

Ice Cream From a Window

by

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Cast of Characters

CATHY :

30's

BARBRA :

30's

Place

Ice cream parlor.

Time

12 PM

2.

Setting: The play takes place inside a 1950's styled ice cream parlor.

At Rise: The play opens up on Cathy and Barbra sitting at a small round table with two chairs, eating ice cream near a window.

CATHY: It's agony, agony I tell you; raising that kid.

BARBRA: But it's your child.

CATHY: Spare me; if I could send that little beast off somewhere far, far away I would with pleasure.

BARBRA: Why did you ever agree to having the child?

CATHY: Agree? I never agreed. I was bribed. Tricked. Lied to!

BARBRA: I'd give anything to have a child.

CATHY: If I weren't married, I'd let you have her, but Harold would never go for it.

BARBRA: You are talking so outrageously today. What's gotten into you?

CATHY: I've always hated my child. Don't look so shocked Barb, I'm simply stating what I feel into words...whenever someone puts something into words, it becomes a phony surprise by the other person as not to reveal their own true feelings; like the person overhearing has never...HA! Crock! Only difference is verbalization. Shh! Shh! Live in quiet pain. What should we do, continue to mask our deepest feelings? What good will that bring to anybody? Hmm. Well, I guess some good...I guess some things should be blurted out and other things kept in denial, but who is to say which is which and when? I feel just fine stating how I feel about my daughter this second...I hate her. (rapidly) I hate her, I hate her, I hate her. There. It's spoken. (observing) Don't get sad. Don't get down. It's freeing. I feel uplifted...(taking a breath) Where does it say that we must love our children? Obviously, it is the natural progression of things...woman becomes pregnant, nine months later baby is born, mother loves baby and they live happily ever after...NO ONE TALKS ABOUT THE AGONY! ...Yes? We pretend it doesn't exist. We encourage others to give the gift of life...but, no one admits the absolute abuse that comes between the smiles and the giggles. (beat) I should have died. I should have died giving birth...I was supposed to die...I wanted to die...I tried to die but I didn't, I didn't die.

BARBRA: Maybe we should go walk along the coastline...I'll drive us and park and we can walk along the shore...I imagine you are in a bad way, a very bad way...

CATHY: I am voicing my feelings...maybe other women can push it down, I can't. My insides will rot to shit.

BARBRA: You are venting. Feeling better?

CATHY: ...I don't want to be a mother...I can't pretend any longer.

BARBRA: But you are a mother, aren't you?

CATHY: I am.

BARBRA: You are violent this morning.

CATHY: I am?

BARBRA: It's in your eyes.

CATHY: What is?

BARBRA: The violence.

Cathy digs in her purse, pulls out
make-up mirror and examines herself.

CATHY: I didn't put any mascara on.

BARBRA: Mascara?

CATHY: Yes, when applied I look way more flattering.

BARBRA: Oh.

CATHY: Ignore it.

BARBRA: You sure?

CATHY: Of course I'm sure.

BARBRA: Would you like to leave this place?

CATHY: No.

BARBRA: No?

CATHY: I wish to stay here and...

BARBRA: What is it?

CATHY: I'm evil, aren't I?

BARBRA: You aren't---

CATHY: Stop it! I am. Why can't I love my child?

BARBRA: Please don't make a scene.

CATHY: Barbra, I've intellectualized my existence.

BARBRA: What if you--

CATHY: Logic. Everything is thought out and done according to logic.

BARBRA: Logic is fine.

CATHY: Not the way in which I use it. It lacks feeling. There's no feeling in my use of logic.

BARBRA: No feel---

CATHY: None. When I married Harold for example...logic. It made sense...there was no love or passion, those were ideas, we didn't have screaming sex. Have you ever had screaming sex?

BARBRA: Well, I---

CATHY: Hot, sweaty, can't stop fucking sex?

BARBRA (embarrassed): CATHY.

CATHY: You are as square as a box. Forget it. Harold is too. That man has absolutely no rhythm. I just lay there. One motion. That's all he's capable of and that's on a good day. Worst lover any woman can imagine having and I got stuck with him. Me. Stiff as a board. A wall can make better love to me than Harold can.

BARBRA: Cathy, I don't think I can hear these kind of details...I feel that if you continue talking in this manner, I will be forced to leave...

CATHY: Such a prude.

BARBRA: If you insult me again, I mean it, I will leave...

CATHY: ...Alright, I'll be kind. You've never done anything to me anyway. You've never done anything for me, either. But, I'll take what I can get. What a shit life I'm having, I must say.

BARBRA: ...Cathy, maybe you're having a mental breakdown of some sort?

CATHY: You're too dumb to have one yourself sister.

BARBRA: Excuse me?

CATHY: Look at your own dull life. Look where we are sitting right now. Some ridiculous ice cream parlor that thinks it's still 1950's Americana. Who's kidding who?

BARBRA: I'm not sure I follow.

CATHY: The facade! Where all living in a dream world.

BARBRA: ...Cathy--

CATHY: We accept it. We don't break out from it. We live in it because we know nothing else or we're too afraid to go beyond our own comfort zone and climb up the mountain.

BARBRA: What mountain?

CATHY: You're a mindless nut! You look at me like I'm the one who's nuts? Ha! YOU are the one that is cracked. This whole town is cracked, which is why I'm cracked, which is why I have no love in my heart to give to an innocent little child, a beautiful, warm faced child that I do love deeply, not metaphorically, but delicately, patiently, like a good Mother does. Yes?

BARBRA: Yes, yes you do.

CATHY: Good. I feel better now.

BARBRA: You do?

CATHY: You're a dear friend, Barbra. Did you know that?

BARBRA: Well, I---

CATHY: You are. To listen to this ongoing babble in the middle of a 1950's ice cream parlor. You take the cake, don't you? That's why you are rose cheeked and always play possum. You're a righteous fool and I love you for it. I do. I don't tell you often enough and friends should be able to express how they feel to one another without humiliation. (blows her a kiss) That's for you. A big one. (blows her a kiss) And that is for your brain. Ah! All I have to do is teach Harold how to fuck.

BARBRA: Cathy, you are delving too deeply into your own personal life, it's unfair to Harold and if this continues it stands a strong chance of damaging our friendship.

CATHY: It does?

BARBRA: I believe it does.

CATHY: I'm trying to be politically correct now. That whole toss-up speech I gave about hating on my daughter might not be true. What I am learning is to go with the flow of how I feel in the moment...is that bad?

BARBRA: I forgive you.

CATHY: (laughs)

BARBRA: Why? Why are you laughing?

CATHY: (laughs louder)

BARBRA: What's so funny Cathy? Tell me. Please, tell me.

CATHY: You're great.

BARBRA: Great? How do you mean?

CATHY: Ah..(she pinches Barbra's cheeks) There you go, sunshine.

BARBRA: It's a strange day, Cathy, it is.

CATHY: It's weird, right?

BARBRA: Most weird, yes.

CATHY: Why are you still here?

BARBRA: We're talking.

Long pause. Grows uncomfortable.

Barbra leans in...

Cathy? ...how many fingers am I holding up?

Barbra holds up two fingers.

CATHY: Two fingers.

BARBRA: Are we better now?

CATHY: We are fabulous.

BARBRA: We are?

CATHY: Yes, we most certainly are.

BARBRA: Do you love your child?

CATHY: Should I convince you?

BARBRA: Please.

CATHY: I would die without my daughter...she is my best friend, she is a part of me, she is special and I couldn't imagine a world without her being in it...I am truly blessed to be her mother and am so grateful that I am a mother because my life would have no purpose. How's that?

BARBRA: That's pretty fair.

CATHY: Look, you can say you hate someone without meaning it, right?

BARBRA: Right.

CATHY: (shrugs her shoulders)

BARBRA: Did you mean it?

CATHY: At the time I said it, of course, but now I feel as though I don't.

BARBRA: And Harold?

CATHY: Harold??

BARBRA: Do you feel better about Harold?

CATHY: Do I have a choice? (she laughs)

BARBRA: Cathy? Um, I would like for you to not mention your lovemaking with Harold again...I know you love your daughter and there are going to be bad days but you can't ever forget that you love her with all of your heart and you are a wonderful mother, I've seen you, I've seen how you love your daughter and you can't pretend...I am here to listen, like I always do because I am your friend but when you take things too far I get nervous and if you care about me and my own emotions, you will take that into consideration for the next time...is that something we can both agree on?

CATHY: Why not? What's life without its rules.

BARBRA: Does that mean yes?

CATHY: Yep.

BARBRA: Oh, good. This has been nice. Hasn't this been nice?

CATHY: It's a nice day outside...should we go for that walk?

BARBRA: Most definitely.

END OF PLAY