

Henry' s Done Enough

by

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Cast of Characters

DONO :

30's

VANCE :

30's

Place

Apartment

Time

Evening

Setting: The play takes place inside a small and cluttered apartment in the Theatre district of New York City. It is surrounded by books, plants and statues. Not much room to walk around other than the little walk paths that were carved out between objects and furniture.

At Rise: The play opens up on Dono who sits on the couch shivering. A blanket is wrapped around him and he sips a hot glass of tea. Vance enters wearing a robe.

DONO sits on the couch huddled up in a thick blanket, drinking tea.

VANCE enters the living room and turns off the heating.

DONO: You must be joking.

VANCE: It's boiling.

DONO: Boiling?

VANCE: I'm roasting.

DONO: Roasting?

VANCE: I have sweat dripping down my---

DONO: Turn the heat back on!

VANCE: I will not turn the heat back on.

DONO: If you don't turn that heat back on, I'm going to murder you before I freeze to death.

VANCE: That's the way you wish to talk to me?

DONO: Vance, you see that I'm literally shivering. Why would you turn off the heat? It's the one thing left still keeping me alive.

VANCE: I'll meet you halfway.

VANCE turns heat halfway on.

It's all in my sinuses, can't breathe in or out. Starting to lose my hearing, I'm so clogged up. It's the dust, I'm allergic to dust.

DONO: And I have asthma and the cold will kill me.

VANCE: And the dust will kill *me*.

DONO: I was just starting to recover before you got me all worked up again.

VANCE: Recover from what?

DONO: The annoying day I'm having. Can't go more than two minutes without something setting me off.

VANCE: You're saying it's me, aren't you?

DONO: Who else do I live with? The statue?

VANCE: I like how you always point the finger. If it weren't for you, I'd be out in Hawaii right now. You hear me? HAWAII.

DONO: Oh please, you would never go to Hawaii without me.

VANCE: The beach, the sun, you get so much more for your money compared to living in this black hole of an apartment.

DONO: I wanted to go to Hawaii. It was you that stopped us.

VANCE: Me?

DONO: Yes, you. You're too much of a cowardly lion to go out to Hawaii and actually live life.

VANCE: I'm not a cowardly lion.

DONO: So why haven't we gone? Surely we can go based on your salary alone?

VANCE: I'm here for you, so you can get another Broadway gig.

DONO: We're in a pandemic!

VANCE: I know!

DONO: There is no Broadway gig unless I go out into the cold and dance in Times Square. That's as close to Broadway as anybody can venture.

VANCE: I know...I know.

DONO: Don't you think I want out of here? Can't stand this cold weather. Hawaii, my dear, would have been a dream.

VANCE: Don't blame me.

DONO: Who else is there for me to blame? The statues?

VANCE: Why do you keep pointing out the statues?

DONO: I can't stand them! Being trapped in this apartment makes me hate them even more. At least I could tolerate them by never being home but now, forget it, they haunt my waking hours. Can't tell you how many times I've made my way to the kitchen and jumped into the air from the mere sight of that horrific gargoyle you have near the coffee maker. And what is your obsession with that life-size statue with the bow and arrow? Standing proud in our bathroom. I can't move my bowels without having to throw a washcloth over his face because he stares at me like I'm doing something wrong.

Is it normal to feel like you're being accused of using the toilet in your own home? I've had indigestion for months, all on account of that bronze beast in our bathroom. Incase you didn't get the memo, the bathroom is an atmosphere where you should feel at ease, a place of calm, tranquility. A place where there isn't a barrier to fulfill your business. Why would you put such a ferocious figure behind our bathroom door? He's an assassin! It's outrageous. It's insensitive. It's unthinkable and I want him out before he comes to life and kills me.

VANCE: It's art work. You have no appreciation for the nice things in life.

DONO: He scares me!

VANCE: Why did you agree to let me buy him?

DONO: I thought you would have kept him in storage somewhere. I never imagined you would have placed him beside the toilet bowl, as a helping hand.

VANCE: There's no where else to put him.

DONO: In the trash would be a good place.

VANCE: It's an expensive piece of art imported from Italy, dating back to---

DONO: To the devil!

VANCE: Enough. Come on, don't be so hard on Henry.

DONO: Henry? Who's Henry?

VANCE: That's what I named the bathroom piece.

DONO: And where did you derive the name Henry from?

VANCE: He looks like a Henry.

DONO: How does one look like a Henry?

VANCE: I don't know...I looked him over one day and for some reason the name Henry came to me and there you have it. Henry.

DONO: Ghastly. You should have named him ghastly.

Pause.

VANCE exits the room

A loud bang is heard and then VANCE appears

dragging Henry (the statue) into the room.

VANCE (out of breath): There. We'll use him as a coat hanger.

DONO: Can't he fit in the front entrance closet or something?

VANCE drags Henry to the front closet and stuffs him inside.

VANCE (out of breath): Better?

DONO: Much.

VANCE sits on the couch. Sighs.

PAUSE.

DONO: Thank you.

VANCE: You're very welcome.

DONO: Doesn't the apartment feel lighter to you?

VANCE: Lighter? What's...

DONO: Like a cloud has been lifted.

VANCE: You're exaggerating.

DONO: I'm being serious. It's not as cold in here.

VANCE: No?

DONO: Feels normal.

VANCE: Well, that's good.

DONO: I know what it is.

VANCE: What??

DONO: Henry is cursed.

VANCE: Will you stop it?

DONO: He's a militant statue that has had an evil spell placed on him and you brought him in here, all the way from Italy into our tiny little Manhattan apartment! I kid you not! As soon as you placed him in the closet, I felt at ease.

VANCE: That's all in your head!

DONO: Don't say that! You don't feel it?

VANCE: Feel what? What am I supposed to be feeling Dono?

DONO: Light.

DONO stands up.

I feel so light. You don't think?

VANCE: I don't know what to think with you anymore.

DONO: Hmm. I know what I feel.

DONO leaves the room.

After a moment, we hear the toilet flush.

That was great.

VANCE: Was it?

DONO: I didn't have to look over my shoulder just then. I went toilet free as a bird for the first time in ages.

VANCE: Okay, okay, I don't want to hear anymore.

DONO: Fine. I'll be good.

DONO sits on couch.

PAUSE.

LIGHTS slowly begin to fade.

VANCE: Should we see what's on T.V.?

DONO: Uhhhhhh.

VANCE: Yes or no?

DONO: You spend two hours just trying to find something and by the time you do, you feel like you just got off a spinning bike.

VANCE: I told you if we pick a film the night before we can be ready for the following evening.

DONO: Do I look like I can handle such discipline?

VANCE: Yes.

DONO: Thank you, but no thank you.

Lights grow more dim.

VANCE: Shall we bake our cake?

DONO: Do we have all the ingredients?

VANCE: Yeah, I picked up that blueberry jam we both love.

DONO: Did you?

VANCE: I sure did. Wanna make?

DONO: Maybe that thousand degree oven will help warm me up.

VANCE: Come on, let's got to it.

DONO: ...No...I'm too lazy.

VANCE: What else do we have to do? We can make our favorite cake, drown in some whisky and by the time everything is ready we can find ourselves a movie and we're good to go.

DONO: That idea does have possibilities.

VANCE: Picture sitting on the couch with hot warm blueberry cake, a fierce hot toddy and mmm-mmm-mmm so good.

DONO: Seems like the only remedy to keep me alive. Okay, you got me. Let's bake the friggin' cake already.

VANCE: (laughs) Maybe Henry can give us a hand.

DONO: (laughs) Henry's done enough.

VANCE and DONO exit the living room.

The front entrance closet door opens, revealing the statue of Henry peeping out.

END OF PLAY