

Thirty Pieces of Luggage

by

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Cast of Characters

LAVERNE :

30's

MARLO :

30's

Place
Bar

Time
2 AM

2.

Setting: The play takes place in a bar. It's a local urban bar that is old and rustic in appearance. The place is completely uncared for and nobody cares.

At Rise: The play opens with Marlo and Laverne sitting at a two person table with a bottle of whiskey between them.

MARLO: It's hard for me to control my anger. I walk around this neighborhood like an iceberg, but I'm so filled with frustration. Some days I just wanna knock someone right out. I could murder somebody right out, but it's no use to think that way, cause I'm no murderer. I could never actually kill someone, even if I thought it to death.

LAVERNE: Why'd you feel that way?

MARLO: What way?

LAVERNE: Angry.

MARLO: Things get me angry. What can I say?

LAVERNE: What things?

MARLO: People. People aggravate me.

LAVERNE: Do you have friends?

MARLO: No. Well, I know people, like at the butchers or the candy store. I'm friendly an' all that but not like hanging out friendly or anything. I don't hang out with nobody.

LAVERNE: Oh.

MARLO: What about you?

LAVERNE: I've two friends.

MARLO: Two friends?

LAVERNE: Yeah.

MARLO: That's a lot.

LAVERNE: Yeah?

MARLO: Where are they?

LAVERNE: Right now?

MARLO: Uh-huh.

LAVERNE: Let's see, Patty moved to Florida and Rooney moved to England.

MARLO: England?

LAVERNE: Yep.

MARLO: From here?

LAVERNE: Yep.

MARLO: That's far from here.

LAVERNE: Other side of the pond.

MARLO: Who?

LAVERNE: I said, "Other side of the pond". It's an expression, a saying or something which means that they are on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean or something...I think.

MARLO: Never heard that one before.

LAVERNE: (*shrugs her shoulders*)

MARLO: Florida is still a stretch but way more common, but that England, that's, that's really far.

LAVERNE: Not that far.

MARLO: But what made your friend go out there?

LAVERNE: She got hitched.

MARLO: Married?

LAVERNE: Something like that. She met a guy and they fell in love and he's a Brit and so she moved to England to be with him forever and ever and live happily ever after, as they do.

MARLO: Unheard of.

LAVERNE: Not really.

MARLO: For me, in my life, I hear about stuff like that happening to other people, never me though, I'm more of an observer than a participant.

LAVERNE: You don't travel?

MARLO: Travel? I been upstate a few times. Friend of mine owns a house and I've gone there in the summers.

LAVERNE: Thought you said you had no friends?

MARLO: Not my friend anymore.

LAVERNE: What did you do?

MARLO: Do?

LAVERNE: Why you ain't friends no more?

MARLO: Don't get me started on that. He was my only and best friend and he backstabbed me.

LAVERNE: Did you like it?

MARLO: Excuse me?

LAVERNE: Upstate.

MARLO: ...Oh, yeah, it was pretty. Quiet. A lot of nature, scenery, animals and things. (beat) Now you got me thinking about that scumbag friend a' mine.

LAVERNE: Do you drive?

MARLO: I drive. Got a license.

LAVERNE: Take me upstate.

MARLO: Oh yeah? ...Uh..you ah, you like the woods?

LAVERNE: I like anywhere that's not here.

MARLO: I can see that.

LAVERNE: What do you see?

MARLO: I'm sayin' that I can see that you're restless.

LAVERNE: I'm not sure how I should take that.

MARLO: Antsy like.

LAVERNE: What the hell is antsy?

MARLO: Like you like to keep things moving right?

LAVERNE: I want to go upstate.

MARLO: With me?

LAVERNE: With anybody.

MARLO: Uh, sure - it's a long ways...

LAVERNE: Tonight.

MARLO: Tonight?!

LAVERNE: I'll only pack one bag. That's all I need. I'm not one of those people that pack thirty pieces of luggage. I pack one. One piece of luggage. I'm simple. I don't like anchors.

LAVERNE (*cont'd*): Too much luggage and I feel like I'm drowning. There's nothing wrong with unzipping the case once and seeing a few items staring you in the face. Toothpaste. Done. Hairbrush. Done. None of this, "Where did I leave my belt?" type crap. "Oh look it's buried and cramped underneath the rest of the stuff I ain't ever gonna wear." I hate that. Don't you? No accessories. Just essentials. I can have a tendency to get a bit scatterbrained, so I've learned, I've learned to avoid those pitfalls so I can stay clear-minded. It's just discipline. Being aware of who you are and then making little tweaks to develop a better you. But you have to care about it, making improvements of self or else you stay the same old way forever and that can get really annoying, if not to yourself, then certainly to someone else.

MARLO: True.

LAVERNE: So what time do you want to leave?

MARLO: I don't, I don't even know your name.

LAVERNE: Laverne.

MARLO: I'm Marlo.

LAVERNE: I seen you around before.

MARLO: You have?

LAVERNE: Yeah, you're easy to remember, always looking like a friend a' yours died. You have that kind of face.

MARLO: Do I?

Laverne stands up.

LAVERNE: Yep. Now listen, I live right upstairs. I'm two floors above, ring buzzer number three if I'm not down fast enough. I'll try to be quick.

MARLO: Wait a second...I'm—I don't even have a fucking car.

LAVERNE: WHAT?!

MARLO: I'm carless.

LAVERNE: What a disgrace.

MARLO: I, well, yeah, I mean...uh.

Laverne sits back down.

LAVERNE: Pity.

MARLO: Does this change things?

LAVERNE: You're not off to a very good start.

MARLO: I do like you.

LAVERNE: Don't become desperate.

MARLO: I was only pointing it out.

LAVERNE (*sadly*): Yeah.

MARLO: Are you materialistic?

LAVERNE: Do I look materialistic to you?

MARLO: Not really, no, you don't, I mean you look like you spend time making choices over the things you wear and stuff, stuff like that...but I don't see you wearing those designer things.

LAVERNE: How can you not have a car? Don't you like to escape? Don't you like the wind blowing through your hair on a moonlit night. Taking long drives on abandoned highways and roads that lead to freedom...don't you ever desire to get out of the stink of this neighborhood and forget who you are and blast the radio and scream and get wild and go as fast as a car can take you?

MARLO: Wanna go for a walk?

LAVERNE: Listen bud, when you get a car, ring my bell, I'm going to my bed, to sleep.

MARLO: You tired all of a sudden?

LAVERNE: Exhausted.

MARLO: And if I had a car?

LAVERNE: We could have a night!

Laverne gets up.

MARLO: Do another whiskey, come on, I don't want you to leave.

LAVERNE: I'm done.

Laverne walks out of the place.

MARLO: Night...(he drinks)

Marlo gets up and goes over to the payphone and calls someone.

MARLO (*cont'd*): Vince...hey Vince, it's me, Marlo. I'm fine, I'm fine...how ya been? Yeah, I know it's late, listen, I know we haven't spoken in a few hundred years and we got some things to work out between us but you're the only person I know that can do this thing for me which is letting me borrow your car and your house, you know, the one upstate, not the one you're in now. Huh? I'm at the bar, so I'm just down the street from you. Can't you ride with someone to work in the morning? Oh come on man, I never ask you for anything! I don't know, two or three fucking days, who knows, I have no idea. (*beat*) I just need them, I need a car to do a few things and the keys to the place. I gotta get outta this town before I kill somebody, alright? You want me to kill somebody? (*beat*) I can be over there in two minutes, you sayin' yes Vince?! You are? I owe you man! I'm coming over, I'll be there, two minutes, okay? You'll be there, okay, okay, I'll be right there.

Marlo hangs up the phone.

Marlo exits the bar.

END OF PLAY