

Heavy Heart

by

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Cast of Characters

<u>TIFFANY</u> :	30's
<u>GRACE</u> :	60
<u>MARTIN</u> :	40

Place
Suburban home

Time
Day

Setting: The play takes place inside a large square living room. Framed paintings from the impressionistic era hang on the walls. There is a white throw rug with purple and gold design woven through. Old but polished wooden furniture that somehow appears new. The room doesn't appear stuffy but rather elegant, although there are many items inside it.

At Rise: The play opens up on both Tiffany and her mother Grace, sitting on opposite sides of a sofa, drinking tea.

TIFFANY: Martin? How can you give that much money to Martin?

GRACE: He wants to start a business.

TIFFANY: Business? What the hell does he know about business?

GRACE: Your brother deserves a chance.

TIFFANY: His entire life he's been given handouts.

GRACE: Because he's in need.

TIFFANY: When is it going to stop?

GRACE: It will stop when he doesn't need my help.

TIFFANY: When you're dead?

GRACE: Tiffany---

TIFFANY: Even in death he'll be supported by you.

GRACE: You will understand when you have your own.

TIFFANY: I hate when you say that, don't say that.

GRACE: But it's true.

TIFFANY: I know what love is Mom.

GRACE: But you won't know what it feels like to have a child, until you actually have one. If you ever have one. The closest you've ever come was owning a few pets, but that's no substitute for giving birth, raising a child and being there for them.

TIFFANY: He's your favorite.

GRACE: Don't say that.

TIFFANY: He walks on water with you.

GRACE: He doesn't walk on water with me.

TIFFANY: He can do know wrong.

GRACE: Are we going to go back and forth?

TIFFANY: You praise him, like he's the golden boy of the family, all our lives, and what has he produced? What has he ever accomplished? Everything he does turns to shit. One failure after the next.

GRACE: I am not going to believe that Martin won't succeed at something at some point in his life.

TIFFANY: He's forty!!

GRACE: For some people, achievement comes later.

TIFFANY: (growls)

GRACE: Why does it bother you so?

TIFFANY: Because he takes advantage of you.

GRACE: I'm his mother.

TIFFANY: He robs you legally.

GRACE: I've never felt that Martin has ever used me for money. He's needed me for it, that's different than using me for it.

TIFFANY: You're like his private banker.

GRACE: Okay dear, I can't change how you feel.

TIFFANY: And I can't stop you from throwing money out the window.

GRACE: No, I'm afraid you can't.

TIFFANY gets up, pours herself more
tea for herself and her mother.

Thank you.

TIFFANY: Why have I had to struggle my entire life?

GRACE: Have you struggled?

TIFFANY: My entire life.

GRACE: That's a long time.

TIFFANY: I'm being serious.

GRACE: So am I.

TIFFANY: I know how you and dad have worked in your lives to provide for me and Martin and give us the upbringing we've been fortunate enough to have. What is the point of having all this money if it...there were many times in my life where you knew I was in financial trouble and you never, not once ever offered to give me a helping hand...when it comes to Martin, it's a different story. Martin just needs to look in your direction and you open your purse. I've always wondered why that is...I'm the smarter one, I have ambition, I'm not lazy...why not give me a lift up?

TIFFANY (cont'd): It's always Martin and it always ends in disaster. I'm sick of hearing about his failures. I'd like him to make something of himself on his own...I don't think he ever will, but I don't want to talk bad, he is my brother and all, but still, it pisses me off that he's had the easy road and I've had to grovel for a loaf of bread.

GRACE: Since when?

TIFFANY: Since forever.

GRACE: You look well fed to me, dear.

TIFFANY: Yeah, just make light of everything I say. Dad would never do that. He always took me serious.

GRACE: Your father was a good listener. He was famous for simply listening to someone's trouble and by the end of their monologue, he'd be thanked. Never uttering a single word.

TIFFANY: Dad and I always used to talk.

GRACE: Naturally, you're his daughter.

TIFFANY: What do you think he'd say about you giving Martin so much money?

GRACE: Well, it doesn't really matter all that much since your father is dead.

TIFFANY: Do you have to say it like that?

GRACE: What better way is there to say such a thing?

TIFFANY: Maybe a little more genteel?

GRACE: I'll try.

TIFFANY: Thank you.

DOORBELL rings.

GRACE: That's Martin.

TIFFANY: Martin? He's come over?

GRACE crosses the room.

GRACE: Yes, dear, it isn't a crime you know.

GRACE opens the door. Enter MARTIN.

MARTIN: Hi, Mom. Brought you some daisies?

GRACE: Oh sweetheart, you didn't have to do that.

MARTIN: I missed you.

GRACE: They are beautiful. Would you look at these Tiffany?

TIFFANY: They're nice.

MARTIN: Hey Tiff, how's it going?

MARTIN kisses TIFFANY on the cheek.

TIFFANY: Same shit. You?

MARTIN: Just stopping over real quick.

TIFFANY: Another bank robbery?

MARTIN: What?

GRACE: I'll put these in water right away, but Martin come follow me dear. Tiff, put these in water for me, please.

MARTIN follows GRACE into a neighboring room.

TIFFANY puts daisies in a vase with water.

TIFFANY (to herself): Daisies my ass. What a bullshit artist.

The two emerge a moment later.

MARTIN: Later Tiff, I gotta get going.

TIFFANY: Leaving so soon?

MARTIN: Yeah, I have a few meetings I have to tend to.

TIFFANY: I'll bet. Good luck.

MARTIN: See ya. Mom, I'll call you tonight.

MARTIN gives Grace a kiss and picks her up from the ground in a bear hug.

GRACE laughs with pleasure.

MARTIN leaves.

TIFFANY: That was exciting.

GRACE: So handsome. He's always so handsome.

TIFFANY: A real charmer.

GRACE: Aren't these daisies beautiful?

TIFFANY: Very thoughtful.

GRACE: Where should I put them?

TIFFANY: I don't know---

GRACE: By the windowsill? Yes, they will look so nice right over here...

GRACE carries the vase over to the windowsill
and steps back to observe.

Wonderful! (she turns the vase) Perfect! Look at that. Lovely!

TIFFANY: They're nice, Mom.

GRACE: We could use a little light in here. They brighten up the room.

TIFFANY: Yeah. I think I better get going too.

GRACE: So soon?

TIFFANY: I have a ton of errands to run.

GRACE: Do you?

TIFFANY: Yeah, stuff I've been neglecting.

GRACE: Okay. Thought you'd stay longer.

TIFFANY: No, it's...better to get things over with.

GRACE: ...Okay...

TIFFANY puts on her jacket.

And is everything alright...with you and John?

TIFFANY: Same shit.

GRACE: Right. I thought you were both working things out.

TIFFANY: He's a fucking asshole Mom, okay?

GRACE: No need to get coarse.

TIFFANY: I'm sorry. We're probably breaking up, which is fine but it's not my first rodeo as you know and so I'm back at square one, which isn't what I really wanted to happen but it's not working out, nothing ever works out for me and so OFF I GO AGAIN.

GRACE: I'm so sorry to hear this. It doesn't surprise me.

TIFFANY: What doesn't?

GRACE: John. He wasn't right for you.

TIFFANY: I thought you liked John.

GRACE: I tried.

TIFFANY: You would brag to me about him.

GRACE: Dear, how certain are you of breaking up? Scale of one to ten?

TIFFANY: TWELVE.

GRACE: I couldn't STAND that man.

TIFFANY: Really?

GRACE: Many sleepless nights.

TIFFANY: Why didn't you ever tell me?

GRACE: The one before him, what was his name, Roy, remember when we got into that argument because I told you right off the bat that he was no good? Well, this time around I wanted to try things different.

TIFFANY: Gee, thanks.

GRACE: Same result.

TIFFANY: Yeah, well, it didn't work out.

GRACE: I met one man my whole life and that was your father...we worked out just fine.

TIFFANY: You saying it's me?

GRACE: I'm saying...well, I don't know what I'm saying.

TIFFANY: Let me get out of here.

TIFFANY kisses GRACE on the cheek quickly.

GRACE: Tiffany...Tiffany...the reason why your brother gets help is because you don't need any. You never did and you never will. Martin is a special case...he needs my support. There isn't a day goes by where I wish he didn't. Do you think a mother wants to see her middle-aged son not be situated? I have a heavy heart but I try, I try real hard for him because I believe he will make it. With you, I've always known you will make it...I'm not worried about you one bit. You're tough, smart and courageous...had I two children like Martin I'd have thrown myself off the balcony by now, I kid you not but you are my light...YOU...you give me what I need to be proud when I say I am a mother and that I have a daughter...it's always been you...I am always here for you, dear...always...I have all the faith in you and always will.

TIFFANY: ...Thanks, Mommy...I'm heartbroken over John.

TIFFANY breaks down crying.

GRACE embraces her daughter.

GRACE: I know, I know dear...it's okay. Let's pick up the pieces together and build us a better future...

A moment of embrace - silence.

THEY release - it's peaceful and quiet between them.

They stare at one another...

LIGHTS FADE OUT.

END OF PLAY