

# ***Winter Will Never End***

*by*

*Joseph Arnone*

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Cast of Characters

|                             |      |
|-----------------------------|------|
| <u>MRS. SHELLY:</u>         | 50's |
| <u>JASON:</u>               | 20's |
| <u>MR. RATTIGAN:</u>        | 50's |
| <u>MR. HUTCHINS:</u>        | 40's |
| <u>PAMELA:</u>              | 20's |
| <u>TWO SECURITY GUARDS:</u> | 30's |

Place  
Chateau Lamont

Time  
10 PM

2.

Setting: The play takes place inside a large Château where a wedding celebration is underway. There are large columns, balloons, marble flooring and decorated walls making up the atmosphere.

At Rise: The play opens with Mrs. Shelly sitting by herself in a corner of a room, a short distance from where the main party takes place.

JASON enters, a rugged, good looking but worn-down man in his twenties.

JASON: Uh, Mrs. Shelly, you doin' alright?

MRS. SHELLY: Am I that obvious?

JASON: I noticed you've been here, while the party is on the other side of the room.

MRS. SHELLY: It isn't everyday that I catch the attention of such a, well, observant gentleman.

JASON: You do stand out.

MRS. SHELLY: A sight for sore eyes I'm sure. (smiles)

JASON: It's nice to see you smile.

*Jason looks off lost in thought.*

MRS. SHELLY: (*observing*) ...Are you alright?

JASON: Me?

MRS. SHELLY: You looked sad just then.

JASON: I'm fine, I guess. Not much for parties.

MRS. SHELLY: Why's that?

JASON: They make me nervous.

MRS. SHELLY: Nervous? What makes you nervous?

JASON: All the commotion.

MRS. SHELLY: You're an introvert?

JASON: I wouldn't label myself that.

MRS. SHELLY: I didn't mean to sound insulting.

JASON: Oh no, I didn't take what you said as such...I think it's more a matter of my surroundings.

MRS. SHELLY: And what's so bad about *these* surroundings?

JASON: Nothing. It's - well nothing.

MRS. SHELLY: ...It becomes a battle of toleration, doesn't it? How much can you tolerate and what will happen if you can't tolerate it any longer? You find yourself crying in a corner. (*laughs uneasily*) You stare at everything from a short distance and realize you don't recognize your own life. You become your own greatest mystery. It comes over you like the lid of a coffin...oh, I'm sorry, I don't mean to be so morbid, but you did ask me what was giving me trouble. (*quickly*) And thank you by the way for doing so..a true gentleman...it is nice to get noticed, sort of takes me back to accepting things as they are, not as I wish they could have been.

JASON: Mrs. Shelly, we have a lot more in common than we think.

MRS. SHELLY: You imagine so?

JASON: I believe that to be true.

MRS. SHELLY: Yes, perhaps.

JASON: You're a good woman.

MRS. SHELLY: You don't even know me.

JASON: I know you well enough to know you're a decent human being.

MRS. SHELLY: Good luck trying to convince anyone of that. I'm often painted as the villain.

JASON: You..a villain?

MRS. SHELLY: Oh, absolutely.

JASON: (*laughs*)

MRS. SHELLY: Are you saying I don't have a backbone?

JASON: Oh, no. Not at all. I'm only -

MRS. SHELLY: I'm kidding you. But I do have a backbone, an unbreakable backbone and if anyone comes near, it whips.

JASON: That's good.

MRS. SHELLY: I do feel better.

JASON: You do?

MRS. SHELLY: You made me laugh and that's all I needed.

*Mrs. Shelly stands.*

MRS. SHELLY: You are a kind soul.

*Mrs. Shelly kisses Jason on the cheek and rubs his head.*

MRS. SHELLY: I'll be heading back in before the people begin to wonder. You should too.

JASON: I will, in a bit.

*Mrs. Shelly walks off.*

*Jason lights a cigarette.*

*Enter Mr. Rattigan.*

MR. RATTIGAN: There's no smoking in here.

JASON: I know.

MR. RATTIGAN: Go out on the patio.

JASON: Eat shit.

MR. RATTIGAN: What did you just say to me young man?

JASON: I said EAT SHIT.

MR. RATTIGAN: How dare you?!

JASON: Get lost before I throttle you.

MR. RATTIGAN: Excuse me?

JASON: Leave me alone before you get hurt.

MR. RATTIGAN: Are you threatening me?

JASON: I said FUCK OFF!

*Mr. Rattigan leaves.*

JASON (*to himself*) Before I twist your head off your damn shoulders you nasty bastard. Breaking my back all night long. I have a right to take a break, smoke a cigarette and BREATHE. Burnt my hands twice cause you are all too cheap to provide me with proper gloves. What does it matter...

*(Jason looks at the party - drinks from his flask)*

JASON: (*he watches the woman he's in love with*) Look at her dance..so beautiful, a Goddess isn't she? The most gorgeous woman in the world. She'd often speak about wearing a dress just like the one she's wearing..silky, long, flowing, clinging to the waves of her slight frame.

JASON (cont'd): I remember that look in her eyes when she'd imagine herself in such a dress. There was nothing that could come close to how she'd make me feel when I'd look into her eyes shinning with joy. I felt lifted, like I had the ability to fly at will. Felt like I could do everything for her..everything but give her the life she's having now..now she's a distant shadow of what could have been, the figure of a ghost I once knew.

I hope Ronnie treats her right. I hope he gives her all the love she needs and deserves. I hope he never forgets what he has...

*Mr. Rattigan comes back with Mr. Hutchins.*

MR. RATTIGAN: (*pointing*) That's the guy!

MR. HUTCHINS: Jason, what happened here?

MR. RATTIGAN: He's been caught smoking and then he threatened me!

MR. HUTCHINS: Is that true Jason?

JASON: It's true.

MR. HUTCHINS: You're fired!

*Jason shrugs his shoulders.*

MR. HUTCHINS: Out! Now! Go!

JASON: I'll finish my cigarette first and then I'll leave calmly.

MR. HUTCHINS: No! OUT!

*Jason sits down in a chair.*

MR. HUTCHINS: Do you wish for me to call security?

JASON: (*imitating*) "Do you wish for me to call security?"

*Mr. Hutchins dashes out of the room and  
Mr. Rattigan follows.*

*Enter Mrs. Shelly.*

MRS. SHELLY: There he is! Jason, I wish for you to meet my niece, Pamela.

JASON: (*standing*) Ah Pamela, how do you do?

PAMELA: Hello.

MRS. SHELLY: Jason Stratford is a kind young man. I actually went to school with his father way back when. You two should know one another.

JASON: Very nice to meet you Pamela.

MRS. SHELLY: Pamela is from Florida and she's only in town for two more nights. Perhaps you could show her around town?

JASON: If you don't mind my broken down automobile!

MRS. SHELLY: You can borrow my car if you wish.

JASON: That won't be necessary Mrs. Shelly.

MRS. SHELLY: You can come on over to mine and park your vehicle in our driveway and than hop off in my car.

JASON: Why would I do that Mrs. Shelly?

MRS. SHELLY: Uh..well..uh -

*Enter two security men, Mr. Hutchins and Mr. Rattigan.*

MR. HUTCHINS: Him!

JASON: Don't touch me fellas. I'll leave nice and calmly so long as you don't touch me.

MRS. SHELLY: What's going on?

MR. RATTIGAN: This boy threatened my life.

MRS. SHELLY: Jason??

MR. RATTIGAN: You know this clown?

MRS. SHELLY: Excuse me but what exactly is going on here?

MR. HUTCHINS: He's been fired.

MRS. SHELLY: Fired?!

MR. HUTCHINS: For breaking company policy and threatening a guest.  
(to Jason) Let's move kid!

JASON: (to Mrs. Shelly) My apologies to you Mrs. Shelly. I know this may come off as a bit of an embarrassment for you, seeing that you introduced me to your pretty niece and all...



JASON (cont'd): but my heart beats somewhere else and I can't get over it...tonight is the worst night of my life and it's not on account of you but on account of the fact that I can't tolerate this pain I feel in my chest anymore, having witnessed the only woman I ever loved get taken away from me..it's all too much for me to handle...I just want to, to, to--

*Jason throws a punch at Mr. Rattigan,  
who gets sent tumbling to the floor.*

*An all out brawl takes place between Jason,  
Mr. Hutchins and the two security guards.*

*Jason gets overpowered and screams.*

*Mrs. Shelly holds on to Pamela in fear.*

*Jason gets pulled into a neighboring  
room and the door slams shut.*

Mr. Rattigan stands up.

MR. RATTIGAN: I am going to sue this establishment!

*Mr. Rattigan leaves in haste.*

MRS. SHELLY: Oh, how terrible, terrible.

PAMELA: Auntie, that was the man you wished for me to meet?

MRS. SHELLY: I'm afraid so..

PAMELA: *(walks back into the party)*

MRS. SHELLY: I'm alright. I understand him. I know that young man. I know him all too well...

**END OF PLAY**