

# ***Everyone's Chasin' Somethin'***

*by*

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Cast of Characters

RIZA:

20's

CLARENCE:

20's

Place

Apartment

Time

7 AM

Setting: The play takes place in a run-down studio apartment. Although the kitchen is part of where the living room and bedroom are, it does have luminous large windows overlooking the busy street down below.

At Rise: The play opens with Riza laying in bed and Clarence sitting on a windowsill looking out the window having a cigarette, alongside their morning coffee. Both Clarence and Riza are partially dressed and have been awake for a good half hour or so.

RIZA: What 'ya thinkin' about over there?

CLARENCE: Ah, nothin'. Just lookin' out at life.

RIZA: And what do ya see?

CLARENCE: One great big mess.

RIZA: That all?

CLARENCE: There's so many wrongs in so many places. I don't know how we navigate it all.

RIZA: It's no big deal...

CLARENCE: Depends on the day and lately the days have been gettin' worse.

RIZA: Didn't you just have a good time with me?

CLARENCE: This is bigger than you, it's bigger than both of us.

RIZA: How so?

CLARENCE: Like, spendin' time with you makes me happy, but it doesn't change what's goin' on out there.

RIZA: And what's goin' on out there?

CLARENCE: Riza, open your eyes. The world is fucked. Don't you see that? Don't you see how messed up everything is?

RIZA: You think you're the only one?

CLARENCE: What?

RIZA: The only one who sees?

CLARENCE: What do you see?

RIZA: I don't wanna see. I wanna live.

CLARENCE: We can't just ignore life. You gotta look life straight in its dirty face and spit.

RIZA: Spit?

CLARENCE: That's right.

RIZA: You don't make any sense.

CLARENCE: Why not?

RIZA: Cause you don't know how to stay focused on just being...ya know.

CLARENCE: I don't wanna act like some ignorant fool all my life.

RIZA: Yeah, well, that's life, right?

CLARENCE: No, it isn't. That ain't life.

RIZA: And what are you gonna do 'bout anything anyway?

CLARENCE: ...I don't know...

RIZA: My mother used to say, "You either shit or get off the pot".

CLARENCE: I know that saying.

RIZA: You're always talkin' about revolution and how things need to change and all you do is moan about it. You never do nothin' so why bother talkin' about it anyway?

CLARENCE: Makes me feel better, talkin' about it.

RIZA: Too much, find a cure.

*PAUSE.*

CLARENCE: After what Johnny said to me; it was like he passed away, too. Wasn't bad enough that my father died..wasn't bad enough that my kid sister was in the hospital fightin' for her life, but that low life called me and left that voice message...all I ever did was try to be there for him, push him along, give him some guidance, encouragement...whatever stuff I knew about life, I wanted him to know..whatever stuff I believed, I wanted him to believe..it was always about keepin' on the road, ya know?...I've had all kinds of snakes bite me, right in my back..he was the only one left that I always hoped would never turn on me; he was what kept my heart goin'..I know he was drunk, alrite, I give him that much, but the venom, the tone, the way it really meant something to him, to really say what he said to me, to really come at me like I was nothin' to him...I loved the guy, he was my brother but now he's like, he's somethin' else..he's in a place where there's no comin' back from...

RIZA: Is that where all this talk about bad things in the world is comin' from?

CLARENCE: Maybe so.

RIZA: Forget Johnny, it was only a matter of time before he showed his true colors...you knew that.

CLARENCE: Did I?

RIZA: Yeah. Maybe you didn't wanna believe it but it was always in the back of your mind. You're too sharp for him. It's why you kept backin' off him over the past number of years...you knew where he was headed.

CLARENCE: I couldn't stop him...I tried.

RIZA: You tried and what?

CLARENCE: I couldn't help him.

RIZA: He's no good.

CLARENCE: There's good in him, he just needs to stop his drinking and clean up.

RIZA: I wish he would..I always liked Johnny.

*PAUSE.*

RIZA: You hungry?

CLARENCE: Nah.

RIZA: Eat somethin'.

CLARENCE: What we got?

RIZA: Pizza, left over from last night.

CLARENCE: Oh yeah?

RIZA: Want it?

CLARENCE: How many slices we got?

RIZA: Ummm (*she takes out a pizza box from the fridge and looks inside*) Three! Want it heated?

CLARENCE: I like it cold.

RIZA: Cold?

CLARENCE: Yeah, just hand me one, I'll eat it.

*Riza hands Clarence a slice of pizza.*

RIZA: I don't know how you eat that shit cold. I like my pizza piping hot.

*Riza puts her pizza in the microwave.*

CLARENCE: Food is food. Hot, cold, makes no difference to me. It all goes to the same place.

RIZA: Don't mind it rubbery from the microwave so long as it's hot.

CLARENCE: Put it in the stove.

RIZA: Takes too long. I'm hungry now.

*PAUSE.*

*Riza takes out her pizza and eats.*

RIZA: Yeah, I know this world is messed up in a lot of different ways, ways that I don't always understand, but it's not my job to understand, right? It's my job to live out my life. I'm not tryin' to save the world, start a revolution or any of that. But there's so much trauma and badness out there, I figure that if I just keep strivin' to do all the things I wanna do, keep bein' happy and not hurt anyone by it, then I must be adding somethin' good to the world, like givin' out a good energy, ya know? That's what I try to do. Whether it's smiling at someone I don't know...or being kind to people in general, that has to count for somethin', that has to add up to somethin', right? They call that the domino effect, don't they? So, if you give good, it travels, if you give out bad, it travels...I try to give out good cause that's what's natural to me and let the rest take care of itself.

CLARENCE: And what if that's not enough?

RIZA: It's enough.

CLARENCE: But what if it's not.

RIZA: It has to be.

CLARENCE: But what if it's -

RIZA: Look Clarence, if things out there bother you so much, what's the use of standing by and complaining? If you want to change things, go on...go on out there and make a difference, find something good that you can do and do it one-hundred percent, otherwise you'll just keep on complaining and that's puttin' more poison in the air and everyone's breathin' it, including me.

CLARENCE: I'm not...

RIZA: What?

CLARENCE: Nothin'...you wanna go to the movies?

RIZA: The movies?

CLARENCE: Uh-huh.

RIZA: It's seven o'clock in the mornin'!

CLARENCE: The theaters open yet?

RIZA: No. We could go for a walk instead.

CLARENCE: I'm tired of that park..same people, same shit, same statues...I wanna go somewhere else, see somethin' different.

RIZA: Hawaii.

CLARENCE: Hawaii?

RIZA: Maui. Waikiki. Honolulu.

CLARENCE: Hawaii? How we gonna get to Hawaii?

RIZA: We get a plane there, dummy.

CLARENCE: From where?

RIZA: From the airport!

CLARENCE: That's just you talkin' nonsense, Hawaii...shit, only a certain type a people go to Hawaii.

RIZA: You shatter dreams Clarence, with the way your mind thinks, it's all wrong.

CLARENCE: And you think in extremes Riza! I say I want to go somewhere new, not on the other side of the planet, with two bucks to my name!

RIZA: Who said you were payin'?

CLARENCE: Oh, you have the money?

RIZA: Can't you tell I'm rich.

CLARENCE: You've got savings or somethin'?

RIZA: None of your business.

CLARENCE: I was just talkin' about seeing somethin' different...it don't have to be a hundred hours from here. Hawaii's the kinda place you go on a honeymoon or somethin', if you're rich! We don't belong anywhere near Hawaii.

RIZA: Speak for yourself. I belong there. I was actually thinkin' about going there alone.

CLARENCE: So extreme.

RIZA: Not really...

*PAUSE.*

*Clarence puts on his pants, shirt, socks, shoes.*

RIZA: Leavin' me already?

CLARENCE: I'm feelin' antsy.

RIZA: Wanna be alone?

CLARENCE: I don't know what I feel like being.

RIZA: I'm off today..from work.

CLARENCE: I know.

RIZA: Yeah.

CLARENCE: I, uh, I'm a little low on cash.

RIZA: Are you?

CLARENCE: A little...thought Tommy was gonna pay up last night, he was short as usual. It's what happens when you have money and you lend it out, it gets given back in spurts and it's never enough when you need it; comes back in trickles.

RIZA: That's alright.

CLARENCE: ..You're a good woman Riza, you know that?

RIZA: Why?

CLARENCE: You're a good woman.

RIZA: Why are you sayin' that?

CLARENCE: Because you don't need to put up with a dead beat like me.

RIZA: You're not a -

CLARENCE: Please, I'm a dead beat brokester. Why you wastin' your time on a guy like me?

RIZA: Cause you're gorgeous.

CLARENCE: Am I?

RIZA: You're good in bed.

CLARENCE: That I know.

RIZA: Money ain't everything.

CLARENCE: Wish that were true.

RIZA: It is Clarence. I think money bores me, it's just boring when you listen to rich people talk on shows and stuff. They all do the same thing, they have the same four kids with the same four cars livin' in the same four houses. And yet, they're still miserable over nothin'! People don't know how to be happy with what they already have. Everyone's chasin' somethin' and doesn't that get tiring? At some point you run out of steam and then what? Instead of appreciating what you already have, you focus on what you don't and that's no fun...

CLARENCE: You're somethin' special.

RIZA: Thank you.

CLARENCE: No, really, you are. I'm not just sayin' that. And you're beautiful. Stunning, actually. Way too beautiful and smart to be in this lousy dump with a dog like me.

RIZA: You're not a dog.

CLARENCE: You need to get the hell out this place before you get stuck and all your options are taken from you.

RIZA: Why are you -

CLARENCE: Because it's true. Don't you have any goals Riza? Dreams? You really see your life being here forever?

RIZA: No.

CLARENCE: What is it that you WANT?!

RIZA: ...To be happy.

CLARENCE: HAPPY ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH!

RIZA: ...I just want to be happy.

CLARENCE: Damn it! Damn it! Why are you so, so, so easy? You're not complicated enough. You're too good for this place, for your friends, your job, ME...you deserve a helluva lot more than all this.

RIZA: Let's go away.

CLARENCE: ...Where?

RIZA: Take me away Clarence, I got enough savings, we'll do it together, we'll get out of here...you and me...together.

CLARENCE: I got this weird sensation in my chest just now.

*Clarence sits on the bed.*

RIZA: What's wrong?

CLARENCE: Like a twinge or a, like ah, ah.., I'm fine..was like ah hot flash passed through me.

RIZA: Have some water.

*Riza gets Clarence some water.*

CLARENCE: You ah...you sure you like me?

RIZA: Of course I like you...I've liked you since the first day I ever saw you.

CLARENCE: But like, really like me, like love me?

RIZA: ..Yeah, silly.

*Clarence kisses Riza passionately.*

CLARENCE: You're too beautiful for me...aren't you?

RIZA: So what if I am?

CLARENCE: How am I supposed to..?

RIZA: If I love you, then what are you so worried about?

CLARENCE: What if I can't..?

RIZA: You can.

*Riza kisses Clarence passionately.*

*Lights slowly fade out.*

**END OF PLAY**