

One Way Road

by

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Cast of Characters

BABS: 20's-30's
PEDRO: 20's-30's

Place
Bar

Time
Night

2.

Setting: The play takes place inside a real dump of a bar. It's an old school design from the 1970's that looks way worse because it's never been cared for. Basically, the place is falling apart and no one seems to give a damn.

At Rise: The play opens with Pedro and Babs sitting at the bar counter, drinking their beers, talking.

PEDRO: I get sick thoughts. They're always tragic. I'm always thinking about something bad happening to someone I love.

BABS: Yeah, I get 'em too.

PEDRO: You do?

BABS: Yeah. Not all the time but sometimes.

PEDRO: Yeah, I get these thoughts pretty often.

BABS: Just think about somethin' else.

PEDRO: Yeah I do, I try, all the time.

BABS: Don't work?

PEDRO: Eh, it works temporarily until it starts up again.

BABS: You have fear?

PEDRO: Fear? What kind of fear?

BABS: Everybody's afraid of somethin'. Maybe in your case you're thinking about tragedy hitting your family. Maybe that deeply concerns you, if it were to happen.

PEDRO: It's already happened. You know? Just a few months back my cousin died. We was close. Like brothers. But he died. Unexpectedly too. It wasn't something anybody saw coming.

BABS: I hear ya. It's tough when that happens.

PEDRO: Ah, real fucking tough. It sucks.

BABS: Did you have these tragic thoughts before your cousin passed?

PEDRO: I've had them all my life.

BABS: So, you're just a little off.

PEDRO: Yeah, I think so but at least I'm aware of it.

BABS: Can't help these things, I mean, I don't know if I'm into the whole therapy thing, if that shit works or not, you ever try it?

PEDRO: Nah, that scares me cause I feel as though I'll come out worse than what I was going in.

BABS: It might help some people.

PEDRO: You know what helps? A good stiff drink, some weed and getting ass.

BABS: Speaking of which, you getting any lately?

PEDRO: Ass?

BABS: Yeah.

PEDRO: No ass. Been too busy with work and all I have time for is coming down here to the pub and seeing you bums. Gotta change my ways.

BABS: You need to find yourself a nice woman.

PEDRO: It's not like I haven't tried.

BABS: Yeah, but you're always finding assholes. You need to find yourself a real nice woman. A decent girl. Someone not from around here.

PEDRO: Guys like me don't find nice women. I attract the worst kind. I'm a softie that's my problem. I let women walk all over me.

BABS: Not me.

PEDRO: No?

BABS: Last bitch I dated I punched right in her face. That ended things.

PEDRO: But you're a woman.

BABS: So?

PEDRO: I can't hit no woman.

BABS: I'm not saying for you to hit a woman. I'm saying I hit a woman.

PEDRO; But maybe you shouldn't do it either. Either way it ain't right, ya know?

BABS: I didn't say it was right. It's wrong. I'm wrong.

PEDRO: Oh.

BABS: But I suffer from the same problem as you. I don't know how to keep a woman in line.

PEDRO: Is there even such a thing?

BABS: (*laughs*) Probably not.

PEDRO: A man or a woman shouldn't keep another man or woman in line.

PEDRO (cont'd): Any person should keep *themselves* in line. Right? And if they can't, they won't and if they won't, then it's all bullshit anyway. Sometimes I think it's best I stay alone. Who needs the drama? I come home, feed the fish, walk my dog, nobody aggravates me. Yeah, I get lonely sometimes but I know how to occupy my time. I read. I like to read. Been getting into Latin literature lately. Good stuff. I like it. Keeps me busy. You know, I ah, I'm fine by myself.

BABS: It sounds like you have no clue what you want.

PEDRO: I want a great woman who leaves me alone. How's that?

BABS: Good luck.

PEDRO: Yeah. What about you? You dating anybody?

BABS: Eh, been seeing this chick out in Brooklyn passed few months. Nothing special, but gets the job done.

PEDRO: I hear ya.

BABS: I was thinking about killing myself.

PEDRO: Who? You?

BABS: Yeah.

PEDRO: You say that so, I don't know, matter of fact like.

BABS: Yeah, I was just, feel like there's not much more than this.

PEDRO: You being serious?

BABS: Yep.

PEDRO: Feel like I'm supposed to convince you not to harm yourself.

BABS: Don't bother. That shit will annoy me. I'm jut stating the facts.

PEDRO: Kill yourself? Wow.

BABS: I never said I was doing it but I been thinking about it and maybe one day, who knows, maybe I'll just go ahead with it.

PEDRO: How would you do it?

BABS: Blow my fucking brains out.

PEDRO: You got a piece?

BABS: I got a few toys. Figured if shit gets any more ridiculous for me, I'm out. I didn't ask to be here, at least, not that I could recall, so, at least I can check out whenever I feel like it.

PEDRO: That's selfish.

BABS: How's that selfish?

PEDRO: There's people that you would hurt, no? Your family, friends.

BABS: They'll get over it. Everybody always gets over somebody else's death. Like, you just told me about your cousin, no offense but you're not going to mope around your apartment for the next twenty years about it, right?

PEDRO: I hope not.

BABS: You'll miss him but that shit can only go so far. As a species we have to survive.

PEDRO: We do but killing yourself? Don't you think that's a big deal? That's not something to go around being so scientific about.

BABS: It's my life.

PEDRO: It is but still, I wish you didn't tell me this.

BABS: Why?

PEDRO: You know, I've been dealing with enough shit in my life and now I gotta think about you killing yourself one day. Like I needed this tonight, added to my long list of fucked up thoughts I have circulating on a rotating basis. I can't even go to the bar here just for a drink to get my mind off my troubles and I got you staring me in the face telling me you're thinking about killing yourself. That's gonna make me feel better? I'm not saying coming to the bar is the cure for misery but I don't expect to be brought down to the gutter and have the living shit kicked outta me either. I already got enough scar tissue to last me a lifetime. Do me a favor, don't talk to me about blowing your brains out and all this bullshit cause I disagree. You're not gonna get no sympathy vote from me either. Not gonna agree to you offing yourself cause you know, you've reached the pinnacle of your life or some shit like that. There's millions of people, maybe billions who are less fortunate than you and me and they go through life's slings and arrows, right? What makes you so much better that you can't face life? (beat) Know what? Do me a favor, fuck off. Alright? Take your beer and go to the other side of the bar and leave me be.

BABS: Yeah, some friend you are.

PEDRO: But you're talking stupid though.

BABS: You're judging me. I don't judge you.

PEDRO: Course you do.

BABS: I don't!

PEDRO: Every time you see me you judge. I see it in your eyeballs. You get that twinkle in your eye, the one that passes constant criticism of others.

BABS: Are you cracking up?

PEDRO: I'm not the one who wants to kill themselves.

BABS: I thought I could talk to you.

PEDRO: It's like a one way road with you. Whenever we talk, you always have to top me.

BABS: Top you?

PEDRO: Yeah. I tell you some depressing shit and you gotta one up me. All the time.

BABS: We was just talking asshole. I wasn't trying to one up you nothing.

PEDRO: Go. Leave me alone.

BABS: That's how you wanna leave it?

PEDRO: Yeah.

BABS: And if I go kill myself, it's your fault.

PEDRO: You stupid bastard. I told you to—WHY would you blame me? You kill yourself it's got nothing to do with me. Nothing!

BABS: Yeah but you're making my life worse.

PEDRO: My life is worse now because of you.

BABS: So why are we friends if we keep making one another worse?

PEDRO: That's a good question.

BABS: So, maybe we can figure it out together.

PEDRO: Figure what out?

BABS: Why we're friends?

PEDRO: Because we like each other.

BABS: Doesn't sound like it.

PEDRO: You're giving me a real hard time tonight Babs and all I wanted to do was drink and forget myself. Is that too much to ask?

BABS: So drink!

PEDRO: I'm tryin!

BABS: Drink. Here. We'll do shots. On me. (*taps bar counter*) (*to bartender*) Lemme get another for him and me. (*slaps cash on the bar counter*) There you go. Wash it right down and forget our troubles.

PEDRO: (*sighs*) It shouldn't be this hard.

BABS: Don't make it hard.

PEDRO: What?

BABS: Don't make it hard.

PEDRO: You have an exit plan, I don't.

BABS: I can give you one of my guns if you wanna--

PEDRO: Are you kidding me or what?

BABS: Just saying.

PEDRO: Give it a rest Babs.

BABS: Grab your shot, let's do this...here's to living life to the fullest and uh, what else?

They hold up their shots.

PEDRO: Here's to living life for as long as is possible without interfering...alright?

BABS: Alright.

They do their shots.

BABS: We friends again?

PEDRO: Yeah, we're friends again Babs.

BABS: ...Thank you for caring about me...

Pedro puts his arm around Babs.

END OF PLAY