

Manic Situations

by

Joseph Arnone

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Cast of Characters

SALLY:

30's

LULA:

30's

Place

Kitchen/Porch

Time

Night

2.

Setting: The stage set is divided as a hypotenuse with the front door to a house being the equilibrium and dividing point between the front porch and living room/kitchen inside the home.

At Rise: The play opens with Sally inside the doorframe and Lula outside the doorframe both face to face.

SALLY: I already gave you what I have, Lula, gave you all I can.

LULA: I know you keep money in them coffee grains, lemme get a twenty.

SALLY: How d'you know I keep money in -

Lula pushes past Sally and enters the house.

SALLY: I said, NO!

Lula storms into the kitchen and grabs a coffee container from the shelf. She dumps it all over the table. Victorious, she grabs a five dollar bill.

LULA: (to Sally) That all you hidin'? Where's the stack Sally?! I know you got a stack in here somewheres.

Lula proceeds to tear up the kitchen looking for money.

LULA: In here? You holdin' money in potato chip bags?

Lula explodes the potato chip bag contents all over the kitchen.

Sally calmly exits the house and stands on the front porch.

Lula's screams are heard coming from within the house.

Sally lights a cigarette. She sits on a bench and turns to the audience.

SALLY: What am I supposed to do with that crazy ass bitch? (*big loud scream is heard coming from Lula*) She was always like this...loud, vicious, violent...her violence has a ceiling cap compared to mine, well, mine will keep going if I get passed a certain point, which in all my life I ain't ever gonna pass, too afraid of what could happen, so I keep it there, just beneath that point. That's why I don't get myself involved. If I did, I'd be on some killing spree with no end in sight. Spent my whole life trying not to turn into a dragon.

Sally stands and walks to the corner of the porch, staring up at the moon.

Lula enters the porch and looks quizzically on Sally.

SALLY: (without turning) What ya get?

LULA: Found me eight dollars and forty-two cents.

SALLY: That all?

LULA: *(nods)*

SALLY: *(looks at Lula)*

LULA: *(puts her head down)*

SALLY: *(looks back at the sky)*

LULA: *(Lula cries)*

SALLY: We been through all that before.

LULA: Bitch.

SALLY: *(shakes her head)*

LULA: Look at me! *(beat)* Look at me!

SALLY: *(Sally looks at Lula)*

LULA: *(puts her head down)*

Sally sits on the bench.

LULA: *(looks up at the sky)*

SALLY: You can sit if ya want.

Lula sits.

SALLY: You cold?

LULA: Nah.

SALLY: You're shivering.

LULA: I'm feeling things.

SALLY: Oh.

LULA: Lots of things. Makes me lose control of my nerves. I'll get myself back though. I always get myself back.

Sally rubs her own temple.

Lula snatches Sally's cigarette from her hands and takes a puff before giving it back.

Sally refuses the cigarette.

LULA: Afraid of my cooties?

SALLY: (*distant*) ...No.

LULA: You were always a skeevy; everything and everybody. Still are.

SALLY: I don't like germs.

LULA: Am I a germ to you?

SALLY: You're my biggest germ.

LULA: Right now I'm a caterpillar but one day I'll be a radiant butterfly.

SALLY: You are a butterfly.

LULA: No, I'm not.

SALLY: Why've you been sleeping in my shed?

LULA: What?

SALLY: Teddy told me he seen you sleeping in the shed.

LULA: I told him to be quiet.

SALLY: He ain't gonna lie to me.

LULA: I didn't ask him to lie, just hush up.

SALLY: Hushing up is hiding up and that's an outright lie.

LULA: Lying is the act of telling a lie.

SALLY: Lying is knowing the truth and not saying anything about it.

LULA: So, what? I'm not allowed to be in the shed either?

SALLY: You can have your old room.

LULA: You kicked me out.

SALLY: I know I did.

LULA: You kicking me back in?

SALLY: I don't want you sleepin' in the shed.

LULA: For how long?

SALLY: However long it takes.

LULA: However long 'what' takes?

SALLY: This, you, whatever this next phase is about.

LULA: I'm tired.

SALLY: Me, too.

LULA: So damn tired of all these manic situations. One wave after another slapping me down. There's too much water, Sally. I can't get back up on my own two feet anymore. Chucky wants me to have a baby, says that's the only way I'll ever be happy. But Chucky don't really know me, do he? (*drops cigarette and stomps it out with her foot*) As if to say that having a baby is my cure to life? I been through this life, backwards and forwards, I've drawn circles and swung from vines, I've jumped through the air and marched through hurricane clouds...I know...I know what's out there...expect me to be somebody's momma? (*giggles*) That's not my position of power; where I'll ever hold court. (*pause*) I don't know what I want from my life...being awake or sleeping are both filled with a sinking feeling that keeps dragging me down further, where there's worms, bugs that wish to eat me and make me disappear forever...I don't ever wanna disappear forever, Sally. (*beat*) I want to feel...love...can't that be a good enough reason to live?

SALLY: Love?

LULA: Love.

SALLY: You have to love yourself first, Lula. You're roadblocked because of it.

LULA: Why do I have to love me?

SALLY: Because you're worth loving.

Lula cries.

Sally places her arm around Lula.

After a moment...

SALLY: Them roaches are gonna have a field day with them coffee grains you smeared all over everything.

LULA: I'm a clean it.

SALLY: Probably bathing in them grains right about now.

Lula gets up, enters house.

7.

SALLY: (*indirectly to audience*) It's complicated. Promised myself I wasn't gonna go in for her sulking act but, damn, she gets me every time, don't she?

Sally enters the house.

Lights fade to black.

End of Play