

No Harm In Asking

by

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Cast of Characters

CORBIN:

30's

LUZZY:

50's

Place

Luzzy's cabin

Time

Day

Setting: The play takes place out on the porch of a broken down gray wooden cabin in the middle of the woods somewhere in the middle of a suburban American town. There's an old rusty gray Malibu that doesn't run, parked stage left. It's covered in debris. On the side of the cabin stage right, there's a dirt mound.

At Rise: The play opens up in the middle of a conversation between Luzzy and Corbin. The action takes place on the porch and front of house.

CORBIN: Your whole life has been one great denial.

LUZZY: You better keep that mouth of yours where--

CORBIN: I can say whatever the hell I want at this point in time. You're the one who buried my daddy without telling me.

LUZZY: Ya'll hated each other.

CORBIN: Don't make it right.

LUZZY: ...You wanna come in for some coffee and biscuits?

CORBIN: I'll wait out here for it; don't wish to come inside there.

LUZZY leaves the front door.

CORBIN lights up a cigarette and walks over to an old rusty car...he kicks the tire and the hubcap falls off.

LUZZY comes out carrying a tray. She places it on the porch and sits on the stairs.

CORBIN goes over and grabs a biscuit. He talks with his mouth full.

CORBIN: Where is it?

LUZZY: What?

CORBIN washes his biscuit down with coffee.

CORBIN (clearly): I said...where is it?

LUZZY: You ain't gettin' shit.

CORBIN: No, no...where's mine?

LUZZY: You ain't gettin' shit, already told ya.

CORBIN violently throws his coffee into the rusty car.

Make no difference what you do, son.

CORBIN: I oughta choke you out.

LUZZY: That'd be the last thing you do, son.

CORBIN: Why's life always an obstacle?

LUZZY: Sometimes we put up our own obstacles is all.

CORBIN: My old man is dead.

LUZZY: Yes he is. Cigarette?

CORBIN lights up a cigarette for LUZZY
and hands it to her.

CORBIN: What about his gold watch? That was my granddaddy's watch
he wore in the war.

LUZZY: Sold it.

CORBIN: You sold my granddaddy's watch?

LUZZY: Your father did, 'fore he died, sold every damn thing 'fore
he died.

CORBIN: I'll take what's mine.

LUZZY: You can't.

CORBIN: Why can't I?

LUZZY: Cause ya too unsophisticated to get it.

CORBIN: What in the hell you talkin'?

LUZZY: Boy I'd like to tie you up and let them crows have a peck at
you.

CORBIN: Let 'em take out my eyes.

LUZZY: Yeah.

CORBIN: Luzzy?

LUZZY: Yeah?

CORBIN: I mean it now...where's mine?

LUZZY: It's long gone by now Corbi, she ran with it, well over them
mountains and gold mines, she must have landed in Costa Rica by now,
swinging in a hammock, living life in the sun with a Pin Colada down
her throat.

CORBIN: Rosanne?

LUZZY: That's right.

CORBIN: Why her?

LUZZY: Your daddy always had a lust for small Mexican women.

CORBIN: They ain't all small.

LUZZY: How you know?

CORBIN: I been to Mexico...they ain't all small women, some Mexican women are large, bigger than me even. Seen one have a brawl at a Taco hut; beat the shit out of three grown men. I stood back and watched the whole thing, expecting to jump to her aid but she handled it just fine...she was a beautiful specimen.

LUZZY: How come you ain't married?

CORBIN: Married? I hate myself too damn much for it...sure ain't gonna carry a ring on my finger.

LUZZY: Don't you love women?

CORBIN: I love women.

LUZZY: Don't you wanna stop being alone?

CORBIN: I like being alone now Luzzy, now where's this bitch Roseanne live at?

LUZZY: Told you you won't find her.

CORBIN: She has what's mine.

LUZZY: And mine.

CORBIN: Is that right?

LUZZY: Your daddy gave it all to her and her son.

CORBIN: Son?

LUZZY: Uh-uh. You a brother, son.

CORBIN: I have a brother?

LUZZY: That you do.

CORBIN: Hell, no I don't. You're a liar!

LUZZY: I can think of about a half dozen other things to lie about that are much more entertaining for both of us than the simple truth that you are an older brother to a young half Mexican boy named Ruben.

CORBIN: Ruben?

LUZZY: The very one.

CORBIN: You got more coffee?

LUZZY gets up.

LUZZY: Then you be gone?

CORBIN: Yeah...I'll be gone.

LUZZY enters the home.

CORBIN walks up to the rusty car and kicks the ever loving shit out of it to the point of his own exhaustion.

Just as he stops Luzzy comes out with coffee.

LUZZY: Come on!

CORBIN: I hate my father.

CORBIN takes the coffee.

LUZZY: I loved him. When he died, I stopped loving him...but I loved him in life.

CORBIN: Not in death?

LUZZY: Can't.

CORBIN: I didn't want a brother.

LUZZY: I didn't want a husband.

CORBIN: I didn't want a stepmother.

LUZZY: And I didn't want a stepson!

CORBIN: Least we can agree on something.

LUZZY: You're still alright.

CORBIN: Guess so.

LUZZY: Mm-hmm.

CORBIN: Whyn't you tell me my daddy died?

LUZZY: Would've you cared?

CORBIN: No.

LUZZY: ...You still wanna choke me out?

CORBIN: Nah. You're alright.

LUZZY: No harm in asking.

CORBIN: Where's he buried at?

LUZZY: Behind the house.

CORBIN: Cheap bastard.

LUZZY: You wanna piss on his grave?

CORBIN: Yes and no.

LUZZY: I did.

CORBIN: Did what?

LUZZY: I pissed on his grave...well, on the mound of dirt that is...ain't no grave, but I buckled down and pissed on it nonetheless.

CORBIN: Show me.

LUZZY steps off the porch and descends the stairs.
CORBIN follows her to the side of the house stage
right and points.

LUZZY: That's him there.

CORBIN: Already growing grass.

LUZZY: Mm-hmm.

CORBIN: Bastard.

LUZZY: That's what I say.

CORBIN: He ain't left nothin' fo me?

LUZZY: No.

CORBIN: Not a single thing?

LUZZY: No.

THEY stare at the dirt mound in silence.

LUZZY: These things happen you know, all the time. My daddy was a real son (mumbles) of 'em. Went off each night thinkin' there were paratroopers falling out the sky...used to find him in Creeker's Field, near that turkey farm; used to find him stretched out on his

LUZZY (cont'd): back making dirt angels. There be hundreds of them, all across the field, these dirt angels he made to keep the paratroopers from landing in our town...he'd come home filled to the brim with dirt, only thing clean were his pupils...he'd go on the whole day like that as if nothin' happened, he'd greet other townsfolk, go and take a drive to the hardware store, send off letters, walk the dog, fix the house roof...hell, he was off his rocker...he didn't mean nobody no harm that man. He were a sweet man with a sweet tooth, too. Took me to th' old candy shop every Sunday after church and we'd take on these zaps of sugar rushin' all through our spines and we'd love it; I got two teeth in my mouth to prove it...them were them days, ah...but then he'd go on these...transformations, he'd lock me up in the closet and go on his rampage; tear the whole house down but never find me...he frightened me so...(she swallows) that was my daddy, alright...

CORBIN: I guess each of us gets our own son of a bitch in this life, huh?

LUZZY: (laughs)

LUZZY starts walking back to the porch.

CORBIN: Gonna stay out here till dark, that okay?

LUZZY: That be fine.

LUZZY enters the house.

CORBIN looks over the dirt mound.

END OF PLAY