

# ***Hole in the Ocean***

*by*

*Joseph Arnone*

Copyright © 2021

[www.MonologueBlogger.com](http://www.MonologueBlogger.com)

All rights reserved. No part of this ePlay may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording or any other storage and retrieval system, without the written permission of the author or publisher.

Cast of Characters

HARLEY:

30's

PEGGY:

60's

NORMAN:

65

Place

Living room

Time

Day

2.

Setting: The play takes place inside a large living room. It's a modern middle-class home.

At Rise: The play opens with Peggy and her daughter Harley standing at the edge of a giant hole in the living room floor. They are shoulder to shoulder, staring into the hole.

*PEGGY and HARLEY stand over an enormous  
gaping hole in the middle of the living room.*

PEGGY: Old and moldy.

HARLEY: Yes.

PEGGY: Lost one of my slippers down there.

HARLEY: You know to stay away from it.

PEGGY: This morning.

HARLEY: But you can't keep walking near the edge..I told you.

PEGGY: I have to make my way to the kitchen.

HARLEY: You have to be careful when walking to the kitchen.

PEGGY: It keeps expanding.

HARLEY: It doesn't make a difference.

PEGGY: I wasn't fully awake when I almost fell right in.

HARLEY: Is that how you bumped your head?

PEGGY: Yes, it is.

HARLEY: Do you need stitches?

PEGGY: I always need stitches.

HARLEY: When's Gregory coming to fix the floor?

PEGGY: He isn't.

HARLEY: Why not?

PEGGY: Because he said he heard voices.

HARLEY: Voices?

PEGGY: Voices...down there, in there, coming from there...voices.

HARLEY: I don't hear any voices.

PEGGY: Well, I thought I heard something once, but it was just a cat meowing. That's all.

HARLEY: ...If he fixed the floor, it would sound proof everything.

PEGGY: I tried to tell him, but...

HARLEY: Something must be done.

PEGGY: Eh.

HARLEY: Doesn't this concern you?

PEGGY: I'm too tired to be so concerned with such little things in life.

HARLEY: You have a gargantuan sized hole in the middle of your living room.

PEGGY: Swallowed up Norman, too. Did you know about Norman?

HARLEY: Who's Norman?

PEGGY: Norman was my lover.

HARLEY: You had a lover?

PEGGY: One day during a glorious afternoon, Norman was sitting in the single sofa when the hole decided to expand wide enough for poor Norman to topple into it. He fell right in, head first. Pretty sure it was head first because I heard the crunch. That was it, that was Norman.

HARLEY: All the more reason to get the floor fixed, no?

PEGGY: I lit candles, all over the house, said some prayers, cleaned things up...took a good few weeks for the stench to clear, the incense helped.

HARLEY: You used incense?

PEGGY: To hide the rotting flesh.

HARLEY: And it helped?

PEGGY: Gregory still believes he hears sounds. Listen, listen and tell me if you hear any sounds.

*PEGGY and HARLEY get real quiet and don't move.*

*After a moment...*

See? Not a sound.

HERLEY: Want me to talk to Gregory?

PEGGY: Oh no, definitely not.

HARLEY: But you can't go on like this.

PEGGY: I'll have to hire a contractor.

HARLEY: How much will that cost?

PEGGY: No idea.

HARLEY: Let's have tea.

*PEGGY and HARLEY sit on sofa and  
drink tea.*

PEGGY: So tell me about Stanley.

HARLEY: Who's Stanley?

PEGGY: That nice young man you've been dating?

HARLEY: I'm with Ruth.

PEGGY: Ruth? Who the hell is Ruth?

HARLEY: My wife.

PEGGY: You're married?

HARLEY: Three years.

PEGGY: Oh dearie me, congratulations.

HARLEY: You will love Ruth, she's great.

PEGGY: Is she beautiful?

HARLEY: Not really.

PEGGY: Oh.

HARLEY: But she's great in bed.

PEGGY: REALLY?

HARLEY: She's the best.

PEGGY: Well, that's a good thing, dearie me.

HARLEY: She loves dogs.

PEGGY: Remember when I used to hit you with the wooden paddle?

HARLEY: Yes.

PEGGY: How I thoroughly enjoyed beating you, dearie me. One of my greatest pleasures in life.

HARLEY: I've always wanted you to be happy mother.

PEGGY: Oh, I've been happy, happiest when most violent. I devour violence. Blood, guts, the whole nine yards. You understand.

HARLEY: You need that in your life in order to function.

PEGGY: Exactly, exactly, dearie me. Ever feel like you want to throw yourself off a roof?

HARLEY: Never.

PEGGY: That's because you take after your father. Gregory is all me. He's jumped off the roof loads of times.

HARLEY: It shows.

PEGGY: Remember that time he climbed way up to the top of that tree in Saratoga Springs and flapped his wings on his way down. The sensation he caused.

HARLEY: He nearly died.

PEGGY: Drowned. Nearly drowned.

HARLEY: Yes.

PEGGY: Can we get serious again?

HARLEY: Sure, mother.

PEGGY: I'm feeling serious again.

HARLEY: I thought we were being serious.

PEGGY: This isn't serious. We aren't serious.

HARLEY: I feel serious.

PEGGY: What does serious feel like to you?

HARLEY: Not happy.

PEGGY: You feel that, too?

HARLEY: I'm as miserable as they come.

PEGGY: Tell me why, dearie me.

HARLEY: I feel as though I am floating on top of the ocean without a paddle, without a rudder, nothing but the clinging to the side of a boat, holding on with the hope to see land. I feel the only thing that changes in life is the weather...people don't change, not unless they truly want to, we wait for someone to change, the waiting keeps us going...but believing that they *will* change, is futile. It always leads to brokenness. I've been lost at sea filled with all these feelings, with no rescue in sight to save me. I know the only thing that penetrates the density of darkness is the light of hope, but is it real? The disappointment that question leaves me with gets me low. Oh, but I know there's a tsunami of love out there, it is somewhere, it's got to be and instead of destruction, it will bring warmth, honesty and truth...that's what I've been waiting for.

PEGGY: I thought it was because your husband cheated on you.

HARLEY: He did?

PEGGY: Isn't that what you told me?

HARLEY: No, I cheated on him and THEN he cheated on me.

PEGGY: Oh. Right. I forgot.

HARLEY: Yeah.

*NORMAN climbs out from the floor. He is badly decomposed. He stands upright facing the two women. They don't see him.*

PEGGY: What's that terrible odor?

HARLEY: Something horribly soiled.

PEGGY: Were we cooking something in the kitchen?

HARLEY: No.

PEGGY: Badly burnt toast.

*The floor that NORMAN stands on breaks and he falls back into the hole.*

*PEGGY and HARLEY turn around.*

PEGGY: It keeps expanding...the hole just keeps on expanding.

**END OF PLAY**