared about me I wouldn't have to plead with you to show me a good time. You would love me enough to take me to the moon and back without me ever asking, you would make me howl with laughter, make me crazy with really good sex and we'd be the toast of the world.

PAGGGIE goes for a drink.

RONON: Maybe that's enough Paggie.

PAGGIE: Shut up, you listen, I pour.

PAGGIE pours herself more alcohol and flops down on the edge of the bed.

RONON calmly works his way back into sitting in the single sofa.

RONON: Why are you getting so upset?

PAGGIE: Shut your big mouth trap.

Pause.

PAGGIE drains her drink and lets the glass fall on to the carpet.

RONON: Nice one.

PAGGIE kicks it.

Now, now.

PAGGIE: Hmmm!

RONON: I must say, you look stunning tonight. As soft and gentle as a white rose.

PAGGIE: Gimme a drink!

RONON: Such a beautiful woman when you're angry.

PAGGIE: (burps)

RONON: You are...

RONON gets up and stumbles, almost dizzy.

This hit me hard tonight...jeez.

RONON picks PAGGIE'S glass up from the floor and sets it down on the cabinet.

That's enough.

PAGGIE: DRINK!

RONON: In a minute...(turns to Paggie) Paggie, don't you care about anything I had to say to you tonight?

PAGGIE: DRINK!

RONON: In a minute...Paggie, can't you come to terms with what I had to express to you, doesn't it matter what I said?

PAGGIE: DRINK!

RONON: In a minute...PAGGIE, I'm—I really need to know if we can come to some sort of agreement, because I can't do this anymore, I really can't.

PAGGIE stands up, pointing.

PAGGIE: You pour me my drink you son of a bitch, before I slap you across your face.

RONON: Paggie, for goodness sake! Sit down--

PAGGIE charges RONON and she grabs him by the shirt and pulls on him hard.

RONON'S hand collides with the cabinet and the glass he's holding shatters, causing his hand to get cut and bleed.

Damn it to hell!

PAGGIE shrieks.

Damn it Paggie!

RONON goes into the bathroom and rinses the fresh wound on his hand. He enters the bedroom with a white towel and douses it with alcohol. He then wraps his hand with it.

PAGGIE: Are you okay, dear?

RONON: I'm fine.

PAGGIE: Let me see it! Let me see!

RONON: It's an open wound but nothing that won't mend on its own. What the hell's the matter with you? Are you losing the rest of what's left in that crazy mind of yours?

PAGGIE: I want to go to the party!

RONON: Paggie, there is no way we are going to that asinine party now. You call up Samantha and Charles and tell them we won't be coming. We'll send flowers and chocolates in the morning as apology. But no, the party is through and that's final.

PAGGIE: That's final. That's final. You are God awful when you say that.

RONON: Well, I said it.

PAGGIE: AWFUL!

RONON: Take off your dress.

PAGGIE: Don't tell me what to do. Don't you ever tell me what to do again for as long as I live!

RONON: I'm the one with a cut open hand.

PAGGIE: It wouldn't have happened had we gone out.

RONON: Settle down.

PAGGIE: I want my drink!

PAGGIE initiates another attempt at pouring herself a drink and succeeds.

RONON: You're stepping all over the broken glass.

PAGGIE drinks and faces RONON.

PAGGIE: You wanna know what I think? (beat) I'll tell you what I think. I think you're stupid to think what YOU think. That's what I think. I think you've lost your hunger. I think you've forgotten what it means to want things. Where has that unstoppable man I once loved gone? Have you seen him? Is he shrinking down somewhere in the corner, like a mouse, a roach even...hmm...wants to settle down on some tropical island looking at each wave coming in...hahaha...what a glorious bore you turned out to be! That's like counting sheep before bedtime and do I look like a woman who is ready for sleep? I'm ready to climb walls! Mountains! I'm young, beautiful, rich and I've worked us to the core for this and want all of...(She's getting sleepy) all of you...(sighs)...I want to never be forgotten...okay? Is that so wrong? That's it...I am not yet ready to be forgotten...

PAGGIE leans against the wall. She lets another glass fall out of her hands and onto the carpet.

RONON nods in acceptance.

RONON: Come here, sweetheart.

PAGGIE: Yeah?

RONON: My love, come here my love...

PAGGIE saunters over to RONON and stands before him.

RONON: My princess, my queen...

END OF PLAY