

The Windowsill

by

Joseph Arnone

Copyright © 2021

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

JIMMY:

8

UNCLE FRITZ:

50's

Place

Apartment

Time

Night

Setting: The play takes place inside a small apartment on the outskirts of London. The décor is of the lower class. The furniture is aged and the atmosphere is thick with gloom and unfulfilled promise.

At Rise: The play opens with young Jimmy sitting in a chair looking out the window at the passersby below. Uncle Fitz sits in his own chair readying himself before going out.

Jimmy stares out the window, elbows on the windowsill.

Uncle Fritz is in the process of tying his shoelaces when he looks up and observes Jimmy.

UNCLE FRITZ: Why'd ya keep on starin' out that window?

JIMMY: *(Jimmy shrugs)*

UNCLE FRITZ: I asked you a question young man.

JIMMY: I like to see outside.

UNCLE FRITZ: Why don't you go outside then?

JIMMY: You told me not to.

UNCLE FRITZ: When did I tell ya that?

JIMMY: Always.

UNCLE FRITZ: From now on you are to go outside.

JIMMY: Why?

UNCLE FRITZ: Whatever's caught your interest should be pursued with full force, not from some craggy old window with the lights turned off.

JIMMY: Okay.

UNCLE FRITZ: Don't mention it. Would ya pass me my cane?

Jimmy runs and gets the cane, hands it to Uncle Fritz and runs back to his chair, looking out.

Uncle Fritz stands up and observes Jimmy again.

UNCLE FRITZ: ...I'm going out.

Uncle Fritz turns and makes his way to the front door.

JIMMY: Going to the pub...

UNCLE FRITZ: What's that?

JIMMY: Nothin'.

UNCLE FRITZ: What's that you spoke, boy?

JIMMY: What's a pub like?

UNCLE FRITZ: (*laughs*) What do you imagine a pub is like?

JIMMY: A place where women give beer to men and men have brawls.

UNCLE FRITZ: Close enough.

JIMMY: Will ya take me Uncle Fritz?

UNCLE FRITZ: Well now, I don't know.

JIMMY: I promise I won't get into any fights.

UNCLE FRITZ: You won't, eh? Well, that sounds like a mighty good deal. I'll tell ya what, when I next go to the pub, I'll take you with me.

JIMMY: Why not now?

UNCLE FRITZ: Because I have other plans.

JIMMY: What other plans?

UNCLE FRITZ: Ya quite the inquisitive one, aren't you?

JIMMY: Ya don't have to tell me.

Jimmy goes back to looking out the window.

Uncle Fritz observes him.

UNCLE FRITZ: What sort of Uncle would I be if I took ya to the pub?

JIMMY: Truly the bestest Uncle in the whole wide world.

UNCLE FRITZ: Would I be?

JIMMY: Most definitely.

UNCLE FRITZ: Well, I could teach ya to play darts. I take it you've never played darts before?

JIMMY: Never.

UNCLE FRITZ: Well, alright. Here's what we're gonna do. You get dressed and I'll show you off to all my...nay, nay. Wait a minute. If it were up to me, I'd take you where I'm going, but that's not what your parents would want. I'm sorry. I can't Jimmy.

JIMMY: But they're dead.

UNCLE FRITZ: Hush your mouth you little squirt!

JIMMY: You're the one in charge.

UNCLE FRITZ: Under strict obligation.

JIMMY: What does strict obligation mean?

UNCLE FRITZ: It means I have to raise you right; according to their wishes.

JIMMY: This life sucks!

UNCLE FRITZ: ...Yeah, I hear ya, kid.

JIMMY: You don't hear nothin' being deaf in one ear!

UNCLE FRITZ: Jimmy, I don't know whether to laugh or holler at ya!

JIMMY: I don't care what you do!

Jimmy looks out the windows.

Uncle Fritz observes Jimmy and takes hold of a nearby chair and places it beside Jimmy and sits.

They look out the window together.

It starts to rain softly.

UNCLE FRITZ: This world is full of people, ain't it Jim? *(beat)* I know why you keep starin' out this here window, I know what you keep hoping to find. I'm sad to say that you won't ever find it. You may see someone with the resemblance, but that will only leave you bitter. That much I know, son. I don't understand any of it, either. Don't know why they were both taken from us...I miss your father terribly. He was a good brother to me. He loved you special. *(beat)* I can count whatever good I've ever done on one hand...there's just us now, but it's okay, we can grieve together...we can cry...I'm gonna raise ya up right, Jimmy. You're gonna do your parents proud. Is that okay with ya?

After a moment, Jimmy sulks.

It's okay, son.

JIMMY: I've seen them out there,

UNCLE FRITZ: Have you?

JIMMY: I have. I've seen them in the crowd, staring back up at me and smiling. I keep waving to them...but they never wave back to me. Why don't they ever wave back to me?

UNCLD FRITZ: Are you certain they see you?

JIMMY: They always look right at me and smile.

UNCLE FRITZ: Really?

JIMMY: I'm telling you the truth.

UNCLE FRITZ: I believe you are. Tell me about it.

JIMMY: Mom is wearing her red coat, her hair is done up and her lips are shining red and she's beautiful and dad, he walks with her and he's wearing a dark navy suit and he looks very distinguished.

UNCLE FRITZ: And they both smile at you?

JIMMY: Yes, but when I wave they never wave back.

UNCLE FRITZ: I know why that is! That's cause we have the lights turned off.

Uncle Fritz turns on a light.

That will have it. When they walk through next, they are sure to see you now Jimmy.

JIMMY: You think so?

UNCLE FRITZ: Oh, absolutely.

JIMMY: ...Will you wait with me?

UNCLE FRITZ: ...Sure, son...I'll wait with you.

A moment goes by. Thunder and lightning.

UNCLE FRITZ: Storm's comin' down now a bit, isn't it Jim? Waters gettin' in, we should close the window.

JIMMY: No! We're gonna miss them!

UNCLE FRITZ: The floor is going to get sopping wet.

JIMMY: That's cause you don't believe me!

UNCLE FRITZ: No, it's cause the floor is...oh hell...

Uncle Fritz gets up and leaves the room. He comes back carrying folded towels. He drops them to the floor.

UNCLE FRITZ: Spread them out.

Jimmy opens up the towels and covers the floor.

UNCLE FRITZ: Cover it all good.

Uncle Fritz looks out the window and moves the curtains but just then he notices something.

UNCLE FRITZ: Dear God...Jimmy, Jimmy you better have a look at this...

Jimmy stands and looks out the window.

JIMMY: That's them!

UNCLE FRITZ: Jack...Beverly...I don't believe -

JIMMY: I told you...

UNCLE FRITZ: Are they smiling at us in the rain?

JIMMY: I think so.

UNCLE FRITZ: I'll be damned you weren't foolin'.

JIMMY: Should we wave to them Uncle Fritz?

UNCLE FRITZ: Yes, you ready? Let's wave together on the count of three...one, two...three.

Uncle Fritz and Jimmy wave from the window.

END OF PLAY